

August 23, 1954

FUNERAL SERVICES — WALTER BERRETT

Born December 25, 1870, South Cottonwood (Union), Utah
Died August 20, 1954, Holladay, Utah

BISHOP EVERETT BELCHER: We have assembled to pay our respects to one of our brethren whom the Lord has seen fit to call back to Him. Brother Walter L. Berrett, 83 years of age, native of Utah, died Friday, August 20, 1954, born December 25, 1870, in Union, Utah, where he has resided since. He is the son of John Watts and Eliza Hookway Berrett. He married Jessie Ottley June 24, 1896, in the Salt Lake Temple, was a High Priest in the Union First Ward. His survivors include his widow, Jessie, one son, Floyd, Seattle, Washington; four daughters, Mrs. Clyde W. Brady (Eva); Mrs. Earl D. Evans (Melva); Mrs. Erin N. Howard (Verdis); and Mrs. Wallace A. Brown (Thirza). He has two brothers living—Orson H. and Frank H., 20 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren. The services have been printed on the leaflet, which I am sure most of you have available. We will continue as they are prescribed there.



QUARTET: *In the Garden* sung by Earl, Myron, Warren Ottley and Margaret McCloy.

INVOCATION (B. West Belnap): Our righteous and Eternal Father in Heaven, we have met at this service to pay respect to one of Thy sons, Walter L. Berrett. We are grateful, Father, for the life that he has lived. We have no regrets. We are not unconscious of the Gospel and its plan and the fundamental principles of life he has mastered. He has seen fit to rear a family in righteousness, made sacred Covenants in Thy Holy House, and we are grateful that he has lived nobly and wisely. We pray that at this time Thy Spirit may rest down on his wife and the children and the others, that they may be comforted, that they may have in their hearts the testimony of the divinity of Thy Son's mission to this earth.

We pray that the words and performance of those here today may bring the influence that comes of Thee by the power of the Holy Ghost, that they may live in righteousness. We are grateful that we have had the privilege of knowing one of Thy Sons. We pray that Thou will bless us that we will so live to be able to join him in the eternities that may follow hereafter, and dwell in the place which Thou hast prepared for us.

We pray for Thy Spirit, Thy attending grace, comfort, peace and satisfaction in knowing that this is just another step in meeting the requirements so successfully and well. We pray for these blessings in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.

BISHOP HORACE T. GODFREY: My brothers and sisters, I trust that while stand here this wonderful prayer will be answered in my behalf. So far the musical number that was rendered surely fits the life of the man who lies before us.

He has been my neighbor for nigh on to 50 years. We have taken water out of the same head gate, we have exchanged water, and very few days have gone by that we haven't seen each other. Let me say here that if there had ever been a man called from this existence, in my opinion, that is entitled to a place in the Celestial Kingdom of God, that man is Walter Berrett. It seems as though I am speaking of one of my own, Walt and Jessie have been that close to myself and to my wife. And when Earl came over the other day to ask me to say a few words here, I wondered what thought there was that would fit closely to this man's life. Then I picked up the Articles of Faith. And the last one fits this man's life to a 'T.' I think Walter fulfilled this to the very letter: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, and in doing good to all men..." I never heard anybody say anything against him. He was kind, he was good, he was truly honest. My brothers and sisters, he and his wife have lived together for 58 years as man and wife. They have raised five fine children, four girls and one boy, and if any people could ever say that they were born of goodly parents, it is these five children.

In connection with this, I would like to read you the Ninth Article of Faith. "We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the word of God." The things that He has revealed, the things that Walter Berrett understood, he lived them to the best of his ability. For six years my wife and I went and picked up Uncle Heber, Aunt Ellie and Walter and Jessie (for church). I never remember returning home without Walter having a little sack of something—a sack of apples or grapes, whatever he had he shared freely with his neighbors. I have seen him many a time, my brothers and sisters, picking corn for people, and he truly has been a good neighbor and a good friend. When I am called to return home, if I can be in the presence of Walter Berrett, I will be perfectly satisfied. And I know that he is a man who has tried to do the very best always.

I would like to say a word about Earl. Earl has been a good son-in-law to Walter and Jessie. During Brother Berrett's illness, I don't believe he has missed one night driving up to see if everything was all right after he closed his place of business. If everything was all right, there was no light on. If Aunt Jessie needed help, the light would be on and Earl would go and render service. This is a family to be proud of.

I thought it would be fitting to mention something of the background of Walter. So I drove over to Orson's place the other day and he gave me a little history of his mother and father, why they came here, and so forth. His father was born in Nottingham (Steeple Ashton), was converted to the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by A. H. Lyman in 1856. Later that year he was called on a mission and spent six (plus) years traveling without purse or scrip. Many times he walked without shoes on his feet, teaching the people the Gospel of Jesus Christ. After coming to Utah he and my dad homesteaded close together. They exchanged

parts of land. I have recollections of my father telling of the honesty of the sire of this man. When Brother Berrett came and homesteaded here, when the Berrett ditch was dug from Cottonwood Creek, Brother Berrett dug this alone, from 70th South and across the Berrett field. When it got down to Greenflakes' home, he helped him. When it got down to Philip John's place he helped him dig.

Now on the other side of this fine family, when I was just a little guy (just a little bit of a freckled-faced boy) I can remember the grandmother and grandfather of Aunt Jessie coming to live in his home. Grandmother generally had a box of raisins or something for us, so we liked to go see her. Then in a few years I came to live near them. I remember when I was on my mission, one night while I was in bed, there came a thought to me and I felt something had gone wrong at home. In a few days a letter came saying that the mother of this good woman, Jessie, had passed away. Another one I love in the Ottley family is Clarence Walter. When we were living in the South Cottonwood Ward, many times he would put his arm around me and take me and help me to begin a proper life. My brothers and sisters, these things are worthwhile, these things are going to be eternal.

Here is a thought that goes well with the life of this man: "The art of living is to possess the gladness of life as you go along." I don't need to say anything pertaining to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, of the resurrection today, because I am just as sure as I know I am standing here that when God's trumpet calls, this man is one who will be brought forth. He has earned it, he has worked for it, these blessings belong to him.

God bless you, Sister Berrett. I love you for the things that you have stood for and that you have done for us. God bless these fine girls and boys and all of you, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

VIOLIN SOLO: 'I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen—performed by Leila Shipp

BISHOP GOLDEN L, BERRETT (son of Orson Hookway Berrett): As Sister Shipp was playing that beautiful number, I wondered if you, as I, imagined some of the courtship days of Brother Walter. Of course I was too young to behold them. I pray I will live up to this honor given me to speak in behalf of the cousins of Aunt Jessie and Uncle Walter. I hope I can meet the request that they made of me as I occupy this place here. Their desire was that I refer to a few family incidents, and a few verses. Walter plowed furrows straight every day; not literally, but every day we plow furrows. Do we plow straight furrows every day? How do our acts meet up? Will we be happy to look at the field that we plowed the straight furrows in? I am reminded of Abraham Lincoln when he made that short but memorable speech, "It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us..." Do you have unfinished tasks that lie before you? Are you so living that you will finish them before you are called back?

There is a copy of a poem in an article that Walter's daughter, Verdis, wrote in 1950. I would like to read part of what she wrote, and then the poem she quoted: "Being a farmer's daughter and tagging my dad all over the farm from the time I could walk, the why and wherefore of

growing things just came as second nature to me. My dad never got tired of answering my many questions. He told me the song sang by the meadow lark was Utah is a pretty little place, and that when the mourning dove made its mournful call it was time to plant corn. Lucky the kid who has a dad like mine!”

THAT DAD OF MINE

He’s “slowing down,” as some folks say,
With the burden of years, from day to day;
his brow bears many a furrowed line;
he’s growing old—that dad of mine.
His shoulders droop and his step is slow,
and his hair is white—as white as Snow.

But blue eyes sparkle with a friendly light
and his smile is warm and his heart is right.
He’s old? Oh, yes! But only in years,
for his spirit soars as the sunset nears;
and blest I’ve been and wealth I’ve had,
in knowing a man like my old dad.
And proud am I, to stand by him
as he stood by me when the way was dim;
I’ve found him worthy and just and fine
and a Prince of men—that Dad O’ Mine.

— Adam N. Reiter

I think that is typical of Uncle Walter.

Vernon didn’t know that today I was going to read a composition he wrote about his grandfather. This is an English Composition written by Vernon, the son of Eva, when Walter was about 75 years. I think it would be only fitting to tell you how one of his grandsons feels about him.

One of Great Men

“Without a doubt, the most colorful person I know is my grandfather, an industrious man of 75 whose many years of service to his family and fellow man stand as an enviable example to all who know him. In spite of his age he still possesses the integrity and maintains the ambition that has characterized him throughout a lifetime of unselfish conduct worthy of the highest esteem. It has been my pleasure, on numerous occasions, to observe his fine nobility in the way he carries on the daily tasks about the farm; and the dexterity at which he performs these various duties is characteristic of his performance in matters pertaining to his code of

living. Natural beauty as noted by him is our greatest asset, and he is unexcelled in his appreciation for the magnificence of our surrounding mountains and canyons. In his many years of seeing nature in its cycle of changing grandeur, he has developed an even greater love for Mother Nature's handiwork rather than merely taking it for granted as is so often the case. The precision at which he conducts his daily life can be traced back to his early childhood where he began his training by having a herd of cows to look after. From that day to this he has practiced a systematic code of living. Early to bed, early to rise has been the factor which has assured his good health and made his mind keen with the know-how of life. The wealth, which according to the proverb should also come about, although never accumulated in dollars and cents value, has been dissipated along the road of life in the form of kindness, charity and service. A delightful sense of humor is the favorite of grandfather's many assets. It is, in fact, quite natural for him to break into the jargon of one of the frequent family gatherings with a little spicy wit that brings chuckles to the group. All is gaiety around the old homestead at Christmas, which, incidentally, is the anniversary of the nimble old man's birth. The center of attraction is always Gramps, who gets no less kick Out of dressing up as Santa Claus, than the wide-eyed younger grandchildren whose squealing and clapping creates no contrast to the bold antics of those just old enough to doubt. Mingled with the laughter of their elders, the joyous clamoring of the children adds gala to the warm spirit of the day. Worthy of his proud pioneer heritage by his notable contributions, my grandfather has made an impression in life that will be as a path to follow for the many who have been guided by his strong influence. Surely his fine deeds will be inscribed in the book of life along with those of the more widely recognized great men."

I feel quite sure that all the grandchildren and their cousins would join in saying Amen to the sentiments of Vernon...it so typifies their grandfather.

There are many incidents in the life of Uncle Walter—I would like to refer to a few. These come from father to me: When the old hickory stick and double slates were popular, the schoolmaster was Brother Walk (maybe some of you remember him), and the old adobe building, now torn down, was the school house. One day in school my father (Orson) was at the blackboard and Uncle Walter was sitting by the girls. By the way, Uncle Walter was quite a cartoonist. He had just drawn a picture of old Brother Walk (the teacher), and they were "cutting up" a bit in class. Somehow Brother Walk saw the cartoon, and so he started in after Walter with the hickory stick. The exit door to the room was a latched door that swung in instead of out (in those days they didn't have fire safety rules), so my father knew Walter wouldn't have time to unlatch it, so he stepped over to the door and opened it in time for Uncle Walter to escape, so father got the hickory stick himself in unwanted places. But he didn't blame his brother. On the way home...Walter offered my father a dollar for opening the door. I suppose he thanked him, and also for getting them out of school for the day.

Uncle Walter used to haul ore up the canyon. He had horses. In the winter they pulled sleighs. One day the sleigh was rather heavily loaded and he was afraid he might run down the hill, so he stopped back farther on the hill than he should have and got stuck and had to wait for others to come and pull him out. Another time he stopped again, but this time he stopped a little farther up. The team couldn't hold him back, and they started going. They did pretty good until they got right over the side of the mountain, and the only thing that saved him was the horn on the side. He slid over the bank and his outfit was pretty badly demolished. When asked about it, he said, "Well sir, I went down that hill so fast we hit that first bend and I couldn't see what happened for the dust." They then asked, "What do you mean, dust, in the middle of winter?" and he replied, "Ain't fine snow dust?" He always had an explanation.

When Bishop Godfrey was talking, it reminded me of grandfather's gun. When John Watts Berrett was coming across the plains he was assigned to the Scouts, those who obtained meat for the company. After he got here he still loved to have a gun hanging over the kitchen door. At this particular time, it was market day and he had taken his eggs and butter in to town. My father (Orson) and Uncle Walter knew that they shouldn't take the gun, but they did. They were pounding the powder down into the barrel and the ramrod stuck. They knew they had to get that out of there. So they went down to the sorghum mill. There they tugged at the barrel trying to get the ramrod out. They pulled and pulled, and struggled in vain. The man at the mill said, "Why don't you just hold it in the air and shoot it off?" So they did, and lost the ramrod. They hunted every sagebrush all over, but couldn't find it. So they took a piece of wood and used it temporarily. The next time grandfather went to use his gun, he discovered this, and when he started to unleash his belt, my father began to run. He ran to his mother, and she protected him while her husband's temper slowed down. Two years later they found that old ramrod. That old gun had quite a history. Another time Uncle Walter and Uncle Frank...put some heavy charges of powder in it, took it out to the old corral, tied it up on a cedar post, pressed the trigger and blew off the top of the post.

They used to call Uncle Walter "comical"—he was full of tricks.

Today this service is like a graduation celebration for Uncle Walter. I was happy to see the smile on Aunt Jessie's face. I know she feels fine about this. I know the children feel fine, even though sorrow comes to all of us. How grateful we ought to be for a knowledge of the Gospel, for that fine prayer that was given at the opening of this service, for the blessings that we all enjoy. I would be ashamed of myself if I failed to honor that rich heritage.

Uncle Walter didn't have many earthly possessions as we measure in desires and wants, but what a great heritage he carried on. How grateful we should be for that great plan of salvation. I wouldn't be surprised if there might be flowers and gardens in heaven. They've probably talked about planting a little red brush, Floyd, by the way, somewhere.

I said to Uncle Walt one day, "How are we going to get those bales of hay onto the buggy?" He said, "Oh, that won't matter. We'll break them in half or something. We'll get 'er up." That's the

way he was. I remember how Floyd used to be pulling tricks on us. These things are rather precious to me...these memories...as I think of the fine heritage we come from. Uncle Walt raised the best watermelon. He always gave me a standing invitation to help myself to them, I guess so there wouldn't be a temptation to steal any. All the neighborhood got some of his corn and grapes and apples. He would take them around to us with his horse and buggy. When the horse gave out he used a wheelbarrow, when that gave out he would carry them around by hand. All of the uncles are of the same caliber. How privileged I have been to grow up in this environment. The Lord has blessed his children, and hope the Lord will continue to bless them and give them that assurance of the future. May the Lord bless us all, give us an appreciation of the great plan of salvation and of the value of friendship, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

VOCAL DUET: *Softly and Tenderly*—sung by Harold and Eva Richards

PRESIDENT HEBER J. BURGON: I appreciate very much, my brothers and sisters, having been asked to say a few words upon this occasion, and I sincerely pray that the few moments may occupy here the Spirit will be with me, which I am sure is prevalent here today. Without repeating what has already been said with regards to this good man, I would like to say that I fully endorse wholeheartedly every word that has been spoken. It has been my privilege to be acquainted with this family as far back as I can remember, having served as Bishop of the ward, So I learned to appreciate very very much Walt and his wife, Jessie, and their family; in fact, all of the Berrett family, the brothers and their families.

Reference has been made to his beautiful life. I think about three months ago I had the occasion to say a few words at Aunt Ellie Berrett's funeral, and briefly made mention of the Lord where He said, "I come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10). Bishop Godfrey said that Brother Walt never acquired a great amount of wealth from an earthly standpoint; but I am sure, my brothers and sisters, that his life in the beginning as a mere child until the time of his passing, that he had an abundant life with his wife and family. And what I would like to say here today of benefit to all of us is that the real values of life, that which contribute to the abundance of life, do not come through the possession of worldly things. But I would say it comes as it came to this good man and his family through the acceptance of that plan of salvation which the Savior brought to this earth. And...when He gave us that plan, I am sure that He did not have reference to worldly things.

If a young couple about to be married were to come to me today and ask advice as to what things they needed most to start out their life, I would exclude those worldly things which we look upon so often as to be important. I think I would advise something like this: First of all, go to the temple of the Lord and be married and sealed for all time and eternity so that you will have each other in the next world and the children will be yours for eternity, and God's holy influence and Spirit may be with you throughout your lives. Possibly, the most important will be that you strive and get the Spirit of God in your home always, that it might be a guide and a

constant blessing and help to you, remaining at all times to call upon Him both in your private and family prayers. Strive as you go through life to live to the best of your ability, never refuse the opportunity to render service. Whenever asked to serve in the Church, do so. Be honest, upright, and willing to give.

As I think of these, I think of Walter, for he met all those requirements. When Walter and Aunt Jessie got ready to be married, they went to the temple of the Lord, and thus were sealed for time and eternity. I am sure they also cultivated a close relationship with the Lord. Now, my brothers and sisters, there is nothing grander in all of life than to have a close relationship with Our Father in Heaven, to feel of His Spirit, to feel of His influence. Have you ever had the occasion in your lives, possibly in prayer, to feel that He is so close that you could almost touch Him? If you have, you know what the Spirit of God means to everyone. With this, I am sure that Walter and his family lived a life with a clean conscience, having committed no offense to God or man, knowing when he went to bed at night that he has committed no evil nor offended God, then he has one thing which contributes greatly to the abundant life.

His boy and four girls were among many of the jewels that added to their abundant life. Then the love the family had for him and his wife, Sister Jessie. What would contribute greater joy, greater happiness, than to add to that the Brotherhood of the Priesthood? To work with a quorum of 250 other men, all striving to serve and live the Commandments of the Lord, this all added jewels to the riches of his life—fellowship with the members of the Church during the week and having fellowship with men and women who have the same ideals which he had...the opportunity of giving service. If you want a rich life, serve your fellow man. When you serve your fellow man, you are in the service of our God.

Thinking of Brother Walter's life...he lived under a lot of different circumstances. As I was thinking of it today, I wondered which part of his life to him would be the most abundant. When was he most happy? When did he enjoy life most? It was not the worldly things that came into his life because during the early part of his life he never knew anything about many of the things which we today consider to be important to life—what we call the modern conveniences of life. In that first quarter of his life, I don't think he ever saw a plane, automobile, radio, electric light, range, refrigerator, telephone, modern bathtub, paved street, a street car or a bus. But could we say, with all those things out of his life, that he wasn't happy, that the early part of his life wasn't abundant? I think probably the joys of his youth, the courtship of his sweetheart, the association of little tots, these were the things that added to and made his life abundant. His middle life, when his children were growing up to manhood and womanhood, upright and straightforward, going to their church and attending to their deeds, that brought joy and satisfaction into his life. The joy of life is not from the outside. It is not from the worldly things we gain. Then in his later life, again he lived an abundant life. If there was any change in Walter Berrett's life throughout those years, think the change was for the better. I don't think he ever went backward. He was a good man. What is the difference between a good man and a bad man? A good man is a man who, irrespective of how low he has gone in life is now going upward. A bad man is one who, no matter how high he got in life is now going downward. He

was a better man in his old age, possible, than he was in his youth. He was always striving to do what is right. The Savior, while He was here on the earth, in his revealed word both in the Bible and The Book of Mormon makes mention of the crown of glory which awaits those who overcome. He Himself overcame the temptations of the world, overcame selfishness, sin, and clung always to that which was good and right. And He begged us to do likewise.

I would just like in closing to refer to a little passage where the Savior is speaking and appealing to all of us who would like to come and receive and enjoy this rich, abundant life. He said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne..." (Rev 3:20). He is appealing to me and to you, my brothers and sisters. He is not trying to force the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ upon us but He stands at the door and knocks and invites us to come. My testimony is that Brother Walter, to a very great extent (there is none of us who is perfect), overcame evil and to the extent that if he were living today in the capacity that he could live again, he wouldn't hanker for the things of the world. Let us give thought to these things. Let's not permit our Savior to stand outside the door and eternally knock and give no heed to His knocking, but let's open the door and invite Him into our lives, into our homes, give that we might receive, the real joy of a fruitful and happy life as this man lived. God bless his wife, family loved ones, I humbly pray, in the name of our Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen.

BISHOP EVERETT H. BELCHER: The Lord Commanded that we multiply and replenish the earth that we may have joy and prosperity. I am sure that Sister Berrett this day feels that her greatest joy is her posterity. I know in talking with Sister Jessie that she tried hard to take care of her husband, and it was indeed a chore. And after they deemed it wise to put him in a home where he could have the medical care that he needed, it somewhat disturbed her (as things can disturb us), in wondering if she had failed to do her part. I would, at this time, like to assure her that our Heavenly Father has and will accept her devotion; that she can be sure that she tried with all the strength she had to perform her responsibility as called by the Lord in behalf of her mate. May the Lord bless her in the years she has left that she will be able to do the things she desires. We tried to make some arrangements for someone to stay with him while Jessie came to Relief Society, which she enjoys so much. She usually declined, feeling that he was her responsibility and that it may be difficult for others to come in and give him care.

I, likewise, know the responsibility that the children have taken. May these children assume the responsibility of bringing joy into her life. May He bless them for their efforts and may they receive the satisfaction of those performances. It is the desire of the family to acknowledge appreciation to all who have rendered kindness in any and all respects—those who have accepted assignments to participate today and those who have made preparations in any way that this occasion be as favorable and as good as it has been. The pallbearers are not named on the sheets. They are the grandsons of Brother and Sister Berrett. They are: LaMar Evans, Vernon Brady, Ted Brady, Wallace Brown, David Brown and Jack Howard. It has been the

request of Sister Berrett that gratitude be acknowledged to those who have been so comforting to her; and especially in that respect, she wished to mention two representative of groups of people: one the group leader of the High Priest Quorum in the ward, Brother Berrett being a High Priest, that she and Brother Berrett were made to feel the brotherhood that exists in the Quorum of Priesthood as instituted of God. Likewise other representatives of the Lord, the ward teachers, the interest and help that was shown by them (especially Brother Elmo Brady), the helpful ways they helped in the home and performed their duties in the Service of God.

QUARTET: *The Lord is My Shepherd*—sung by Earl, Myron, Warren Ottley and Margaret McCloy.

BENEDICTION (by C. Elmo Turner): Our Heavenly Father, we bow our heads in humility and at the conclusion of these lovely services, and we feel to offer our thanks and gratitude in our hearts for the beauty of these services. We are thankful for the lovely flowers that contribute to the atmosphere, for the beautiful music, for the kind words that gave solace that have been given, for the calm of the elements and the beauty of nature surrounding us, the trees and the grass, for all of these things that have contributed to the beauty and serenity of these services. We are grateful for the kind, patient, loving and generous noble life lived by Thy son and servant. We are thankful for his good wife, for his family. We are thankful for the privilege and opportunity of being relatives and friends of so good and fine a man, and we are grateful for the Gospel, for the knowledge that as each year brings life's eternal plan, so in Thy due time, this, Thy son, shall stand forth in the resurrection and receive his just and due reward.

We pray, as we leave these services, that Thy Spirit will attend us—that now, as we journey to the place of interment that we may have Thy Spirit to attend. We pray for the determination and power to put into our lives those characteristics in this good man whose mortal remains lie before us, that we have not already been able to acquire. That as we leave these services, we will leave with the determination to live more closely to Thee, and to apply those principles of the Gospel in our lives which will bring reunion with this man. Wilt Thou bless his good wife, his son and daughters and the other members of the family. Let Thy comforting and mellowing influence be and abide in their homes, that they may understand the purpose of life and have an abiding faith in the resurrection and rejoice in the life of their husband, father and friend. These blessings we pray for, and we do it humbly, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

INTERMENT — Dedication of burial plot (Murray Cemetery) by Orson H. Berrett:

Our Father Who art in Heaven—we have again called upon Thy most Holy Name. We have surrounded this plot of ground, as it has been chosen for the last resting place of the mortal remains of our brother and Thy son who has been called home. We are thankful, Father in Heaven, for the privilege we have of being here, for the encouragement that we have received for our benefit, and for all who have attended these funeral Services.

Grant unto us the desires of our hearts. We thank Thee for this privilege, for the blessings we have received, for the lovely influence we have had. We dedicate this casket, the funeral, the clothing, and all that is pertaining to this burial unto Thee, that our brother may lay here in peace and quietness until the Morning of the First Resurrection when he will be permitted to come forth, when the graves will be opened and he shall be crowned with immortality and Eternal Life. We humbly thank Thee, Father in Heaven, for the health and strength we enjoy. Let Thy Spirit be with Aunt Jessie and the children and all those who have cause to mourn that they may acknowledge Thy Hand at this time—that love may abide and be with this family throughout the rest of our mortal lives, these blessings we humbly pray for, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

In Memory of



Walter Lorenzo Berrett

BORN

December 25, 1870

Union, Utah

DIED

August 20, 1954

MEMORIAL SERVICES

held at

Union First L. D. S. Ward Chapel
 August 23, 954 1:00 p. m.
 Bishop Everett H. Belcher Officiating
 Family Prayer - *Frank H. Berrett*

SERVICES

Prelude Music - *Ted Brady*
 Quartet - *Earl Ottley, Myron Ottley*
 Warren Ottley, Margaret McCloy
 "In The Garden"
 Invocation - *Pres. B. West Belnap*
 Speaker - *Bp. Horace T. Godfrey*
 Violin Solo - *Leila Shipp*
 "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen"
 Speaker - *Bp. Golden L. Berrett*
 Vocal Duet - *Harold & Eva Richards*
 "Softly and Tenderly"
 Speaker - *Pres. Heber J. Burgon*
 Remarks - *Bp. Everett H. Belcher*
 Quartet
 "The Lord Is My Shepherd"
 Benediction - *C. Elmo Turner*
 Postlude Music - *Ted Brady*

INTERMENT

Murray City Cemetery
 Graveside Prayer - *Orson H. Berrett*

PALLBEARERS

Grandsons

IN CHARGE OF FLOWERS

Union First Ward Relief Society