

Notes:

1. The over-all intent is to leave the narrative alone, to present it as it was written. Therefore, I have sparingly used “[sic]” to indicate the grammar and spelling are as written.
2. Where the narrative is not readable, I have guessed. I have usually included the guess in a set of “[]”. At times the “[]” contains an explanation of what I have done. The explanation, inside the brackets, is in *italics*.
3. Some spelling and grammar I have corrected, but most I have left as it was written. (I hope I have not inadvertently added errors.)
4. I have changed from left justified to both right and left justification. The reason is for readability. There are cases where the typist continued typing right off the page, or nearly so in others.
5. The original document did not indent paragraphs; therefore, I have not either.
6. I have moved the page numbers to the right of the page. The original page numbers and these in this document may not agree due to the changes in margins, font, and my corrections.
7. I have checked, as best I could, the quoted poems and quotations, and made minor corrections, as needed. Some are too far removed from the original to allow for simple editing. I have tried to note them.

R. Kent Seely
20 October 2013

FUNERAL SERVICES FOR
ALFARETTA NEFF SEELY

Transcribed by
R. Kent Seely

FUNERAL SERVICES FOR

ALFARETTA NEFF SEELY

Held Friday, January 22, 1943, at 2 p.m. in the Third Ward L.D.S. Chapel, Brigham City, Utah, Bishop William H. Stayner in charge.

Prelude VIOLIN SOLO BY HAROLD B. FELT
 "My Faith in Thee."

BP. STAYNER

My brethren and sisters, in behalf of the family, we welcome you here today to join with us to pay our respects and love to this beautiful mother and her family/ [sis]. The arrangements of this service has been selected by the members of the family, and it will be as follows:

The prelude was played by Bro. Felt and Sis. Jeppson. The opening prayer will be offered by High Councilman J. W. Hoopes. A vocal solo will follow by Sis. Connie Peters.

Bro. J. W. Hoopes

Our kind and Heavenly Father, it is within the name of Thy Beloved Son, Jesus Christ, that we have gathered here according to appointment to pay our love, and our respect and devotion to this, our dear sister, Sis. Seely, whom Thou hast seen fit to call from this sphere of action.

We are truly grateful unto Thee that we have been privileged to gather here upon this occasion, and while sorrow and sadness are in our hearts yet we do praise thee, Our Father in Heaven, the Giver of life and of all blessings that we enjoy. We pray Thee that Thou wilt pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon us this afternoon in rich abundance, and upon those who shall take part in any way in these services, the speakers and the singers, and those who may play, that Thy holy influence may direct it all, and that those who shall speak may speak words of comfort, consolation, and truth that we may be strengthened in our faith and built up in our desires to serve Thee more fully.

Our Father in Heaven, we do thank Thee for this family. We thank Thee that we have known them so well; for their association; and their integrity and devotion to the gospel of Jesus Christ, which has been restored in these days in which we live. We know of the worth of Mrs. Seely. We know of her love for the gospel. We know of here love for her family, her devotion to her husband and to her children; and as we think, Our Father in Heaven, we know that they were devoted to each other; that there was a fullness of joy, happiness, and love in their home, for we have seen it and bear witness of it to Thee, our Father in Heaven.

Now, our Father, as she has been taken from this sphere of action, we pray Thee that thou wilt be with the family. Especially do we remember Bro. Seely. We pray Thee that Thou wilt pour out Thy strength upon him, that he may have power to go through this hour of sorrow and trouble which has come to him. We know of his faith, and his integrity, that he will have this strength. We pray thee to bless his children, that they may rally around him and to his support, and that they may never forget the teachings the devotion, the love and the life of their dear mother, for she has taught them right. She has set the proper example before them, and we pray Thee that they shall never depart from it. May they be more united now than ever in their lives, to support each other.

We thank Thee, our Father, for his relatives who are here; pray thy blessing upon them, and though this hour of sadness has come to bring them together, yet may it be an hour of remembrance and a time that they shall not forget. Bless the friends of the family and the neighbors, that they may, in the hours to come which will be more lonely than today, not forget them; and especially not forget our dear brother, Bro. Seely. We pray Thee, our Father, that Thou wilt bless them, and bless every word that shall be uttered here today, that it may be in keeping with Thy mind and will, and that these services may be a comfort and a blessing in very deed to the family, and to us who have gathered here to pay our respects to this family, and to this lovely character, and devoted wife and mother. To this end, Our Father, we pray Thy blessings to attend us, and to be with us throughout the services until these services today shall be ended and we shall return to our homes. We humbly pray and ask every blessing, and all others Thou seest we need for our comfort and good, in the name of the Lord Jesus, Christ, Amen.

VOCAL SOLO * "In the Garden"

By Connie M. Peters

BISHOP STAYNER

Our first speaker this afternoon will be a most intimate neighbor, W. D. Cummings, followed by a vocal solo by Bro. Horace [N]offinden, of Garland, who used to reside here in this ward, and I think most of you know him. Then we will have remarks by E. Ray Morris of Park Valley, an intimate and life-long friend of the Seely family.

Bro. W. D. CUMMINGS

I certainly appreciate this opportunity of saying a few words for one of the dearest women that I have ever had the opportunity of meeting. I have known this good woman, ever since my childhood. She was raised in East Mill-Creek, and I was raised in Mill Creek, about two miles from her home. She was a young woman, grown young woman, when I first met her, I a young fellow about twelve or thirteen years of age, but I remember distinctly as though it were just yesterday. I was working for a mercantile company as a delivery boy. We didn't have telephones in those days, so we used to go around from house to house and solicit the orders, and then deliver them in the afternoon.

I first met Sis Seely when I was delivering some groceries to the door of her mother, and she met me in the door. She made such a wonderful impression on me that it has always stayed with me.

Bro. Seely likewise. I have know him and I want to say that finer people you won't meet anywhere. They have lived next to us for fifteen years, just over the fence, and when they first moved in there we were very pleased to think that they were moving in there as our neighbors, because we knew what a high type of people they were, and what they were.

Sis. Seely's father was one of the first men to operate a flour mill in Utah, one of the old, original pioneers. Many times have I been to that old flour mill and seen it in operation. Bro. Seely, prior to his going out to Park Valley (I think it was after his marriage) used to be our rural free delivery mail carrier, and I know my grandmother always went out to meet him to get the mail. He always had a friendly word for her. They were friendly toward everybody. They have been fine neighbors, and I am thankful for having had the privilege of knowing them, and living next door to them, and having an opportunity to speak a few words in behalf of this wonderful woman.

A few years ago, about eight years ago, our family was called on to have a loss in the family. We lost our oldest boy. Well, my work was such that I had to be away from home every Monday evening, and our children – the other two children – were away to school, so it necessitated leaving my wife alone at night. But Sis. Seely was there every Monday night that I left home, to stay until I came home. No one will know better than Sis. Cummings and I how much we appreciate that.

I don't think there is much more that I could say, because whatever it would be, I couldn't say anything to praise this dear woman and her husband too much. May the blessings of God be upon Br. Seely and his family, that this great loss, while it will be felt very much, I hope that the Lord will bless them to help each over this hard bump. May the blessings of the Lord be upon all of you, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

VOCAL SOLO – Horace [N]offinden

Bro. E. RAY MORRIS

I am deeply appreciative of the fact that a vary great honor as been accorded to me this afternoon. I desire that the words spoken of in the prayer that was offered, will be manifested in my behalf.

The other day when I returned home after paying Bishop Seely a visit, and he asked me if I thought I could say a few words this afternoon, I was rather inclined to feel my inability, and I knew and felt that this occasion called for something beyond my ability. So I mentioned to my wife and she said, "Surely you cannot say anything too much in praise of Sis. Seely, for everybody loved her." So this, I believe and desire, may be the keynote of these services.

Upon one occasion, I heard a boy from the C.C. camp speak of a good woman who had befriended him, and he applied to her these words – this term: “a lovely lady.” Whenever he spoke to her or of her, these were the words he used, “lovely lady.” Since then, more than once I have thought how those words fit Sis. Seely. True, she was and is a “lovely lady.” And so, as I allude to her this afternoon, I desire that the thought may be with you, and I hope that I may place in these words the feeling of love and affection and admiration that this boy felt for his “lovely lady”, and it is so that may allude to her.

As my mind becomes somewhat reminiscent and turns back the pages of memory’s record, I recall about thirty years ago, my father telling me that there was a family by the name of Seely who had bought our closest neighbor’s farm. He said, “This is the kind of people we want to come in this valley.” And so they settled adjacent to our farm, and for fifteen years our associations were very close. I remember in those days we weren’t any too careful in our farming operations. Our water more or less ran to waste, and we didn’t fully utilize the resources that the Lord had place in our hands. When Bishop Seely took hold of that place, he began to make it produce more than it had ever produced before. I remember we thought in that particular place that it was impossible to raise alfalfa hay. But now I know the reason was that we didn’t take care of our water and the seepage was so great that it didn’t thrive. But it wasn’t very many years before Bishop Seely was raising some very fine alfalfa hay. A short time after he arrived (I think it was in the late summer of 1912) it was only a few months before he was set apart as Bishop of the Rosette Ward. He seemed to be the right man, and I firmly believe, and I am convinced that the Lord led him there for that purpose. They seemed to bring an air of refinement, something that we needed there. They were very cultured people, and many and many are the young boys who have taken Bro. Seely for an ideal, and the girls have taken Sis. Seely for their ideal, and they have patterned their lives after her. She seemed to have that rare ability of reaching out and gathering all people in her great love. As my wife expressed it, everybody loved her. It was impossible not to love her. It was the natural thing – it seemed to be the natural thing to love her.

During the time that Bishop Seely was our bishop, I believe our ward progressed faster than ever before. We were holding our meetings in the little red brick schoolhouse, seemly satisfied so. But it wasn’t very long before our good Bishop had plans for a new house, and it wasn’t very long after that before we had a nice little comfortable church house.

I think he was our Bishop for about fifteen years; not only our bishop, but our friend. At the time he arrived in the valley, my life was undergoing quite a strenuous time, for I lost my father about that time, and I was just a youth in my ‘teens. There I was, left with no fatherly guidance, and I remember with gratitude and love, how Bishop Seely took me under his wing. I can think back and remember time after time that they have showed me kindness. I have been in their home, and I have seen Sis. Seely presiding as a queen, gracious and kind, hospitable and efficient. She had the rare ability to make you feel at home, make you feel as if you were one of them, and that is the way you felt in their home; that is the way I felt. I felt that I was one of them. When I lo0ok over this

congregation today, I believe that pretty nearly everyone of Bishop Seely's members, who are left in the Rosette Ward, are here today, those who could possibly come. I believe that this alone should give our beloved Bishop much consolation, and should testify to him the place that he has in our hearts.

Sis. Seely was a great lover of beauty. Her home was always adorned with the most beautiful flowers. I think today that these flowers, showing the love of her friends, and with the love that she had for flowers, I believe that she is happy today. I always had the idea that flowers loved Sis. Seely. How they flourished and gave forth their beauty under her care.

Bishop Seely also served as our representative on the School Board for three long terms, or twelve years, and the people of this community can also testify as to his ability in serving in this capacity. I have seen him face loss as he is facing this loss today. On one occasion while we were in church, we saw smoke rising from his home, and when we got over there, his entire summer's work was going up in flames, not only his summer's work but many years of labor and building – his corrals and sheds, and his hay from that summer's work – all burned up. I didn't see for a moment a look of discouragement on his face. That was the kind of man he was and is.

Sis Seely served as president of the Relief Society for a while, and then she was chosen as a member of the Stake Relief Society Board, and I am not sure how long she served in that capacity, but it was some time. She also served as President of the Primary. While serving in these positions, the title of "lovely lady" was expressed by many. What a lovely lady Sis. Seely was. I heard more than once. Now she has passed on, and death has overtaken her. Somehow I feel that this term 'death' does not describe this situation, for I have seen men die in punishment; I have seen death come to others as a release; I see it come to others as a reward, as in this case here today.

Death isn't final to me. We know it isn't final. Many and many a time will these fine sons and daughters of hers feel Sis Seely's presence with them, as I can testify to you I have in the case of my parents. That place where she is is not far away. Let me read just a little verse:

"It seemeth such a little way, to me,
 Across to that strange country, the Beyond,
 For it has grown to be, the home
 Of those of whom I am so fond.
 And so for me, there is no sting in Death
 It is but crossing with a baited breath
 That little strip of sea, to find
 One's loved ones waiting on the shore,
 More beautiful, more precious than before."

And so our “lovely lady” has gone, and when we see her how beautiful she will be, and I thought as I looked upon her features this morning, true the name of lovely lady fitted her, even in death.

May the Lord bless you, my brothers and sisters. May He bless her family, and especially my very dear and fine friend, Bishop Seely, is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

BISHOP STAYNER

Bro. Felt will now favor us with a violin solo, after which F. Earl Walker, a relative and life long friend from Salt Lake, will be our speaker.

VIOLIN SOLO * “Rock of Ages,”
By Harold B. Felt

BRO. F. EARL WALKER

“One sweetly [solemn] thought comes to me o’er and o’er,
I am nearer home today than I’ve ever been before.
Nearer my Father’s House, where the great white mansions be,
Nearer the Great White Throne, Nearer the crystal sea.”

I come to you today, my brothers and sisters, and my very dear friends, in deep humility and in sorrow, but proud to pay tribute and honor to one of the sweetest souls that it has ever been my privilege to know. I do feel, my brothers and sisters, as if I were coming home – nearer home. I lived in this community for some time, and in the valley to the north – that was my boyhood home. As a lad of eighteen years, I left this community to go out into the northwestern part of the state, into the little ranching community of Rosette. I had never been away from home before, and I was homesick from the moment I first took step from the door. And that nostalgia increased with distance until at the time I reached my destination, having to leave the train at the little town of Kelton and travel some twenty miles by stage, I was ready to turn back home.

I managed to find a place to stay after some difficulty, and I lived in a little one-room log home; that is, I had my bedroom there. I lived with a ranching family; and I thought for the first day or two that I was going to die of homesickness. But I found many a surprise in the little valley. After living with this family some time, a death occurring in the family caused me to need to find a place to stay, and there was no place to go. So I turned to my dear friend, Bp. Arta Seely, whom I had previously met in the capacity of school board member, since I was the school teacher. I told him of my plight, and he told me that while they were not prepared to keep boarders, he was willing, for a short while, to take me into his home.

I shall never forget, my brothers and sisters, that first evening in the Seely home. I shall never be able to see Sis. Seely apart from that home setting. If there was ever a beautiful

home, that was it. And if there ever was a real mother, Sis. Seely certainly was one. As I said, I was a very homesick lad, and when I went into their home I didn't know just how I should feel. I felt they must feel some constraint in taking a stranger into their midst to associate with their children, and I was feeling a little backward myself about it. But I hadn't been there long until I began to feel the glory of mother love that Sis. Seely extended to everyone.

Bro. Morris was told you that she was a queenly woman. Strangely enough, that is the very adjective I had intended to use to describe her. She moved about her house with poise and calmness. I never saw her ruffled. I never saw her excited. Her home was always a place of beauty, as Bro. Morris told you. I couldn't help think that first night when I went to them, that their me [sic] was certainly a fulfillment of the words of our beautiful song, "Love at Home." Let me repeat a few of the words for you.

"There is beauty all around when there's love at home,
Hate and envy ne'er annoy when there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet, all the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete, when there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above when there's love at home,
All the world is filled with love when there's love at home,
Sweeter sings the brooklet by, brighter gleams the azure sky,
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, when there's love at home."

I know it seemed to me that the situation I saw there in their home couldn't possibly last. I thought they were putting on a show for me the first day, and one of the surprises I got was that it continued day after day. I didn't hear any cross words. I didn't hear any quarreling. Always peace. I am sure that Sis. Seely was the source of a great deal of it, although I am sure that it was love between Sis Seely and Br.o. [sic] Seely that was the true source.

I thought when I first saw Bro. Seely, that it was certainly incongruous to see a man of his type in a ranching community. He certainly was the cultured gentlemanly, scholarly man, and to think of him in the position of a rancher just didn't fit, but I know that he was efficient. I know that he was capable in his work. I know that he was a leader in his community. I admired him and respected him, and always shall.

I stayed with the Seely family about six weeks, and I came to learn to love every one of them, and I am sure that love will continue until we part. As a matter of fact, my brothers and sisters, you and I, and all of us, are working for just one thing – happiness. We look for it in devious ways, and in various ways some think they find it in riches; some think they find it in pleasures; some think they find it in one way or another, but there is only one way find it, and that way has been preached by the Savior of mankind. "Let him who would be the greatest among you" and He might just as well have said, "Let him who would be the happiest among you, be the servant of all." Sis. Seely had found the key to that happiness. She was a happy woman, and she made her family happy.

I think it is a strange thing that as Later Day Saints (and I take it most of you are) we don't see this thing just a little clearer. How easy it would be for us to be happy if we could just be more loving, as she was. How easy we could make life for ourselves, and for others, and how, in the words of the poet, we would have so little to regret, "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "It might have been'."

You and I could prevent that in many cases if we were willing to as Sis. Seely here did, to drive hate and envy, and other evil animosities out of our hearts, and let them be embellished by the true spirit of love, which she possessed. After all, kind friends, the world was built on the spirit of love and faith, and God sent His only Begotten Son into the world, even though He loved Him, so that you and I might know how to find happiness. You will recall that when the Saviour [sic] was asked which is the greatest commandment, He answered, "Thou shalt love the lord, Thy God, with all they might, mind and strength, and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hand [sic] all the law and the prophets." If you read the words of Paul, you can't help being convinced that the message of Christ was that we learn to love our fellowmen. Paul has told us in no uncertain terms that though you my have everything else, though you give up all you own, though you give your body to be burned, it availest you nothing unless you have love. I think he called in charity. I think it can be said to mean love of fellowmen. I think if you read the revelation of St. John you will find that he saw in his vision of the last [*typed over, two unreadable lines*] upon them? These who loved their fellowmen were called into their reward.

You won't find anything in there about other things, will you? Try to find it. That is the message of Christ.

Sis Seely had found the way, my brothers and sisters. She had found the way to happiness, and she wasn't a bit afraid to spread that happiness wherever she went. Her life reminds me of a beautiful poem I think every person should learn and keep in their hearts. I shall try to repeat it [sic] for you.

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are good and true.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

"Give love and love to your life will flow
As strength in your utmost need
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

“For life is the mirror of
 It is just what we are and do
 Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best will come back to you.”

My brothers and sisters, it was through the Seely family that I learned to know of other very dear friends, and the lady who later became my dear wife, and in going to the little community in which they used to live, I learned something of the family, of these good people, and I would like to say that I know they come of royal blood. Not of kings and emperors, but of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Sis. Seely is a descendant of the Neff family. The Neffs were some of the first people to come to Utah. Brigham Young himself went back into Pennsylvania and asked the Neff family to come to Utah. They were asked to come in the first company. They started, but the death of a brother caused them to have to wait until the second company came. John Neff brought with him, or had brought to Utah, some mill stones for grinding flour, and Sis. Seely's father, Franklin Neff, had the first grist mill in Utah. That is where the little community in which they lived got its name, Mill Creek. It is told of them that when the great hordes of gold seekers came through this state on their way to California, they would have paid as much as \$50 a barrel for flour, instead of selling it at that price and getting rich, he kept it and sold it to his neighbors and loved ones at something like a 20th part of what he might have got. They were men of God.

On the Seely side, the [*unreadable - over written words*] father was a body guard of Brigham Young, selected by him to watch over his personal body. I have heard he was a man of stalwart courage and fine character. From these two fine lines of blood these two fine people have come. United in the hold [sic] bonds of matrimony under the direction of the servants of God, they lived for some time in the little community of East Mill Creek, and then they went out to Park Valley, where Bro. Seely became a rancher, and leader of affairs in that community. I am sure that you would go a long way to find finer people than these are.

I extend to them and to the family, Bro. Seely, my very dear friend, his three sons and his two daughters, my deepest sympathy in their bereavement. I know it is hard to bear, but I know they feel as I feel, that Sis. Seely could not leave them. Her life is immortal. Part of it is in me because I came in contact with her sweet spirit and it changed my life, as I am sure it must have changed the lives of everyone who met her, and that will go on. Shakespeare said, “How far this little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world.” And her life was full of good deeds, and they go on like that light, eternally, so that she shall not die. Now at the parting of the ways, I cannot think of her as gone, but rather, my friends, I see her family asking them to accept her thought as I try to express it in the words of the poet:

“SUNSET AND EVENING STAR,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning at the bar,

When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
To full for sound and foam,
Then that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourns of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

I pray God, in His mercy, to [unreadable] the pain and anguish in the hearts of those bereaved souls. I pray He will touch their hearts with sympathy and love, and to all of us, I pray that he may help us that when our time shall come we go not like the "slave at night scourged to his death, but seadied [sic] by an unfailing trust." [*The quote is: "We go not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfailing trust"*] Let us approach the grave like one who raps the draperies of the night about him and goes down to pleasant dreams. I ask it for all in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

BISHOP STAYNER

Bro. Frank Russell, of Salt Lake City, a family friend, will now render a vocal solo.

I notice by the outline here I was to occupy a brief part of this service, and I am going to divide part of that time with Bishop Hirschi, who is here with us, with the permission of the Seely family, and we will ask Bishop Hirschi, after the solo, to make a few brief remarks.

VOCAL SOLO * FRANK RUSSELL

Bishop Fred J. Hirschi

I am very, very thankful that the Bishop has seen fit to give me just a few minutes to pay my respects, my appreciation, my love, for Sis. Seely and her family. A mother in Israel has been called home, and when I say a mother I mean a mother, not to five children, but a mother in Israel has been called home. I haven't lost a thing, and I have had everything to gain by coming acquainted with this family.

I hope Sis. Seely has fought her battle. She has laid down her life. She is through so far as mortal life is concerned, but I do hope and pray that her children will ever think of her example, of her love, and her kindness to them. What she has done for them, what she has shared for them. So in lieu of thsp, [sic] let me quote:

“Count, if you can your mother’s tears,
 As you climb the ladder of the upward years,
 ‘Til you reach the summit the world calls Man
 Then put in the balance, and weigh, if you can,
 Her sorrow, her tears, the anguish, pain
 She so willingly bore again and again
 To give you a place in God’s wondrous plan.
 Then count the cost of the life of a man.”
 [As written, Not quoted correctly.]

I hope they will never think, never entertain an idea that they can get above their mother, because they can’t. She has done everything for them, and her children, so far as I know, are good. We still have one in our ward, and are thankful for her. She is just as true, as sterling; she is the same today as she was yesterday, and I am sure, as positive, she will be the same tomorrow as she was today. [sic]

So I pray the spirit of the Lord will be with this family, and I pray the spirit of comfort will come to Bishop Seely, because he has been a bishop to us truly, that he may not deem this burden too hard. He has faith and hope in the things that have been promised upon them, that they will come forth in the morning of the first Resurrection, a glorious Resurrection. If he has hope in this, and I believe he has, there is a great comfort and consolation in that. As the Saviour [sic] has said, “Blessed are those that have slept in peace when He comes.” And I believe Sis. Seely will sleep in peace.

May the blessings of the Lord be with this family. I am again thankful for these few minutes that I have the privilege of expressing my appreciation for this family. I hold them in high respect and esteem; that the spirit of the Lord will ever dwell with them; that they may never lose sight of the [*Unreadable – line double typed*] can come to man, and I believe they will again reunite and that may not be so long. I hope that the remaining years that Bishop Seely has left will be pleasant, and that he has a firm assurance and never will lose sight of that fact that he will meet his wife. I believe if I were to be a judge, I would say they shall come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, and what a glorious blessing that will be, I pray to this end in the name of Jesus Christ Amen.

BISHOP STAYNER

My Brothers and Sisters, I know the things that have been spoken here this afternoon are true. You may say, how do you know they are true? Because most of the talks that we have had has taken up the early life of the Seely family. My acquaintance dates back some eight or ten years with this splendid family. Some of the most pleasant hours I have spent, some of the choicest times that I appreciate, was when I was in the high council

and one of my companion high councilmen was A. M. Seely. Then I have known his son, Elwyn, intimately as a club member for seven years. He is a charter member of the club that I belong to [*Lion's club*]. We have been good pals. We have played together. We have been on various campaigns. He tried to get me elected District Governor, but the nearest I got to it was Deputy District Governor. I know this boy, and he is a very fine young man.

Of course, Lee [*Francis Leland Seely, also known as "Lee" or "Jim"*] belongs to us. For four years Lee has met with us every Sunday morning. We have knelt down together, and prayed together, and the things that have been common in the life of a bishopric, and the workings of a ward has been the things that Lee has worked out together with us. I want to bear you testimony there is no finer young man alive than Lee Seely. He is true; he is dependable, and I am not at all surprised to find that he has such a mother, and such a dad, because he only reflects those beautiful principles and things that have been spoken of this wonderful woman and this fine dad this day. As their bishop, I want to say to you, we are proud of them in our ward. They sustain us and help us to perform the calling that we have been called to.

I looked upon Sis. Seely today – that beautiful, peaceful look, and I thing I remarked to her daughter, “Look at that fine nose and that strong chin.” It showed determination. It showed a character that could endure, not only in this life, but throughout eternity. As I thought seventy years this fine woman has been privileged to live upon this earth, to shed her love, her association, her friendship and do good all that time [sic]. I think forty odd years Bro. Seely has been blessed with this companion, and these children, as they came alone one by one, have had the influence of this mother. After all, aren't they a wonderful thing to be thankful for, and grateful?

Bro. Seely, for forty-four years you have had the companionship of this fine lady, just an introduction to the eternity where you will dwell. I don't hesitate to promise you you will dwell and associate with her, and preside with in the eternity. As I looked upon that peaceful, beautiful face, and I thought of her suffering, as I saw her in the hospital distorted with pain, I am sure there isn't one of this family would say, “Mother, come back to endure longer.” As I thought how beautiful it was for Bro. Felt to make her look so homelike, so comforting. If man can do those things without the reflections of that wonderful character, what can God, our eternal Father, do in the eternity?

How beautiful is death when it is a righteous [sic] death; when we are worthy to die. It isn't a bad thing, brothers and sisters, to die if you are worthy to die, and Sis. Seely, I am sure, was worthy to be called home; and that resurrection, that reunion, that living together in the eternity will be.

May god help you and me, my brothers and sisters, to live a life here today so you will be worthy, and I will be worthy to assemble and meet just such fine people as this mother in Israel, as the Bishop referred to. I like that term, Mother in Israel, one of the most glorious crowns, I think, that could be attributed to one.

Now, the time to do these things is now. Today. How near is death? How thin the veil between life and death? Between this life and the Hereafter? You don't know. I don't know which one here will be the next to be called home. Are you ready, my brothers and sisters? Are you worthy of death? I would like to leave that thought with you.

May God help and bless Bro. Seely. I don't worry for him. I know his worth and his testimony, and I know too, that he knows the great and fine principles of life and salvation, that he will carry on. The family, - do as well by your children, you boys and you girls, as your dad and mother have done by you. A remarkable thing, this family. I understand this is the first death in the immediate family, and none of the grandchildren yet have been called home. Sis. Seely, in her love and charity, made this remark, and I don't think Bro. Seely will object to my using it, "I hope, Dad, I will be the first to be called to the other side." And the Lord has respected her in this matter.

In behalf of the family, I extend to you the thanks and their appreciation for your presence, for the efforts you have put forth to assist on this occasion, for the arrangements of these beautiful flowers. I think our relief Society, under the direction of the committee, does a very splendid piece of work day after day, and through their efforts it is arranged this way. You that have sung and bourne [sic] testimony, we extend their thanks and appreciation, and may God bless us and help us, as I stated before, to be worthy to again associate with Sis. Seely. I earnestly and truly believe, if we live worthily and die worthy we will again be privileged to associate with this fine woman.

The closing prayer will be offered by Patriarch Joseph Facer. A beautiful prayer was offered in the home by John P. Lillywhite [*latter, also a patriarch*]. The dedication of the grave will be by High Councilman Ephraim Johnson. The pall bearers are all high councilmen: LeRoy T. White, John E. Baird, N. I. [*unreadable; "N" & "I" are my best guess*] Hansen, [E]. A. Johnson [*unreadable first initial; likely "E. A. Johnson"*], John B Mathias, and Newell [*unreadable; could be "Nowell", "Nawall", or "Nowall"*] Larsen, who now is a bishop, which shows that he filled a good job as a high councilman.

PATRIARCH FACER

Our Heavenly Father, at the close of these most inspiring services, we render unto thee in the humility of our souls, our gratitude and praise, and thanksgiving for the most peaceful outpouring of Thy Holy Spirit upon this occasion, that we have been touched with the influence of the same. We thank Thee, our Father, for the beautiful songs that have been sung, for the music that has been played, and for the most wonderful testimonies concerning the life of this noble and good woman, whom Thou hast seen, in Thy mercy to call home at this time. We are grateful, our Father, for the opportunity that has been ours to know her, to have the association that we have had with her. We are grateful for her life, for her loyalty, her devotion, and her love, not only to her family, but to her friends and neighbors, and her devotion to the church to which she blongs [sic].

We thank Thee for her wonderful family, for their noble lives, and we pray, our Father, at this time that Thou wilt cause that the love of this good mother O [sic] her example in

life, her beautiful character, that it might be an anchor to their souls, that it might remain with them through their lives and be an incentive to so live that they shall be worth when the time comes, to meet their most wonderful mother and enjoy all the blessings which Thou hast promised to the faithful.

Especially now, we pray for Thy servant, our brother, Bro. Seely. Thou knowest the integrity of his heart, his faith, and his devotion, his loyalty to the church, and we pray, Father, inasmuch as he is not strong physically, that Thou will grant unto him the blessings what he might be restored to health, that he might have strength and courage to meet this condition, and this sorrow that has come into his life, and we know he will meet it courageously and bravely, because of the faith that he has and his testimony of the truth and the gospel. We pray now that Thou wilt grant unto him every righteous desire of his heart.

As we shall depart from this chapel to the cemetery, where the last rites will be performed in behalf of Sis. Seely, grant that thy spirit, the same spirit that has attended this service, shall continue, and that she shall be laid away in peace at her last resting place. We give unto thee the honor, the praise, the glory for all that we enjoy and we pray for these blessings and every other that would be for the good of this family at this time, and we ask it in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.

POSTLUDE THE PERFECT DAY

Violin solo, by Harold B. Felt

Reported by Nina Beecher

Notes:

When Aunt Verna and Uncle Ken gave me this transcript, Uncle Ken asked me if I know that my grandparents, Alfretta and Arta McLain Seely, had received there “second” endowments in the Logan temple. I must not have answered him correctly, because he backed off the subject very quickly. I understand that it was not too uncommon, in those days, to do so.

R. Kent Seely
October 2013