

# KLARA GÖTTERT

27 November 2000 – 11 August 2015

To Klara Göttert, my dearest little Angel

You never grew *under* my heart, but *in* my heart.

I wish you never had to leave.

If love alone could bring you back, you would be in my loving arms already.

It broke my heart to lose you,

but you did not go alone,

as part of me went with you the day God took you home.

In life I loved you dearly,

in death I love you still.

In my heart I hold a place, always, that only you can fill.

You never said I'm leaving,

you never said goodbye.

You were gone before I knew it, and only God knows why.

My tears are words my mouth cannot say, nor can the heart bear.

Internal bleeding is what I feel... my heart is smashed into pieces.

Klara, Angel, God's plan for you far exceeded your short life.

God never let you walk alone in your darkest hour.

He journeyed with you until you saw the light and

God's arms stretched out to take you home.

Klara, Angel, be happy, laugh, and feel free, till we meet again, my girl.

R.I.P. LITTLE ONE

“OUPA” AND “OUMA” REICHEL