

Funeral Services of Carrie Leamaster Whimpey
June 3, 1980 Huntington, Utah

Remarks by Bishop *Jay Powell*

My acquaintance with Carrie dates way back. She has always been an inspiration to me with her unassuming ways...Her Great Concern for other people---Always putting them first.... And even in Death, she was thinking of those who remained. She didn't want to inconvenience anyone.

At first I felt it was a real injustice...Not to have the services in the chapel. But as I have come to more fully understand Carrie and her love for nature...I feel that this is fitting to hold a service in the Great out of doors.

Constantly there comes before us the question of death, the question of the loss of those we love, the question of the reality of the resurrection and of everlasting life. Since death is as universal as birth, since it applies to all people, it seems certain that we shall all sometime suffer some of the sorrow of parting. Perhaps we would postpone that parting forever if we could, but no matter how long we live, sooner or later either we leave those we love or they leave us. This we accept as one of the inevitables of life.

As we remember our impressions of other people, we may well ask how we would want to be remembered. If we were posing for a portrait, we would likely take great pains to be at our best; and after all our own preparations we would expect the photographer or artist to retouch where he found obvious flaws, because with anything as permanent as a portrait it seems important to appear as we would want to be remembered. According to Carrie and her humble attitude about herself and her accomplishments...she said her life was rather dull and uneventful.

Her portrait was started when the infant, Caroline Leamaster came into the world during the heat of the summer on August 20, 1913. The place...The little mining town of Hiawatha, Utah. It was here in this coal mining environment that Carrie spent her girlhood years. The family moved to Provo in 1925 for a brief stay of two years. In telling about this time of her life Carrie would smile nostalgically recalling that she'd walk more than a mile to get to her over crowded school room. Her family moved to Huntington in 1927, but Carrie

remained upstate in Granger, Utah living with her older sister, Hilda Close, to further her schooling. She came to Huntington to graduate from Huntington High School.

Marriage followed in natural sequence, and she married Glenwood Whimpey on May 26, 1936. This marriage was thrice blessed with her beloved children: Beverly, Bob, and Wayne. Carrie lived through a great tragedy when her oldest son, Bob was taken from her in a fatal car accident July 27, 1961.

Carrie's husband, Glenwood Whimpey was a miner and they lived in several different mining camps always coming back to Huntington. In the spring of 1947 they bought the Cottage and later named it Whimpey's Inn. They operated this business until the time of the death of her husband, March 16, 1966.

Brothers and sisters, the impressions that other people have of us from day to day are more important than a portrait, and in all of Carrie's acts and attitudes and utterances she is going to keep alive a memory that is sweet and good and worth perpetuating. There is a kind of candid camera constantly recording it's impressions of our associates, and all of us gathered here have recorded in our hearts and minds some sweet and lasting memories of this gentle woman. Her kindness, her humility, her love of family, her pride in her children and grand children, her calm acceptance of the hard blows life has dealt her, her affection for other people, her considerate acts, her appreciation for this niche of the world that she was favored to live and call home. She loved the out of doors and was happy and content when she could grab a friend and head for the desert to hunt for rocks or see if she could find a cactus in bloom. She didn't demand the luxuries of a bit motor home, in order to appreciate God's scenic wonders...she was content if they just pulled over and slept in the cradle of a wash. 'Just as long as a flash flood doesn't come along she would joke...or let's not get stuck in the sand she would laugh.' And no matter how many times she traveled up Huntington Canyon she never failed to remark the beauty of that favorite place.

Carrie knew a happy life is not built up of tours abroad and pleasant holidays spent in exotic places, but rather in finding a little clump of blooming Prickly Pear, noticed by the side of the desert road. Hidden away, I suppose, so that only those can see them

who have God's peace and love in their hearts.

Carrie's life has been one long chain of little joys, little whispers from the spiritual world, and little beams of sunshine in her daily work. So you see Carrie, when it comes to the little things that is what the Lord is going to weigh heavily. When it comes right down to it Carrie, you've painted quite a masterpiece that we are all proud to hang in the memory of our minds.

Brother and sisters, the gospel of Christ is not an escape from the hard realities of life. Both the person who follows Christ and the person who mocks Him live in the world among the same men and where the same laws of nature operate. Many things happen alike to saint and sinner. Cancer takes over in the human body with no regard for a person's moral or spiritual worth...innocent children suffer from it, and some of the most wonderful Christians we have known are not spared it's merciless attack.

Living the gospel of Jesus Christ does not necessarily bring with it physical health free from accident and misfortune, freedom from pain and suffering, prosperity and long life. As a matter of fact, some who have lived it best with great devotion have shortened their lives and brought considerable suffering upon themselves.

The gospel of Jesus Christ does not enable us to escape tribulation, but it does fortify the spirit of man to accept and face it when it comes. The life founded in the gospel can suffer with patience, can meet adversity with hope, can take malice with forgiveness, can compensate hate with love, and can face death with equanimity. The religious person can find himself in no circumstance...in which his religion is not a source of strength to him. In weakness, he knows where to turn for strength, in strength, he remains humble; in poverty he knows whereof his riches consist, in wealth he remembers his brethren in mercy, in health he is grateful in illness, he exercises faith.

No one exercised greater faith than Carrie during this last illness, and during the tragedies with which her life has been fraught. She spoke so often of her love for her family members, and her great appreciation for their love for those friends who surrounded her always in her time of need: Tempie, Maureen Beulah and many others.

This woman had a testimony of the gospel. Because of it she was able to endure. She wanted for her children and grandchildren a similar testimony.