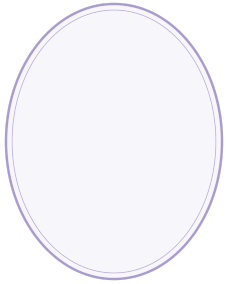
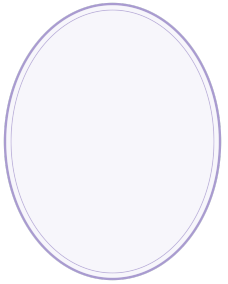
IN LOVING MEMORY



Linda Sue Marsh

April 9, 1958 – June 14, 2026

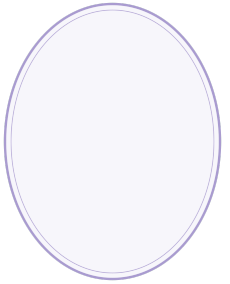
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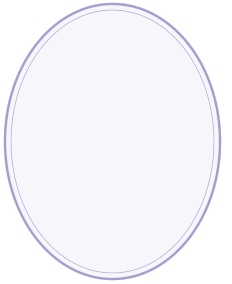
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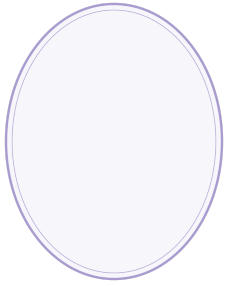
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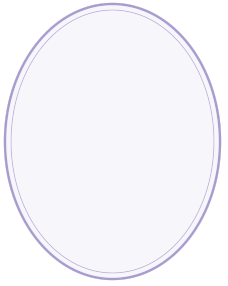
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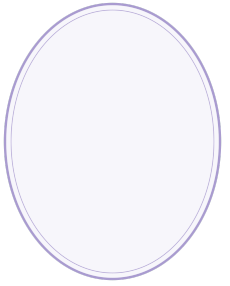
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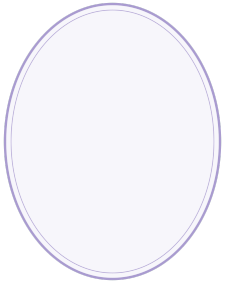
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IN LOVING MEMORY



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“HOPE” IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS



“Hope” is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I’ve heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

EMILY DICKINSON

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