

Written by JACK Worthen, ID.0706

Jan 18, 1986

Dear Vicki Larry and family;

I am writing this letter to tell my thoughts about your grandfather, My "Daddy". As early as I can remember he was always trying to help me learn things that would benefit me and things that could bring happiness to me as well as others. He loved the out doors, nature, God's second book. He loved to step into the pages and smell all the aroma, listen to the trees grow, watch the seasons change, and understand that all was there for our enjoyment and education. Even the insects were his friends. I've seen him on many occasions allow a wasp to land on his hand so he could carry it out doors. He could name every tree that ever grew in his surroundings, and every spring flower, and knew where most of them got their names. He tried to teach me these things. Some I learned, others I carelessly didn't. I remember taking many walks in the woods. I guess that's where I learned to love to walk, especially in the woods or out where there are few people. In town he walked with enthusiasm and I could hardly keep up. Makes me think of the song, "Daddy, don't you walk so fast, slow down some cause you're making me run. Daddy, don't you walk so fast". But when we were in the country it was different. We walked slow and enjoyed it. He knew most every bird and the songs each sang. He loved and had compassion for all things great and small. Once, when our dog "Pepper" was up in years and too old to be fighting, he still had the instinct to protect what was his. Well, the other dogs got the best of him and Daddy found him somewhere with very bad wounds; In fact, he was all but dead. Guess who carried him home and nursed old "Pepper" for days, till he finally died, and then found just the right spot and buried him. Yes, your are right, it was your Grandpa. That word is so right for him, for he really was a "Grand Pa". He liked to tease us kids too. I was about eleven or twelve and just getting into the basketball craze. Dad had a welder make a steel whoop for me and he helped me put it up on the garage. Now all I needed was a basketball. I had used the neighbor's until we just about wore it out. It was a rubber one and our drive was made from cinders, so what I really needed was a leather outdoor ball. It was near Christmas and the church was having a party. I sure hoped I'd get a basketball, that's all I talked about. I know he must have been sick of hearing that all the time. Well, it came time for all the kids to open their presents. Disappointment of disappointments, No Basketball. I was so sad I think I was just about in tears. I knew we didn't have enough money for one, but I'd hoped anyway. I didn't notice daddy leave the room and then return, but he did, and all of a sudden I heard a Basketball bouncing and rolling across the floor towards me. Joy of Joys! He'd somehow found enough money to get it; and just the right one! Many stories like that fill my memories. Like you have said Sharon, "When I search the meadows of my mind"... Such Good Memories. I have always felt H.M.S. Richards was a good man and that he should get to know my Dad, because they were two of a kind. I know they would have many

things to talk about. Daddy quoted Elder Richards a lot. I think the quotation he liked the best was, "Keep Looking Up, Going Forward in Faith". I have never met a man who I thought was as close to the Lord as my Dad. There is no doubt in my mind where he'll be when the "roll is called up yonder". He loved to sing, he loved the "Kings Heralds" and sang many of their songs. While visiting us this last summer he joined our Junior Sabbath School class. Elsie lead out in the song service. Daddy sang and sang, and chose many of the songs. A couple of weeks before he died, there was a call in church for the congregation to witness. Daddy never missed a chance to witness for the One he loved so much. As he was finishing up he started to sing- the church was quiet as a mouse - but before he finished they all were singing. Such a man! So bold for the Lord! How can I now say all these things to him? It is far better to smell the flowers while they are here than to wish for them when they are gone. -- Little things are so impressive - like every Christmas when we were little he'd read "The Night Before Christmas" - The way he'd buy spanish peanuts on our Saturday night town trips then hide them in his big overcoat pocket so we wouldn't think he had any - the way he would hug and kiss mother whenever he needed to leave, even for just a short trip to the store. He was not ashamed to let us kids know he loved mother. I can still see him standing in the kitchen with his arms around her and his hands on her "buns" holding her close to him. Yes, he loved her very much, and each of his children and each of his Grandchildren, and each of his Great Grandchildren. You can be sure he would have done anything for any of us, if it was in his power.

Mother and Daddy had talked of what should take place if the other should die. It was decided that cremation would be the easiest and simplest method of returning the body back to the ground. On January 13, 1986 your Grandfather died. He was cremated 48 hours later, and on January 16 Mother, Patty and the minister, Elder Short, took the ashes down along the White river near Smithville, Indiana, where 36 years earlier Grandpa and Grandma and the two oldest boys were baptized. There, Grandpa was put back into the river once again.

His one main hope I know, was to see his wife and all his children, and all his grandchildren, and great grandchildren in heaven.

I love my Daddy very much and I know you do too. I appreciate the fine example he left for each of us to follow.

Grandma is taping the memorial service. If you would like a tape let us know. We love you.

*I decided to send this copy which is the only one I have.  
Keep it for me.*

*Sharon*