



"Bury my bones by the trees, where
the apple blossoms bloom in the
cool lake breeze, where time stands
still, on the old iron bridge, where
Gitche Gumee lies, that is where my
heart lives. Up the road on the
hill, as grand as the new found day,
wills first light of early morning, and a
compass point North way. To God's
Country- that is where I wish to
spend my time away. Beneath the
star lit skies, watching over the
Apostle Islands below, heaven
awaits for me if you could make this
so." – Tom Nimsgern