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Milby Randall Timmons Passed Away June 25th. 1925

Milby Randall Timmons, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Timmons, was born in Clarence, Mo., February 25, 1911. He passed away June 25, 1925, at the age of 14 years and 4 months.

His entire life was spent in Clarence where he attended the public school in which he would have graduated from the grammar school department this last year had not his affliction interfered with his attendance upon the same. He was a studious and industrious boy, performing the duties which came to him without hesitation or complaint, and leaving his play and amusements to be engaged in after his work had been accomplished. He was a worthy example among his playmates, not only exercising himself in a commendable way among them, but endeavoring to promote peace and harmony as they engaged in their pleasures and pastimes.

He was well and favorable known to approximately all the people of the town and we have heard more than one give expression to the statement that he was a splendid boy. His attitude and conduct was such as to commend itself to even the grown people of his acquaintance and he won for himself a place in the hearts of all who knew him that was unusual in its character.

He united with the Methodist church in Clarence last fall, during our revival meeting and became a member of a Sunday school class of 15 boys of about his age which is being taught by the pastor of the church. He was regular and punctual in his attendance until his affliction made it impossible for him to be present. His preparation of the lesson and his interest in the recitation were marked features of his work in Sunday school, and it was with great regret to us when he was unable longer to attend.

But notwithstanding his manly character and his splendid qualities he has been taken from us, and we mourn his going in ways that words cannot express. And we mingle our tears with the grief stricken family and other relatives. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope. Our loss is Heaven's gain, and while we are called upon to deny ourselves the pleasure of his association and companionship, his spirit has been transferred to that heavenly land where he shall bask in the sunlight of God's eternal presence and where his character shall develop and expand in ever increasing beauty and grandeur.

He leaves to mourn his passing his heartbroken father and mother, his two brothers, Max and Kenneth and one sister, Louise, with other relatives and a host of friends.

As an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held, a large congregation assembled at the Methodist church on Saturday afternoon, June 27, where the funeral services were conducted by his pastor, after which the remains were laid to rest in the Maplewood cemetery.

W. N. Giddens.

A Good Woman at Rest

Another name is graven on the scroll of Eternity. Another arrow from the relentless bow of the grim messenger hath spent its force and laid hopeful, radiant upon the dreamless pillow of the tomb, the life light was suddenly extinguished and she sleeps the calm and placid slumber of the righteous and the just. In consonance with the will of Him who doeth all things well, death beckoned and the spirit was borne on immortal wings to its eternal home.

Mrs. Alice Simmons was born in New Castle, Ontario, Nov. 15, 1868 and died Aug. 10, 1927. She was united in marriage to H. Jeane Simmons May 23, 1924. Two daughters came to brighten this home, Mrs. Annette Klamet, of Tarkio, Mo., and Alice Jean, who died at the age of eighteen months.

Mrs. Simmons was the daughter of Wm. and Mary A. Grant, who located in Monroe county soon after the Civil War. She graduated from the Shelbina High School in 1888 and taught in the rural schools three years, also Shelbina school.

It was our good fortune to know Mrs. Simmons, and we look back to our association with her as a benediction, when we recall her strong faith, her sympathy and good will for all, we are struck with a sense of pain that those associates can be no more. Such friendship must never be forgotten and shall ever continue, the noble influence long after that friend is gone. This is the testimony of many, the wilderness of flowers under which we laid to rest the remains of our sister and friend, the large concourse of friends and neighbors gathered at her funeral service bear splendid testimony to the splendor of her life.

She enjoyed living and made the most of every opportunity that came into her life. She was especially fond of young people and was their friend. Her Philathea Class and the Mothers Club brought into her life associations and interest that she thoroughly enjoyed. She loved her work, she gave her time, herself, to the Christian upbuilding. She was brave and true. Love was the dynamic of her heart's activity. Her friendships were steady, fast and abiding. Lavishly she gave, one cannot forget her thoughtfulness, her bouyancy, her wit and merriment that gladdened all—her patience and boundless sympathy.

Thus ends the life of Mrs. Simmons as far as we can see in the flesh. All can be written in a very little space, but what of that life of the spirit? John wrote as a conclusion to his gospel that if all had been written about the Christ the world could not have contained the books that might have been written. So might it be said of every good person. There are many volumes of the unseen that cannot be written the deep things of the soul cannot be comprehended by the human mind. Who knows of the sufferings, the heartaches, the sleepless nights, the communion with God, the sympathy and the passions of love that stirred her soul? These are things that cannot be written. Only God knows, these are the unseen things of the eternal.

May God bless and comfort the bereaved and lonely sister, Miss Agnes; the daughter, and all other relatives in this hour of sorrow.

The funeral services were conducted at the Center Street Methodist church, Clarence, Mo., by her pastor, Rev. L. C. Maggart, assisted by Rev. J. S. Howard. Burial services in charge of the Eastern Star. Interment in the beautiful Maplewood cemetery. ***

IN MEMORIAM

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. Rev. 21.4.

Eddie Everett Trussell, son of Curtis and Jane Trussell, was born March 9, 1869 near Madison, Monroe county, Mo., and passed away at the Samaritan hospital in Macon, Mo., Dec. 24, 1929 at 3 a. m., age 61 years, 9 months and 15 days.

His sickness was of short duration, becoming ill on Monday, Dec. 16. No alarm had been felt about his condition until Sunday, when he became much worse, and was removed at once to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis, but his condition was considered too serious to undergo the operation. He went home to be with Jesus early Tuesday morning.

He had traveled about the country a great deal, but for the past several years had worked on the farm in Iowa thru the summer, coming back to Missouri and making his home thru the winter, with his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Trussell. How they anxiously looked forward each fall to his coming.

He is watching and waiting now on the other shore for them and his other brothers and sisters and loved ones. Don't fail to meet him. Be ready as he was when your call comes.

Uncle Edd was always a conscientious man, happy in disposition, much younger seemingly than his years, always kind and helpful in the home..

About 10 years ago he was wonderfully saved and found peace with God thru faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. During his brief illness he would often say to mother, "Isn't God good to me? It could be worse." His favorite expressions were "Bless the Lord," or "Praise the Lord" when nearing the other shore and his voice could no longer be heard, in whispers, he was still saying "Bless the Lord." When asked how it was with him, he remarked, "Everything is alright, and I am ready to go." He has only gone on a little before, we know he is safe with Jesus, free from toil and pain.

He made friends wherever he went who will miss him and mourn his sudden departure. "Not now but in the coming years,

It may be in the better land, We'll read the meaning of our tears,

And then sometime we'll understand.

He leaves to mourn their loss two sisters, Mrs. Mary Blackwell, of near Woodville, Mo., Mrs. Nellie Haley, of Miles City, Mont., two brothers, J. C. Trussell, of Clarence, T. W. Trussell, of Moberly, and one half-brother, W. N. Trussell, of near Woodville, Mo., besides several nephews and nieces and a host of friends.

Funeral services were conducted Friday morning at Union church near Enterprise, by Bro. J. L. Beatty, from the text "Whither I go ye know and the way ye know," John 14.4.

The remains were laid to rest in the Union cemetery to await the coming of the Lord.

By His niece, Mrs. Maud Lilly

In sorrow, grief and sadness
You have left us, Uncle dear;
No more with joy and gladness
Your loving voice we'll hear.

We loved you, yes! we loved you
But Jesus loved you more
And He has gently called you
To yonder shining shore.

The golden gates were opened,
A loving voice said come,
And with farewells unspoken
You calmly entered home.

DEATH OF HENRY CLAY CROSS

Again death has been abroad in our midst, and his icy touch has made desolate another happy home. Another aged patriarch, Henry Clay Cross, after a well spent life of 92 years, 1 month and 11 days, has laid his earthly burdens down. He has come to life's sunset, but it is only the going down behind the horizon for a little while.

He was born near Armstrong, Howard county, Mo., Nov. 25, 1834. Departed this life at his late home in Clarence, Mo., Jan. 6, 1927. A representative of one of the pioneer families of Central Missouri, came to Shelby county in 1850, located five miles north of Clarence and has been a resident of the county ever since.

He was a son of John Cross and wife, Sallie Blythe Cross, who came from Kentucky to Howard county, Mo., in 1818.

In 1871 he was married to Susan E. Taylor, daughter of Francis P. and Mary Taylor. To them were born six children, Mrs. G. H. Blackman, of Milan, Mo., Mrs. L. H. Bell, of Lexington, Mo., E. F. Cross on the homestead, Miss Pearl, at home, who was so devoted and attentive, left a good position to assist her mother, in ministering to her father in his last illness. Two sons, Leston F. and Roy E., preceded him in death.

In 1903 he moved to Clarence, Mo. He leaves his wife, and besides the above mentioned children, nine grand children. In early manhood he was converted and united with the Methodist church. He was also a member of the Clarence Lodge A. F. & A. M., being the last surviving charter member of the first lodge organized in Clarence.

The awakening, free from pain free from care, into the brightness of an eternal morning, should make his sorrowing wife, children and relatives rejoice that his long suffering so patiently borne, is ended at last, though the loss and the loneliness remain in their hearts and home.

Scarcely a day passes that the gates to our beautiful city of the dead are not thrown open wide to admit a funeral cortege, when some body's loved one is laid to rest.

Like the leaves in autumn, the older ones are falling away—one by one—until many more of the friends of his earlier years are gathered to greet him on the other shore—than remain to say good-bye to him here. Our departed friend did not radio his honesty of purpose, or actions to an expectant world, but the radium in his life and deeds spoke thru the church and fraternity of his kindness and worth.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. S. Knupp, at the Methodist church Saturday at 2:30 p. m. From the following texts, I Kings 7:21-22 and Rev. 3:12. "And he set up the pillars in the porch of the temple; and he set up the right pillar and called the name thereof Jachin; and he set up the left pillar and called the name thereof Boaz. And upon the top of the pillars was lily work: so was the work of the pillars finished. Typifying strength and beauty, crowned with lily work, which was the last work done on the pillars." Read from the old family Bible which was one hundred years old, and brought from Kentucky, and was the deceased's mother's Bible. And is now the highly prized treasure of his son, E. F. Cross.

He was laid to rest in the Maplewood cemetery amid a profusion of flowers, by the beautiful and impressive Masonic burial service, of the Clarence Lodge A. F. & A. M.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of
farewell,
When I embark.

For, though from out our borne
of time and place;
I hope to see my pilot face to face;
When I have crossed the bar."

"For it shall come to pass, that at
even tide it shall be . . .
L. C. MAGGART, Pastor.