

FUNERAL SERVICES OF ALICE MYRTLE HOLCOMB HINCKLEY SOMMER, DECEMBER 21, 1951
July 10, 1902 -- December 16, 1951
1:30 P.M.

Hibbard Ward Chapel
Bishop J. Elmer Hendricks, Officiating

Pallbearers: Harvey Johnson, Perry Johnson, Guy Hinckley, Lenard Johnson,
Gail Mathews, and Ted Hinckley, nephews of the deceased.

Flowers: Hibbard Ward Relief Society

Internment in Rexburg Cemetery
Flamm Funeral Home

Prayer in Home: Bud Hinckley

Prelude & Postlude Music: Nina Ricks

Opening Remarks: Bishop J. Elmer Hendricks

My brothers, sisters, and friends, we have gathered today to pay respects to Sister Myrtle Holcomb Hinckley Sommer. We appreciate the fine audience here showing the respect, love, and esteem in which she is held.

We would like to express a word of caution. Before the service begins we will give you time to remove your coats and overshoes. We caution all to take care of their health and guard themselves. At the close we will give time for the family and others to get on their rubbers and coats before going out into the cold.

The program will go forward as you will find in the printed folders. There is one error in the printing. It is listed here as a song and should be a second speaker, Brother Benny Lumberg, followed by a duet by Billie Brower and Mildred Johnson. Otherwise it will go forward as scheduled.

Chorus: "The Willing Worker" by Hibbard Ward Singing Mothers - Nina Ricks, accompanist.

Invocation: Brother Cecil T. Clements

Our Father in Heaven, we present ourselves before Thee this afternoon to pay honor and homage to Sister Myrtle Hinckley Sommer who has completed her life's activities here in mortality and has gone to her reward.

Father, we are thankful for the knowledge that we have that Thou hast again established Thy work on the earth and restored to us the knowledge that we will live again, and in that life continue our activities.

We are thankful for the splendid life she has lived, also, that of her husband, Brother Ed. We appreciate the knowledge that he has of the hereafter. He is grateful for the glimpse that he had into the hereafter, and we are thankful that Sister Myrtle had just as great a faith in that revelation to him as he received. We are thankful for the activities that they participated in in gathering out the genealogy of their fathers and the splendid cooperation that she manifested in preparing thousands of family group sheets preparatory to temple work and for the work they did in the temple for their ancestry. Father, our hearts are filled with gratitude because of our association with this splendid family. The quiet dignity of Sister Myrtle commanded our respect and admiration.

We pray Thee, Father, now bless us this afternoon during this service that those who will speak will speak words of encouragement and consolation. We feel, Father, that in the passing of Sister Myrtle, because of the good life she has lived, death has lost part of its sting and the grave has lost its victory because of the knowledge that we have that this is just a brief passing and her activities will continue and because of her good life her reward is sure.

Now, Father, we pray that Thou will bless Brother Ed, Russell, and Wilma, and Brother Ed's children. We pray that Thou will bless them that they may see to it that their children and their grandchildren will not forget the good example that their parents have lived, and that if they and we live as they have lived our reward is sure in the hereafter. Father, we pray that Thy blessings will be with us. Help us to appreciate the opportunities and blessings that are ours. Be with us and abide with us, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Obituary: Sister Blanche Hendricks

If you will pardon me I am going to read a few of the thoughts that came to me in the quiet of my home. I thought that, perhaps, there I could think better than on this occasion.

This is a Christmas season, a time when our hearts, minds, thoughts, and every deed we do should be turned to give thanks to Him whose birth we commemorate. Through His birth the real purpose of life has been given. This sphere is merely a schooling place where we can come, work, and incessantly strive to live so as we might enter back into the presence of Him who made the purpose of life meaningful. What an appropriate time for our Heavenly Father to reach out and call from this mortal life of toil and strife some who have lived a full life and are prepared for more advanced work and ready to dwell in His presence. A few years ago our Heavenly Father reached forth and almost in the same identical way at the close of the year He called home two from our community.

It seems that this is the time when we take inventory. Our public officers those whom we've elected to carry on certain work take over their new positions, so here, I think the same has taken place.

I am indeed honored to give a history of Sister Myrtle. I especially pray that my Heavenly Father will guide and bless me inasmuch as Brother Ed said that Myrtle had requested this just a few days prior to her death. To me she was indeed a sister. I shall read the history as Myrtle has written it.

"Alice Myrtle Holcomb, daughter of Mary Ross Mathews and Charles Ingersol Holcomb, was born Thursday, July 10, 1902, in a two-room log house about 2 miles west of St. Anthony on what is called the Island Road.

"I was the fourth child born in a family of eight; there being two boys and one girl before me, namely, William, Leon, and Lily. Leon passed away at the age of 15 months. I was 7 years old about the first I can remember was when twin babies, Willis and Wilma, came to gladden our home. But sorrow followed as Wilma passed away at 19 months.

"Most of my nine years of schooling I received in the St. Anthony School and Twin Groves District School.

"At the age of eight years I had a bone infection in the left knee and never walked for a year. Mother had a large wicker twin baby buggy that she used to push me and her two babies in when she went shopping. We were living in St. Anthony at this time but later the folks filed on a tract of land five miles east of St. Anthony where I spent about ten years of my life before marrying.

"When I was sixteen years old I took a six-week trip to Kansas and Nebraska visiting my father's people and accompanied Grandmother Holcomb back to Idaho for a visit.

"The first I ever saw my husband-to-be, William Hinckley, was at Leannah Hinckley and Lee Mathews' wedding reception May, 1917, which was held at Grandpa Mathews' ranch on the Teton River north and east of Newdale. It was four years later on June 16, 1921, that I became his bride. On December 12, 1923, two years and a half later, our son Russell was born; then, three years later on September 1, 1926, a daughter Wilma was born. Like most parents we were more than proud of our little brood."

About this time is when my acquaintance with Myrtle became intimate. I was called by Bishop Ricks to be president of the Primary. I pled so with the Bishop saying that this was one position I just could not do. I had been so used to teaching school where at a word a child moves, I felt I never could get into the true spirit of Primary work. The Bishop gave me two days to think about it so I fasted and prayed about it then I called and told the Bishop I was ready to try. I needed and wanted humble prayerful workers. That's what I had in mind when I asked the Bishop if he thought it would be all right to ask Myrtle to help. The Bishop said, "Well, Myrtle don't belong to the Church but I think in the position you want her to work as a secretary that it will be fine, but first we'll get the consent of the Stake Board." And, they like the Bishop said, "Well, until Sister Hinckley knows and understands the Gospel well enough to join, don't use her as a teacher, but as a secretary fine." So, in October, 1932, we were set apart with Olive Saurey, 1st Counselor, Agnes Withers, 2nd Counselor, and Myrtle, Secretary. And what a secretary! Myrtle did everything. She was a real member of the presidency, as close as any counselor. Always, as the song sung by the chorus, she was, indeed, a ~~wonder~~ willing worker. We grew to love her dearly. Myrtle joined the Church December 3 of that year. Shortly after coming into the Primary her husband Bill was stricken with a dreadful disease. I've often wondered how Myrtle carried on so faithfully. When he got so bad and she couldn't come she'd always send the rolls and records and then we'd get them to her after Primary. Her books and records were kept perfectly - never a penny unaccounted for. They like her home were always in order for Myrtle was a perfect housekeeper.

She and Bill united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony in the Salt Lake Temple November 18, 1935.

At Bill's death, May 1, 1937, Myrtle took up her double role as a parent. For five years she worked on never complaining.

August, 1942, when Myrtle and Brother Ed Sommer were married in the Logan Temple it again brought our families close. Brother Ed, Brother Clements, Sister LuSeba Petersen - then LuSeba Widdison - and myself worked on one of the first recreation committees set up in Hibbard in connection with a dancing program. At that time the schoolhouse being new and country dances quite a novelty, there was a difficult element entered in. Sometimes fellows came who were intoxicated and had to be asked to leave. Brother Ed had a way about him that when he had to speak to these fellows they listened without taking offense and quietly left.

Brother Ed was the last one to sit at the bedside of my father-in-law visiting and talking to him to within a few hours of his death.

So, when he and Myrtle were married we, like members of the family, rejoiced. As one of Brother Ed's daughters said to me the other night, "Don't forget to tell what a wonderful mother and home she made for all of us.

So, Myrtle and Ed played the difficult role of uniting two families in a beautiful way. When my husband's mother became so lonesome after the death of her mate, Myrtle and Ed came many times and took her for rides. I remember one time in particular they came, got her, and took her out to dinner then on to Jackson. She came home beaming all over.

Myrtle was a perfect helpmate for Ed in the marvelous work he did with temple records.

When I was called on to be President of the Relief Society August, 1942, here I again sought Myrtle's help as secretary, and she willingly accepted. She had served faithfully as a visiting teacher ever since she joined the Church. Myrtle was of a cheerful lovable disposition.

I remember New Year's Day during the Second World War when she and Ed were over to Hazel and Don's for dinner as they were so often, a long distance telephone call came to our place for her. Russell was calling to say goodbye as he was leaving for overseas. If I had understood then as now, perhaps, I would have known better what I could have said. At the close of their conversation Myrtle sank in a nearby chair and how she cried. Then, she dried her tears and she said, "Blanche, there are hundreds, yes, thousands, feel the same; I'm not alone. I must be brave." And, truly she has been.

She was so proud of her family! Just two weeks ago I asked her if she had anything on the work Russell was doing in these Boys' Clubs in the East. She sent up clippings and booklets. Across the envelope she wrote "Please Return." A few days went by and I didn't get down to return them so I stuck them in an envelope and mailed them to her. A week ago Sunday at Sunday School she laughed and said, "Well, I didn't mean I was afraid I wouldn't get them, but they are truly valuable to me." How she and Ed loved little Kaylene. I couldn't help but notice how she ran to him last evening, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, "Oh, grandpa." Myrtle and Ed have spoken many times of the nice trip they had last spring when they went to Washington to visit with Wilma and her family.

May the memory of their beloved mother always abide with Wilma and Russell and may this help to draw them closer to their parents. They have lived long

distances apart, and I feel that now, perhaps, they will be in more direct contact with their parents than they have been before.

May the promise given Myrtle in her Blessing be realized wherein she should see her faithful life reflected in her descendants for they should become valiant and their testimonies would be heard in the missions of the Church and those near and dear would rejoice in her achievements for her name would be called blessed while the generations of both her mother's and father's house would rejoice in her faithfulness.

May the Lord bless and comfort those who are left to mourn her passing - her husband and his immediate family, her son Russell, wife and two sons of New York, and Wilma, husband, and two daughters of Washington, her brothers and sisters, and a host of relatives and friends. May we all strive to live so as to be prepared as she was is my humble prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Duet: "In the Garden" by E. A. Hansen and Eph Willmore - Mina Ricks, accompanist.

Speech: H. J. Willmore

I earnestly pray that I may be able to say a few of the things I would like to say at this time. It's an honor, indeed, to have the opportunity to pay a tribute of respect to Myrtle and to express my sympathy to her family; to Russell and Wilma, her two sisters and her brothers that are here with her today, and to Ed and his fine family, and to the Hinckley family. I have known them all for a long time with the exception of some of Myrtle's folks. They are three fine families. As Sister Hendricks has told you of Myrtle we loved her for her loyalty and her devotion to her family and to her Church.

It isn't easy for any woman to go into a home where the wife and mother has been called away and to take up the work that she left behind. It requires a lot of tact, a lot of patience, and, above all, an earnest desire to help. And, Myrtle measured up to this responsibility wonderfully well. I can truly verify what Sister Hendricks has stated about the love of Ed's family for Myrtle. It was only a short time after they were married that she won their love and she kept it and it increased as the days went by. I have seen Myrtle in my son and daughter-in-law's home and to see she and Hazel visit and laugh together there was as much display of love as between any mother and daughter. I know Ed's family will forever be grateful for the sunshine and cheerfulness that she brought into their dad's home. Likewise, I am sure that Russell and Wilma will always be grateful for the joy and happiness and the feeling of security that Ed brought to Myrtle.

Myrtle naturally was cheerful. I am very grateful that it was only about ten days ago that I had a nice visit in their home with Ed and Myrtle. As has been told afterwards by someone, I believe, Ed, himself, Myrtle had never been more cheerful than she was the last few weeks. She was just as thrilled with Jack's homecoming as she would have been with her own son's.

She received Emmeli, the young lady who came from a foreign country, with open arms and in a few short weeks a love developed between them that was beautiful to see.

From some of the remarks we have heard and some of the remarks the family has made to me we might think, and reasonably so, that Myrtle had a premonition that she would be called Home before long. She made the remark to Hazel before they left to meet Jack, "If anything happens to us you will find the addresses of my children in 'such and such a place' at home." After Hazel had recovered

from the first shock of the news she jumped in the car and went down to the home and there they were. Sister Hendricks stated she had written a good part of her obituary. So, we may feel that she realized, possibly, that there would be a change. On the other hand, someone stated that order is Heaven's first law. Order was part of Myrtle's life. She had her home in order and her life in order. But, be that as it may, I am convinced her time had come; her work was finished, although she lacked 20 years or more the allotted time given to us as the children of men. I believe she accomplished more than many of us accomplish in a lot more years.

I have an old poem that I have read many times. I know it expresses Myrtle's thoughts. You have heard it I am sure. "Beyond" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country--the Beyond;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond,
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes, to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread,
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the loved ones, so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet I shall love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But what I think, "One more to welcome me,
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;"
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me there is no sting of death,
And so the grave has lost its victory,
It is but crossing with abated breath,
And white, set face--a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Myrtle had kept two short poems. I don't know when she found them, perhaps, a long time ago. But just recently - within the last ten days or two weeks - she requested that they be read at her services. Brother Ed has asked me to read them. The first is entitled "Service." It is reprinted so I am not sure of the author (Ella Hurzeler ?).

I'd like to think, when life is done,
That I had filled a needed post,
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast;

That I had taken gifts divine,
The breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
In the service of my fellow men.

I'd hate to think, when life is through,
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears;

That I had wasted all my days
By living only selfish ways,
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.

I'd like to think, when life is done,
That here and there there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain;

That someone's cheery voice and smile
Would prove that I had been worthwhile,
That I had paid, with something fine,
My debt to God for life divine.

The second poem is just a short one by Mary Kelly and it is entitled "Second Wife."
Of course, the lines are directed to the wife and mother she so nobly filled.

I came to care for those you left behind--
This man and his children you loved so much.
I swept disorder from his house and mind
By giving each small thing a woman's touch.

The rooms are clean and cheerful; every bed
Is made each morning with the greatest care.
When they come home, they find a table spread
With wholesome food love helps me to prepare.

They needed you, but since you could not stay,
I shall complete the work you had begun.
My soul shall love--my hands shall serve each day--
A Mary and a Martha all in one.

Now, if you watch behind the clouds, I know
Your heart is glad because these things are so.

I earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father will bless those that are left as I stated before; Russell, Wilma, and the sisters and brothers who have come long distances to be here. May they be blessed and comforted and be able to return to their homes in safety. And may His choicest blessings be with Ed. It will be rough going for a while with Ed, but he is made of a calibre that he will weather the storm through. May the God bless us all that we may put our lives in order as this dear sister has done, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Speech: Benny Lumberg

If there was ever a prayer in my heart that God, my Heavenly Father, would clear the channels of communication between us and Him that no static may be found

along the way that His Spirit would flow freely that I might say the things he would like, I pray that He will give it to us. It isn't so much what we can say about Myrtle. We are attending her graduation exercises. We feel she is well prepared. She has gone on to our Father in Heaven. For those who love her it is going to be hard and our hearts go out to you. My brothers and sisters, we who haven't finished need to prepare ourselves so we can go back to our Heavenly Father. I know if I could call some person along with myself to repentance I would be doing the thing Myrtle and my bosom friend Ed would want me to do.

I can't remember when I first met Ed. We have been bosom friends all our lives. We went to the same Kindergarden, Benson School in Logan. From that time to this we have been bosom friends up through life. As I was thinking over these things I remember the times I have seen clouds cover him up and there wasn't a light shown through. He always stood firm and true. I will never forget when Alice went. I remember how I prayed for him. My wife said yesterday morning, "I'll never forget when Jack cuddled in my arms and went to sleep that night." Now he has just come back from a mission. I could see my friend Ed and this wonderful woman going to get Jack, coming back and having a wonderful Christmas together. But the Lord changed the thing.

I have got brothers and sisters, friends, in this congregation today saying what a good man Ed's been and a good woman Myrtle's been. The Spirit tells me there are friends in here asking questions. They went to get Jack who had just finished a mission. Why did this happen? Those things come into our lives; but these questions are always answered. But, not just like we think they are going to be. They are not answered right unless we get down on our knees and ask those questions; then, everyone will be answered.

Our Saviour went to the Garden of Gethsemane. Why did He have to go there? He took with Him three friends. He went up in the Garden a little farther and prayed. He felt so bad blood poured from the pores of His skin. We couldn't do that. He prayed to our Father in Heaven as we pray. "Let this cup pass." When He got back He saw His best friends asleep. He prayed again and found them asleep. When He got through praying the Father came to Him and filled His soul and gave Him power. His friends were asleep again and He said, "Sleep on, sleep on, all is well." That's the way with Ed. I spoke at Alice's funeral. I promised him there the next time he saw Alice she would be more beautiful than when he brought her to the altar or saw her in the casket. The next morning we sat down to the fine breakfast the girls had fixed. Ed turned to me and said, "Ben, this is going to be hard to take." Not the next time but the time after that when I saw him he had received light from the other side. It had to be so this great temple work could be done. And, so, they have done a wonderful work. So, my brothers and sisters, while we're mourning if we could just push aside the veil! Ed has seen that thing. I have seen it just as surely as I am standing here. I don't know but what I will tell you a little of it.

I knew Ed's father and mother, the Saureys, the family on both sides. I know them. I know the children. I know the heritage they have. I know they have got children and grandchildren. Don't let that light out you received when you went into the waters of baptism and received the Holy Ghost. I pray you, my brothers and sisters, get down on your knees and keep the light burning; keep that oil in that you will be prepared to meet Him.

I, like Ed, married one of the choicest girls the Lord let come here. I took her to the temple and by the altar a servant of the Living God united us for time and all eternity to come and blessed us to come forth in the Morning of the First Resurrection clothed with Eternal Life. It all depends on our faithfulness. When a judge pronounces you man and wife it is until death does you depart. You sign your divorce at the same time you sign your marriage certificate. I looked

at that beautiful bride of mine. That was the first time I realized we would become a father and mother, co-partners with God, to bring choice spirits into this earth. I went out to Ed's corrals just before coming here. He has them for those thoroughbred cattle. He has thoroughbred children and he built the same kind of corrals around those children so he can keep them in the faith and oil in their lamps. Alice is gone; Ed's coming; Myrtle's gone. They are going to be Kings and Priestesses to the Most High God over this Priesthood. You young people, children of Ed and Myrtle, don't you let them down or they will feel their work has been a failure. They are depending on you. This great Gospel means all to us. I plead with you as I want you to plead with others, keep your light burning, keep oil in your lamp that we can pass by the Gods and angels and go where we belong. So, while this is hard to take and Ed's going to be at a loss, there will be joy and satisfaction beyond anything that I can describe sending Myrtle up there where she will take her other sister by the hand in joy. And they will look down here upon Ed, pleading for him up there that he can go through this. His mission isn't finished. I know his testimony will steer him along the way.

Brothers and sisters, remember this is a wonderful occasion. We have questions of why we have to go through these things along the way. Elijah was a prophet but he had to go through these things. He appeared before different ones in glory; but at one time he looked like a tramp. The Angel Moroni for 30 or 35 years lived alone. He hid in caves going out to see what the Lamanites were doing. Read his testimony in the Book of Mormon - the faith he had! When our Father in Heaven wanted someone to come down to represent Him, He sent those trusted and tried to prepare for this work. Moroni appeared in glory to Joseph, the boy. When these other people come, they will come alike in the Morning of the First Resurrection.

Some keep putting things off; they haven't got time; they're too busy. A man told me of a big man worth millions. Then he said, "I don't know why he did it but he went down to San Francisco and jumped out a window committing suicide." He had everything money can buy. Some people have the idea money can buy everything in this world. There are some things money can't buy. Money won't buy you a ticket into Heaven - into the Celestial Kingdom of God. Brothers and sisters, a living testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ will take you there and save you. Isn't it worth more than anything in the world? Money is all right if we use it so it will be a blessing. Money has been the ruin of a lot of people.

I did promise you I would tell you a few things and bear you my testimony. It is sacred to me but I told you I would relate this beautiful incident. We were young and enthusiastic. I always wanted to be doing something. We wanted to get some of those things - a fine home, comfort - and were starting out doing pretty well. My grandmother wanted me to go to the temple and do sealing and help with the work there. I thought it was for old folks and we didn't have time for that. I loved her so much; she was so kind; she pleaded and I went. The more I went the more I wanted to go. It appeared so beautiful. I said, "Father in Heaven, if you could make me see this thing the way I feel I would give my time and talents towards it." That very night I took awful sick. I had appendicitis, then called inflammation of the bowels. The doctor said I couldn't live; I was dying then. I was the father of 3 children. We didn't have too much and my wife and companion stood by my side. The house was full of friends so she went out to the coalhouse and asked our Father to give her the power to stand it, but, if possible, to spare me. Life came back to me. A most bright light shown on me when I couldn't move a finger. The Heavens were open. My wife was permitted to hear the one side of the conversation. I promised my Father in Heaven from that day on I would bear testimony of Him and His work. I saw those who had their work done; those waiting and those disappointed. From that day on

I have not missed one opportunity of bearing testimony of this. I know this temple work is of God. It will mean more to you than anything else in the world. Get a testimony of it; get it burning in your souls. It will never be a testimony we can't realize. It may take a little while before you can understand. The answer will come right. That answer didn't come like I prayed. I don't think it would have amounted to anything. My Father in Heaven knew and put me on my knees and on my back. It looked like I was going. When I was humble enough I pleaded with Him. That is when the answer came. God's spirit will not dwell in an unclean temple. Be humble and pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and you will have a testimony of this work.

May He bless you; bless Ed; bless us all that we might prepare for this great event, I humbly pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

Duet: "Beyond the Sunset" by Billie Brower and Mildred Johnson - Maureen Ricks, accompanist.

Speech: David A. Smith

"Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." These were the words of the Saviour of the world. And, I believe that those words are not idle words. I think He would have never said those words had it not been within the realm of possibility that each one of us can become perfect. He gave us the plan by which we might become perfect and that plan was given unto us before the foundation of this world was laid. When we met there in council and determined that we would accept this plan and that we would come down to this earth and keep our second estate (we had already kept our first estate pretty much) and there we sanctioned the plan. And our Saviour came forth and said, "If, as you go through life, you fail to keep all of the commandments and you stumble along the road, I'll make it possible through repentance for you to come back into the presence of God; and I'll give my life to atone for the things you do that are not right if you will but repent of those acts and keep a hold of the iron rod or plan of life which will bring you back into the presence of your Father and my Father." Well, if I were to appraise the qualifications of Sister Myrtle Sommer to obtain a high place in the Celestial Kingdom of God I would say that she has fulfilled to a very positive degree the qualifications to bring her back into the presence of God and to Eternal Life having lived the principles upon which that great and grand blessing is predicated.

As I listened to the lovely prayer given by Brother Clements, the prelude, the fine duet that was sung, the obituary so tenderly and effectively given and the other numbers that have followed along through this program, I am sure that she is pleased with what has gone on here today. I, too, humbly pray to the Lord that I may contribute in a small measure as he would have me do to the spirit of this occasion. This is a grand occasion; this is not a time for great mourning. This is a time when one has graduated with high honors and fulfilled the mission for which she was placed here on earth and gone back to the God who gave her life, to her husband, and those who have preceded her.

I, too, know in a degree what she has given of her life to care for a second family. My mother had that same responsibility. There was a large family already born and young as she married my father, and she gave birth to a large family. Those 2 families lived together and she, also, had my father's mother who was aged. to take care of during her declining years here on earth. One of the great trials she had was the fact that my grandmother became very childish and slept in the daytime ~~and~~ and got up at nights. She went about the house calling my mother through the night. She had a heavy role to play - during the day doing the work for the 2 families, developing them, making a home, and couldn't get her rest at nights. You

really must appreciate the grand service of a woman who can measure up to this great responsibility. I know of no greater responsibility than coming into a second home full of children. She has fulfilled that responsibility admirably. Though we should labor all the days of our lives and save, save it be but one soul, great will be our reward in Heaven with that soul. Did she save those souls? Let them wander around without a mother and see what a great role she played. The bravest battles ever fought were fought by mothers. They make the greatest sacrifices. We think sometimes the men of the early pioneer days of this country had a hard row to hoe. But the companion and mother, without the necessities of life and scarcely any convenience, went ahead and accomplished the thing our mothers and grandmothers accomplished.

One of the greatest compliments is the grand representative group of fine brothers and sisters met here to do honor to her. Oh, it isn't going to help her out particularly only in this way - it's going to make her very happy to see you here and I am confident she can see you here today. I am positive of that. She is close enough so that she can know all that is going on about here.

My association with her came after we were in the temple. I had known her husband before and came to think a great deal of him. When we were building the temple we needed some special work done. He was recommended to us. He had some other work to do but he said, "If it's for the temple, I'll come although I am very busy." He came and helped us out on the temple. I recall the sealing work and the temple work as they were doing the work of the Lord, interested in the family solidarity of those who had gone on before and had not had the opportunity to do for themselves what we here can do in their behalf.

"I seal upon you the blessings of the first resurrection with power to come forth in the first resurrection." What does that power mean, to come forth in the resurrection? She has given to her with her husband the Priesthood of God, power of God delivered to man to act in His stead. If then, we have the power of God through the Priesthood to act, I wonder if we shall not be instrumental in our own resurrection of the body. It's God's power and we are blessed with the power to come forth in the First Resurrection. That power is given to us right on this earth. You can take that for what it means. The Saviour on one occasion gives this, "As the Father has life in Himself so has He given the Son to have life in Himself, and marvel not at this for all who are in the grave will come forth." How will they come forth? Through the power of the Priesthood which is the power of God to act in our own behalf.

So, as we go about doing good in the earth we are keeping our second estate. We have kept our first estate. Now, those who have kept their second estate shall find glory eternally with God. That is the promise. Those of us who have kept our second estate will find eternal glory with God because we have kept our first and second estates and now are going into the Celestial Kingdom to associate with God our Father and His Son, our brother, Jesus Christ.

May I venture this, that this fine woman is well on her way to perfection. She has accomplished these fine things on this earth and gone back to her Father who gave her birth to dwell eternally with those she loves. It's important that we have those of our family with us. It must be a sad condition when those of our family get out of the family trail and have done things of which they will have to repent before they can get back in our association again. It's a terrible thing. So, if I can leave anything here with you this afternoon that will be comforting and assuring to you it will be that there will be no question of where this fine sister has gone and if we go where she is we must abide by the plans and law by which she has gone to that particular reward. Oh, she may come and see us but we can't go where she is if we haven't lived the law.

It is a great compliment to you fine people to be as close to each other as you are. One of the responsibilities of this life is to be neighborly, really, truly, brothers and sisters, to steer each other, sympathize with each other and comfort each other, be there when we are needed, when a friend is in distress. And if we will but do that we will be assured of our salvation and exaltation.

In closing I would like to refer to this lovely song. It is an old song, a song I am sure was inspired by God in which he gives the Gospel plan in its fullness. When that fine woman wrote this song she was close to the Lord or she wouldn't have got this inspiration.

O My Father by Eliza R. Snow

"O my Father, Thou that dwellest In the high and glorious place'.
When shall I regain Thy presence, And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation, Did my spirit once reside,
In my first primeval childhood, Was I nurtured near Thy side.

For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection Of my former friends and birth,
Yet ofttimes a secret something Whispered, "You're a stranger here,"
And I felt that I had wandered From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father, Thro' Thy Spirit from on high;
But until the Key of Knowledge Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heav'ns are parents single? No; the tho't makes reason stare!
Truth is reason, truth eternal, Tells me I've a mother there."

Is that pretty conclusive evidence that we down here in a mortal way are doing the very things our Heavenly Father and Heavenly Mother did up there?

"When I leave this frail existence, When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you In your royal courts on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation Let me come and dwell with you?"

I think we could have said in there "I will come and dwell with you." It could have been just as positive I will come and dwell with you. Why? Because she had kept the law upon which this great blessing was predicated..

When this good man laid the walls of this lovely edifice here (I understand he had a part in it), he had to keep certain laws, keep within certain realms. I do not know how to do it. But, if he had violated those laws it, possibly, wouldn't be here very long. When we plant a crop of grain we abide by the laws. When we go into the hospital for help the physician lives up to the law that will bring us relief - the law of health - health to our navel, marrow to our bones, run and not be weary, walk and not faint. The Word of Wisdom doesn't do us a bit of good, does it, if we don't keep it. Well, this woman has lived that law. That is the point I would like to get over. Just look here "The Willing Worker." Was she willing? Obituary so tenderly given. "In the Garden." She walked with Him through her spirit here. Her fine husband and she found peace in His presence. They received the blessing and consolation with the law. You ask them if they had joy in their work. They obeyed the law. Then, we have this other lovely song by these 2 fine sisters "Beyond the Sunset." It recalls the association of the 2 as they go through life. They have been faithful to each other, true to each other. It is a grand thing when we can say we have been faithful to each other. Think of the ~~size~~ divorce, the broken homes, broken lives; picture that with a home such as

we have here. I notice here they have "Peace Be Still." So, in closing I want to refer to the words of the Saviour, "My peace I leave with you." What a grand thing it is to have peace - peace of mind, peace of our soul so that we are reconciled to what we are doing and find joy in our service. Now, may the peace of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ abide with Brother Sommer and the family that they may live close to each other, find joy in each others companionship that the family solidarity may be carried on and flower.

I feel that they will be mighty close over there, these 2 families. Very close because the same person will have been interested in their graduation, tutorship, and entrance back into the presence of God.

May the Lord bless us that when we are called that we will not fear it but will "Wrap the drapery of our couch around us and lay ourselves down to dream" as the poet gives it. But we will enjoy the association over there and the more people that we serve here upon this earth the greater number will welcome us as we pass beyond the veil. May God bless us to this end, may His Spirit be with us, keep the memory of this dear sister, bring us back into her association, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Closing Remarks: Bishop J. Elmer Hendricks

I am sure we should all be buoyed up in our faith and feel a desire to serve our Father in Heaven to the best of our ability because of the wonderful spirit and testimony bearing here today. I appreciate as a member of the Bishopric the membership of this fine family, the fine help and assistance they have given in our community. We all learned to appreciate them. Ed and Myrtle have always had a desire to help further the work of the Lord. They did it in every way possible.

Brother Sommer visited with me in visiting the Ward. He started out helping me this year until he left on the trip to get Jack. A fine spirit he carried and testimony he bore as we went about the community. Myrtle had a fine spirit, also.

We appreciate the service Jack rendered in the mission field and anticipated joy at his homecoming and inspiration. We are appreciative of the fine work he has done. I had anticipated he would report his mission this coming Sunday night but it will be postponed for some time until he is in condition for it.

We wish to express thanks to all who have participated - the wonderful numbers, music and fine talks - all who contributed flowers, assisted with cars to make this a beautiful occasion. I pray the Lord will bless us that we may appreciate His blessings at all times.

We caution you to be cautious and careful that no accident will come. We advise all to get wraps and rubbers on before going out and exposing themselves unnecessarily. Internment will be in the Rexburg Cemetary. The Dedication by Brother Lehi Keppner, former Bishop of this Ward.

Chorus: "Peace Be Still" by Hibbard Ward Singing Mothers - Nina Ricks, accompanist.

Benediction: Bishop Irvin Widdison

Our Heavenly Father, at the close of these beautiful services we express unto Thee the gratitude of our hearts for the many blessings that are ours, for the fine spirit attending these services, for the beautiful music and for the words of encouragement and advice that have been spoken, for the beautiful flowers that are here, and, above all, we are grateful for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the

knowledge we have of why we are here, the plan of life. We are grateful for the plan given whereby if followed we will be able to reach that purpose for which we are here. We are, indeed, grateful for having had the privilege of associating with this good woman, her husband and family. Grant that we may someday again enjoy the company of our friends.

As we go from these services bless us and protect us as we proceed to the cemetery and to our homes that no harm will befall us and nothing will happen to mar this day. We ask these blessings and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

(Notes taken by Mildred Toots Johnson)