

Arvilla B. Sanders, large posterity

FOREST GROVE—Funeral services were held Monday for Arvilla B. Sanders, 80, Forest Grove.

Mrs. Sanders died Oct. 21, 1987, at Camelot Care Center in Forest Grove following a long illness.

Monday's services were held at the Forest Grove First Ward of the Church of Jesus-Christ of Latter-day Saints and interment followed in the Yamhill-Carlton Pioneer Cemetery.

Arvilla Bernice Sanders was born March 12, 1907, in Mountain View, Wyo., a daughter of Thomas L. Wangsgaard and Barbara Race. She received her early education in Hudson, Wyo., before moving to Ogden, Utah. She graduated from high school in Smith Valley, Nev.

On June 1, 1926, she married Walter Newell in Smith Valley, Nev., and he died in December, 1927.

She moved with her infant son, William, to Elgin, where she met Herbert Joshua Sanders. They were married Dec. 2, 1929, in La Grande.

The couple lived in Elgin and Ogden, Utah before going to California during World War II. In 1946 they moved to Nyssa, where they remained until moving to Utah in 1959. They lived in St. George and Provo in Utah until returning to Oregon, where they lived in Ashland. In 1976 they moved to Yamhill.

Mr. Sanders died July 13, 1979, in Forest Grove and Mrs. Sanders moved to Forest Grove in 1980.

She was a member of the Forest Grove First Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was active in the Sunday school, Primary, Relief Society and Young Women's organizations.

She enjoyed singing in her younger years and loved to crochet, sew, and do oil and tole painting.

Survivors include eight daughters, Genevieve Heil and Nadine Banyon, both of Gold Hill, Mrs. Richard (Arvilla) Moore, Clackamas, Mrs. Donald (Barbara) Bishop and Mrs. Gary (Elsa) Woodland, both of Spanish Fork, Utah, Mrs. Max (Olga) Whitaker, Vale, Mrs. Melvin (Virginia) Wetzel, Hurricane, Utah, and Mrs. Ernest (Christine) Petrowsky, Forest Grove.

Also surviving are eight sons and daughters-in-law, Arthur and Gladys Sanders, Doyle, Calif., Robert and Benetta Sanders, Winnemucca, Nev., William and Janice Sanders, Las Vegas, Nev., John and Lucille Sanders, Vancouver, Wash., F. Joe and Millie Sanders, George and Jackie Sanders and David Sanders, all of Forest Grove, and James and Lona Sanders, Washington, Utah.

Additional survivors include 93 grandchildren; 96 great-grandchildren; six great-great-grandchildren; two brothers, Jack Braddock, Wyoming, and Lester Braddock, Portland; one sister, Mrs. Frank (Florence) Dominic, Ogden, Utah; and several nieces and nephews.

The family suggests memorial contributions to the Sanders Family Missionary Fund, in care of the First Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 2700 Leon Dr., Forest Grove, 97116.

Fuiten-Rose Mortuary Chapel of Forest Grove was in charge of arrangements.

ARVILLA BERNICE SANDERS was born March 12, 1907 at Mountain View, Wyoming, the daughter of the late Thomas L. Wangsgaard and Barbara Race. She was raised & received her early education in Hudson, Wyoming, later moving to Ogden, Utah. She then moved with her family to Smith Valley, Nevada where she graduated from High School.

She was united in marriage to Walter Newell on June 1, 1926 at Smith Valley, Nevada. Mrs. Newell was preceded in death by her husband, Walter, in December of 1927.

Following his death she moved with her infant son, William to Elgin, Oregon where she met her husband, Herbert J. Sanders. They were united in marriage on December 2, 1929 at LaGrande, Oregon. Following their marriage they resided in Elgin; Ogden, Utah and then back to Elgin. During World War II they resided in California until 1946 when they moved to Nyssa, Oregon. They resided in Nyssa until 1959 when they moved to Utah, having resided in St. George and Provo. They returned to Oregon, living in Ashland and in 1976 they moved to Yamhill.

Mrs. Sanders was preceded in death by her husband, Herbert, on July 13, 1979 at Forest Grove, after celebrating over 49 years of marriage. Following his death, she moved to Forest Grove in 1980 where she has resided since.

She was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Forest Grove First Ward. Mrs. Sanders served in the Sunday School, Primary, Relief Society and Young Women's Organizations. Among her special interests were singing in her younger years, crocheting and sewing. She also had a special love for oil and tole painting.

Mrs. Sanders passed away Wednesday morning, October 21, 1987 at the Camelot Care Center in Forest Grove following an extended illness. She is survived by eight daughters, Genevieve Heil; and Nadine Banyon both of Gold Hill, OR; Mrs. Richard (Arvilla) Moore of Clackamas, OR; Mrs. Donald (Barbara) Bishop; and Mrs. Gary (Elsa) Woodland both of Spanish Fork, UT; Mrs. Max (Olga) Whitaker of Vale, OR; Mrs. Melvin (Virginia) Wetzel of Hurricane, UT; and Mrs. Ernest (Christine) Petrowsky of Forest Grove; eight sons & daughters-in-law, Arthur & Gladys Sanders of Doyle, CA; Robert & Benetta Sanders of Winnemucca, NV; William & Janice Sanders of Las Vegas, NV; John & Lucille Sanders of Vancouver, WA; F. Joe & Millie Sanders; George & Jackie Sanders; and David Sanders all of Forest Grove; James & Lona Sanders of Washington, UT; two brothers, Jack Braddock of Wyoming; and Lester Braddock of Portland, OR; and one sister, Mrs. Frank (Florence) Dominic of Ogden, UT. Also surviving are 93 grandchildren; 96 great-grandchildren; 6 great-great-grandchildren; several nieces and nephews; and a host of friends neighbors.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

ARVILLA BERNICE SANDERS

MARCH 12, 1907
OCTOBER 21, 1987

MOUNTAIN VIEW, WYOMING
FOREST GROVE, OREGON

SERVICES AT
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
FOREST GROVE FIRST WARD
MONDAY OCTOBER 26, 1987 10:00 A.M.

OFFICIATING
BISHOP HARVEY G. LONG

FAMILY PRAYER JOE SANDERS
"MOTHER WAS THE CANDLELIGHT OF HOME" WARREN CONTRERAS
ACCOMPANIED BY BETTY THELIN
WRITTEN BY OLGA WHITAKER

INVOCATION DAVID SANDERS
EULOGY OLGA WHITAKER
"GOODBY TO MAMA" WARREN CONTRERAS
ACCOMPANIED BY BETTY THELIN
WRITTEN BY OLGA WHITAKER

SPEAKER JOHN SANDERS
BISHOP'S COMMENTS BISHOP HARVEY G. LONG
"OH MY FATHER" CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

HYMN #292

BENEDICTION JAMES SANDERS
ORGANIST BETTY THELIN

CASKET BEARERS
GRANDSONS AND SONS-IN-LAW

DEDICATION OF THE GRAVE WILLIAM SANDERS

GRAVE DEDICATION AND INTERMENT
YAMHILL-CARLTON PIONEER CEMETERY
YAMHILL, OREGON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

DERREL ROSE

JEFF HOYT

The family suggests that remembrances may be contributions to the Sanders Family Missionary Fund in her memory, in care of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, 1st Ward, 2700 Leon Dr., Forest Grove, OR 97116.

Funeral Services

Arvilla Bernice Sanders

October 26, 1987

Forest Grove 1st Ward

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

Family Prayer: Joe Sanders

Our kind Heavenly Father, as we are gathered as a family on this occasion we are grateful for all the many blessings that we have enjoyed as a family. We're grateful for the life of our mother and grandmother, and the example that she has set. We are grateful for the understanding of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and for her knowledge of that Gospel and the teachings that she's taught. Now Father, we ask thee to bless those here who have cause to mourn that they may be comforted, that we may have the knowledge that Mother has passed on through the veil and is again with our Father, that we may have the comfort to know that. We are grateful for the bond of the family, for the association. On this occasion strengthen us that as a family we may grow stronger together. We ask thee to bless those who travel this day to their various homes that they may travel in safety and bless us that we may grow from this experience and have a greater understanding of the resurrection, that we may grow in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Again we give thee thanks for all the blessings we know. We ask for these favors and blessings in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Officiating: Bishop Harvey G. Long

Good Morning. I have been asked to conduct these services this morning on behalf of the Sanders family and I'm sure that I convey from them the feelings that they have at this time and the appreciation for those that have gathered here this morning that we might properly pay our respects and our tributes to Sister Arvilla Bernice Sanders who has passed

away. I'm sure that everyone in this room has the many memories that are necessary to make up a life and as I look out across the congregation of family members I see many things here that indicate to me the good life that Sister Sanders led and, of course, in my limited acquaintance with her can testify of myself that she was a fine Sister in the Gospel and a very loving mother. We only have one change in the program this morning that has been given out. Brother Warren Contreras will sing the song "Going Home" instead of the song that's first indicated on the program and following that number we will then have the opening prayer by Brother David Sanders and then Olga Whitaker will read the Eulogy, then another number will be sung by Brother Contreras, "Good-bye to Momma", written by Olga. Brother Contreras will be accompanied by Sister Betty Thelin. We will then hear from John Sanders, then if time allows I have a few comments to make. It is our intent as we gather here this morning to provide some comfort and some ease at this hour when most through out the world are in great need of comfort and ease and we hope that the word that will be offered here this morning will indeed do that. I know that prayers have already been asked by those of us that are participating and I hope that we can achieve what our Father in Heaven would have us say here this morning.

"Going Home"

Sung by Brother Warren Contreras

Goin' home, goin' home, I'm a goin' home;
Quiet like, some still day, I'm just goin' home.
It's not far, just close by, Through an open door;
Work all done, care laid by, going to fear no more.
Mother's there expecting me, Father's waitin' too;
Lot's o' folk gathered there, All the friends I knew,
All the friends I knew.

Home, home, I'm goin' home!

Nothin' lost, all's gain, No more fret nor pain,
No more stumblin' on the way, No more longin' for the day,
Going to roam no more!

Morning star lights the way, Restless dream all done;
Shadows gone, break o'day, Real life jes' begun.
There's no break, there's no end, Jes' a liven' on;
Wide awake, with a smile Goin' on and on.

Goin' home, goin home, I'm jes' goin' home;
It's not far, jes' close by Through an open door.
I'm jes goin' home. Goin' home.

Invocation: David Sanders

Our kind and gracious Heavenly Father, we're thankful for the life of this great woman, thankful for the example she has been to us, for her kindness and her great love. We're thankful that she is now free from her mortal body, that she can now be with her sweetheart. We pray humbly for thy spirit to be with us, to buoy us up and to comfort us. We're thankful for those who have come to pay her honor. We're thankful for their safe arrival. Help us, bless us and comfort us. In the name of thy beloved son, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Eulogy: Olga Whitaker

I feel honored to have been given this privilege today. Arvilla Bernice Sanders was born March 12, 1907, in Mountain View, Wyoming, to Thomas L. and Barbara Race Waangsgard. She entered into rest on October 21, 1987. Arvilla was 80 years and 7 months old. She is survived by 16 children: Genevieve Heil of Gold Hill, Oregon, Arthur Sanders of Doyle, California, Nadine Banion of Gold Hill, Oregon, Robert Sanders of Winnemucca, Nevada, William Sanders of Las Vegas, Nevada, Arvilla Moore of Clackamas, Oregon, Barbara Bishop of Spanish Fork, Utah, Olga Whitaker of Vale Oregon, Elsa Woodland of Spanish Fork, Utah, John Sanders of

Vancouver, Washington, Joe Sanders of Forest Grove, Oregon, Virginia Wetzel of Hurricane, Utah, James Sanders of Washington, Utah, George Sanders, David Sanders, and Christine Petrowsky, all of Forest Grove, Oregon.

Arvilla is also survived by 2 brothers, Jack Braddock of Sacramento, California and Lester Braddock of Portland, Oregon, and one sister, Florence Dominic of Ogden, Utah. Ninety-six grandchildren survive her, 101 great-grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren. She was preceeded in death by her husband, one grandchild, and one great-grandchild.

Bernice, as she was called most of her life, spent her early childhood in Hudson, Wyoming. Her parents divorced when she was 8 and she moved to Ogden with her father. Each parent remarried and had families, so Bernice gained a little sister, Florence Wangsgaard and 2 little brothers, Jack and Lester Braddock.

When she was 13 years old, her father's family moved to Smith Valley, Nevada. There she drove cattle and worked in the hay fields on the ranch with her Dad. Though the labor was hard, this beautiful dark-haired girl found time to paint, play the piano and sing solos. She had considerable talent in all these things, but set them aside in later years to care for her large family.

Bernice graduated from Smith Valley High School in 1925. She later married Walter Isador Newell on June 1, 1926 in Reno, Nevada. Walter died in January of 1928, leaving Bernice with a six week old baby son, Billy.

Bernice and her baby later moved from Wyoming to Elgin, Oregon with her mother and step father, Barbara and "Daddy John" Braddock. There she met Herbert Joshua Sanders, a widower of 9 months, who owned a Texaco service station. She drove Daddy John's car in to gas it up and before

she left she had a date with Bert, who was looking for a housekeeper and someone to care for his four little children, Genny, Art, Nadine, and Bob. Bert and Bernice fell in love and were married on December 2, 1929. This was a marriage that lasted nearly 50 years before Bert passed away July 13, 1979, and their marriage will go on for all eternity.

The little mother now had 5 children at the age of 22. Bert legally adopted Billy. It was not really easy for her four new children to have a new mama while they were still grieving for their own. And it wasn't easy for Bernice. Probably the most grateful for the union was Bert. But they were all strong people, survivors, and Mother and Daddy loved each other.

Bernice had always wanted to have a dozen kids. She bore her husband 3 daughters while they lived in Elgin - Arvilla, Barbara and Olga. Then she had a severe case of blood poisoning and lay so near death for a time that she conversed with her first husband, who told Bernice that she would live to raise her family and would yet be blessed with more children.

When Bernice left the hospital in May of 1934, Bert's service station was gone because of the depression. She and Bert took their 8 children and moved to Ogden. Elsa was born there.

In 1937 they moved to Harper, Oregon, suffering the hard times of the depression along with all people. We lived in a little tar-paper shack up in the field of Grandma and Daddy John Braddock's farm. Little John was born at this time in Vale, Oregon.

The next spring we moved back to Elgin. Bernice gave birth to Joe in a little old house in the country, while Bert was away at a logging camp to support his family. Even though we were very poor, we were happy. Having an orange for a treat was a great event. I remember Art, Bob, and Bill sitting on the bare floor against the wall playing harmonicas in the evenings. I remember Genny and Nadine singing as they helped in the house and teaching us smaller children to sing. Bernice encouraged

music, though none of us ever got formal lessons, there wasn't money for it. So in our home we sang as we worked.

We moved into town where Virginia and Jim were born at home. Dad went to California when World War II broke out, and worked in the shipyards at Treasure Island. He stayed at the homes of Genny and Nadine who were married by this time. Mother sent 3 sons off to that war. No mother ever grieved more to see her fine sons leave to obey their country's call, and no mother had more courage. For, you see, she loved us all. Bernice was a strict mother, and verbal, but also she was protective of her children. A skinned knee brought tears to her eyes. A telegram saying Art was missing in action had her screaming in the street in terror. But Art did come home when the war was over.

Billy was the man of the house the two or three years that Dad was gone to California, before Bill was old enough to go into the service. Bert's visits home to Elgin were costly and rare. But Bernice would sit her children down around the big table and we'd all write letters to Daddy. Mother endured some taunts from a few self-righteous women of the town who looked down on large families. She had 9 children at home at this time, and two ladies came to her door one day and said they represented a committee of citizens who were taking up a collection to pay for the necessary surgery she needed so that she wouldn't have any more children. Bernice was outraged. She went out onto the porch and pointed to her beautiful lawn and flowers and she asked them if they had ever seen her yard littered or her house unkept. They admitted no they hadn't. She said, "Have you ever seen one of my children ragged, dirty, or hungry?" They said, "No". She shouted at them, "The day you do, then you come back with your idea for me to have no more children." She practically chased them down the sidewalk and gave them this parting shot, "And I still have 3 more babies to go!!!"

Bert came home and moved his big family to Oakland, California in August of 1944. When I look back on the sheer guts and courage of our mother and father, it blows me away. They loaded everything they owned, and 9 kids into a big old Packard and pulled a trailer from Elgin, Oregon to Oakland, California. George was born there.

Bernice had the task of keeping 10 kids in line in a big city where streetcars and public busses were our only transportation. She and Bert had traded the Packard to the neighbors for a piano so we could have music in our home.

After the war, we moved back to Daddy John Braddock's farm in Harper, Oregon, while Dad found us a place to live in Nyssa, Oregon. David was born in nearby Ontario in 1947 and four years later, Bernice gave birth to little Christine. Bert was 58.

Bernice's Patriarchal Blessing had promised her she would live to see all her children grow up, marry, and have children. She was serene in this knowledge, and Mother enjoyed her family and her many grandchildren and great grandchildren.

We remember her baking bread nearly every day of her life. She made her own butter when we lived where we could have a Jersey cow. Our mother taught us all to work. There were no shirkers in the family. But she also let us make popcorn and have taffy pulls and our home was always the center for the neighborhood children.

Chritmases were special, because Mother made them that way. She was lucky if she ever had \$20 to spend on her children. So she sewed dresses, shirts, dolls, and stuffed animals. The dolls we remember best were ones Mother made. Bernice always insisted on a Christmas tree that reached to the ceiling. She taught us to make homemade candy and Chritmases were filled with it. She communicated her childlike love

of Christmas to all of us and my happiest childhood memories were of Christmas time.

Bernice was a fantastic cook who somehow magically could make a great meal out of nothing. It seems like our cupboards were bare, but there was always a good supper on the stove by evening.

She was very skillful at the art of crocheting, and our home was graced by beautiful doiles and potholders. She crocheted table clothes also, but she sold them as fast as they were made.

Early in 1948 mother began to sew white dresses, white shirts and white pants for the 10 children at home. It was a happy day for her when she was sealed to Bert in the Idaho Falls Temple and these 10 children were sealed to them at that time for all eternity.

In 1959 Bert and Bernice took the youngest 5 children to St. George, Utah, to live. At this time she began to be known by her first name, Arvilla. Later they resided in Provo, Utah, then Ashland, Oregon before moving to Yamhill, Oregon in 1976. Bert passed away in 1979 and after a short time Arvilla moved to an apartment in Forest Grove.

For the past 4 years our mother had been a patient at the Camelot Care Center in Forest Grove.

During her life, Arvilla Sanders held positions in the Church in every auxiliary. She was a faithful Latter-day Saint. She was a self sacrificing wife and mother, who never complained when she was ill. She suffered for 53 years with a "bum" leg from the blood poisoning illness, but wouldn't be babied.

If Arvilla demanded good performance and obedience of her children it was because she wanted deeply for us to be a credit to our good name. And she raised us to be righteous and decent people. We didn't let you down, Mother.

Arvilla was pleased with her great family, and proud of all of us.

My feeling is that the years spent in Camelot were for the final refining of her soul, as her patience grew into a work of art. Mother truly transformed into an angel on earth during these last years. She had reached a high level of perfection before she left us to go home to her Heavenly Father. Arvilla Bernice was perhaps being prepared for that great eternal home where she will preside as a Matriarch over myriads of children - where she will be a wife and mother forever - that which she loved to be, most of all.

I leave you this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Goodbye to Mama

Written by Olga Whitaker

Sung by Warren Contreras

I remember you there holding on to each hand
When as children we faltered and learned how to stand.
On the first day of school you would tell us goodbye,
Saying "Don't be afraid; I'll be sad if you cry."

And we love you, dear Mama, please tell us goodbye
Though we try to be brave don't be sad if we cry.
It hurts us you know to let go of your hand;
while you leave us to fly to that far away land.

You held each of us close when we left your dear home,
to be happy with children and lives of our own.
You let go of each hand, but your spirit stayed by,
And we knew you were there if we needed to cry.

And we love you, dear Mama, please tell us goodbye,
Though we try to be brave, don't be sad if we cry.
It hurts us you know to let go of your hand;
While you leave us to fly to that far away land.

You have waited for Daddy in sorrow and pain,
But he's come with your loved ones to claim you again.
We revere the sweet peace and the love in your face,
While you follow them all to some far away place.

And we love, you dear Mama, please tell us goodbye,
Though we try to be brave don't be sad if we cry.
It hurts us, you know, to let go of your hand;
While you leave us to fly to that far away land.

Speaker: John Sanders

It is a glorious sight to look out and see the family, as much of the family as is here. It's an honor to stand here and say a few words at the funeral of mother, to be the mouthpiece for the rest of you.

I had a difficult time trying to decide what to say. I don't think that our mother and grandma would have us be sad faced about her passing. I think she would not want us to be unhappy. I suspect that she would expect that we would be sad that we can't see her anymore, but at the same time this is a glorious day! It is a wonderful day in that mother is relieved of the suffering she's had to go through.

An ancient prophet said that we ought to be "willing to mourn with those that mourn; yea, and comfort those that stand in need of comfort, and to stand as witnesses of God at all times." (Mosiah 18:8-9)

As I thought of mother in the last few days before her passing, a hymn kept going through my mind and I'd like to read you just a few words from it. I think it exemplifies our mother and grandmother. The hymn is entitled "More Holiness Give Me." In my mind I see mother in the hospital and these are the words I think of:

More holiness give me, More strivings within
More patience in suffering...

More purity give me, More strength to o'ercome,
More freedom from earthstains, More longing for home,
More fit for the kingdom, More used would I be,
More blessed and holy, More Savior, like thee.

(From Hymns "Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" Number 131)

I think I can say "Brothers and Sisters" here, and be ninety nine percent geneologically correct. People are sanctified by suffering and even if that may sound strange it is a wonderful thing to go through what we do. All of us have suffered in our lives in different ways and have had difficulties that we've had to deal with and there is nothing wrong with that. It's how we approach the difficulties that makes the difference in our lives.

It was with great dignity, and you young grandchildren need to understand this even though some of you didn't see her in the hospital, it was with great dignity that your grandmother suffered. In suffering she was sanctified, meaning that she was made holy and pure and worthy to enter back into the presence of her Heavenly Father. The apostle Paul said, "God having provided some better things for them through their sufferings, for without sufferings they could not be made perfect." (Joseph Smith Translation, Hebrews 11:40)

Anciently, an old prophet named Job, who knew something about suffering, asked a question, and the question he asked was this; "If a man die, shall he live again?" (Job 14:14) His inquiry is the inquiry of all mankind in all ages of time. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Or when we die shall we live again?

Throughout all the endless ages of time and space and eternity the believing souls may hear the proclamation of the Eternal God as he answers the question with a resounding "YES! You shall live again." For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.)

Today we hear the comforting and the reassuring voice of the Savior wherein he said "Because I live, ye shall live also." (John 14:19.) If a man dies shall he live again? If Grandma dies shall she live again? By the testimony of holy writ, and by the testimony of the whisperings of the spirit within, and by the testimony of God the Eternal Father and his beloved Son, Jesus Christ, the answer is YES! And so as one who knows by the spirit, I testify to you in solemnness that our mother and grandmother lives.

She is departed and that is a much better word than dead. She's departed, that is, she is not here. When we leave this afternoon to go to our homes we will depart. We still exist. Mother has departed the mortal stage of existence, but she lives on. She is freed from the confines of her physical body which in the latter years became a prison house to her wherein she learned some of life's great lessons, even the great lesson of patience in suffering. Jesus said, "In your patience possess ye your souls." (Luke 21:19.) Mother possesses her soul - - that she had perfected patience is apparent to me. I never heard, and I haven't talked to any member of the family who ever heard her complain of her circumstances. Rather, instead of hearing her complain when you went to visit her, you came away feeling uplifted. She was always concerned about the family, and always wanting to know about the family.

She is now free from her physical body. At this point in time grandma awaits the day of resurrection when both spirit and body will be reunited.

Now let me say a few things for the benefit of these little children.

I want you to see what we are talking about, and what happened to grandma. In order to understand what has happened to grandma, you need to understand three things. Number one, that we lived before we came to this earth in a premortal, or pre-earth life with our Heavenly Father in a family setting. Paul said we are "the offspring of God," (Acts 17:29) meaning we are his children just as my children are my offspring. In this same sense we are the spirit offspring of God the Eternal Father. We lived with him before we came to earth.

Now, let me just show you what happens when we die. This is a glove. This is my hand. As you see my hand it moves doesn't it? Do you see that my hand moves? Now pretend in your mind that my hand is your spirit. Remember as spirit children we lived with our Heavenly Father before we came down here to live on earth. (It wasn't very long ago that Sheri and her good husband had two little babies born in their home, little twins. Did you know that? Isn't that something? Grandma was so happy about that. When we mentioned it to her she cried. She always loved the little children. She loved her grandchildren.) This hand represents your spirit and it was alive before you came here. When you are born the spirit enters the body. We are going to pretend this glove is your body. Now notice what happens. I stick my hand in the glove. Now does the glove move? What's moving it? My hand is isn't it? The spirit is. That's right. The spirit or my hand is moving the glove or the body. Now when we die the spirit leaves the body. Can the glove move without my hand? No! And grandma's body lies in the casket because the spirit is not there anymore. But, is my hand still alive? Yes! Grandma's spirit is still alive too.

When grandma drew her last breath of life, at that very moment her spirit left her body. It passed through a thin veil into the spirit world. Her spirit was still alive. But her body was here, like the glove, without life. Okay, have you got it?

Someday there will be a resurrection. For you little children

resurrection means that the body which has no life in it without the spirit, joins together again with the spirit. So in the resurrection the spirit enters into the body, the body is renewed and now it's alive again. Can you see that? And that will happen to Grandma and it will happen to Grandpa. But until that time their spirits are still alive. They just don't have their physical bodies. They are in the spirit world.

One of the earliest memories I have of Grandma Sanders is when I was a little boy and Grandma Sanders taught her sons to pray. She had us kneel by the bedside in a little bedroom filled with beds and little boys. There she taught us to pray to our Heavenly Father and she instilled within our souls a belief in those things which are eternally true. As a result of that the faith necessary to meet life's vicissitudes was born. I also remember having family prayer, and I suppose it was in sacred moments like these that all the children learned to have faith and desire eternal truths and eternal family relationships.

Mother loved her family, every one. And speaking of the family, her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, touched the most tender cords of her heart. She could not talk about or speak of the family in later years without becoming misty eyed. The family was her life. I laughed inside when Olga talked about the committee that came to see about curtailing her family. That was the most ridiculous thing in the world. Mother was fulfilling the measure of her creation, and people receive eternal life by doing what they're commanded to do, and the first commandment of God was, multiply and replenish the earth. Mother tried to do that all by herself. And I'm grateful that she did. and so are you.

Today we honor her and we pay respect to her because she loved us. When I think of Grandma I can smell the homemade bread that Olga talked about and more often than not the cinnamon rolls or the biscuits and the mulligan stew.

I recall the love of mother, the touches, the embraces, and I've asked myself what would she have us say and what would she want said today.

As I laid awake all night last night, I kept thinking the thing she would probably like us to say would be to simply bear testimony of the faith that she and dad had. The faith which they had was in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and in it's restoration.

They knew the answers to life's questions, where do we come from, why are we here, and where are we going? To them the answers to the questions were so easy, and so simple, and yet so meaningful, and so necessary to a world that's gone astray. As I thought, the words of the poet came to my mind:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere it's setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God who is our home.

- Wordsworth "Ode on Intimations of Immortality."

Again, we lived before we came here and we come to this mortal life, brothers and sisters, and grandchildren, and families, as you know to have experience and to learn the difference between good and evil, to "taste the bitter, that we may know to prize the good," (Moses 6:55) We have the experiences of life to see if we'll be faithful, if we'll "do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them." (Abraham 3:25) All of us fall short of the "mark", but we strive for that in order that we might receive the blessings.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments." (John 14:15) Grandma loved the Savior, and she loved Heavenly Father. She tried to keep the commandments. She wasn't a scholar of the scriptures, but she was a scholar

in the spirit, and by the spirit she knew what she knew and she knew that the church was true.

After Grandma left this life she entered into the world of spirits. Where is that? Grandma is not far from us. The Prophet Joseph taught from the scriptures that the spirit world is close to the earth. It's just in a realm that we can't see at this point in time unless our eyes are quickened. He taught, "They are not far from us, and know and understand our thoughts, feelings, and motions, and are often pained therewith." (Teaching of the Prophet Joseph Smith page 326.) They are aware of us, and so it's not unheard of, and it's not too uncommon among the faithful for them to be visited by, or to have conversation with, or to see those who have passed on. And I testify to that as one who knows. I know that Dad lives and I know that Mother lives and I know somewhat of the realm in which they reside and I know it from personal experience.

When a person dies his spirit is taken back into the presence of God. (Alma 42:23) This does not mean necessarily the physical presence of God, but in the presence of his influence where they continue to learn. People are as different there in the spirit world as they are here. It's not a wasted time. It's a time of learning. A time where the Gospel is proclaimed and taught to those who have not had the opportunity to receive it in mortality, in it's fullness. It's a time of clarification a time of repentance, a time of preparing for the day of judgement, for resurrection.

Those who are faithful and true to the covenants which they have made while in mortality enter in to a place called paradise. Generically paradise is simply the spirit world. The Hebrew Sheol, English Hell, and Greek Hades all signify an abode of departed spirits. Hades consists of two parts, Paradise and Gehenna, one the abode of the righteous and the other the abode of the disobedient. The word paradise itself is

a Persian word which literally means garden, which is symbolic in its meaning and it's content, the garden representing the Garden of Eden and the paradisaical state of Adam and Eve where they walked and talked with God. And so the saying that we enter back into the presence of God, as it were, and for those who enter into the spirit world and into that realm of paradise it's a place of rest, it is a place of peace. (Alma 40:12) And to those who are faithful, the Garden is symbolic of the temple. And so those who are faithful enter, as it were, into the temple or the paradise of God to await resurrection.

Are those who have died in a state of bondage? Yes they are. In the sense that they are without their physical body. All who have died are without their physical body and are in a state of bondage waiting for the resurrection.

Jesus Christ as the prophets of old proclaimed was to go to the spirit world and to release the prisoners, open the prison doors and set free those who were held captive. (Isaiah 61:1; John 5:25-29; 1 Peter 3:18-20; Joseph Smith Translation) This he did, the just having been put to death for the unjust, or us. He went to the spirit world and taught the Gospel there, or initiated the teaching of the Gospel among the spirits. (Doctrine and Covenants 138)

That work continues on in the spirit world, and just by way of understanding, if you want to know what it's like on the other side of the veil let me just give you this key. All things that are temporal, or physical, or mortal are in the likeness of those things which are spiritual. It is not difficult to see beyond the veil, or to understand the other side of the veil, at least in part, if you understand that it's not a whole lot different than it is here. The major difference is, that for those who are faithful, they no longer have to struggle with the adversary, to contend with him. There is greater life, there is greater knowledge, there is greater understanding.

If you want to know what Grandma is doing, she is with the family there just like was sung in the song "Going Home," Mother's there, Father's there waiting too, all the friends I knew." Grandma's in that association. When we were born here there was a family to greet us, so: it is when we pass through the veil. No one passes through without somebody there to meet them and greet them. And Grandma has been met and she will continue to enjoy the reunion, that glorious reunion, with her father and mother and with our Grandpa, and with the loved ones who have gone before. And she will be satisfied with that. That is something that all of us one day will look forward to.

Every person will pass through the veil of death. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (I Corinthians 15:22) And the day will come in the process of time when we will be resurrected because Jesus Christ was resurrected. (2 Nephi 2) Now unless Jesus is the Christ, unless he is the Savior and Redeemer of mankind, unless he is the literal Son of God, unless all these things are true, there is no resurrection, then all I have said is not true. But it is true. Jesus is the Christ. He is the Son of God and he broke the bands of death and because of his atonement all mankind will be resurrected.

It is the work and glory of God the Eternal Father "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life" of all mankind. (Moses 1:39) "Immortality" meaning the resurrection. "Eternal life" meaning the kind and quality of life we enjoy there, with the Father and the Son, predicated on obedience to the Gospel of Jesus Christ while here in mortality.

As you remember, on one occasion, following the crucifixion and resurrection the disciples were sitting in a closed room. Christ appeared and those who were there "Were terrified and affrighted and supposed that they had seen a spirit." He silenced their fears saying, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands

and my feet. That it is I myself." And then that great invitation, "Handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." (Luke 24:36-40) We will have through the resurrection, physical bodies and perfected bodies. (Alma 40:23; Phillipians 3:21) That was but one testimony of resurrection of which there were many.

Another great testimony of Christ's resurrection occurred on this American continent when he appeared to those who were faithful here. He invited a number to come up, and the number who came up and "did see with their eyes and did feel with their hands, and did know of a surety" was 2,500, all bearing testimony that he was resurrected and that he lived. (3 Nephi 11:15; 17:25) And because he lived we also shall live.

There is another testimony in our own time. The testimony of a young boy in this dispensation who was driven by concern and question into a grove of trees. There, Joseph Smith, a young boy, knelt down in humble prayer and pled with God the Eternal Father until the Heavens were parted, and there stood before him the Father and the Son, a testimony in our own day and time of a resurrected Jesus Christ. (Joseph Smith History 1:14-17) And on another occasion in the temple in Kirkland, on April 3, 1836, Joseph, along with Sidney Rigdon, saw God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ, a "testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God." (Doctrine and Covenants 76: 22-23) Now that is our testimony as a family. That is the faith of our parents.

Just prior to Dad's dying I went to the hospital with the family to see him. It was the last time I saw him. It was a couple of days before he died and I asked him, "Dad, when I think of the family, of my brothers and sisters, and how much I love them, and how good they are, all of them, and I think of my own family, our eight children to raise, how did you do it? How did you and Mama do it? What did you do? What was the secret to raising them?" And I listened to Dad as he said very simply, "John, I don't know. I don't know how we did it. I guess we just loved you." It was not too long ago in the nursing home I asked

Mother the same question, "Mom, how did you and Daddy do it? How did you raise 16 kids who are kind and who are good and who love each other." And Mother said, "John, I don't know, son, I don't know how we did it, I guess we just loved you." It's interesting to me that they both said exactly the same thing, and I suppose there's no greater power in all the earth, or in all eternity, in all the universe greater than the power of love and the influence it has in our lives. I pray that we will continue to bear forth the feelings of love which was instilled in our hearts at the knees of our parents, particularly our mother, and that it will be a significant part and memory of our lives that we may ever be bound together by that in mortality that we might enjoy it forever in immortality, and that we might have the blessings that can come from that.

Now, in conclusion, Job said, "I know that my Redeemer lives." Remember it was he who asked, "If a man die shall he live again?" And then he bore this testimony, "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after skin worms destroy this body, yet in the flesh shall I see God." (Job 19: 25-26) I know that's true as you do, and I'm grateful for that knowledge. I am grateful for that testimony in a world that has lost the vision, who wanders in darkness at midday and is struggling in that mist of darkness of the adversary that covers the face of the earth.

I'm so grateful for a mother that cared enough to teach us that God lives and that Jesus is the Christ. In our lives all is well because we have learned for ourselves that God is our Eternal Father, that we are his offspring. All is well because we have learned for ourselves, from our parents, from our mother, that Jesus is the Christ, He is the Messiah, the Anointed One, He is the Savior of the world. It is He who was crucified, who died and who was resurrected, and who will come again and reign on this earth as "King of kings, and Lord of lords" (Timothy 6:15) and Mother knew it. All is well because we have learned for ourselves that there has been a "restoration" of the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ spoken, as Peter said, "By the mouth of all the

holy prophets since the world began," (Acts 3:21) meaning that all the holy prophets since Adam have spoken of the day or restoration of truth that would occur prior to the second coming of Jesus Christ. All is well because we have learned for ourselves that in that restoration the prophet of that restoration was Joseph Smith, foreordained before the foundation of the earth as were other prophets to fulfill that commission and mission to bring back to the earth the truths that were lost, for the blessing and benefit of all of Father's children, all who will hear. All is well because in that restoration the truth and the doctrine of the eternal world was also taught that all Father's children who have ever lived on the earth, who do now live, or whoever will live will hear the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ, either in this mortal state or in the spirit world prior to judgement and resurrection, and have a chance to act upon that with full knowledge. All is well because there lives on this earth today, at the head of the Kingdom of God, a prophet who is the mouthpiece of the Lord in this day and time to all the world. One who receives the direction of the Lord and proclaims it in preparation for the second coming. The kingdom will go forth, and his children will be blessed.

Dad, and Mother had learned by study, prayer, experience, and the Holy Spirit these Eternal truths. They loved mankind. Mother's love wasn't just restricted to her family. She had that nobility of the spirit that is characteristic of the Savior, that all people are worth loving. She was a gracious woman. She was certainly a Queen in my father's home. That doesn't mean everyone was always perfect. She will go on with my father to learn and become all that they can become, to receive all of the blessings that they should receive and can receive, and we, if we are faithful, we will have the opportunity of being an eternal family with eternal association forever and ever. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Comments: Bishop Harvey Long

In the interest of time I believe that I will not detract from the words that have been delivered here this morning. I will be very brief in my closing comments and just try to focus as we prepare ourselves to leave here this morning knowing that our dear sister's body will be put to rest, challenging those of us that are here on what we can do and what we can gain from the accomplishments that sister Sanders gained in her life. Her daughter read a beautiful eulogy that in the funerals I've been to I don't think I remember one that could quite list those accomplishments. John, in his wonderful understanding of the Gospel, has comforted us in the united knowledge that we have about the truths that are related to our Savior, the resurrection and the atonement. As Paul pointed out to the Corrinthians that the grave is without it's sting. Wherein then, can I challenge you this morning? When the loving son approached his father and he approached his mother and asked them the time immemorial question of how they accomplished the task that they had done, it entered my mind that perhaps one way they did it was, as they received nourishment from this earth, from the elements of this earth, there was a two fold thing that was going on. The very elements that they took into their bodies were in essence leading them to death because we are in a mortal existence and death is part of it, As her body before us testifies this morning. As John also pointed out the spirit of those two individuals were there and as I review the type of life that Arvilla led it becomes very clear to me that that spirit dominated the earthly elements that made up and nourished and fed her body. To a degree that when Arvilla had an ounce of energy it was devoted to the things that she knew she was sent here to do. She did not curtail under criticism or under threat, but went on with the great purpose of her life to bear many children. Also the memories that you have of her are kind and filled with the sweet and wonderful things we want to know and remember of a mother, a grandmother, and a greatgrandmother. These things took energy to do. When she had the strength and the energy,

she always did things for others. And that's the secret, that's how it's done. That's the challenge that we then have before us this morning. And we the living go on partaking of the elements of this earth that are corrupt. How do we then put aside that corruption so that we might prepare ourselves to be raised in incorruption? Because if we do not do it as our God has done in this life, I can't see in my knowledge of the Gospel how it can be done in another life, and I challenge us all to use our energies to exemplify and always remember her life and do the things that we were sent here to do and I pray for that humbly in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Congregational Hymn

Oh My Father

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

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

I had learned to call thee Father, Thru thy spirit from on high,
But, until the key of knowledge Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heav'ns are parents single? No, the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal Tells me I've a mother there.

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

Benediction

James H. Sanders

Our kind, gracious Father in Heaven, we humbly bow our heads before thee at the conclusion of Mother's funeral and give thee thanks for this opportunity that we have had of knowing Mother, of knowing her sweet spirit and great love for us. We're grateful for the love of our brothers and sisters for that love which we share with one another. We're grateful for our mother, for the things that she taught us, for the example she has shown us in living the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We pray Father in Heaven, that we may follow in her footsteps, and show great love to our children, that they may know the eternal truths from thee, in an atmosphere of love. We pray also at this time, Father, for those who have to travel home long distances, that they may do so in safety. This we ask in the name of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Dedication of the grave:

Bill Sanders

This prayer was not clear enough on the tape to transcribe because of wind on the microphone.

Final Comments

Bishop Long

We again appreciate the events of the day and the chance that we have had to again ponder the memories of Sister Arvilla Sanders. Again I'm appreciative of the spirit you've displayed as a family. It's a great testimony to me of the truthfulness of the Gospel and I can guarantee you that the prayers that have been offered and the things that have been said will be answered. As John pointed out to us that she is so happy where she is, and we do have that comfort and that knowledge as we do the final things to prepare and put her body into the ground.