

IN REMEMBRANCE OF FERN GARBETT NEFF

OUR DEAR FERN

Born September 13, 1917
Silver City, Utah

Died December 14, 1962
Salt Lake City, Utah

Pallbearer's

Brothers-in-law and Friends

Dale Neff, Clinton Neff, Eloyd Neff, Leland Neff, Paul Phillips and Harold Gee

FLOWERS

Beautiful Casket Spray and twenty floral tributes sent. About two hundred people attended the viewing and the funeral.

SURVIVORS

Husband; Leslie Neff, Son: Leslie James at Holladay, Utah. Mother and Stepfather: Mr. and Mrs. Herman Matern, Salt Lake City, Utah. Two Brothers: James Garbett, Salt Lake City, Utah and Ben Garbett, Okinawa. Two Sisters: Lila Neff, Holladay and Charlene Phillips, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PROGRAM

Funeral was under the direction of the Holladay Fourth Ward, Bishopric: Bishop, W. Garth Andrus, Counselors, Ralph Reynolds, and Blain O. Hedden. The opening and closing prayer's and dedication of the Grave, were done in part by each member of the Bishopric.

Song: O My Father

Speaker and tribute: Jim Schwab--a cousin--

Song: Beautiful Dreamer

Speaker - T. Joe Sandoval

Remarks - Garth Andrus Bishop

BURIAL

Holladay Memorial Park - Holladay, Utah
18 December 1962

A TRIBUTE TO FERN WRITTEN BY AUNT IDA

I'm dreaming today with my eyes opened wide
Quite unconscious of things that surround
As thoughts of Fern brush all else aside
Making memories and joys to abound.

My memories of Fern go back to the little town of Silver City, Utah September 13, 1917 the hectic days of World War I. A tiny little brown eyed girl appeared on the scene. Every one loved this little ball of happiness.

As years rolled on school days were very normal but you Fern, were always there to fight everyones battles and see that all were treated fairly. These days in the little mining town of Eureka, Utah can never be forgotten.

In the year 1929 your mother, James, Lila, Ben and you came to Rayson to make your home with grandma and grandpa Schwab where little sister Charlene was born. Of these days your life was a happy dream (down on the farm).

Remember our first deer hunt with Grandpa? Just to tend camp was the first plans until grandpa took us to the foothills and a group of deer hunters were heard to say "Who said, 'There aren't any deer up here'. Look at the two legged ones." Grandpa kept us by his side from then on, up over mountain upon mountain. Fern, you were carrying a little 22 that you weren't allowed to use. How weary we were---even turned our plates over and ate our supper on the other side when we returned to camp.

Your exciting teen age days when you moved to Holladay and Salt Lake, School days at Granite were the high light of your life. Everything was glorious. Later you met Les the one that fulfilled all dreams and became your partner for keeps. He was true blue to the end.

Your first real job in life came when you went to the Holy Cross Hospital to work. I remember when Sister Superior said of you "All good things come in small packages." Your cheerful disposition helped you to make many life-long friends. Your daily work was always "a burden lightened here and there, a brother lifted from despair, the aged ones freed from distress, the lame, the sick to bring happiness, a soothing hand to one in pain, a sacrifice for love--not gain. These kindly deeds could not be bought.

14 December 1931, you became the bride of Leslie Neff, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Now life began anew for you. Illness came into your life but the Lord seen fit to spare your life and little Jimmie came to enlarge your family from two to three. He was tiny and needed much care but there is no love like a mother's love.

Your life has never been easy. No one even knew how you felt--even up to the time of your heart surgery in 1953. It can truly be said of you:

1st speaker: Jim Schwab - a Cousin

The happy heart is that which is content with little things--
The heart that loves the simple life, the heart from which there springs
A sense of joy with each fresh day
A prayer of gratitude--for the morning miracle of health and strength renewed
The heart that builds about itself a shell of quietness--
A heart that keeps its faith amidst disaster and distress....
A heart serene, unmoved by envy, defeat or fear--filled with hope
unfailing rich in charity and cheer.
No greater gift could be bestowed than this; the happy heart.
The world becomes a better place when once we've learned the art
of putting golden edges round the clouds that blow along--of turning
sorrows into smiles and discard into song.
After your heart surgery happiness became your guide. Everything in life changed.
Friends became more numerous because you were a friend to all. God granted you a new life
and you could not waste a minute of it. There was so much to be done, your idea of life
changed. Your position as attendant Secretary of the M.I.A. and your love for the teenage
group and your voice mingled with the Singing Mother's Chorus had extra special meaning in your
Holladay 4th Ward. Jimmie also must be taught the love of the Gospel and he and his dad be
sent hurriedly off to their meetings. Your last five years of service for Grants Store was one
of growth and interesting experiences. Many new acquaintances were made and you found you
had many friends who stood by you to the end.

I can't think of a thing in this phase of your life Fern, that wasn't so full of love for
life it knew no bounds from the animal kingdom and your precious pets too numerous to name.
To the bright and sparkling eyes of your little nieces and nephews when they knew Aunt Fern
was taking them on a picnic up into the beautiful canyons. Your love for nature was so deep
within that it never was too cold for a drive to a favorite picnic spot and brush the snow
from the table top. How we chuckled about your rides around the block, which consisted of
over a 100 miles or more somewhere in your fairyland and back, and also the wonderful vaca-
tions you and Les and your mother and Herman took.

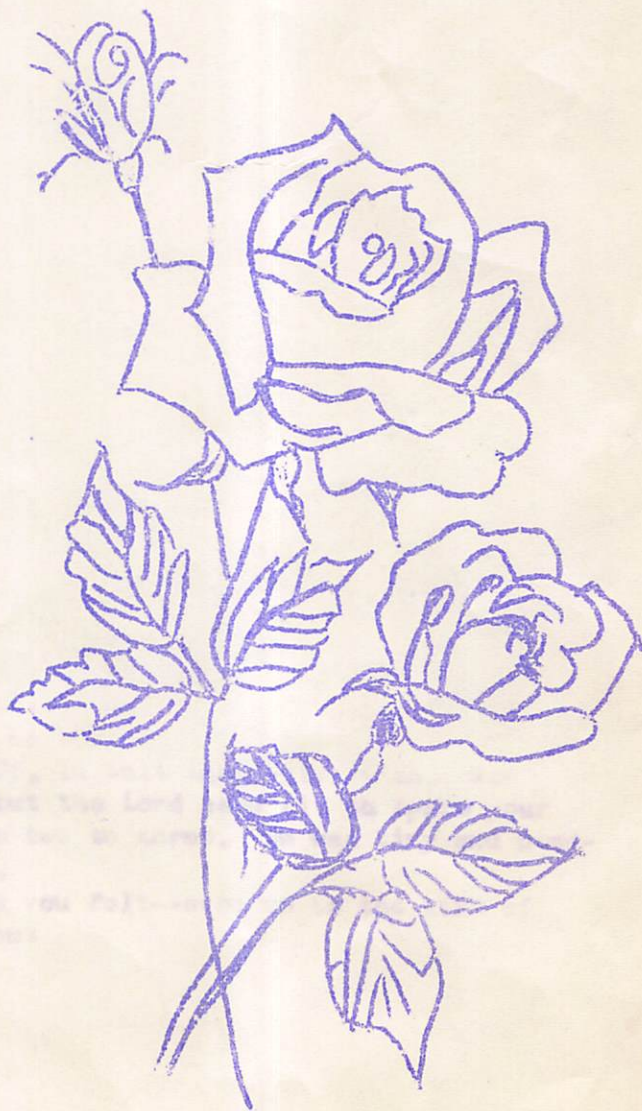
All of these things are what has made us love you so and made me think of you as ours and
now our Heavenly Father's Little Red Rose.

- A little red rose in my garden grew
As fragrant and fair as the dawn,
Refreshed by the rain and the morning air,
A treasure to gaze upon,
Sprinkled with dewdrops and kissed by the sun,
Proud in its glory, more beautiful still
As I watch from the garden wall.

- Blooming in springtime when April is here
Perfect and lovely in June,
Smiling in daytime and sparkling at night
Beneath heaven's shining full moon.
A little red rose in my garden stayed
Till springtime and summer were done,
Into September, so dear to me yet
More mature in the late autumn sun.

- Just faded a little, and not quite so firm,
Drooping its bright glowing head,
A little less fragrant, a little less sweet
And not quite as shining and red.
A petal now falls on the garden path
And I find it has withered with time,
But still it's as fair as it ever has been,
As dear to this heart of mine.

- A little red rose in my garden lives
though it's covered with winter time's snow
It can't ever die for it's blooming still
and nothing can change it, I know
Always as precious, as shining and bright,
Looking to heaven above,
And here in our heart it will never die--
That Little Red Rose that we love.



2nd Speaker's Joe Sandoval-- A Friend

We would like to extend our heart felt sympathy to Leslie, Fern's devoted husband, her loving son, Jim, her beloved mother, Mrs. Katie Matern and to the other members of her immediate family. There is little that we can do or say at this time to ease your aching hearts in your bereavement. You can however, take comfort in the knowledge that Fern led a righteous life and that the Lord's calling was a manifestation of His great love for her.

We often wonder, when some dear relative or friend is called by the Master, why it has to be this way. These are things that we cannot explain, but the Lord has a reason for everything so we should not question His doings. In Fern's case it must have been to alleviate the suffering that she was enduring and that no one except her husband knew about.

We know that there will always be an empty vacuum in the lives of her loved ones because of her departure.

It was our good fortune, some six years ago, to become acquainted with Fern and Leslie Neff. During that time we had opportunity to get to know Fern as a truly remarkable person. We are sure that all who knew her will attest to this.

Here was a person who thoroughly enjoyed living every minute of her life. Her child-like exuberance was something to behold whether it was telling about her experiences, her family or her friends. Her enthusiasm was even more remarkable in the light of what we now know. Only Les and possibly her doctor knew about her extreme physical suffering during the last two or three years. She was not one to pass her suffering on to her relatives or friends for fear that they might worry about it. It was this courageous spirit and her desire to live a normal life that prompted her to undergo the operation that she knew might mean her life.

One of Fern's many fine attributes was her complete lack of selfishness. She often gave a helping hand to others less fortunate than she-even though it might mean personal sacrifices to herself and to her family.

We who knew her in life can indeed consider ourselves fortunate.

This is but a brief summation of some of the outstanding qualities that she possessed. We are certain that her good life on earth will be amply rewarded in the life hereafter. I would like to read a poem by an anonymous author, that I believe, depicts Fern's return to her Father.

There must be great rejoicing
on the golden shore today
And the big and little angels must
be feeling mighty gay.
Could we look beyond the curtain
now I fancy we should see
Old Aunt Mary waiting, smilin'
for the comin' that's to be.
And Little Orphan Annie and the
whole excited pack
Dancing up and shouting
"Fern is coming back."

There's a heap of real sadness in this
good old world today;
There are lumpy throats this morning
Now that Fern has gone away.
There's a voice now stilled forever
that in sweetness only spoke
And whispered words of courage
with a faith that never broke.
There is much of joy and laughter
that we mortals here will lack.
But the angels must be happy
Now that Fern is coming back.

There must be great rejoicing
on the streets of heav'n today
And all the angel children must
be trooping down the way
Singing heavenly songs of welcome
and preparing now to greet
The soul that God has tintured
with an everlasting sweet.

Our world is robed in sadness
and is draped in somber black
But joy must reign in heaven
now that Fern is coming back.

