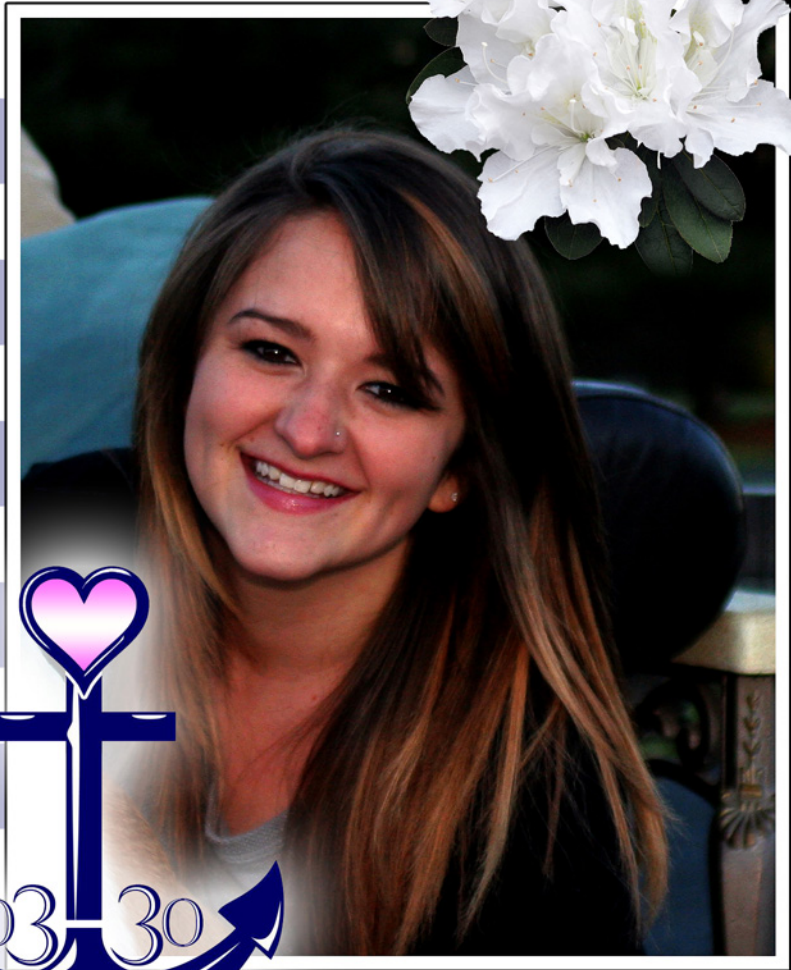


# *Lauren Nicole Laird*



***Received the Lord's breath  
in her lungs March 30th, 1989  
Called home to His presence April 30th, 2015***

The family of Lauren Nicole Laird thanks you for joining us in celebration of her joyous life. This is a time to laugh, to cry, to rejoice, and to give praise to God for the amazing being He put on this earth for 26 glorious years. In lieu of flowers, we humbly ask for a more permanent way to honor her.

We want her soul to live on past anything something material could provide. To donate in her name, please go to the Love for Lauren page on Facebook where you will find the post to link you to the appropriate site.

If you have on your heart a certain cause or organization you find Lauren's spirit directing you to, please give on behalf of her. We thank you for all of your love, support, and most importantly prayers. We love seeing many of the hearts of those Lauren transformed as we stand united in God's glory and love that was so great He let us have Lauren for as long as we did.



*"We have this hope as an anchor for our soul, firm and secure." Hebrews 6:19*

### *Celebration Program:*



**Praise & Worship live music** [Journey Worship band]

- "Holy Spirit"
- "Awakening"
- "When You Walk Into The Room"
- "You Hold Me Now"



**Robert Laird**



**Pastor Steve DeFrain**



**Paul Thompson**



**Stacey Levensgood**



**Pottsgrove Middle School** [video presentation]



**Taylor Moatz**



**Pastor Steve Watson**



**Jenna Laird**



**Closing**

DONATIONS:  
fb.com/loveforlauren330  
Robert Laird  
PO Box 1553  
Taylorsville, NC 28681  
\*\*Please tag it as "Love for Lauren"

*"Let us then  
approach God's  
throne of grace  
with confidence,  
so that we may  
receive mercy and  
find grace to help  
us in our time of  
need."*

*Hebrews 4:16*



*loveforlauren.net*

*#loveforlauren*

# *for Lauren*

How can death destroy  
A lifetime of joy?  
In one harsh moment,  
Emotions rise in lament,  
From those who loved you  
And who were loved by you.  
Now your smile produces tears,  
Grief overshadows joyous years.

No one is exempt from this pain.  
No one can fully or truly explain.  
Why this throbbing, dull ache  
Feels like a colossal mistake.

Oh you cursed death and grave,  
Your sting is real and depraved.

My faith reminds me that this is not the end,  
But my grief compels me to not pretend.  
I feel like I am the one who is dying,  
And even though I'm not the only one crying,  
I feel alone  
And unknown.

Yet somehow, hope is present,  
Like a distant flower's scent.  
Though I cannot see the bloom,  
I catch a whiff of its perfume,  
Unseen, yet existent,  
Close while distant.

We find comfort that Jesus, our Immanuel  
Felt in His body the pain of death as well.  
He felt the sharp sting of death.  
He exhaled His final breath.  
His body wracked by mortal wounds,  
He felt the cold grip of the tomb.  
A victim of the curse's violence,  
He lay in darkness and in silence.

But our faith reminds us He rose from the grave,  
His resurrection starting a tidal wave  
Of life and freedom from death's sting,  
And we follow our slain and risen King.

So, Lauren, as you make your eternity debut,  
This old world is poorer without you.  
And though I believe what we believe is true,  
We are still stuck here without you.

-NM

