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Funeral Services for

ORPHA MORRIS

October 16, 1974

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

Held at the St. George First Ward chapel on Wednesday, October 16,  
1974, at 1:30 p.m.

Pallbearers:	J. Michael Cottam	Gordon Heaton
	H. John Hafen	Greg Heaton
	Kim Hafen	Scott W. McArthur

Prelude and Postlude . . . . .	D'On Snow
Officiating . . . . .	Evan Guy Tobler
Family Prayer . . . . .	J. Michael Cottam
Vocal Duet . . . . .	Rudger McArthur & D'On Snow
Invocation . . . . .	Richard Morris
Speaker . . . . .	James A. Andrus
Song . . . . .	Nephews, acc. by D'On Snow
Speaker . . . . .	Ralph Morris
Vocal Solo . . . . .	Howard Putnam, acc. by Martine Putnam
Benediction . . . . .	Merrill Kunz

Interment in the St. George City Cemetery.

Dedicatory prayer offered by M. Kay Heaton.

ORPHA MORRIS

Evan Guy Tobler

Today we meet together to pay tribute and respect to one of the choice spirits of our Father in Heaven, one who has spent many years here on earth and lived a good life, a woman of courage, a woman of determination, a woman who stood up for the things she thought to be right. Andrew Jensen made this statement, and I think it fits Sister Orpha very well. He said, "The real acid test of courage is to be just your honest self when everybody is trying to be like someone else." I think a great lesson can be learned from that statement, and if we could implement that into our lives I'm sure that our lives would be made better.

At this time I would like to express appreciation to the family, to those who have shown any kindness, who are here or who may not be here; they deeply appreciate that.

Our services today have been outlined by the family. They will proceed as they have been printed, with one addition, and that is that between the speakers there will be a musical number by the nephews of Sister Morris. They will sing, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," accompanied by Sister D'On Snow.

Rudger McArthur and D'On Snow, accompanied by D'On Snow

*I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN*

*I'll take you home again, Kathleen,  
Across the ocean wild and wide.  
To where your heart has ever been,  
Since first I won you for my bride.  
The smiles that once you gave to me,  
I scarcely ever see them now;  
But many and many a time I see  
A dark'ning shadow o'er your brow.*

Chorus

*O, I'll take you to your home, Kathleen,  
To where your heart will feel no pain;  
And when the fields are fresh and green,  
I will take you to your home again.*

*To that dear home beyond the sea,  
My Kathleen shall again return.  
There where the old folks welcome thee,  
Thy loving heart shall cease to yearn.  
For sweeter sings the silv'ry stream,  
Beside your mother's humble cot;  
Where brighter rays of sunlight gleam,  
There all your grief will be forgot.*

*I know you love me, Kathleen dear,  
Your heart is very fond and true.  
I always feel when you are near,  
That life holds nothing dear but you.  
The roses all have left your cheek,  
I've watched them fade away and die;  
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak,  
And tears bedim your loving eye.*

#### Richard Morris - Invocation

Our Father in heaven, as we approach thee in these final moments of mortal life to give respect to Aunt Orpha, we acknowledge before thee our love and appreciation for this good woman--a woman who has donated and given and spent her life in the service of others, particularly those in her immediate family; one who has forsaken those things which we as mortals are called upon this earth to accomplish, with the idea of service and a capacity deep within her to help someone else who perhaps needed her help more than she needed the physical life that most of us are confronted with; one who has dedicated herself to help someone who has been less fortunate, particularly her mother; and one who has never to my knowledge begrudged a moment spent in any way.

I particularly am grateful to Aunt Orpha and express my gratitude, belatedly, for the many years that I was privileged to live in her home as a young boy, for the teaching, for the meals, for the clothes, for advice, for all these things that were made necessary due to a situation in our own family. Truly she has been an important part of my life, and always too late we acknowledge these things.

We pray, Father, that thou wilt bless the spirit of Aunt Orpha, as was mentioned at the prayer at the mortuary, that those things which she refrained from and held back from in this mortal life would be granted to and given to her in the spiritual world. Truly she is deserving of all thy blessings.

Now we pray that thy spirit would be with those who are to be a part of this service this afternoon that those things either through word or music would be edifying to those of us who are here, that would bring to mind and help us to more truly appreciate the life which perhaps at times in loneliness but was, nevertheless, dedicated

to life itself would be felt here this afternoon. This is our prayer, and we ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Jim Andrus

My dear brothers and sisters, literally I feel just like a brother to all of these nieces and nephews and cousins. It seems, my brothers and sisters, that we've been called upon quite often the last year, about five times, to meet in similar occasions. I trust that the prayer that was offered by Bishop Dick will be offered in my behalf, that I might speak with the spirit and say those things which are in my heart.

I'm grateful for the opportunity to express myself and my appreciation for Orpha and for her goodness. As long as I can remember probably anything, I can remember Orpha. And as I think back on these occasions, I think of her waiting on this one and that one. As you know, Orpha was one of ten children of Uncle Alex and Aunt Ettie. Sister Ruth is the last one, and I pray the blessings of our Father in heaven to be with her today to give her strength and vitality until her purposes are fulfilled here on the earth. May she be able to enjoy health and the spirit of our Heavenly Father to comfort her and give her strength.

Now for a woman who didn't have any children, I think Aunt Orpha had about as big a family as most of us. As I saw all of these nieces and nephews file into this building today, and I think of the part that Orpha played, and the part of her good mother and dad, I want to speak briefly right there before I go further. It was a great occasion when Uncle Alex with that long beard would come with that five-gallon can of honey and that plate of honeycomb every once or twice a year to bring over to mother and sit and visit. They were good people, every one of them.

And now, as I look at Orpha's life, it's been a life of service to her fellowmen. Her entire life has been one of service. And sometimes I look at someone like Orpha and I wonder how they take it. It seems I have a lot around me, never too alone, but yet there's times when you are alone. And Orpha's had those times.

I was talking to Sister Bessie the other day, and she said, "Don't mention my name," but she said, "you know, as I look back, as I look back on Orpha, she meant so many firsts in my life." She said, "She taught me in the telephone office at my first job." She knew Ruth Johnson; and they went to Salt Lake, and Bessie said, "That was my first trip to Salt Lake. Later we went to California. It was my first trip to California, with Orpha." And then she expressed herself of how thorough and how neat and complete a young lady Orpha was. Now it was on this trip to California, about that time, that Orpha went down there to get a job.

And before this I should state when you think about the telephone office, it took a good memory in those days because there wasn't any books, and somebody would call up and say, "give me . . ." and Orpha had it all down in her head.

She's been a servant throughout the years. And so on this trip to California I think she anticipated finding employment there, get a change of scenery. That is about the time her mother took ill. And I think of all the hours that she spent, along with the other family, because they were all close by . . . Ruth, Orpha, Sister Leah, Clare . . . Nettie, they were all close by. And when I stop to think about it, she came back and took care of this one and that one.

And as I see the family and see the young people and heard Dick's prayer, when his dad died and Orpha stepped in there to help out, as each one has come and gone. Think of the weeks and months and years that she was on the job with Leah and Wilford; as Lloyd went by she's been a strength to Lillian and her girls; to the Foster girls and boys, they've had a home to come to if they ever came to town, and they did; the Picketts. And when I think of each one of the families, I think of the devotion that they showered upon Aunt Orpha. And your presence here today tells me that you have loved her.

She had some qualities that few people have. She was different, but I enjoyed visiting there in her home. But she had the know-how of staying close to these nieces and nephews. And you know, it wasn't too easy, either. When I look back and think of how she tried to help Aunt Izzie Hardy out, and Uncle Sherm. And you know Aunt Izzie, sometimes she could get in your hair. But it's just been a life of service, right straight through.

And as I started to sum up what was probably her greatest characteristic, I think of the gospel, what is it? the gospel of light, the gospel of truth? Now Orpha told me, she said, "I never knew much about the Church." She told me this within the last year or two. She said, "I should have learned more when I was a child, but it didn't seem like we done very much of it in our home, although it was a good home." But I think they've got this one thing. You know in this day and age we're in a predicament in government and individually where we're having problems with one another's character. I think of the story of the fillet of souls. Now you know that a fillet of sole is a fish with the backbone taken out of it. But there's fillet of other souls--s-o-u-l. And in this day and age, not only in government, but in businesses, selfishness exists, and there's not much backbone in some of them to do that which is honest and right. And when I think about Orpha, and I think about Clare, and I think about the others. Clyde Graff told me one time, he said, "You know, if Clare needed one nail at home, he'd pay for it at Pickett's or he wouldn't take it."

You couldn't get the best of Orpha. It was impossible. I'd try to do little things occasionally for her. But the next week or so here'd come a cream pie or something like that. She wanted to pay her way. I tried to give her a home evening manual. She said, "I don't know whether I'll read it." And I said, "Yes, you are; you're going to read that manual," I said, "it has some good thoughts in it." Well, she says, "If I am, I'm going to pay for it." That was Orpha--she was independent, and she didn't want to depend on anyone. She wanted to do her part.

And so as I look back over the history of time, and I think of the time that the Saints met with President VanBuren and told him of their plight and their hardships and their treatment, and then he didn't have backbone enough, and it'll ring down through all history, he didn't have backbone enough to do anything about it. He just said, "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you." That was a fillet of soul, with no backbone. And so as we go on down through time, as we think of a fellow like John Hancock who, when he was signing the Declaration of Independence, wrote his name in extry-large letters. He said he wanted it so the King of England could read it without his glasses. They were proud people. And when I think of Patrick Henry, in Virginia there, and when he made the statement, "Give me liberty or give me death!" That's what's made our country, brothers and sisters. And honesty is what's going to bring us back. And this is where I want to push for Orpha, is her honesty.

She might have been a little abrupt when she said something to you, but they enjoyed her around those quilts. When you think of all the handwork she's produced. I guess as long as I can remember, Orpha has been making, I guess 52 years she's been making, having that hemstitching, and it was kind of peanuts when you think of all that work; and she was so neat in her work. But all of those lovely temple aprons that she produced and hemstitched around, and there wasn't any finer.

Just recently Susan, who's in London, had the opportunity to go to the temple with a group of people who had come up in the mission field, and they asked her to go. And when she was there, why she happened to have this veil on that Orpha had made for her, so she writes this letter back to Orpha, and she says, "Oh, I was so proud, and I want to give thanks to you--they couldn't get over the beautiful work. They seemed to think I had the most beautiful veil on in the temple at London." And so she said, "Isn't it great that your work has come clear over here!" Well, she's done the same for each one of the nieces and nephews.

And as you think about this fillet of soul, those without spine to speak up and say what you want, sometimes we palaver over one another to the extent it gets sickening. Not Orpha; when she said something she meant every word she said.

What do you think Martin Luther, where would we have been without some reformer like Martin Luther, if he hadn't spoken up when the Catholic Church started selling indulgences? And he burnt his excommunication papers in public. He wasn't afraid to denounce the Catholic Church, because he believed in his own conviction. And then when you think about President Lincoln and the situation he was under, knowing it was a bad time for him, defeat looked imminent, and then he made this great statement, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Brothers and sisters, there's been so much apple-polishing of late in this day and age; it's probably one game that's used more than golf or any other game that they play. Apple-polishing--going the way the wind blows, not setting our own sails to go the direction we know to be right. And Orpha stood on what she believed. If she didn't believe it, she wouldn't say it. She wasn't like, you remember when the Indians used to come around for flour or something, you'd say, "Are you a Mormon?" They'd say, "What are you?" "Well, we're Mormons." "So am I, then." That's politics. And they'd get what they'd want throughout the country. And that's what's carried on too much, too much loose-spined people.

Now I'm not criticizing you people here, because you're choice people. That isn't my intent, but I'm stating the fact that Orpha was one of those souls who believed in doing good the way she knew it, and each one of these nieces and nephews would testify, they've all had a share in her doing.

Her neighbors are going to miss her. Sister Gubler, I think it was only a year or so ago that Sister Orpha quit turning in the water for Sister Gubler.

Well, as time marches on, I'm sure that she's happy, and I'm sure that things will be taken care of. I'm not worried about her at all because I think sometimes we stress some things so much like tithing and fast offering and word of wisdom and all of these things that when we get down to one or two of the brass tacks such as charity, "If ye have not charity ye are nothing," the Lord said.

And so we have to give a lot of credit to Orpha for the way she lived and the way she was able to take care of herself, keep her head above water. Someone said she seemed like she was indestructible, but I guess she was--Enid said. Well, she was indestructible because she kept her head up, she minded her own business, she went back to her Heavenly Father just as morally clean as the day she came. She has a lot of blessings awaiting her. And so, my brothers and sisters, on this side of the veil we labor for our salvation and we do all we can. The only difference is that while we are here we are subject to pain and sorrow, while on the other side we are free from affliction of every kind. Now I'm sure that's going to be Orpha's lot.

"When mourning the loss of our departed friends," and this is by Wilford Woodruff, "I cannot help but think that in every death



there is a birth. The spirit leaves the body dead to us and passes to the other side of the veil, alive, to that great and noble company that are also working for the accomplishment for the purposes of God. In the redemption and salvation of a fallen world there'll be plenty to do." Think of nine brothers and sisters, mother and dad, grandmas and grandpas, aunts and uncles, cousins and nephews and nieces, all of those people whos lives Orpha has touched will be there to greet her.

And I want you to know, my brothers and sisters, I have a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For if in this life only we have hope, we'd be of all men most miserable. As in Adam all men die, even so in Jesus Christ shall all be made alive. And that's my testimony to you today, that the Lord's purposes will be fulfilled as part of the plan if we but do his will and keep his commandments. And I testify to you that if we want to be happy in this life it's best to accept, because we are blessed with the mouthpiece of God here on the earth, president and prophet of the Church, who, under the direction of our Heavenly Father, leads us and directs us; and if we will heed and follow that counsel we're not going to go astray--not one of us--we're going to be happy. As Christians can we honestly do less? The Lord heareth the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart and savest such as be of a contrite heart. May our Father in heaven bless each one of us that we might emulate and put into our lives the qualities that Sister Orpha has so well lived.

Life is a book made up of days, each one of us writes one. It's opened when we come to earth and closed when life is done. No pen but ours ever touches it. In our own way we write, whether we fail or whether we succeed, turn the page at night, and there's no erasing it to add or take away. The yesterdays are counted closed, sealed in a white or gray. The morning gives another sheet that's broad and very white, and oh, how glorious to have another chance to write. No battles there too small to show, no good that's ever lost. All that we do goes into life's book in black and white embossed.

I bear you my testimony that the Lord lives; he answers prayers; he is a loving Father. And I bear you this testimony that if we'll do our part we'll never have to worry, but our purposes here in life will be fulfilled. I think Orpha was blessed. I talked to her. The thing that was worrying Orpha most was this time in life--she didn't want to be dependent on someone else. And so I think the Lord's been good to her to take her. She's lain a little while, but not long. And I'm sure there was some suffering, but not much. And so she's been blessed. And I pray his blessings upon each and every one of us, and I do it humbly, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Nephews, accompanied by D'On Snow

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

*The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know.  
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest.  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed;  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.*

*Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,  
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear.  
Thy rod shall defend me; thy staff be my stay;  
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near;  
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.*

*In the midst of affliction my table is spread,  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er.  
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head.  
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?  
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?*

Ralph Morris

Her death speaks to us of sadness and the coming of the winter. The emptiness within us now, it seems to never end; and the dreams that have escaped her, and the hopes that she's forgotten. We tell you that we love her, we don't want to see this end. And we wonder where we're going, where's the rhyme and where's the reason, and sometimes we can't accept it is here. We must begin to seek the wisdom of the children and the graceful way of flowers in the wind. Yes, the children and the flowers were her fine sons and her sweet daughters. Now their laughter and their loveliness can clear this cloudy day. Like the music of the mountains and the colors of the rainbow, they are a promise of the future and a blessing for today, which is a day in need of blessing as we bid goodbye to our Aunt Orpha and reflect with fond remembrance on the many things she was to us.

For me, personally, the death of Aunt Orpha is very much the end of an era. For inseparably linked in my childhood memories of St. George are Val and Grandpa Morris, Uncle R. A. and Aunt Orpha. Somehow all four special people have remained alive for me in Aunt Orpha, and particularly since Grandpa died she has been the remaining link to that past for me. Surely I am not the best qualified to speak of Aunt Orpha, for I was only twelve years old when we moved away from St. George. My memories may vary from someone else's, and, in fact, my facts may vary from actuality, but my feelings for Aunt Orpha are, nonetheless, authentic, and the spirit of my reflections deep and true.

The first concrete remembrance I had of Aunt Orpha is that of a Christmas eve which must have been some twenty-five years ago. As she often did, she had said that she had something for me, and would I come to her place. I had not yet learned to read, but she took two parcels and explained that one was for me, and the other for John. If I could read which was for me, I could have it. I'm sure that she must have helped me, for I ended up with the present, which was a bathrobe she had sewn for me.

Then one of my most recent remembrances of her occurred the last time my wife and boys visited with Aunt Orpha. No sooner were we settled in her living room than out came her coin purse with her invitation for my sons to come and see what she had for them. Any one of us knows the answer--of course it was money for the children. It struck me so strongly then as she handed them some money, as she had done so often to me, that now the full circle had come to pass. I wonder if she knew that seeing her hand the coins to my son meant more to me than all the coins of yesterday she had put in my childhood hand, for now I understood it was love she was offering all of us, for all of those unselfish years, not nickels, not dimes, not even bathrobes or temple aprons, but love which was so pure that she gave even to those who were too young to comprehend. Without knowing it, I am sure, she wrote indelible marks on my soul, for I will always recall her fondly when I see coins in my children's tiny hands.

Darting through my childhood memories also are faded glimpses of three canvas folding chairs used by R. A., Orpha, and me to sit outside the house watching the soapbox derby race down the hill. Her seedless grapes were excellent, even if she did save the most attractive bunches for someone else. And I remember an excursion hunting watercress with Aunt Orpha. She grew good pecans and apricots and even sage for Thanksgiving turkeys. Her house was always and forever will remain for me a delight. I have never seen so high a bed as I remember her having, nor do I know anyone else who actually used a pedestal telephone. She was unswerving in her ways. No matter if the whole world called my dad Hap, he was Howard to her.

And woe be unto him who failed to thank for a gift, whether from her or from someone else. I think it was this grand sense of propriety, of doing things right, that was part of her charm, and at least I associate it with her, and with the era which her passing almost closes. It was good to be reminded in our day of plastic and sales pitches and insurmountable hurry that there was a time, and maybe once again could be, when right was right and true was true.

If propriety was half, then the other part of her charm was her open and straightforwardness. Aunt Orpha said what she meant, and meant what she said. Perhaps she was not always right, but she was always honest. I admire her truthfulness and respect her for not putting on a show to fool, to impress, or to profit some people.

I cannot help but wonder how truly lonely her life must have been in the quiet moments, the yearning times, and on those days when most people have their parents, their children, or their spouses to care, to help, to heal. To my knowledge Aunt Orpha never complained of this, but as Aunt Ruth said, she has known few pleasures outside her home, and in large measure, those alone.

In thinking over what I know of Aunt Orpha, I was struck by the many things I do not know--I cannot say that I know whether she was a democrat or a republican, religious or not religious. I can't name her favorite song, nor do I know her best-liked food. In short, the obvious things we learn about people we meet were not important to know about Aunt Orpha, because we knew, above all, that she was she and that she loved those of us who are her family. I do know that she lived out her 82 years in service to others. I could not visit with Aunt Orpha without hearing of someone who was ill, someone who was recently recovered, or someone she suspected of being ill. She was concerned of others' welfare and spent uncounted hours tending to the sick and helping to make them well.

And as she lived so excellently I feel that I can see that she died well, also. How blessed surely was that morning when she awoke before the dawn to see how peacefully and quietly she had left her world to us. She must have laughed her laugh that echos still in my young ears to know the wisdom of the ages was hers for the price of little pain and a few final tears. She had feared not death, but the years of waiting helplessly for it. And it was of great concern to her what would become of her when she could no longer care for herself. How thankful we can be that she was spared that agony and that quickly and with dignity she slipped into eternity. How grateful, also, to have known she loved and lingered with us, to have seen the beauty of her soul and to have known the beauty of her handiwork.

Let not the waves of the sea separate us now and the years you have spent in our midst become a memory. You have walked among us as spirit, and your shadow has been a light upon our faces. Much have we loved you, but speechless was our love, and with veils it has been veiled. Yet now it cries aloud to you and would stand revealed before you, and ever has it been that love knows not its own death until the hour of separation.

May God be with you, Aunt Orpha, until we meet again, is our prayer, with thankfulness for the wonder of your life and the joy you have given us, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Howard Putnam, accompanied by Martine Putnam

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN

*Our father which art in Heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,  
In earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And forgive us our debts  
As we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from all evil,  
For thine is the kingdom,  
And the power and the glory forever,  
Amen.*

Merrill Kunz - Benediction

Our beloved Father in heaven, as we in humility bow our heads at the close of this beautiful service, where much has been expressed in beautiful music and testimony and word, truly grateful we are to attend this service for Aunt Orpha, grateful for the spirit that has been here. Our Father in Heaven, as we hear this day with our cheeks moistened with our tears, our hearts full of sorrow at the passing of Aunt Orpha, may we be touched with her true greatness, of forbearance and strength, patience, honesty, and with a smile and humor.

Father in heaven, I am grateful for those moments and opportunities in the presence of Aunt Orpha in my lifetime, for these things, these precious attributes and these precious things that she emulated I've felt and was taught. I'm grateful for her hospitality, grateful for her example, and those things she left with my children and my good wife.

Now, Father in heaven, bless us all that we might draw closer unto thee in our efforts here in mortality, that we might endure as Sister Orpha did, unto the end, with an example that's very, very high among men here upon the earth--things that come from long service, those things that come from time, through facing life and the trials of life--the strength that comes from knowledge of suffering, experience. May we all be strengthened this day.

Inasmuch as we move from this chapel to the cemetery now, we again pray for thy spirit to be with us, that we might pass before thee in safety and that all might go well with those who are so close to Aunt Orpha in the days to come, and to appreciate her life and be able to gain much from her.

Again, we're grateful for this service and this time together in this beautiful setting, friends and relatives, And we do this humbly and say these things in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

## OBITUARY

Orpha Morris was born April 3, 1892, at St. George, Utah. She was the daughter of Richard Alexander Morris and Henrietta Adams Morris.

Aunt Orpha spent her early childhood working on her father's farm in the Washington fields. She attended school in St. George and learned her dressmaking skills at the Keister School of Dressmaking at Salt Lake City. Miss Morris was one of the first telephone operators in St. George and will be remembered for her quick wit and courteous conversation by all those who knew her. The fifteen years she spent working at the Bank of St. George were a pleasure and a joy to Aunt Orpha and her many associates.

She devoted years to the care of her father and mother and has always been thoughtful of her family members and friends. Gifts from her kitchen and products of her fabric craft were items long to be cherished by those who received them. For many years she operated the only hemstitching machine in St. George and will long be remembered for the professional quality of her handwork and hemstitching.

Aunt Orpha died October 14, 1974. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. E. J. (Ruth) Pickett and eighteen nieces and nephews. Funeral services will be held Wednesday, October 16, in the St. George 1st, 3rd, and 10th ward chapel. Viewing will be at the Metcalf Funeral Home from noon until time of service.