







IF ROSES GROW IN HEAVEN

Lord, please pick a bunch for me.

Place them in my daughter's arms and tell her they're from me.

Tell her that I love her and miss her, and when she turns to smile,

place a kiss upon her cheek and hold her for awhile.

Because remembering her is easy, I do it every day, but there's an

ache within my heart that will never go away.







