

November 13, 2010

Dear Sylvia:

I'm so sorry about the misunderstanding about the books. I guess I was thinking 4 books instead of six. Whatever, I have a problem with multitasking anymore. So I am enclosing the check with this letter. My mind isn't what it used to be.

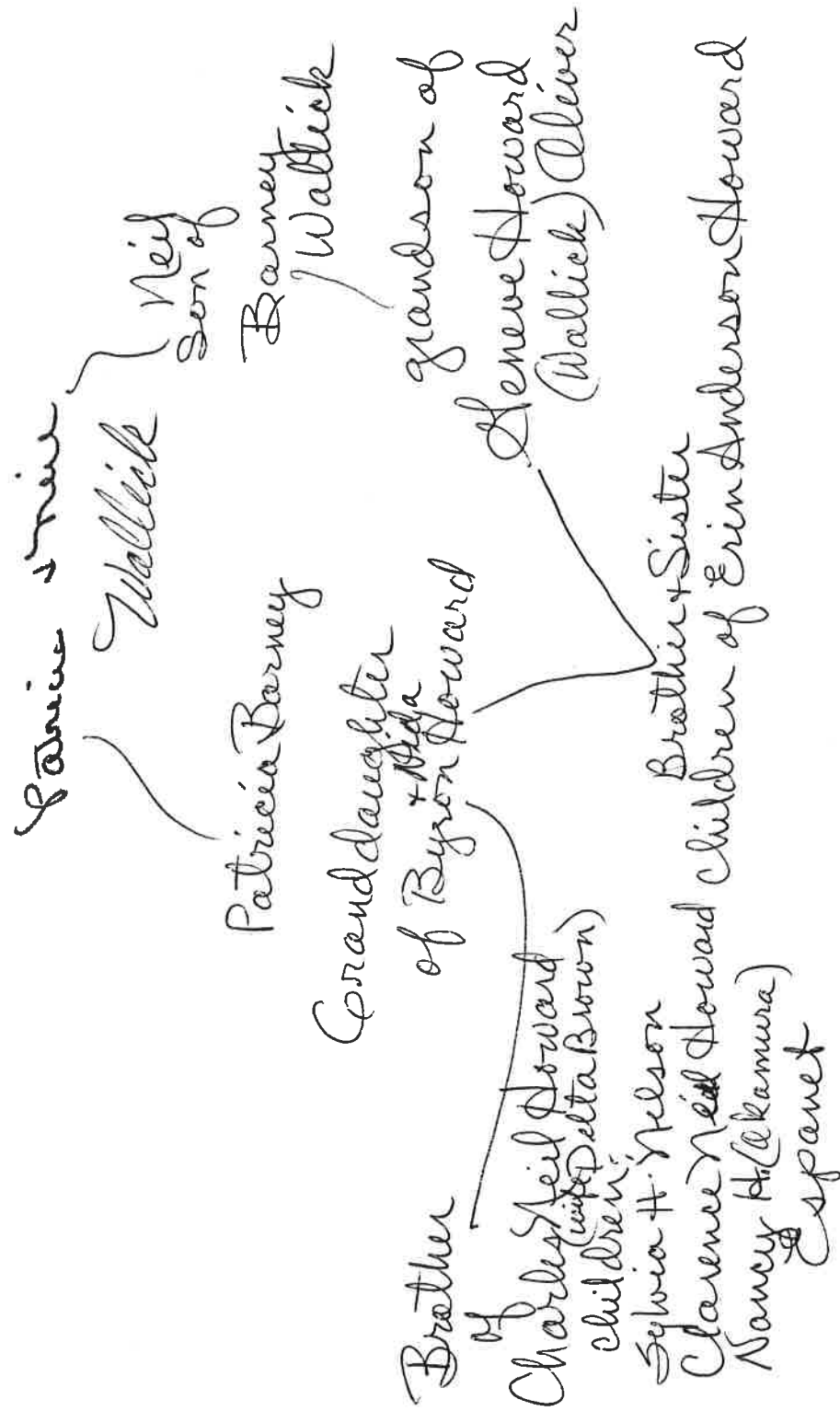
Also, I am sending a copy of the funeral service and the Deseret News article for Nancy, Neil and you. If you have a copy, great! If you don't, I am pleased to send you these. I believe they are memorable. Your father was a hero to a lot of people. I guess the word determination would best describe how I think of him. Your mother was a great lady too. I know she stood beside him always.

I am happy we got to visit. Neil would love to come down and visit with all of you. Let us know when is good for you. I have told my children stories of your dad and some of the others, but it is always good to know more. If it is okay with you, maybe I could bring a recorder so I don't forget any of the memories.

Thanks again for the visit. I'm so glad we connected. It is a shame it took so long. But it is never too late to know family.

Bless you and your family.

Love,



A joyous clatter to end harvest

By Edward Geary

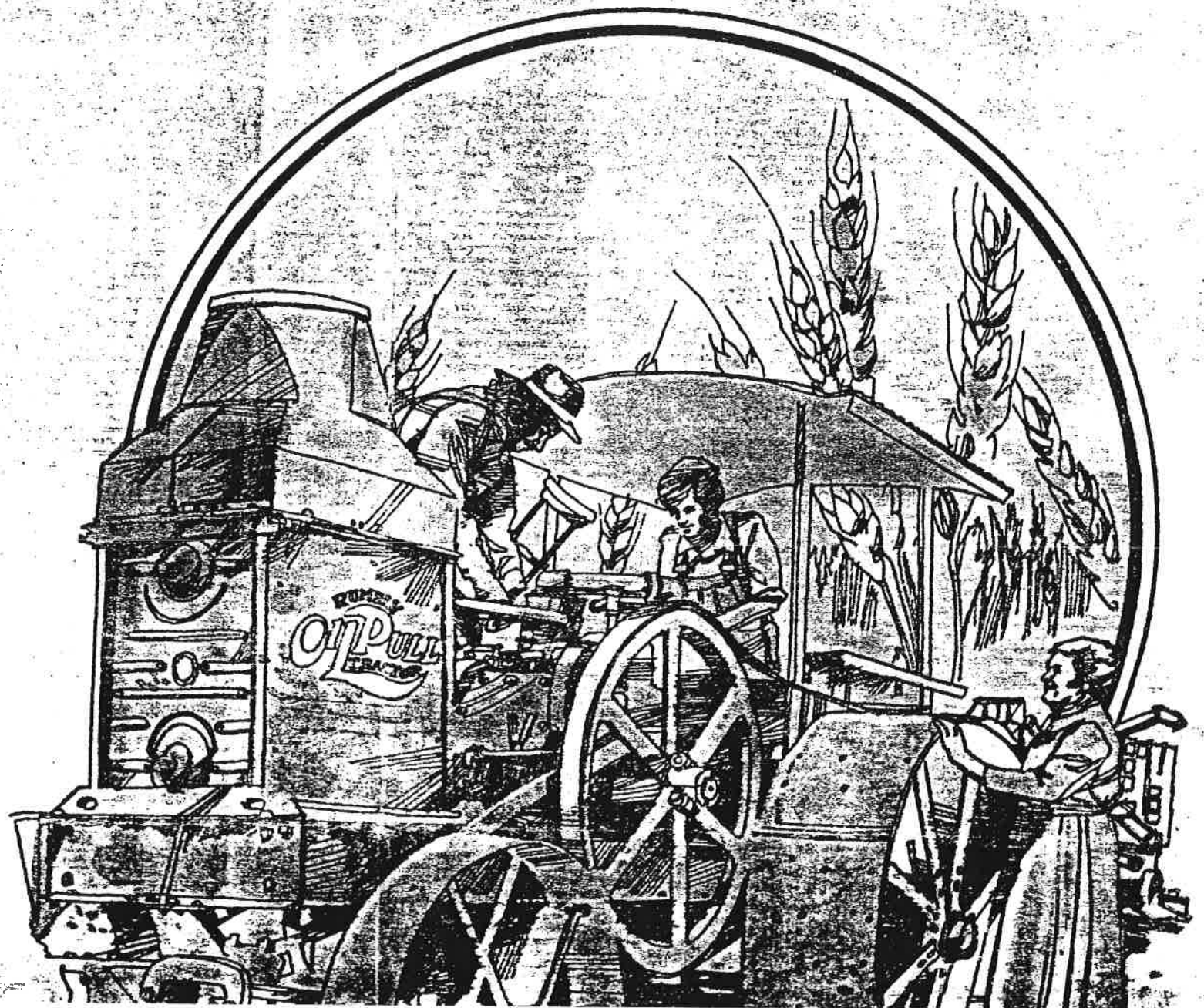
■ *Dr. Geary is an associate professor of English at Brigham Young University.*

To grow up on an old-fashioned Utah farm is to be marked for life. No matter what I do now or where I may live, the old seasonal imperatives remain. When the March winds begin to blow, I still have the sense, at unexpected moments, that I ought to be out hauling manure. Midsummer heat still means haying time to me, and it always will. And in the slow hazy days of autumn I still catch myself watching for a cloud of chaff rising over some old barn and listening for the distinctive clatter of the threshing machine.

Such things are not to be found anymore, except in a few places where they are staged as public exhibitions. There is little romance in the grain harvest now. Big combines sweep over the fields, reaping and threshing in one operation, and the wheat is transferred by truck to the grain elevators for drying and storage.

I preferred the daytime when the land lay under a golden haze and you could see the fieldmice scurrying in the stubble. I used to crawl into the long narrow tunnel that ran through the middle of a shock and lie there against the ground still warm from summer and leisurely break apart a head of wheat and munch the kernels. There are times yet today when I would like to find a long shock of wheat and creep inside, drawing the hole closed behind me and breathing in the rich ripe smell of earth and autumn and harvest.

When the shocks had stood in the field long enough to grow thoroughly dry, it was time for hauling. Hauling grain was very different from hauling hay. The pitchforks were narrower and the loading and stacking operations more intricate. A load of grain was heavier than a load of hay and lower, its sides more sloped. The stacks were cone-shaped and constructed with care, pitchers and stackers tossing and catching the bundles with deft turns to place them just right, building the stack course by course until the



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It used to be a much longer and more interesting, if less efficient, process. Our grain fields were not like the endless flat expanses of the Midwest or the rolling, contoured acres of the Northwest. They have a beauty of their own. But our grain grew in small scattered patches whose ripening colors made a rich contrast to the surrounding hayfields: three silver acres of oats here, four golden acres of wheat there, and a patch of barley over by the Cox place.

In the late summer, after the second crop of hay was put up, the binder would be brought out to begin reaping the grain. A binder is a wonderfully gangly machine, a Rube Goldberg assemblage of arms and pulleys and gears and levers. It was exciting to see one flailing its way through a patch of grain, drawn by three horses. And that excitement somehow continued, for me, throughout the harvest, making it the most satisfying event of the year.

After the binding came the shocking, a skill I could never master. It looked simple enough as Grandpa gathered the bundles of grain up under his arms, then plumped them down so that the stem ends lodged against the ground and kept the bundles upright, their tops leaning against each other. The first bundles were the hardest. After that it was easy to extend the shock to impressive lengths.

Grandpa liked to shock grain at night when it was cool and the moon cast a shimmery light across the fields. It was lovely then but somewhat frightening to me. Natural sounds grew ominous at night, and the shapes of the shocks seemed mysterious, as though they might be hiding something

wheat and hidden the threshers. There are times yet today when I would like to find a long shock of wheat and creep inside, drawing the hole closed behind me and breathing in the rich ripe smell of earth and autumn and harvest.

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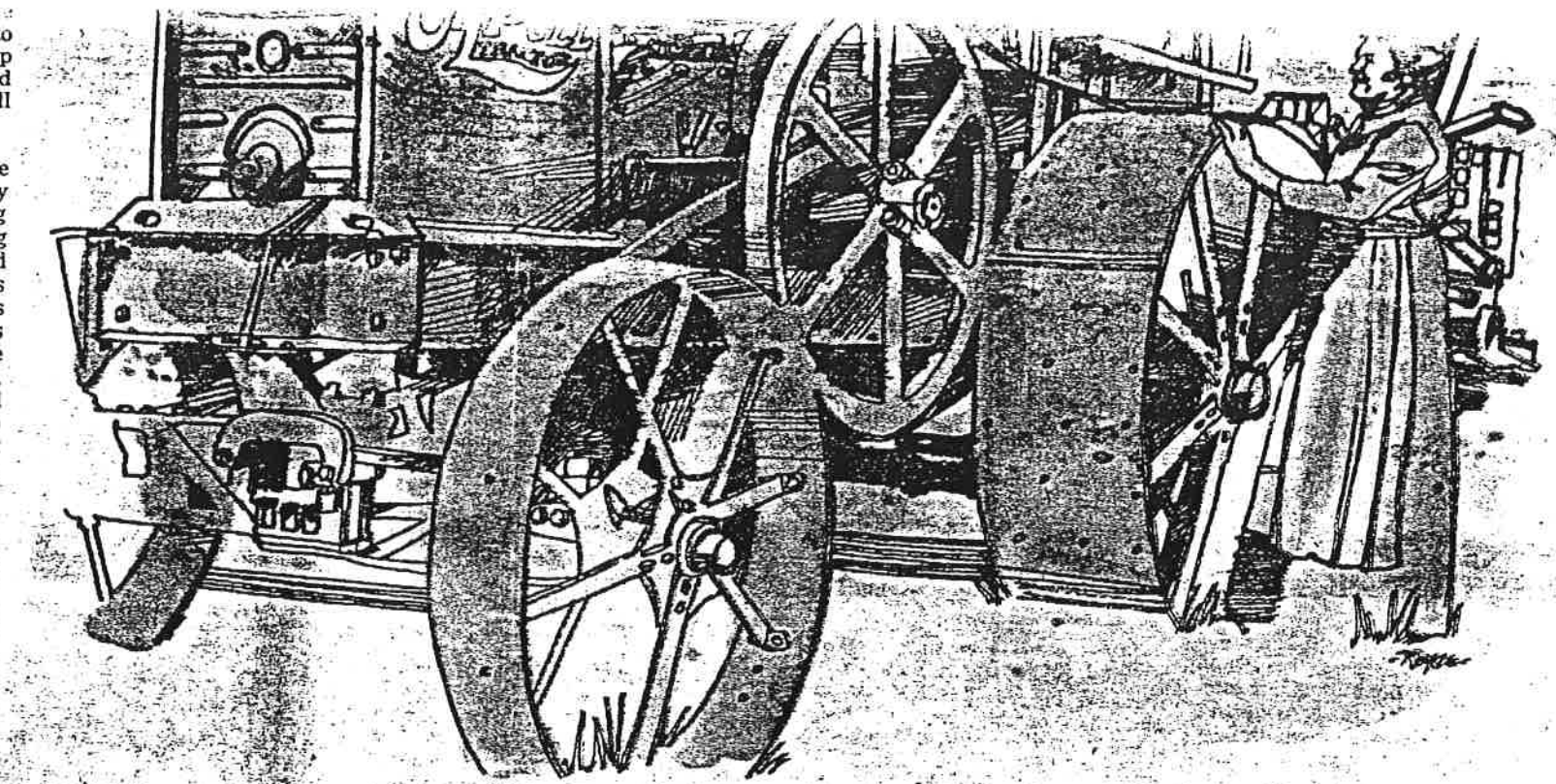
There was never any question, as there was with hay, whether you could raise the stack higher or put on one more load. When a grain stack was finished it was finished, and a single bundle more would merely slide off. There was nothing to do but start another stack nearby. By the end of the hauling there would be several of the beehive-shaped stacks clustered together like an apiary in Brobdingnag.

They might stand there for many weeks, for the threshing did not normally begin until all other harvesting was done. Then each farm must wait its turn for the threshing crew to make its rounds.

Threshing was the climax of the season, the day we looked forward to most eagerly. When the threshers were in the neighborhood, we would begin counting farms and grain stacks anxiously, hoping that they would reach our place on a Saturday so we would have the entire day clear to enjoy the operation.

Our threshing was done by Neil Howard and his crew. As a young boy Neil Howard had lost both legs in an accident, and he got around on a short, round artificial leg and crutches. But we never thought of him as handicapped for he could do anything, moving quickly about on his crutches, using them, indeed, as handy extensions of his arms to knock loose a clogged chute or shove a misaligned belt back into its proper track.

What he could not do himself he could direct others to do, with sharp, direct, no-nonsense commands that were instantly obeyed. To our young



though he was a man of great strength and authority he stood at a child's height, bringing the world of important work, as it were, down to our level.

Occasionally, when everything was running well, he would pause for a little while, drape his arms easily over his crutches, and talk with us in a gruff friendly way. I have never felt more important in my life than when Neil Howard stopped to talk with me. He remains one of my heroes, and I cherish the secret ambition of running a threshing machine the way some people dream of rocketing to Mars or discovering a lost continent.

No other machine is so wonderfully mechanical as a thresher. In a threshing machine you get every kind of motion there is, and every kind of noise. It is a feast for all the senses. The long leather drive-belt goes smack-smack, and its polished surfaces glint in the sunlight. The feed conveyor creaks and rattles as it carries the bundles of grain into the ferocious jaws. The straw chute, which has the force of a tame

in and out and turned this way and that with a clever series of wheels and levers. And everywhere wheels spin, separators oscillate, and the whole monstrous mechanism teeters and vibrates in a most satisfactory way, all to produce a precious trickle of grain which we caught in gunny sacks and stacked in the old iron-tired wagon.

The only pause in the frenzied activity came at noon when the machine was shut down, leaving a strangely loud silence, and the crew tramped to the lawn to sluice off as much chaff and grit as possible under the hydrant and then into the house where the long table held a feast as massive and varied as at any Thanksgiving.

"Feeding the threshers" was a proverbial expression for woman's work at its heaviest, and I suspect, in looking back, that Grandma did not look forward to threshing day as eagerly as I did.

When the threshing was over, the

grew firm and stable. The cows and sheep would nibble at it throughout the winter, creating caves and tunnels that we could play in the next spring. The bins in the granary were filled to the rafters, and a load or two of wheat had been taken to the mill for a winter's flour.

"Nothing is nicer," Grandpa used to say, "than a full barn and a full granary." He might have said a full cellar too, for row upon row of bottled fruit loomed on the shelves in that dim place, and the smell of apples filled the nostrils. We could sit down at the dinner table and know where everything came from. We could see in tangible form the interconnections of things, of tilling and seedtime and harvest, process and product, work and reward.

Abundance — that is what remained when the threshing was done and the mellow Utah autumn slid gradually into winter. Abundance in the storehouses for man and beast, evidence that we reap as we have sown. And inexhaustible abundance in the memory: for

Threshing meant end of the harvest, symbolized abundance of the land.

*Some missing
x
Reynolds*

PROCESSIONAL

"Nearer My God to Thee"

Choir

Ora Larsen
Accompaniest

Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Tho' like the wanderer, The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God to Thee;
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear, Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God to Thee;
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee;

Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee;
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

INVOCATION

Milton McElprang

Our Father in Heaven, we have met here this afternoon
to pay respect to one of our loved ones, to one of the greatest
who has ever been permitted to live among us; one whom we
have loved for the character and leadership which he has
possessed. Father in Heaven, we ask that You will bless
us that we will remember him, even that of Neil Howard as
he has always been. Father, we ask Thee to bless his good
wife and children in this time of darkness when they have
cause to mourn the loss of their husband and father, and
bless all of those who have cause to mourn at this time

That they may realize Thy hand in the passing of Neil from this stage of life. These blessings we pray for with all others we stand in need of and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

"When We Come to the End of a

Perfect Day"

Perry and Adaline Wakefield

Verda Leamaster, Accompaniest

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And you sit alone with your thoughts
And the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
With the joys that that day has brought.

Do you think what the end of a perfect day,
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part.

Now this is the end of a perfect day
Near the end of a journey too,
And it brings a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true.

For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

EDWARD BRINKERHOFF

My dear brothers and sisters, I don't know when I have felt my weakness as I do on this occasion. I hope and trust that the few moments of your time that I occupy that I might have the spirit of God to guide and direct me in my remarks.

I feel that my place today should be in sitting down near the casket. I believe that I have been as closely associated with Neil as any man in the community during the past three or four years and I indeed feel it a great privilege

and honor to say just a few words at this time. I think the way to learn to love and appreciate and to really know a man is by working with him, rubbing shoulders with him day after day. That has been my good fortune working with Neil. Not how did he die, but how did he live; not what did he gain, but what did he give. These are the units you measure the worth of a man as a man regardless of birth. Not what was his station, but had he a heart and how did he play his God given part. Was he ever ready with a word of good cheer to help bring back a smile and banish a tear? Not what was his church or what was his priesthood, but did he befriend those in need. Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say, but how many were sorry when he passed away.

My friends, brothers and sisters, this congregation of people here today speaks louder and clearer than all the words that can be uttered as to the character, friendship and love this community had for Neil. These flowers here today represent the people here and their attitude and feelings toward this dear brother. The poem said, "Had he a heart?" My brothers and sisters, there was never a man lived that I have ever met in my life that had a bigger heart than did Neil Howard.

One thing about Neil, we all understood him. We knew where we stood. He never left us in doubt; a characteristic that can be appreciated in any man.

Here is a thought given by apostle Paul, which I think fits this occasion better than anything else. It is from the first chapter of Timothy, verses five and eight. 1 TIMOTHY 5:8

"But if any provide^o for his own, especially his own household, he has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

My brothers and sisters, Neil Howard, due to his handicap, has lived nearer to that quotation of the ancient apostle Paul than anyone I have ever met. I think that we, as a people, can take the example set by this good man in his thrift, his ambition, integrity to provide for his own. He has indeed set a marvelous example unto mankind. We have living in our community, all over this state and throughout this nation men who are physically able that haven't achieved what this man has achieved. Can we see those hidden values in our brothers? Sometimes we look at an individual and wonder. There is no one so great, no one so small, but what they have some value. Sometimes we wonder what this or that individual was sent to earth for, but if we will stop and study that person, get acquainted with him, live with him, we will find that there are some hidden values. If we had the ability to look beneath the coat of each individual of whom we come in contact with and appreciate that heart that beats beneath that coat, what a wonderful privilege that would be. Judge not the workings of his brain and of his heart thou cannest not see what looks to thy dim eye

a stain in God's pure light may be a star brought from some well-worn field where thou wouldst only fain and yield.

My brothers and sisters, I think that if we will look at the achievements of this good man, the workings of his hand and brain, we will find that he has been outstanding. He has achieved much. If you go out to his home and there look about, his improvements, buildings, his machinery, the things he has made to work with, brothers and sisters, are outstanding. He has accomplished a wonderful mission here in mortality.

"The Test"

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grip that he daily shows,
The way he stands up on his feet and takes
fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there is naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.
It isn't the victory, after all, but the fight
that brother makes.
The man, who driven against the wall,
still stands up and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high,
Bleeding and bruised and pale.
He's the man who wins in the by and by
For he isn't afraid to fail.
It is the bumps that you get and the jolts you get
and the shocks that your courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and the vain regret,
The prize that escapes your hands,
That tests your metal and proves your worth,
It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on this good old earth
If your stuff is real.

My brothers and sisters, I think that fits Brother

Neil very well. It shows the stuff of which he was made. When

we consider his life and his achievements here, we can't say but what he had that stuff within him; that determination to accomplish a livelihood for himself and his family and those associated with him. My experience with him for the past two or three years in our work on the canal board has been that his judgment was outstanding. That his ability to get along, his leadership among men was outstanding. We may not have seen everything from the same point of view but Brother Neil had that way of appealing and approaching people that makes friends, which was outstanding.

I have been at his home and seen how Neil was with his good wife and children. There was no one who was more tenderhearted than Neil. Sometimes we thought him a little rough, a little outspoken, but I remember an occasion when his little daughter was riding on the tractor with him and she fell off and was run over with the tractor. Talk about a man who was worried, his heart went out to his child. There was never a father in this world who thought more of his family and wife than did Neil Howard. Mrs. Howard was devoted to him. I went to their place a number of times, when there was something that needed immediate attention on the canal, to get his opinion and found Neil out in the field doing his farm work. He thought his time was too valuable to stop just a few minutes, or an hour, to run down to the house for lunch. His good wife and companion had fixed his lunch and carried it out to the field to him. He stopped just a minute to eat a bit and then went on with

his work. Oh, the ambition that this man had. Brothers and sisters, he has set an example unto us; one which is outstanding.

In closing I would like to read a little poem.

The dead are like the stars by day

Withdrawn from mortal eye,

But not extinct they hold their way

in glory through the sky.

Spirits from bondage thus set free

Banished amidst immortality.

In judging from the writings of the ancient apostles and readings of these scriptures I'm sure that Brother Neil has accomplished much in this life. He had a heart of gold. There was nothing on his place that a neighbor wasn't welcome to use. I think that if you will go around this community and even to neighboring communities you will find things that belonged to Neil Howard. Isn't that brotherly love, kindness, doing good unto his fellowmen? That was the character and ambition of this great man.

May we always cherish dear the memory and the example set by Neil. It is a lesson by which we can gain much good and value. May the supreme joy and satisfaction come to this family of having had Neil with them. May God bless his wife and children and those who have cause to mourn that they may ever cherish his memory. I humbly ask in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose"

Errol Litster

Ora Larsen, Accompaniest

Darling, press me to your bosom
As you did in days of yore,
Press your lips upon my forehead
Ere I reach that golden shore.

Life is from me fastly fading,
Soon I'll be in sweet repose.
When I'm gone I'll ask this favor,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

Lay me where sweet flowers blossom
Where the dainty lily grows,
Where the pinks and violets mingle,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

Darling, first you said you loved me,
When you gave your hand and heart
There were roses on your cheeks, love,
and we vowed we ne'er would part.

One more kiss, for I am going,
Far beyond all earthly woes.
Let my grave be like your cheeks, love,
Covered with a blossomed rose.

Chorus.

He has crossed the shadowed valleys,
Where the living water flows,
Love had heard his last fond pleading,
And he sleeps in sweet repose.

Neath a grassy mound he's resting,
Where the golden sunset glows,
Love has answered all his pleading,
And he sleeps beneath a rose.

BISHOP ANTON NIELSON

Brothers and sisters, friends, I feel much more like

I should be down on the bench with the mourners. While

I am giving a little short talk I hope and pray that the

Lord will bless me that I may be able to control my feelings.

We loved that neighbor.

I remember in the pioneer days how we used to associate

together; how happy we were to meet each other. On Christmas, for instance, we always went up to Erron Howard's place.

In those days we didn't have much else to do. We were not fed and groomed as we are in the present day, but there was always cake, pie and candy. That wasn't all, there was always a big heart that made us welcome. We lived in that neighborhood with the Brashers, the Browns, the Howards, the Shermans and the Gardens. We lived a neighborly life like neighbors should live. God bless the memories of Neil's mother and father. I shall never forget them.

I learned a little poem when I was a small boy. It goes something like this. "I live for all who love me - -"
I guess I have forgotten it. After all my memory is not as good as it should be perhaps. (At this point he placed both of his hands on the bible which was laying on the pulpit.)
"I live for those that love me, for the good that I can do, for the heaven that smiles above me and for those who know me true." I want to apply that to the life of Neil and I'm going to show you where he fulfilled all those things.

It is said that love, faith and charity are some of the great laws of heaven. Neil was a man that could shed tears on any solemn occasion. When my oldest boy went to the war, World War I, we were over on father's ranch and Neil, of course, was there to see his old pal. They palled together all through life. Bud told mother he was going to war and he said, "I want you to let Neil take my place." Mother said, "If that is your request, I'll do the best

that I can." Bud went on to say that if he never came back he wanted Neil to take his place always. Mother said, "I'll do it." He moved down and from that day until this he has been one of our family and in the years that he has lived with us, we have grown to love him as one of the family. What we had, he had and above all, what he had, we had.

I can remember whenever it was Christmas, he always had something for the younger ones and for the older ones too. I can remember days of trial, poverty, hardships when he was always there with something. He was always ready.

I want to tell you one big thing in his life to show you that he had charity. About fifteen years ago I went to the hospital and underwent a very serious operation. Money was scarce. It was in the days of the panic. The boys helped me all they could, but the big thing was when I came home and we didn't have money to buy medicine.

Neil came to Mother and said, "I want to do my part. Here, take this." He handed her a twenty dollar greenback. That was the greatest blessing that could have been given to us at that time because we needed it and needed it sorely. He said, "I want to do my part."

Upon another occasion, they were gathering donations for the Red Cross and they went over to Neil and the solicitor said that he would like to have a contribution for the Red Cross. Neil said, "How much do they give?" "Oh, she said, "about five dollars." Neil wrote out a check for twenty-five dollars and handed it to her for the Red Cross.

Now, those are only a few instances in his life, mind you. He was always that way; he was always contributing. If he saw any cripples on the street, he would hand them a dollar; men that were not as handicapped as himself. Many of them tried to hand it back to him, but he always said, "Take it; take it. I'm all right."

Neil could do almost anything. He was a cowboy. He could ride a horse. Neil worked in the coal mines and shoveled coal. He was a farmer and a good one. He did all the work on the farm. He could drive his car; he did it with his hands. He was a good mechanic and a wonderful man. When I look back through my life, I cannot think of a man who was more wonderful to me; who was handicapped as he was; who did the things that he did. When he married that sweet girl, his wife, he made a splendid choice. He loved that woman and she loved him. I had the honor of blessing his children, all three of them. Wonderful children and the devotion that he showed to his family, his wife, was wonderful. The way that he supported them. They never wanted for anything. He supported them with all they needed and he did it under a handicap. As Brother Brinkerhoff said, "Thousands and thousands of men with a smaller handicap than he had would sit in a chair and wouldn't work." He was too proud to sit in a chair. He said, "I can do it", and he did do it. It didn't make any difference what the work was. He tackled it. Such men as that are useful,

useful to their family, useful to their community and to their church.

A little bit about his religion. When he came to our house, I always sat at the head of the table and the oldest son to my right hand and he took his place where Bud belonged. If anyone else happened to get in that chair before he did, he said, "Now here, that's my place", and they always surrendered it. What I want to tell you is this. The little boys and girls used to ask the blessing and I would ask this one and that one to ask the blessing and one morning Neil said, "Why don't you ask me to say the blessing?" I was just a little slow in not asking him before because I felt that he might be a little afraid or timid, but from then on he took his turn and he wanted to take his turn asking the blessing over the food he ate, thanking God for it, thanking God for his health and his strength.

His wife was up to our place just the other night and she said, "I want to go to the house of the Lord, to the temple, and have our marriage solemnized for this life and for all eternity and to have our children sealed to us. Oh, what a joyful thought that they will meet again on the other side. It won't be long. We think it is a long time. We think we wait a long time but when I look back on my life, it is just a short time, a very short time. There she will meet Neil and he will be restored to his limbs, standing straight, not on crutches, but as a perfect man.

Here we believe that when we leave this life, when we go into that spirit world, we will have work to do, plenty of it. We will have things to build, things to do. That is what we believe. Neil will have something to do over there as the poor woman who said she had three children, the same as Delta. She lost her husband in an accident and when he was laid away, his mission is over there and her mission is over here. Delta, your mission is here, Neil's mission is over there. God bless you and those babies. May God comfort the hearts of his wife, children, sisters and brothers, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

" Out of the Dusk to You"

Chorus that Neil used
to sing with.

Verda Leamaster
Accompanist

Here all alone I stay,
Still the old dreams remain;
Out of the years, filled with my tears
I search for you once again.
Longing to press your lips,
Pining for joys we knew;
Lonely I stray, seeking the way
Out of the dusk to you.

Here in the twilight gray, love,
Don't you hear my call?
Each sigh a tear, each day a year,
'Till you're again all in all.
Out of the mists of pain
Love sends its message true,
Into the light, out of the night,
Out of the dusk to you.

BISHOP KENNETH J. BRASHER

I deem it a privilege to be asked to say a few words this afternoon. A number of times in my life Neil and I have been very close. If you could sit up here and look over the congregation that is here, you would see that

practically all the families from up and down the river and all the neighbors that he had are here. That speaks very well. They must have a soft spot in their hearts. I think the neighbors of Neil will long remember him. I have always been pretty close to the Howard family. Our parents came in here about the same time. They were neighbors on the river. I was quite a lot younger than Neil but I well remember when we went up here to the old district school which burned down some years ago. I remember that we sat in the third grade room after the rest of the class had gone upstairs and I can remember Neil going up with his crutches. I can remember Neil on the playgrounds and as Neil grew up in his later years, he sensed the great responsibility of raising a family.

I had the privilege of going with Neil on two elk hunting trips. Those were trips that I learned to appreciate Neil more fully. I also had the privilege of going with Neil on two fishing trips and those were the greatest fishing trips that I was ever on in my life. He was a great fisherman as well as a great hunter.

Soon after the wards were divided we had been contemplating a building program for sometime. We studied back and forth as to who we were going to ask to head our building committee as Brother Miller Black had headed the building committee for the ward before the ward was divided. We met at several meetings and talked it over as to who we could get who would spend the time and who would push the

project and get results. Finally we decided to go out and talk to Neil and see if he would take the job. I remember as he sat there in his chair that night and we told him what we had come for. He ducked his head and never said anything for quite awhile. Finally he raised his head and he said, "Why Bishop, I'll take it." He said, "I'll do anything that I can."

On another occasion that happened this last summer, I can't remember a man in my life who was more humble than he was on this special occasion. We took his little girl Sylvia over to Orangeville to be baptized in the fount. I remember how earnest Neil was to see that everything was done all right. When we were through we walked outside of the fount and waited a minute. I was playing with Clarence, Neil's little boy, and I said, "Now, Neil, when this boy is old enough to be baptized we'll fix it so you can baptize him. Neil took a handkerchief from his pocket and the tears came to his eyes and he said, "Bishop, do you think I could do that?" I said, "Sure you can."

I have had a lot of wonderful visits with Neil. We have had a lot of heart to heart talks. Few men in this world who have had the handicap that he has had have set the example for their fellowmen to build up their common wealth. Brother Neil could run a saw-mill and he could handle a threshing machine. For years, ever since I started out for myself, Neil has done my threshing. I have always paid him in cash because we needed the grain. When we were

through threshing, Neil didn't stick his hand out and say what I owed him, but left immediately to hurry on to another job and when he went out the gate he would say, "I'll see you later, Ken." I have enjoyed that association with Neil and I've tried to build up that friendship and trust that he had in me.

I have also had dealings with other members of the Howard family. When I was a boy, many are the days that I worked for Byron Howard. I have never worked for a man who was better to work for than Byron Howard. That was a characteristic of the Howard family. Many are the dealings that Clara Miller and I have had and I wish that all my dealings with my fellowmen had been as the dealings with Clara Miller. That is the way that I have found the entire family. I ask the Lord to bless this dear wife of Neil's and these little boys and girls. Help her to take care of them and I ask the Lord to bless each and everyone of you and I wish to thank everyone who has taken part on this sad occasion. I ask that the Lord will go with us to the cemetery and that no harm or accident will befall anyone here today on their return trip home. May the Lord bless us all I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

"Sometime We'll Understand"

Choir

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
and there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castle fall,
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Chorus.

Then trust in God thro' all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

CLOSING PRAYER

Ray McCandless

Our Father in Heaven, we come before thee at the close
of these services and we offer our sincere thanks for the
very beautiful spirit which has prevailed here today. We
ask now, our Heavenly Father, that we may have Thy guiding
hand to be with us throughout the balance of this day and
that you will travel with us to the final resting place
of Brother Neil whom you have called. We also ask that
you will be with those who have traveled long distances
to be with us this day, that they will return home safely.
We pray that the example of Neil's life will be an inspira-
tion to the people who are here today and to his children;
that Thy influence and spirit may be a guiding influence

throughout the lives of his good wife and children. We ask, Heavenly Father, that You will comfort them and give them understanding. These blessings we humbly pray for in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy son, amen.

DEDICATION

Bishop Clinton Wakefield

A joyous clatter to end harvest

By Edward Geary

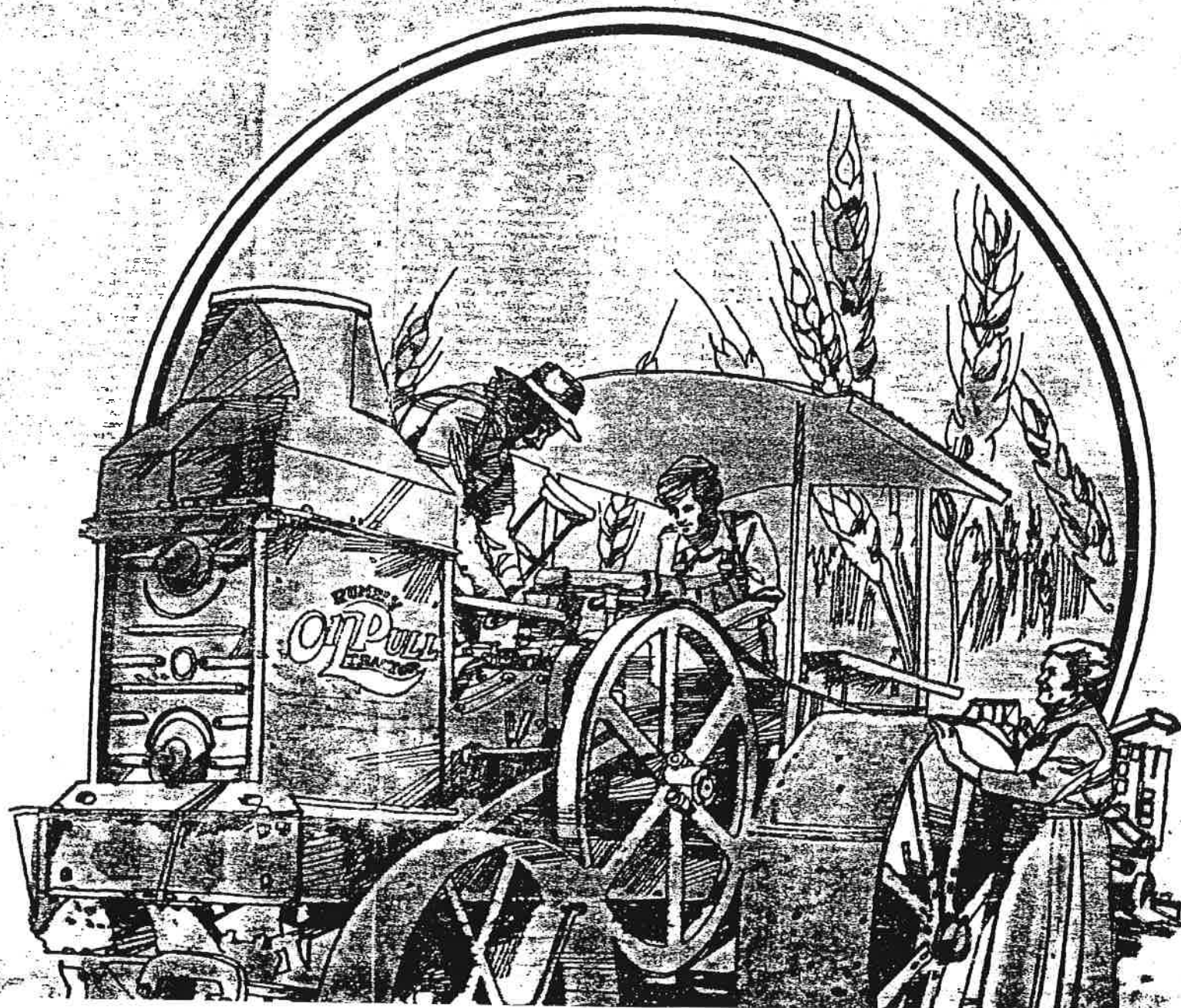
■ *Dr. Geary is an associate professor of English at Brigham Young University.*

To grow up on an old-fashioned Utah farm is to be marked for life. No matter what I do now or where I may live, the old seasonal imperatives remain. When the March winds begin to blow, I still have the sense, at unexpected moments, that I ought to be out hauling manure. Midsummer heat still means haying time to me, and it always will. And in the slow hazy days of autumn I still catch myself watching for a cloud of chaff rising over some old barn and listening for the distinctive clatter of the threshing machine.

Such things are not to be found anymore, except in a few places where they are staged as public exhibitions. There is little romance in the grain harvest now. Big combines sweep over the fields, reaping and threshing in one operation, and the wheat is transferred by truck to the grain elevators for drying and storage.

I preferred the daytime when the land lay under a golden haze and you could see the fieldmice scurrying in the stubble. I used to crawl into the long narrow tunnel that ran through the middle of a shock and lie there against the ground still warm from summer and leisurely break apart a head of wheat and munch the kernels. There are times yet today when I would like to find a long shock of wheat and creep inside, drawing the hole closed behind me and breathing in the rich ripe smell of earth and autumn and harvest.

When the shocks had stood in the field long enough to grow thoroughly dry, it was time for hauling. Hauling grain was very different from hauling hay. The pitchforks were narrower and the loading and stacking operations more intricate. A load of grain was heavier than a load of hay and lower, its sides more sloped. The stacks were cone-shaped and constructed with care, pitchers and stackers tossing and catching the bundles with deft turns to place them just right, building the stack course by course until the



the March winds begin to blow. I still have the sense, at unexpected moments, that I ought to be out hauling manure. Midsummer heat still means haying time to me, and it always will. And in the slow hazy days of autumn I still catch myself watching for a cloud of chaff rising over some old barn and listening for the distinctive clatter of the threshing machine.

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It used to be a much longer and more interesting, if less efficient, process. Our grain fields were not like the endless flat expanses of the Midwest or the Northwest, contoured acres of their own. But our grain grew in small scattered patches whose ripening colors made a rich contrast to the surrounding hayfields: three silver acres of oats here, four golden acres of wheat there, and a patch of barley over by the Cox place.

In the late summer, after the second crop of hay was put up, the binder would be brought out to begin reaping the grain. A binder is a wonderfully gangly machine, a Rube Goldberg assemblage of arms and pulleys and gears and levers. It was exciting to see one flailing its way through a patch of grain, drawn by three horses. And that excitement somehow continued, for me, throughout the harvest, making it the most satisfying event of the year.

After the binding came the shocking, a skill I could never master. It looked simple enough as Grandpa gathered the bundles of grain up under his arms, then plumped them down so that the stem ends lodged against the ground and kept the bundles upright, their tops leaning against each other. The first bundles were the hardest. After that it was easy to extend the shock to impressive lengths.

Grandpa liked to shock grain at night when it was cool and the moon cast a shimmering light across the fields. It was lovely then but somewhat frightening to me. Natural sounds grew ominous at night, and the shapes of the shocks seemed mysterious, as though they might be hiding something

wheat and much the reverse. There are times yet today when I would like to find a long shock of wheat and creep inside, drawing the hole closed behind me and breathing in the rich ripe smell of earth and autumn and harvest.

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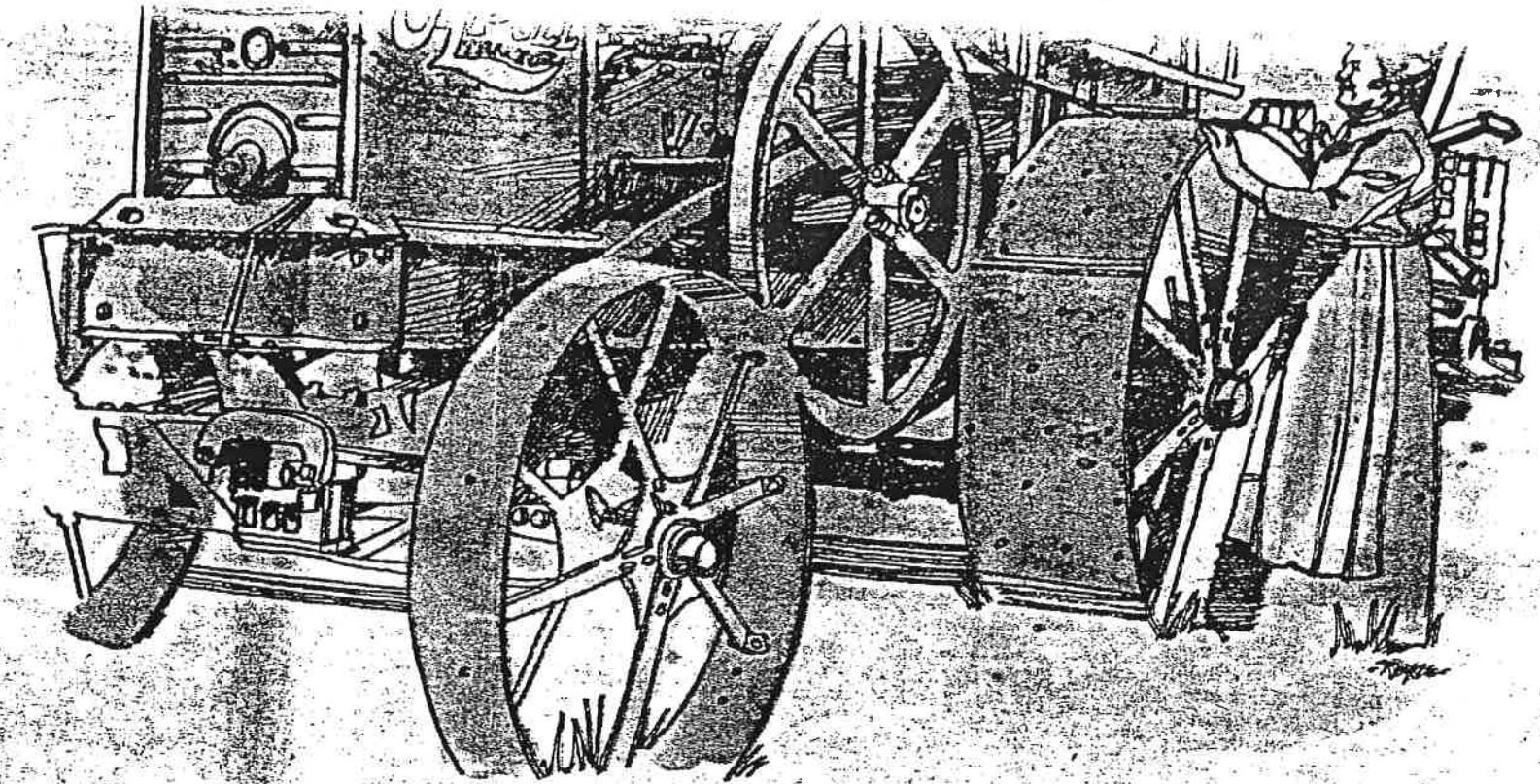
There was never any question, as there was with hay, whether you could raise the stack higher or put on one more load. When a grain stack was finished it was finished, and a single bundle more would merely slide off. There was nothing to do but start another stack nearby. By the end of the hauling there would be several of the beehive-shaped stacks clustered together like an apiary in Brobdingnag.

They might stand there for many weeks, for the threshing did not normally begin until all other harvesting was done. Then each farm must wait its turn for the threshing crew to make its rounds.

Threshing was the climax of the season, the day we looked forward to most eagerly. When the threshers were in the neighborhood, we would begin counting farms and grain stacks anxiously, hoping that they would reach our place on a Saturday so we would have the entire day clear to enjoy the operation.

Our threshing was done by Neil Howard and his crew. As a young boy Neil Howard had lost both legs in an accident, and he got around on a short, round artificial leg and crutches. But we never thought of him as handicapped for he could do anything, moving quickly about on his crutches, using them, indeed, as handy extensions of his arms to knock loose a clogged chute or shove a misaligned belt back into its proper track.

What he could not do himself he could direct others to do, with sharp, direct, no-nonsense commands that were instantly obeyed. To our young



though he was a man of great strength and authority he stood at a child's height, bringing the world of important work, as it were, down to our level.

Occasionally, when everything was running well, he would pause for a little while, drape his arms easily over his crutches, and talk with us in a gruff friendly way. I have never felt more important in my life than when Neil Howard stopped to talk with me. He remains one of my heroes, and I cherish the secret ambition of running a threshing machine the way some people dream of rocketing to Mars or discovering a lost continent.

No other machine is so wonderfully mechanical as a thresher. In a threshing machine you get every kind of motion there is, and every kind of noise. It is a feast for all the senses. The long leather drive-belt goes smack-smack, and its polished surfaces glint in the sunlight. The feed conveyor creaks and rattles as it carries the bundles of grain into the ferocious jaws. The straw chute, which has the force of a tomahawk

in and out and turned this way and that with a clever series of wheels and levers. And everywhere wheels spin, separators oscillate, and the whole monstrous mechanism teeters and vibrates in a most satisfactory way, all to produce a precious trickle of grain which we caught in gunny sacks and stacked in the old iron-tired wagon.

The only pause in the frenzied activity came at noon when the machine was shut down, leaving a strangely loud silence, and the crew tramped to the lawn to sluice off as much chaff and grit as possible under the hydrant and then into the house where the long table held a feast as massive and varied as at any Thanksgiving.

"Feeding the threshers" was a proverbial expression for woman's work at its heaviest, and I suspect, in looking back, that Grandma did not look forward to threshing day as eagerly as I did.

When the threshing was over, the

grew firm and stable. The cows and sheep would nibble at it throughout the winter, creating caves and tunnels that we could play in the next spring. The bins in the granary were filled to the rafters, and a load or two of wheat had been taken to the mill for a winter's flour.

"Nothing is nicer," Grandpa used to say, "than a full barn and a full granary." He might have said a full cellar too, for row upon row of bottled fruit loomed on the shelves in that dim place, and the smell of apples filled the nostrils. We could sit down at the dinner table and know where everything came from. We could see in tangible form the interconnections of things, of tilling and seedtime and harvest, process and product, work and reward.

Abundance — that is what remained when the threshing was done and the mellow Utah autumn slid gradually into winter. Abundance in the storehouses for man and beast, evidence that we reap as we have sown. And inexhaustible abundance in the memory for

Threshing meant end of the harvest, symbolized abundance of the land.

Some missing pages

PROCESSIONAL

"Nearer My God to Thee"

Choir

Ora Larson

November 13, 2010

Dear Sylvia:

I'm so sorry about the misunderstanding about the books. I guess I was thinking 4 books instead of six. Whatever, I have a problem with multitasking anymore. So I am enclosing the check with this letter. My mind isn't what it used to be.

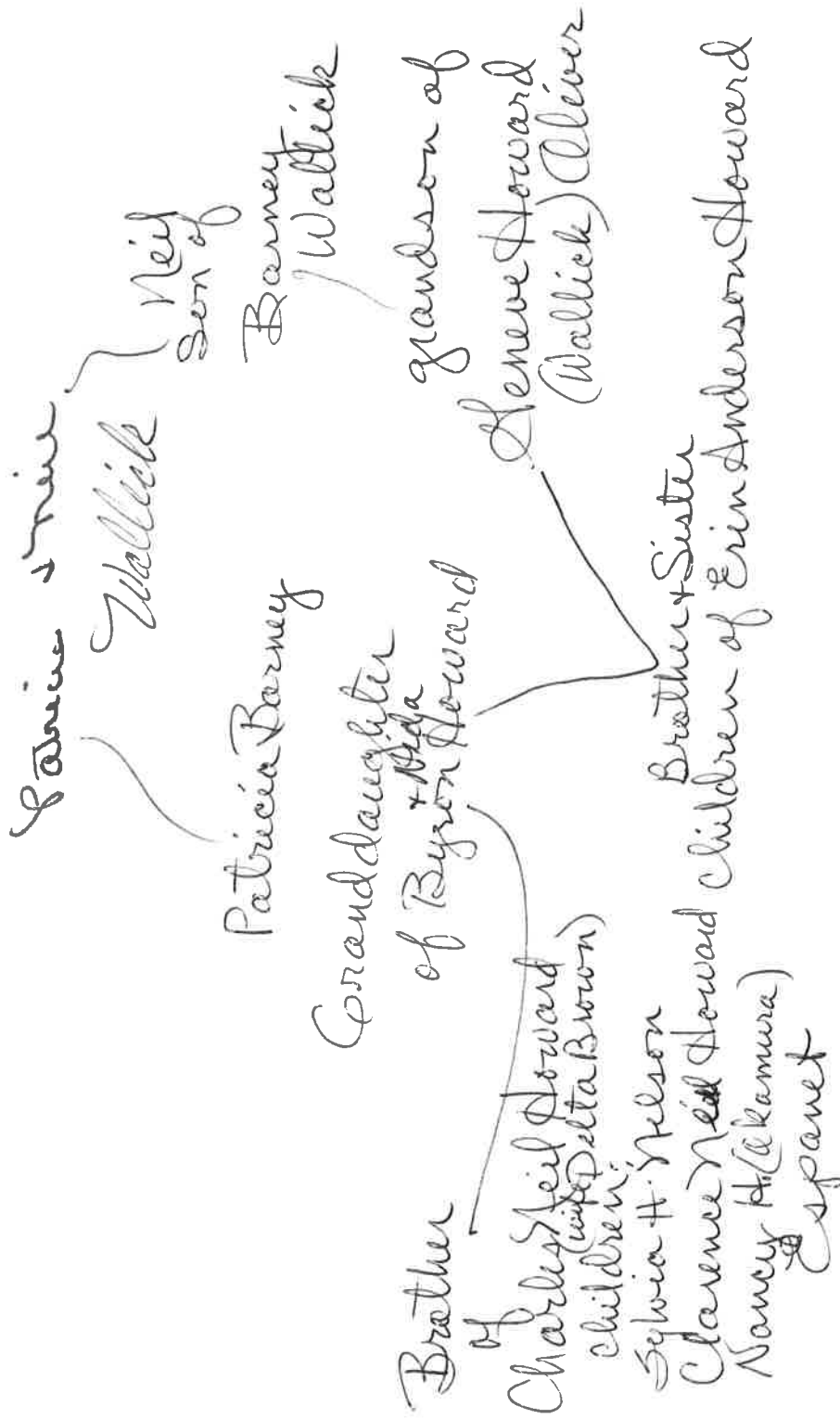
Also, I am sending a copy of the funeral service and the Deseret News article for Nancy, Neil and you. If you have a copy, great! If you don't, I am pleased to send you these. I believe they are memorable. Your father was a hero to a lot of people. I guess the word determination would best describe how I think of him. Your mother was a great lady too. I know she stood beside him always.

I am happy we got to visit. Neil would love to come down and visit with all of you. Let us know when is good for you. I have told my children stories of your dad and some of the others, but it is always good to know more. If it is okay with you, maybe I could bring a recorder so I don't forget any of the memories.

Thanks again for the visit. I'm so glad we connected. It is a shame it took so long. But it is never too late to know family.

Bless you and your family.

Love,



That they may realize Thy hand in the passing of Neil from
this stage of life. These blessings we pray for with all
others we stand in need of and we do it in the name of Jesus
Christ, amen.

"When We Come to the End of a

Perfect Day"

Perry and Adaline Wakefield Verda Leamaster, Accompaniest

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And you sit alone with your thoughts
And the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
With the joys that that day has brought.

Do you think what the end of a perfect day,
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part.

Now this is the end of a perfect day
Near the end of a journey too,
And it brings a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true.

For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

EDWARD BRINKERHOFF

My dear brothers and sisters, I don't know when I have
felt my weakness as I do on this occasion. I hope and trust
that the few moments of your time that I occupy that I might
have the spirit of God to guide and direct me in my remarks.

I feel that my place today should be in sitting down
near the casket. I believe that I have been as closely
associated with Neil as any man in the community during the
past three or four years and I indeed feel it a great privilege

and honor to say just a few words at this time. I think the way to learn to love and appreciate and to really know a man is by working with him, rubbing shoulders with him day after day. That has been my good fortune working with Neil. Not how did he die, but how did he live; not what did he gain, but what did he give. These are the units you measure the worth of a man as a man regardless of birth. Not what was his station, but had he a heart and how did he play his God given part. Was he ever ready with a word of good cheer to help bring back a smile and banish a tear? Not what was his church or what was his priesthood, but did he befriend those in need. Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say, but how many were sorry when he passed away.

My friends, brothers and sisters, this congregation of people here today speaks louder and clearer than all the words that can be uttered as to the character, friendship and love this community had for Neil. These flowers here today represent the people here and their attitude and feelings toward this dear brother. The poem said, "Had he a heart?" My brothers and sisters, there was never a man lived that I have ever met in my life that had a bigger heart than did Neil Howard.

One thing about Neil, we all understood him. We knew where we stood. He never left us in doubt; a characteristic that can be appreciated in any man.

Here is a thought given by apostle Paul, which I think fits this occasion better than anything else. It is from the first chapter of Timothy, verses five and eight. | Timothy 5:8

"But if any provide ^{NOT} for his own, especially his own household, he has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

My brothers and sisters, Neil Howard, due to his handicap, has lived nearer to that quotation of the ancient apostle Paul than anyone I have ever met. I think that we, as a people, can take the example set by this good man in his thrift, his ambition, integrity to provide for his own. He has indeed set a marvelous example unto mankind. We have living in our community, all over this state and throughout this nation men who are physically able that haven't achieved what this man has achieved. Can we see those hidden values in our brothers? Sometimes we look at an individual and wonder. There is no one so great, no one so small, but what they have some value. Sometimes we wonder what this or that individual was sent to earth for, but if we will stop and study that person, get acquainted with him, live with him, we will find that there are some hidden values. If we had the ability to look beneath the coat of each individual of whom we come in contact with and appreciate that heart that beats beneath that coat, what a wonderful privilege that would be. Judge not the workings of his brain and of his heart thou cannest not see what looks to thy dim eye

a stain in God's pure light may be a star brought from some well-worn field where thou wouldst only fain and yield.

My brothers and sisters, I think that if we will look at the achievements of this good man, the workings of his hand and brain, we will find that he has been outstanding. He has achieved much. If you go out to his home and there look about, his improvements, buildings, his machinery, the things he has made to work with, brothers and sisters, are outstanding. He has accomplished a wonderful mission here in mortality.

"The Test"

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grip that he daily shows,
The way he stands up on his feet and takes
fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there is naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.
It isn't the victory, after all, but the fight
that brother makes.
The man, who driven against the wall,
still stands up and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high,
Bleeding and bruised and pale.
He's the man who wins in the by and by
For he isn't afraid to fail.
It is the bumps that you get and the jolts you get
and the shocks that your courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and the vain regret,
The prize that escapes your hands,
That tests your metal and proves your worth,
It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on this good old earth
If your stuff is real.

My brothers and sisters, I think that fits Brother

Neill very well. It shows the stuff of which he was made. When

we consider his life and his achievements here, we can't say but what he had that stuff within him; that determination to accomplish a livelihood for himself and his family and those associated with him. My experience with him for the past two or three years in our work on the canal board has been that his judgment was outstanding. That his ability to get along, his leadership among men was outstanding. We may not have seen everything from the same point of view but Brother Neil had that way of appealing and approaching people that makes friends, which was outstanding.

I have been at his home and seen how Neil was with his good wife and children. There was no one who was more tenderhearted than Neil. Sometimes we thought him a little rough, a little outspoken, but I remember an occasion when his little daughter was riding on the tractor with him and she fell off and was run over with the tractor. Talk about a man who was worried, his heart went out to his child. There was never a father in this world who thought more of his family and wife than did Neil Howard. Mrs. Howard was devoted to him. I went to their place a number of times, when there was something that needed immediate attention on the canal, to get his opinion and found Neil out in the field doing his farm work. He thought his time was too valuable to stop just a few minutes, or an hour, to run down to the house for lunch. His good wife and companion had fixed his lunch and carried it out to the field to him. He stopped just a minute to eat a bit and then went on with

his work. Oh, the ambition that this man had. Brothers and sisters, he has set an example unto us; one which is outstanding.

In closing I would like to read a little poem.

The dead are like the stars by day

Withdrawn from mortal eye,

But not extinct they hold their way

in glory through the sky.

Spirits from bondage thus set free

Banished amidst immortality.

In judging from the writings of the ancient apostles and readings of these scriptures I'm sure that Brother Neil has accomplished much in this life. He had a heart of gold. There was nothing on his place that a neighbor wasn't welcome to use. I think that if you will go around this community and even to neighboring communities you will find things that belonged to Neil Howard. Isn't that brotherly love, kindness, doing good unto his fellowmen? That was the character and ambition of this great man.

May we always cherish dear the memory and the example set by Neil. It is a lesson by which we can gain much good and value. May the supreme joy and satisfaction come to this family of having had Neil with them. May God bless his wife and children and those who have cause to mourn that they may ever cherish his memory. I humbly ask in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose"

Errol Litster

Ora Larsen, Accompaniest

Darling, press me to your bosom
As you did in days of yore,
Press your lips upon my forehead
Ere I reach that golden shore.

Life is from me fastly fading,
Soon I'll be in sweet repose.
When I'm gone I'll ask this favor,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

Lay me where sweet flowers blossom
Where the dainty lilly grows,
Where the pinks and violets mingle,
Lay my head beneath a rose.

Darling, first you said you loved me,
When you gave your hand and heart
There were roses on your cheeks, love,
and we vowed we ne'er would part.

One more kiss, for I am going,
Far beyond all earthly woes.
Let my grave be like your cheeks, love,
Covered with a blossomed rose.

Chorus.

He has crossed the shadowed valleys,
Where the living water flows,
Love had heard his last fond pleading,
And he sleeps in sweet repose.

Neath a grassy mound he's resting,
Where the golden sunset glows,
Love has answered all his pleading,
And he sleeps beneath a rose.

BISHOP ANTON NIELSON

Brothers and sisters, friends, I feel much more like

I should be down on the bench with the mourners. While

I am giving a little short talk I hope and pray that the

Lord will bless me that I may be able to control my feelings.

We loved that neighbor.

I remember in the pioneer days how we used to associate

together; how happy we were to meet each other. On Christmas, for instance, we always went up to Erron Howard's place.

In those days we didn't have much else to do. We were not fed and groomed as we are in the present day, but there was always cake, pie and candy. That wasn't all, there was always a big heart that made us welcome. We lived in that neighborhood with the Brashers, the Browns, the Howards, the Shermans and the Gardens. We lived a neighborly life like neighbors should live. God bless the memories of Neil's mother and father. I shall never forget them.

I learned a little poem when I was a small boy. It goes something like this. "I live for all who love me - - -"
I guess I have forgotten it. After all my memory is not as good as it should be perhaps. (At this point he placed both of his hands on the bible which was laying on the pulpit.)
"I live for those that love me, for the good that I can do, for the heaven that smiles above me and for those who know me true." I want to apply that to the life of Neil and I'm going to show you where he fulfilled all those things.

It is said that love, faith and charity are some of the great laws of heaven. Neil was a man that could shed tears on any solemn occasion. When my oldest boy went to the war, World War I, we were over on father's ranch and Neil, of course, was there to see his old pal. They palled together all through life. Bud told mother he was going to war and he said, "I want you to let Neil take my place." Mother said, "If that is your request, I'll do the best

that I can." Bud went on to say that if he never came back he wanted Neil to take his place always. Mother said, "I'll do it." He moved down and from that day until this he has been one of our family and in the years that he has lived with us, we have grown to love him as one of the family. What we had, he had and above all, what he had, we had.

I can remember whenever it was Christmas, he always had something for the younger ones and for the older ones too. I can remember days of trial, poverty, hardships when he was always there with something. He was always ready.

I want to tell you one big thing in his life to show you that he had charity. About fifteen years ago I went to the hospital and underwent a very serious operation. Money was scarce. It was in the days of the panic. The boys helped me all they could, but the big thing was when I came home and we didn't have money to buy medicine. Neil came to Mother and said, "I want to do my part. Here, take this." He handed her a twenty dollar greenback. That was the greatest blessing that could have been given to us at that time because we needed it and needed it sorely. He said, "I want to do my part."

Upon another occasion, they were gathering donations for the Red Cross and they went over to Neil and the solicitor said that he would like to have a contribution for the Red Cross. Neil said, "How much do they give?" "Oh, she said, "about five dollars." Neil wrote out a check for twenty-five dollars and handed it to her for the Red Cross.

Now, those are only a few instances in his life, mind you. He was always that way; he was always contributing. If he saw any cripples on the street, he would hand them a dollar; men that were not as handicapped as himself. Many of them tried to hand it back to him, but he always said, "Take it; take it. I'm all right."

Neil could do almost anything. He was a cowboy. He could ride a horse. Neil worked in the coal mines and shoveled coal. He was a farmer and a good one. He did all the work on the farm. He could drive his car; he did it with his hands. He was a good mechanic and a wonderful man. When I look back through my life, I cannot think of a man who was more wonderful to me; who was handicapped as he was; who did the things that he did. When he married that sweet girl, his wife, he made a splendid choice. He loved that woman and she loved him. I had the honor of blessing his children, all three of them. Wonderful children and the devotion that he showed to his family, his wife, was wonderful. The way that he supported them. They never wanted for anything. He supported them with all they needed and he did it under a handicap. As Brother Brinkerhoff said, "Thousands and thousands of men with a smaller handicap than he had would sit in a chair and wouldn't work." He was too proud to sit in a chair. He said, "I can do it", and he did do it. It didn't make any difference what the work was. He tackled it. Such men as that are useful,

useful to their family, useful to their community and to their church.

A little bit about his religion. When he came to our house, I always sat at the head of the table and the oldest son to my right hand and he took his place where Bud belonged. If anyone else happened to get in that chair before he did, he said, "Now here, that's my place", and they always sur-rendered it. What I want to tell you is this. The little boys and girls used to ask the blessing and I would ask this one and that one to ask the blessing and one morning Neil said, "Why don't you ask me to say the blessing?" I was just a little slow in not asking him before because I felt that he might be a little afraid or timid, but from then on he took his turn and he wanted to take his turn asking the blessing over the food he ate, thanking God for it, thanking God for his health and his strength.

His wife was up to our place just the other night and she said, "I want to go to the house of the Lord, to the temple, and have our marriage solemnized for this life and for all eternity and to have our children sealed to us. Oh, what a joyful thought that they will meet again on the other side. It won't be long. We think it is a long time. We think we wait a long time but when I look back on my life, it is just a short time, a very short time. There she will meet Neil and he will be restored to his limbs, standing straight, not on crutches, but as a perfect man.

Here we believe that when we leave this life, when we go into that spirit world, we will have work to do, plenty of it. We will have things to build, things to do. That is what we believe. Neill will have something to do over there as the poor woman who said she had three children, the same as Delta. She lost her husband in an accident and when he was laid away, his mission is over there and her mission is over here. Delta, your mission is here, Neill's mission is over there. God bless you and those babies. May God comfort the hearts of his wife, children, sisters and brothers, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

" Out of the Dusk to You"

Chorus that Neill used
to sing with.

Verda Leamaster
Accompanist

Here all alone I stay,
Still the old dreams remain;
Out of the years, filled with my tears
I search for you once again.
Longing to press your lips,
Pining for joys we knew;
Lonely I stray, seeking the way
Out of the dusk to you.

Here in the twilight gray, love,
Don't you hear my call?
Each sigh a tear, each day a year,
'Til you're again all in all.
Out of the mists of pain
Love sends its message true,
Into the light, out of the night,
Out of the dusk to you.

BISHOP KENNETH J. BRASHER

I deem it a privilege to be asked to say a few words this afternoon. A number of times in my life Neill and I have been very close. If you could sit up here and look over the congregation that is here, you would see that

practically all the families from up and down the river and all the neighbors that he had are here. That speaks very well. They must have a soft spot in their hearts. I think the neighbors of Neil will long remember him. I have always been pretty close to the Howard family. Our parents came in here about the same time. They were neighbors on the river. I was quite a lot younger than Neil but I well remember when we went up here to the old district school which burned down some years ago. I remember that we sat in the third grade room after the rest of the class had gone upstairs and I can remember Neil going up with his crutches. I can remember Neil on the playgrounds and as Neil grew up in his later years, he sensed the great responsibility of raising a family.

I had the privilege of going with Neil on two elk hunting trips. Those were trips that I learned to appreciate Neil more fully. I also had the privilege of going with Neil on two fishing trips and those were the greatest fishing trips that I was ever on in my life. He was a great fisherman as well as a great hunter.

Soon after the wards were divided we had been contemplating a building program for sometime. We studied back and forth as to who we were going to ask to head our building committee as Brother Miller Black had headed the building committee for the ward before the ward was divided. We met at several meetings and talked it over as to who we could get who would spend the time and who would push the

project and get results. Finally we decided to go out and talk to Neil and see if he would take the job. I remember as he sat there in his chair that night and we told him what we had come for. He ducked his head and never said anything for quite awhile. Finally he raised his head and he said, "Why Bishop, I'll take it." He said, "I'll do anything that I can."

On another occasion that happened this last summer, I can't remember a man in my life who was more humble than he was on this special occasion. We took his little girl Sylvia over to Orangeville to be baptized in the fount. I remember how earnest Neil was to see that everything was done all right. When we were through we walked outside of the fount and waited a minute. I was playing with Clarence, Neil's little boy, and I said, "Now, Neil, when this boy is old enough to be baptized we'll fix it so you can baptize him. Neil took a handkerchief from his pocket and the tears came to his eyes and he said, "Bishop, do you think I could do that?" I said, "Sure you can."

I have had a lot of wonderful visits with Neil. We have had a lot of heart to heart talks. Few men in this world who have had the handicap that he has had have set the example for their fellowmen to build up their common wealth. Brother Neil could run a saw-mill and he could handle a threshing machine. For years, ever since I started out for myself, Neil has done my threshing. I have always paid him in cash because we needed the grain. When we were

through threshing, Neil didn't stick his hand out and say what I owed him, but left immediately to hurry on to another job and when he went out the gate he would say, "I'll see you later, Ken." I have enjoyed that association with Neil and I've tried to build up that friendship and trust that he had in me.

I have also had dealings with other members of the Howard family. When I was a boy, many are the days that I worked for Byron Howard. I have never worked for a man who was better to work for than Byron Howard. That was a characteristic of the Howard family. Many are the dealings that Clara Miller and I have had and I wish that all my dealings with my fellowmen had been as the dealings with Clara Miller. That is the way that I have found the entire family. I ask the Lord to bless this dear wife of Neil's and these little boys and girls. Help her to take care of them and I ask the Lord to bless each and everyone of you and I wish to thank everyone who has taken part on this sad occasion. I ask that the Lord will go with us to the cemetery and that no harm or accident will befall anyone here today on their return trip home. May the Lord bless us all I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

"Sometime We'll Understand"

Choir

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
and there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castle fall,
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Chorus.

Then trust in God thro' all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

CLOSING PRAYER

Ray McCandless

Our Father in Heaven, we come before thee at the close
of these services and we offer our sincere thanks for the
very beautiful spirit which has prevailed here today. We
ask now, our Heavenly Father, that we may have Thy guiding
hand to be with us throughout the balance of this day and
that you will travel with us to the final resting place
of Brother Neil whom you have called. We also ask that
you will be with those who have traveled long distances
to be with us this day, that they will return home safely.
We pray that the example of Neil's life will be an inspira-
tion to the people who are here today and to his children;
that Thy influence and spirit may be a guiding influence

throughout the lives of his good wife and children. We ask, Heavenly Father, that You will comfort them and give them understanding. These blessings we humbly pray for in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy son, amen.

DEDICATION

Bishop Clinton Wakefield