

## Final Harvest

*Barbara W. Weber*

He was bound to the land from the day of his birth  
His roots anchored deep in the fertile earth  
Nurtured, sustained, by the soil he grew  
And his life, like his furrows, ran straight and true.

In faith, each spring, he planted the seeds  
In hope, to reap his family's needs  
With patience, he waited for the harvest to come  
To gather the fruits of his labor home.

Ever turning seasons, the years sped past  
'Til the final harvest came at last  
Then claimed anew by beloved sod  
He was gathered home to be with God.

# Clarence S. Carlson

October 19, 1921-September 22, 2008

