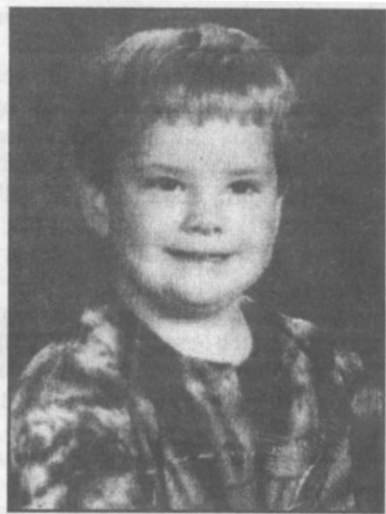


Thank You



*Parents and
grandparents of
Brett Lee Grage would
like to thank those that
sent cards and letters
and words of
encouragement in the
last year. They come at
time when they are
needed most.*

*Thank you,
Vicky and Tony Grage*

That Handsome Brown-eyed Little Boy That God Gave Us

That brown-eyed little boy was in a hurry to play, so he came into this world seven weeks early. When he came into the world, his mother thought what a handsome little boy he would be.

That little brown-eyed boy grew and grew. He learned to walk and play with Grandma. That little boy was growing into a handsome brown-eyed little boy that God lent us.

That brown-eyed little boy grew some more. Pretty soon he was running and playing. That brown-eyed little boy with a smile so big it went from ear to ear and eyes that glowed with a happy-go-lucky attitude. That handsome little boy grew. He turned 2,3 and every year he thought he was a bigger little boy. Then he turned 4 and 5, and because he was 5 he said he was smart and knew things because he wasn't 4 anymore.

That handsome little brown-eyed boy (that God lent us) went off to school and his mom thought that her little boy was growing too fast. He touched more lives with that smile and eyes. His teachers fell in love with the handsome brown-eyed little boy. He was always wanting to learn and play. That little boy always wanted to share his toys, and his teacher thought that twenty pounds of trucks were a little TOO much. But just laughed and said "not so many!"

That brown-eyed handsome little boy did things in his own time. He thought he was big enough to ride a 4-wheeler when he was 2 and a real one at the age of 4. He thought you were supposed to get on your bike and ride fast.

That handsome brown-eyed little boy (that God lent us) found out that his medicine could make him walk, make him feel like Superman when it came to fighting with Dad. That "Roo-Roos" are really fire trucks. Real heroes are fire fighters, Spiderman and Dad. That brown-eyed little boy would feel so strong and proud when he carried the milk for his classmates and teachers. And who was everyone else's hero. That brown-eyed handsome little boy who thought that a bandage fixed everything.

That handsome brown-eyed little boy (that God lent us) thought riding in the big truck was cool and that Texas was something to see, but just said "This is Texas?" when he got there. Who tried to get other truckers to honk their horns at him. Who always said to Dad, when it was time to go, "Rock and roll, Dad!"

That brown-eyed handsome little boy ran, played, learned to swim, ride his bike, until the day Jesus said "I have come to take this brown-eyed handsome little boy with me."

So please don't be sad, for the brown-eyed handsome little boy made you laugh, cry, smile and loved everybody he knew. He is up in Heaven playing trucks, running, swimming and waiting to say "Ready to play, Grandma?" To Mom, "Need some syrup milk" and to Dad "Let's rock and roll!"

Tony Grage