

ODE TO K. T. BUTLER

by

THELMA BUTLER

(Given in Gooding, Idaho, at Fast services, October, 1981.)

Dear Friends: I wanted to share my thoughts and feelings with you at this time. I felt like I wanted to confide with someone, so I will read my story and prayer about my husband, K. T. Butler, who has been in the Gooding Rest Home for the past 2 years and 8 months.

2 yr 8 mo  
+ 7 "  
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3 yr 3 mo  
Died 4-15-82

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K.T. loved the great out-doors whether it was Camas Prairie, or Montana. He made them his and always tried to leave what he used better than he found it. Leading his flocks and herds, building fences and bridges, was his specialty. K.T. was a splitter of rails, a pounder of nails, and a teller of tales. Bless him, dear Lord. He always was a true believer in his faith, trusted in the Lord to keep him safe. He made friends galore, had nieces and nephews by the score, brothers and sisters to adore. Always willing to do his part and keep his loved ones snuggled close to his heart.

Don't let him suffer now, Dear Lord. He was always so tall and handsome and full of vim, could out jump, out box, and out ride the best of his kith and kin. Why keep him now so helpless and dim? Help him now to find a door to welcome him in, and forget these dark, lonely, hours of time, and live a life of peace and joy sublime.

He is not the man we knew and for your help we now ensue. Pardon me if I am out of tune, I do not mean to beg and whine, but take him, Dear Lord, to a place more fine, where he can tell his tales and make a rhyme.

We are thankful for the life he has lived. Help us now to keep his example in mind and profit by his experiences.

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