



Tankful

Now double doors, one right, one left, enclose you in your spirited stead.

We 8, dig for the connections only your gift can lend.

Our tank is full; you rest, patient right to patient left.

Love, hope, & life, meet knowledge, history, & ultimately death.

Kindred soul, you were once in our place.

A student of medicine filled with gratitude at someone else's final act of grace.

Right brain paints abstract, telling humanist stories to capture the sincerest.

The left analyzes precious details, in effort to be a capable specialist.

Using this brain here, you thrived in the cycles of life, healed many,
and finally, faced your own imbalanced body.

Yours is a legacy of kindness that goes beyond a grave.

We are ever thankful, reminded to live & die with our values carefully laid.