

WAUK. FREEMAN
AUG. 13, 1998

Obit.

Burke, Alice

3-29-1940

8-10-1998

Alice P. Burke

EAGLE SPRINGS LAKE - Alice P. Burke, 58, of Eagle, passed away Monday, Aug. 10, 1998, at her residence. She was born March 29, 1940, in Mississippi to Moses and Roxy McDowell.

Mrs. Burke graduated from Bradford High School in Kenosha and was employed at Citizens Bank in Mukwonago.

Survivors include her husband of 30 years, Patrick; son Timothy of Eagle; daughter Jennifer (Jerry) Burke Coburn of Seattle, Wash.; brother Paul (Charmaine) McDowell of Kenosha; two sisters, Jean McDowell of Mississippi and Nita (Richard) Barribeau of Kenosha; and her mother-in-law, Elma Burke of Eagle. She was preceded in death by her two sisters, Ellen and Christine, and brother Joe.

The funeral will be held at noon, Saturday, Aug. 15, 1998, at Mealy's Funeral Home in Eagle. Interment will be at Jericho Cemetery on Highway E in Eagle. Friends may call from 10 a.m. until time of services at the funeral home Saturday. Memorials may be made to the Waukesha County Metal Health or the Eagle Fire and Rescue Department.

(Waukesha Freeman - Aug. 13, 1998)

In Loving Memory of Alice P. Burke

Date of Birth
March 29, 1940

Date of Death
August 10, 1998

Funeral Services
12:00 noon, Saturday, August 15, 1998
Mealy's Funeral Home
Eagle, Wisconsin

Officiant
Pastor Christal Bindrich

Interment
Jericho Cemetery
Eagle, Wisconsin

Mealy's Funeral Home
Eagle, Wisconsin

Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide in me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide in me.

—Henry Francis Lyte