



# Kathy Kay Tyson

May 6, 2019

Memorial services for Kathy will be held July 14, 2019 at Bolding Mill Park following the church picnic for Grace Baptist Church.

# Comments

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“ My condolences to the friends and family.

**Michelle Hulseley** - May 15, 2019 at 12:00 AM

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“ My condolences to the loved ones and friends of Kathy. I wish I could have met her and at least thanked her for her wonderful sons that are so special to me. It is a comfort to know she is now in the presence of the Lord now and forever. Lou

**Lou Tyson Snyder** - May 08, 2019 at 12:00 AM

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“ To My Only Sister I Have Ever Known We will Miss You Dearest Kathy dovec.gif (38556 bytes) The Next Place By Warren Hanson The next place that I go Will be as peaceful and familiar As a sleepy summer Sunday And a sweet, untroubled mind. And yet . . . It won't be anything like any place I've ever been. . . Or seen. . . or even dreamed of In the place I leave behind. I won't know where I'm going, And I won't know where I've been As I tumble through the always And look back toward the when. I'll glide beyond the rainbows. I'll drift above the sky. I'll fly into the wonder, without ever wondering why. I won't remember getting there. Somehow I'll just arrive. But I'll know that I belong there And will feel much more alive Than I have ever felt before. I will be absolutely free of the things that I held onto That were holding onto me. The next place that I go Will be so quiet and so still That the whispered song of sweet belonging will rise up to fill The listening sky with joyful silence, And with unheard harmonies Of music made by no one playing, Like a hush upon breeze. There will be no room for darkness in that place of living light, Where an ever-dawning morning pushes back the dying night. The very air will fill with brilliance, as the brightly shining sun And the moon and half a million stars are married into one. The next place that I go Won't really be a place at all. There won't be any seasons -- Winter, summer, spring or fall -- Nor a Monday, Nor a Friday, Nor December, Nor July. And the seconds will be standing still. . . While hours hurry by. I will not be a boy or girl, A woman or man. I'll simply be just, simply, me. No worse or better than. My skin will not be dark or light. I won't be fat or tall. The body I once lived in Won't be part of me at all. I will finally be perfect. I will be without a flaw. I will never make one more mistake, Or break the smallest law. And the me that was impatient, Or was angry, or unkind, Will simply be a memory. The me I left behind. I will travel empty-handed. There is not a single thing I have collected in my life That I would ever want to bring Except. . . The love of those who loved me, And the warmth of those who cared. The happiness and memories And magic that we shared. Though I will know the joy of solitude. . . I'll never be alone. I'll be embraced By all the family and friends I've ever known. Although I might not see their faces, All our hearts will beat as one, And the circle of our spirits Will shine brighter than the sun. I will cherish all the friendship I was fortunate to find, All love and all the laughter in the place I leave behind. All these good things will go with me. They will make my spirit glow. And that light will shine forever In the next place that I go. The Next Place by Warren Hanson

Wesley e Snyder Jr - May 08, 2019 at 12:00 AM