

Following is a tribute written by Matilda Ann Stamm Ellsworth (mother of Arvilla Ellsworth Yancey) to Alice Tolman Yancey (mother of William Yancey) at the time of the funeral of Alice Tolman Yancey.

Oct 14 - 1942 Funeral

Grandma Yancey

Prayer first at family home before leaving for funeral.

First Song: Come Come Ye Saints: Singing Mothers of Groveland  
Ward

organist La Vel Bingham

Prayer: John Bowker

Solo: Mother Mac Cree by --- Reynolds

Talk: George Bailey: Have known Sister Yancey for near 30 years. Have received much -- an angel mother to me -- down deep in her heart she had much sympathy for those who suffered as she. Keep smiling through the end. Wanted to live on and on -- as always -- free and independent of any assistance from anyone. Hopes his remarks will help repay her, her husband and family for their help.

She mothered 14.

Edgar A. Guest

She was born in Utah nearly 80 years ago... married young [at 16] ... pioneering ... [lived in] Bancroft 1st winter in slab bungalow... Chesterfield ... where most of the children were born ... endured all that pioneers could ... no hay made ... 70¢ butter in a week -- but no butter on bread ... white gravy on bread. Sis Hammond wonders if young people will do as Sister Yancey. They will -- soon born -- if they have character able to carry on and build as world should be. Things as they are will crumble at ones feet. Will the young

build upon that which will crumble "I hope so!"

Even if the whole world shall fall at their feet.  
Sister Yancey lived that the children could carry on. We cannot give too much credit to motherhood - to wife hood - have given, that children may learn of his plans and may build so as to gain great reward. If children grow up right - parents reward in next world is sure.

Bro + sis. Yancey different.

Bro. Yancey made people feel they must go on and do well. I shall never forget the grip of his hand on his deathbed. I hope I shall never forget hours spent while he was on his death bed and how sister Yancey helped while death and sorrow stalked -- in my home -- at night or day -- I got to thinking I might help. At night heard commotion. It was sister Yancey with horse and buggy --- she had harnessed it -- she was afraid I was alone -- so came to stay though she needed rest.

I conceive what she may be doing from now on. Inspired by Stephen Foster -- what she is doing today -- and will continue till we (all of God's children) will be together.

Heaven not a place of rest.

If there are gardens... gardeners  
mansions... laborers  
music... composers

I would like to write songs they sing under inspiration... can do things there better than here... How can she do better. Perhaps if she had had --- but might have lost divine touch she gained through suffering and I see her busy doing kindness to more unfortunate. Little children who die will rise as little children. She has children of her own in spirit world glad to see her --- some children are there without their worthy parents -- Bro. Yancey glad to see her. I see sister Yancey helping and assisting them. I think she will be busy. Our lives have been enriched by knowing her.

Bro. Yancey and family.

James -- have worked with him a lot. He put the best in he had -- like Yancey -- so that building would live on -- inspired by Yancey. Bro. Yancey never took a lb. from anyone... sold his hay at \$8.00 per ton while others took \$29.00 He couldn't stand to see hungry stock & people couldn't buy it [at the high price].

We shall all miss Sister Yancey. If I live worthy I shall mingle with Brother and Sister Yancey and enjoy their fine friendship.

Poem by Frank S. Stanton

She slipped away quietly in the night without troubling anyone.

Solo: I'm a Pilgrim -- rendered beautifully

Judson maybe said, "Brothers & Sisters, Aunt Alice was a mother to me. She gave me the first ride I ever had on a sleigh -- Uncle Adam made that sleigh -- when I went on a mission in 1897, she sent me a letter with \$2.00 in it. I still have that letter. As you know I prize it highly or I would not have kept it. Aunt Alice -- we are proud of you -- may God Bless you. Amen.

Jonathan Hale: worked with him (Bro. G.) as bishop and with her in all these years. What to do? Love Lord with all they heart, mind, strength, etc. I have never met anyone who met that requirement more nearly than Sister Yancey -- wondered how she did so much -- she filled that requirement.

"This is life Eternal to know Thee, the only True God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." She bore testimony she knew Jesus Christ, etc... labored in ward long time -- for others -- woman of faith and devotion -- courage -- testimony influenced her life that it was wholly given to that cause. In 37 years no one said one word against Brother or Sister Yancey. -- honored to be asked to speak today... cherish love and affection they gave me here as a father -- helped -- established... to feel at home here -- shall not forget his influence for good -- received at his bedside things I shall never forget.

She regretted being old and unable to do so much as when younger. Friends here -- because they have love for her -- because she helped them in this ward -- in their homes -- gave life's service to the gospel... It will bring to us reward also.

Well done Sister Yancey.

Well done, for services given here

Enter into the joy of your Lord. It will be happy meeting...  
Family ties sealed in this earth to continue on through  
eternity.

May God help us all appreciate lives of those who labor  
among us and give full measure.

Well done Thou Good and Faithful Servant... Enter into  
the joy of thy Lord. May our lives be as much-- in love,  
devotion, integrity, Clean pure, as much in service, as  
hers.

Bishop Johnson

His fiancée's life -- a life of sacrifice.

I decided she never thought of the word sacrifice.  
It was a pleasure to live completely every principle of  
gospel -- to take one principle from her would be great  
sorrow to her.

God bless her memory -- help us remember her life.

Oh My Father : Relief Society Chorus

Prayer : Barney Olsen

Pray for family to be comforted... wisdom in thy  
doing... grateful we have known this noble one...  
may we be as worthy to enter into Celestial Kingdom  
as she. Watch over us rest of day -- go homes in  
safety with thy blessings.

Pall bearers : all grandsons -- many flowers

A Beautiful day of peace:

The sun shone in the autumn. The trees and grass still  
green. She was buried by her loved husband on a  
grassy knoll with a beautiful landscape in a peaceful  
spot -- showing cultivated farms -- a few trees, etc,  
around... a quiet peaceful spot away from turmoil  
and strife. Friends stayed around as long as they  
could and chatted peacefully of times past. They  
seemed to feel good to be near her. In death, even as  
in life she radiated joy and peace.

Her casket was of a rather deep lavender shade. Her hair so white and lovely -- her face was beautiful -- it was so calm and peaceful -- and looked so contented. Her clothes were lovely. She was laid away tenderly and lovingly. Her home was a place for many to ~~enjoy~~ enjoy even to the last moment she was in it.

at the graveside Jared O. Anderson [husband to her daughter Sylvia who had died at childbirth in 1940] told, how, about a week before her death she had talked with him and answered this question; "How could she suffer so much and not complain? To which she said The Savior suffered more than me, all, and because of those he helped -- they hurt him so much -- and he didn't complain -- so why should I just because of a few pains --"

Jared O. Anderson dedicated the grave. He offered a lovely prayer and showed much tenderness and love.