

April 26, 1945

In Memoriam

Donna Lynn Falk

Donna Lynn Falk, 18-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard N. Falk is back again where she first saw the light of day, but now at rest in a tiny grave in the Catholic cemetery in Groton, since Monday, April 23, following an Angel Mass said at 10:00 a. m., by the Rev. Fr. T. J. Shanley, who baptized her soon after birth on October 20, 1943.

Born with a physical handicap that medical science was powerless to correct her parents and their families knew that it would not be long until the slender silver cord that sustained her life would be loosed and her spirit would return to its Maker. Remarkable physical stamina and the loving care of her mother and paternal grandmother extended her life far beyond the usual span for a child so afflicted.

The angel of Death is usually pictured as dark and forbidding, but the angel that carried our darling away was gleaming white and crowned with a diadem of stars.

Neither is her tiny grave cold for it is lined with the warm love of her devoted parents and others of the family who loved her as only flesh of one's flesh can be loved.

She is no longer with us, but we shall always cherish, as long as life lasts, memories of her lovely little face and beautiful eyes with their long dark lashes and the wistful smile that sometimes played around her lips. We shall remember too, her soft, tiny hands, ever busy during her waking moments. Clutched in those tiny hands are fragments torn from our hearts—but where would we rather have those fragments of our hearts.