

Funeral Services of J. C. Stone, July 30, 1954

Sugar Ward Chapel.

"Largo," Organ March, played by Miss Maurine Kinghorn.

"I need Thee Every Hour,"--Choir. Directed by Christian Schwendiman.  
Prayer--Ephraim Ricks.

"See how the Morning Sun,"--Choir.

Services conducted by Bishop Charles O. Hamilton.

The speakers for the services will be Brother M. L. Davis,  
Brother Fred Pincock, and Brother D. Rolla Harris.

Mr. L. Davis:

I hope that I may be able to control my feelings and that I may be blessed by our heavenly father so that the few minutes that I may take may be profitable to us. It has been my good fortune to be acquainted with Brother James for more than thirty years, and during that time, I have worked with him on many different kinds of assignments, and it has always been a pleasure to know that this companion was a man of the type of Jim Stone.

Really to know Jim Stone was merely to honor and respect him for the high ideals that he had in life. He had the spirit of helpfulness always with him. I don't think there was ever a public request made of him in any way that he didn't take hold of it as he would any other work that he undertook to do, and he did it in the very best way he knew how.

During my acquaintance I have had many dealings with him of almost every name and nature and during that time and in all those dealings he has proved himself to be honest and upright, and to me that is one of the greatest things in a strong character that one might possess. He was trustworthy in everything that he was asked to do and he always had a desire to help in everything that came his way. As I think of it I really feel that this world is much better for the life that Brother Stone lived while here, and I am sure that my life has been made much better by his acquaintanceship and friendship.

I doubt if there was any man at any time who has ever had reason to question that Brother Stone had taken any advantage of him in any way, and as a neighbor--they don't make better men nor better neighbors than Brother Jim. I have lived by him for a great number of years, associating with him in every way, and while it is true on many occasions our houses were apart, yet Jim was very close and particularly when he knew there was something to be done--no matter what, he was there, ready and willing. He was the same under any and all conditions. He was just the same on Saturday as on Sunday or any other day of the week; the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow. He was a friend to everyone and this great congregation today bespeaks of his friendship. In fact to make his acquaintance meant that you were to be his friend and that he was to be your friend. And that brings me to the thing that you have often heard but to me means the philosophy of life that Jim Stone carried in his heart every day.

The House by the Side of the Road

Sam Walter Foss.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn in the place of their self content;

There are souls like stars, that dwell apart, in a fellowless firmament;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths where highways never run--  
But let me live by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, where the race of men  
go by--

The men who are good and the men who are bad, as good and as bad as I,

I would not sit in the scorner's seat, or hurl the cynic's ban--  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road, by the side of the highway  
of life,

The men who press with the ardor of hope, the men who are faint with  
the strife.

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears, Both parts of  
an infinite plan--

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead, and mountains of wearisome  
height;

That the road passes on through the long afternoon and stretches away  
to the night;

But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice, and weep with the stran-  
gers who moan,

Nor live in my house by the side of the road like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road, it's there the race of  
men go by;

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, Wise, fool-  
ish---so am I;

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat, or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

It is my testimony to you that everyday of his life that such a  
prayer as is contained in that little poem was in his heart and when I  
say it was in his heart, I mean to tell you that he lived just that way  
because he was a friend to man. No matter where he came from, he was a  
friend to that man.

He was a real optimist, Jim Stone. It didn't make much difference  
what the trials were, I have seen him in all kinds, and yet he was  
always cheerful. I am sure that if he were here today, there would be  
a smile on his face no matter what the conditions. And now I want to  
read to you "Keep a-goin'" because that too means to me what he lived,  
what he expressed everyday of his life.

Keep a-Goin'

Frank L. Stanton

If you strike a thorn or rose,  
Keep a-goin'!  
If it hails or if it snows,  
Keep a-goin'!  
'Taint no use to sit and whine  
When the fish ain't on your line;  
Bait your hook and keep a-tryin'--  
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,  
Keep a-goin'!  
Though 'tis work to reach the top,  
Keep a-goin'!  
B'pose you're out o' ev'ry dime,  
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;  
Tell the world you're fooling prime--  
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,  
Keep a-goin'!  
Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
Keep a-goin'!

See the wild birds on the wing,  
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,  
When you feel like singin', sing--  
Keep a-goin'!

And even in his last days, he kept a-goin', when he knew to keep a-goin' was possibly not good for his health, but he couldn't help it. Just the day before this thing happened I met him and that genial smile came across his face--it's worth more than money, that smile. I would like to say, if I can say it in a worth-while way, to this wonderful family, that much character is a real part of their lives.

This appears to be a son's tribute to his father, and as I know these boys and these girls, it seems to me that this might have been written by any one of them. It is labelled, "To My Pal," and whether you know it or not, Jim Stone was a Pal to his boys and girls.

#### To My Pal

C. Emerson Tracy.

So long, Dad!  
I miss your great big smile.  
This parting's awful hard,  
But it's only for a while.  
The gay old world seems gray,  
And I'm feeling pretty blue,  
But I'm going to make the best of it,  
For that's just what you'd do.

You didn't stoop when despair said "Stop,"  
You didn't give in when gloom said "Give in;"  
You set your teeth and raised your head a bit,  
And started to "Grin," and "Grin," and "Grin."

I'm going to fight just like you'd fight;  
I'll cultivate your smile,  
So when Mother dear looks at me,  
She'll see you all the while.  
And when the reaper comes again,  
And my duties here are done,  
This gray old world at large will say--  
"Like the Father, so the Son."

I would like to close my remarks with just a prayer--a Man's Prayer.

#### A Man's Prayer

Teach me that 60 minutes make an hour, 16 ounces a pound and 100 cents a dollar. Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square and in earning it, that I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money. Blind me to the faults of others and reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal. Keep my young enough to laugh with little children and sympathetic and considerate of old age. And, when the day of darkening shadows comes, make the ceremony short and let me deserve the simple epitaph: "Here lies a Man."

And he always was just that. May our Father in Heaven bless this family, each and everyone of them, and particularly Sister Stone and these little boys and girls, that our Father may comfort them so that they may always see that light shining before them that is left by their Father. And I assure you boys that if you follow the line that runs

father left, you will never have a regret. May our Father bless you to this end, I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

"Largo," Violin Solo by Ronald Hammond.

Fred Fincock:

I hope that the prayer which was offered at the beginning of these services will be manifest in my behalf. I never before have been asked to perform a duty as hard as this one. I would much rather be classed among the mourners. This is one of those occasions when we wonder and ask ourselves--"What is the object of life? What are we here for?"

When Mr. Stone took his spirit to another shore, I wonder if there wasn't a happy reunion. I have an idea that there was almost a peal of bells in heaven, so glad was the rejoicing. Yet today we are here to pay our last respects to him. There is a law that comforts those who are left here. However that makes it no different; it still is so difficult to conquer those particular things.

I have a few notes that I have written down this morning while I have been thinking of the character of this man---just a few little things that will remind us of one of the greatest characters that has ever been with us.

The outstanding thing of his life was his astounding cheerfulness, as Mr. Davis has already spoken of it. No matter how bowed down with sorrow, he was, he kept that sorrow to himself, and right in the midst of his trouble, if you were to come upon him, he would flash that reassuring smile.

Brother Stone's life was like an open book. He believed in being honest, true, chaste. He had for his fellow-man an enormous love, forgiveness and charity. Charity is the thing that keeps relations and families so closely knit---charity for others ideas and feelings. It was this personal charity that Brother Stone had so fully.

The question has been asked: "Was Brother Stone religious?" Yes, 100%. He realized that there are bigger and better things than going to church, but when it comes to religion, he was 100% religious. Ask the Relief Society of this ward and see if he was religious. There was never a man who was more natural, who extracted every bit of worthy enjoyment out of life. What a joy life can be, when we laugh and the world gets the infectious spirit of laughter, and the world is a joyous place. There comes a time when the only thing worth while in life is living for the joys of making others happy. Mr. Stone carried the ability and the willingness constantly with him.

Mr. Stone's honesty was simply appealing. Some people have wars of getting out of paying debts here; but it is impossible to "Cheat the Gods." Mr. Stone, however, was just opposite. He was willing to give more than his share--go more than half way. He was the same way with work to be done.

I happened to be at the cabins the other day, when the boys were supposed to be cleaning the cabins. He walked down the row of cabins, inspecting them, to see that they were as he would like them. He went into one cabin. The coal bucket was not in quite the place he wanted it. He went into the next cabin, and the box which held the wood was standing there, but not in the right place. In another cabin, he found that the broom was in the opposite corner from the one in which it should have stood. When Brother Stone got the boys and took them with him to inspect those cabins. He showed them the defects in the ordinariness of the cabins. He said, "Now, boys, it's just a small matter, I know, but don't you think that this cabin would look a little better if the coal bucket were over here just a little farther; and this cabin, wouldn't that wood-box look nicer in this spot rather than that one? And this broom, I like it better in this corner, don't you? Boys, good enough just isn't good enough; it should be just a little bit better. No one likes a thing just good enough. Always make it just a little bit better. Now you boys go

back and finish your work." There was a lesson, and one of the most powerful ones I have ever seen. If you boys remember that, and if that lesson remains with you, so that you always give your very best effort, do the best piece of work you can, do it as nearly 100% perfect as you can, you will always be as well satisfied with yourself as others are with you. Good enough is not good enough. It should be just a little bit better.

A group of boys were planning to go on a picnic and pick berries. One small boy ran to his father and asked if he might go. His father assented, but said, "First, I want to ask you, Johnny, what are you going for?" Johnny thought a minute and replied, "To pick berries, Father." "Alright, son, but I want to tell you that the other boys will be running around continually, finding better bushes than the ones they were just picking from, and so on, but you find a good bush, and you sit down by that bush and pick berries. Don't go running off to what looks like a better one, stick to your bush." And as the day passed, it was just as his father had said. The boy remembered his father's words and when he got home at night, he had more berries than all the others. But when he got home, his father was gone, but always that boy will carry through his mind the lesson that he learned from his father on that day. When he comes up against a task, he will stick to it, and he will be sure to accomplish a lot more than most other people. Mr. Stone has taught his boys and girls that lesson, too, and the thing for them to do is to always remember it. Do as he did and be strong men and women, as he would have wished. May our Father bless this family and Mrs. Stone, this is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, Amen.

"In the time of Roses." Mixed Quartet. Director--C. Schwendiman.

Mr. D. Rolla Harris:

It has only been a short time, my brothers and sister, since I occupied this same position for another of our beloved people who has assembled with us on many occasions. I remember remarking at that time that it was a very hard task for me to control my feelings and say what I desired to say. It seems to me that that task has doubled up today and I am not quite sure that I will be able to fulfill the requirement which has been made of me by this family. Notwithstanding the hardness of the task, however, I do appreciate beyond words to express the gratitude of my heart, the knowledge of being numbered among their friends.

I have known Brother Stone and his family ever since they came to this country. If my memory serves me right, Brother Stone moved here in the year 1903; He purchased the little farm across the river on the north of us which is now owned and operated by Brother Henry Meyers. At that time, my brother and I were in business in the little village on the West and Brother Stone frequently came to our store, and I became acquainted with him. We found just such a man as the former speakers have portrayed to you in every particular. Cheerful, honest, upright in every detail of his life, and since word came that I was to say a few words on this occasion, there have been two thoughts running through my mind constantly: One was the lines of a poet and the other the words of the Master; Recorded among the poems of Edgar A. Guest, we find these words. I shall not take time to repeat the entire poem, but I shall repeat to you the first verse. It seems to me it was fulfilled to the very letter in the life of our beloved friend.

"I'd rather hear a sermon than to hear one, anytime."

Edgar A. Guest

Brother Stone was one of the greatest preachers of righteousness that this little village ever knew through his life of holiness and

uprightness and service to humanity.

The words of the Master we find recorded by Matthew,

"And when Jesus shall come in his glory with all his holy angels, then he shall sit upon the throne of his glory and there shall gathered together all the nations of the earth. And they shall be separated, as a shepherd separates his sheep from the goats. The righteous he shall sit on his right hand and the unrighteous shall he sit on the left hand. And he shall say to those on his right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of the Lord. Inherit the glories which have been prepared for you from the foundations of the earth.' To those who are unrighteous, he shall say, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, ye have no part in the Kingdom of God.' There was a question in the minds of those who sat on his right hand. And they questioned among themselves, and one of them said, 'Lord, wherefore is this?' and Jesus said to them on his right hand, 'I was hungry and you fed me. I was thirsty and you gave me drink. I was naked, and ye clothed me. I was in prison and ye visited me. I was sick and ye comforted me.' It was then that the questioning arose in the minds of the disciples on his right hand that wondered how they had administered to him in this manner. The spokesman said, 'When saw we thee sick and comforted thee; in prison and visited thee,' and so on and on. And Jesus said unto them: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

If there is anyone here in the sound of my voice that dares to say that Brother Stone hasn't fulfilled all these requirements, every one of them; visited the sick, gave of his substance to the poor, gave his time and talent for the erecting of houses in this village and he has made monuments that will never be erased. And time will not erase the monument that Brother Stone has made for himself and his family.

I remember very distinctly when his first wife passed away, about nineteen years ago, leaving a family of six children, four boys and two girls. No sadder thing can come to a man, but in the face of all this, Brother Stone was just exactly what the former speakers said he was: courageous, notwithstanding the fact that his heart was wrung to the core. He bore his troubles and I believe that is one thing that made him the dear, kind, affectionate father and husband which he was. I believe it improved him in the responsibility that fell upon him of acting as both mother and father that he developed and became a wonderful man, and was a wonder. And it is well known here he found one of the sweetest girls that lived in our community who was willing to share with him and step into the shoes of his former wife and be a mother to his children. God bless Sister Lorinda Virgin for her kindness. I know the boys of the former family will never forget her kindness and I know that they will deal right with her; share her lonely hours, if they would please their father and carry on to his satisfaction, and that is just what they will do. And the two families will not know the division. Now, my brothers and Sisters, I humbly pray that the Lord will bless them and he will make up to them that which they have sustained in the absence of Brother James. We will all miss him. Practically every eye in this house has been moistened with tears at the parting with Brother James. May the Lord Bless in a special manner Sister Stone, to give her strength as her day, that she may be able to take the place as fatherhood as well as motherhood---the same responsibility that fell on her husband---and be equal to the task.

I want to call your attention to his surroundings, his home, his cabins, known throughout this whole country--the tourists speak and remember about the wonderful manner in which Brother Stone carried on his cabins. I truly believe that there isn't another man as free from contamination with the evils of the day, with those things that we quite often see prevalent among men as Brother Stone was. That he kept himself aloof from all these things that dragged him down. May we keep in

mind his life, and may it be a monument of good to us and his family, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

At the request of the family, Sister Bennett from Shelley will now sing for us: "My Father Knows."

In behalf of the family we wish to thank each and every one who has taken part in these services and helped in any way with Brother Stone's death. It was a shock to everyone and everyone has been exceedingly kind to Sister Stone and her family and they desire to extend to you their gratitude for your kindness to them. After the singing of the choir we will ask Bishop Dredge of Malad to dismiss us, and the body will be taken to the Sugar City Cemetery. May the Lord bless Sister Stone and her family that they may acknowledge the hand of the Lord even in their sorrow, and that they may live to see the fulfillment of their hopes, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

"I Know that My Redeemer Lives," Choir. C. Schwendiman, director.