

Death is not extinguishing the light;
it is putting out the lamp because the dawn has come.

-- Rabindranath Tagore

TO MARIE

from Nan

They say he's left our midst dear friend.
But his body is all that is gone.
His spirit and guiding influence
Will linger to help us along.

He walked along life's busy way;
God whispered, "Give me your hand."
He reached out and grasped it
And left this busy land.

We know he'll be so happy
On that far and distant shore.
And may his family be comforted
Though their hearts are bleeding and sore.

May we as friend do something
In this hour of sorrow and strife
To help make this life easier
For his children and lonely wife.

We have no way to tell her
No actions can ever say
How much of our sympathy we send her
On this sad and sorrowful day.

If there is anything we can do, dear friend
Today or in days to come
May we be of some assistance
Until life's race is run.

FUNERAL SERVICES

ASA LAWS

May 8, 1943

D. J. Rogers presiding and conducting

Song: "Sometime Where" - Choir

Prayer: Guy R. Hurst

Song: "Sometime We'll Understand"

Speaker: B. D. Black
spoke of the pre-existence, "we parted from our loved ones when
we came here and we part with
them when we leave here.
This is life eternal to know
Thee, the only true God, and
Jesus Christ whom Thou hast
sent."

Violin Solo: Joe Hunt - "Oh My Father"

Speaker: W. C. Lyman
spoke of the purpose of life. It is our destiny to rule as
King of Kings in Israel
forever. It makes no
difference when we go but are
we prepared?

Song: Quartet - "Let the Lower Lights
Be Burning"

Speaker: A. R. Lyman
said death is joyful to the purpose of living. We are free
agents, we choose our course.
Birth is no more wonderful
than death. We'll be made
perfect in the resurrection.

Speaker: H. L. Bigler

Song: "My Father Knows"

Prayer: Thomas A. Jones

Graveside song: "I Need Thee Every Hour"
Dedication of Grave: Grant L. Bayless

The following two items were on the same page that had been typed up and put in a scrapbook by his wife, Marie.

I miss you since you went away, dear.
Miss you more than I can say, dear.
Day time, night time, nothing I do
Can make me forget that I still love you.
Kiss you, in my dreams I kiss you,
Whispering, darling, how I miss you.
Tell me, do you ever miss me as I miss you?

He caught her eye across the table.
It seemed to her sometimes that the most
important thing about marriage was not a
home or children or a remedy against sin,
but simply there being an eye to catch.

September 7. 1973

Bishop Blaine Gailey: We appreciate your being here to pay final tribute to Sister Marie DuVall. The services that will be conducted today have been outlined by the family, and they will proceed accordingly.

The family prayer was offered by O. Frost Black, a brother of Sister Marie. The prelude music was played by Dorothy Bradford, a niece. The invocation here will be offered by Arch Black, a brother, and then GenaVee Broderick, a niece, will give us an obituary and history of Sister DuVall. We will then hear a musical solo from Terry Summerhays, "My God and I," accompanied by his wife, Anna Summerhays. Then we will hear from William M. Timmins, a son-in-law, our first speaker. We will then have homage to wife and mother by R. Dwight Laws, a son, and a musical selection, "Still, Still With Thee," by Nadine Miller, Susan Cook, Bob Zabriskie, and Terry Summerhays, accompanied by Anna Summerhays. The services will proceed to that point.

Prayer by Arch Black: Our Father in Heaven. We come before Thee at this time to pay respects to one of Thy choice daughters and our dear sister, Marie DuVall, who has been called home at this time. We prayer that Thy spirit will be with us and we ask especially that Thy blessings will be poured out upon the family and comfort them in their time of sorrow. We are indeed thankful at the opportunity we have had in associating with her in this life. Her sweet spirit enriched the lives of all those who knew her. We pray that we may live that we will be able to be with her again. We dedicate these services unto Thee and pray that Thy blessings will be on all those who take part that they will be able to say the things that are in their hearts and bring consolation to those who grieve and give them comfort and strength to go on in their lives according to Thy plan. Again, may we ask Thy blessings on all those who mourn that they may be lifted up in their grief and their burdens may be lightened and their sorrows strengthened. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

GenaVee Broderick: I feel very humble in being asked to accept this responsibility. My prayer is that the words I have prepared and will say will be pleasing and acceptable to all, especially to Aunt Marie.

Marie Black Laws DuVall was born May 31, 1914 in Blanding, San Juan County, Utah. She was the first child born to David Patten and Theda Kartchner Black after they and their other children were driven from their home in Pacheco, Old Mexico, by the rebels during the Mexican Revolution. She was the fifth daughter and ninth child in a family of ten children.

She grew up in Blanding and attended school there as a freckle-faced, left-handed, eager-to-learn pupil. She loved school and loved to learn and read about places and things,

especially the exotic part of life. She like to write stories and poetry, book reports, and to give readings. She could express herself very well and often won prizes for her compositions. She had a good memory and madae the most of every learning experience or situation.

She spent a great deal of her younger years on road camps in Southern Utah and Colorado as her father was a road contractor and her mother cooked for the work crews. I'm sure it was at this time, roaming the hills and playing in the rocks, that she began to acquire her great awareness and appreciation for nature and the beautiful world about her. She could always see beauty in the simple creations, a gnarled cedar stump, a moss covered rock, a tiny obscure plant, or even a common stick.

Also at a very young age she developed a great concern and empathy for people. She liked people and worried about the old, the infirm, the crippled, the unpopular, the poor, and the unhappy.

As the years went by Marie grew into a good-looking, ambitious, popular girl. She had a great desire and longing to possess the nice material things of life, and she was willing to work hard to get them. She was proud, but never vain. When she wanted something, she was willing to put forth the effort to get it.

She learned to sew and design her own clothes so she would have beautiful, fashionable dresses to wear. It was important to her that she look nice, and she always did.

She sang in the ward choir from the time she was sixteen and served her assignments in the church well. The faith and testimony of knowing the gospel is true was a constant thing for her. It was something which grew right along with her physical body.

Everyone in town was her friend, and her special gang of young friends meant a great deal to her. Their pleasures were limited financially, so they made their own fun. They danced and partied and really enjoyed themselves. She had lots of boyfriends and how she loved to dress up fancy and go to the dance. She said her very life was dancing. She breathed it, she ate it, she dreamed it, she danced to school, and danced on her way home from school, and she danced as she did her work. She said if she ever had a total commitment to any one thing, it was dancing.

Aunt Marie had a happy secure life. The home she grew up in was one where gospel principles were taught and where they were lived. The children were taught to be respectful and dignified in their thoughts and actions. Aunt Marie was a loyal and devoted daughter to her parents. She had a lasting respect, love, and companionship with her many brothers and sisters. Throughout her life she was one to keep the family active and together, planning picnics, fun, and outings which has been a great factor in the closeness and togetherness of the family.

A strong yearning to do more with her life was always paramount in her mind. Lack of funds kept her from college or a mission, so after graduating from high school she went back another year to the high school there doing sort of a post-graduate work. She was never content if she was not learning or using and improving her mind.

When Marie was 14 years old, she met Asa Laws for the first time at a party. He was about 18 then. She was not particularly impressed nor interested in him at first and laughed when she heard that he had told his friends he was going to marry that pretty girl he had met at the party. The one that had on too much lipstick. It took Asa 8 1/2 years to get her convinced, but he was patient and determined and he knew what he wanted. One of his drawbacks, I suppose, was that he hated to dance.

When Marie was 23 she and Asa came to Salt Lake in an old jalopy with Bill and Dot as the chaperones, and they were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 15, 1936.

They went back to Blanding and worked hard in building their home and raising a family. She kept her house clean and neat and sang and whistled as she busied about her task. Dwight and Theda were born here and these two kids were the delight of Asa's life, as he loved children.

They were married about 6 1/2 years and were expecting their third child when Asa was killed in a terrible mine accident. Vicky was born about three weeks after her Dad died. Aunt Marie stayed in Blanding for a while but she could not find the work to support her family, so she urged her father and mother to move with her to Salt Lake where she could find employment and they could work in the Temple and help her with the children. It was hard for Marie in many ways, but she was determined to be independent and have security for her family, so she worked long and hard.

Uncle Asa had spent some of his married life shearing sheep in Wyoming on the DuVall ranch where they became acquainted with Roy DuVall and his good family. Marie and Roy's daughter-in-law, Emma, corresponded for a little through the years. Emma began coaxing Marie to come to Wyoming and visit and soon she started writing about Presley and tried a little matchmaking.

Finally Marie agreed to Emma's insistent invitation and went to Wyoming to spend the weekend. Here she became reacquainted with Presley, and he took her to the rodeo and to the dance, and I think that's what did the trick. Aunt Marie came back to Salt Lake and she and Pres wrote to each other throughout the summer, and after a visit or two they decided to get married.

So he came out at Christmas time and they were married at Blanding at Uncle Frost's and Aunt Lucille's home on Christmas day in 1946.

Presley moved his ready-made family to the large DuVall ranch in Little Bear, Wyoming. The DuVall's were a fine family, good honorable people with high standards. They were happy, contented, hard-working, productive people and had a great value for work. They accepted Marie and her family and she developed a great love and respect and high regard for all of them. (I would like to mention that everyone of Presley's brothers and sisters and their companions and one niece and her family have traveled great distances to be with him here today, and I think it's very commendable).

It was a good life in Wyoming and Marie loved the ranch life and worked hard. But she had some difficult health problems which made it impossible for her to stay in Wyoming any longer.

Presley gave up all he loved so much for Marie because of his great love and concern for her. He brought her to Salt Lake where they have resided since.

They made a good life and marriage together. We all know that Presley longed to be home on the ranch for he loved the wide open spaces, his sheep, and the cowboy life. To come to the city and be confined to an inside job and live on the tiny busy street corner in Salt Lake was completely against his nature, but he never complained. He got in and made the best of the situation and his every desire was to make Marie happy and to have her well.

Dear Uncle Presley, he is truly an example of complete unselfishness. He is kind and patient and good. I hope he knows the high regard, love and respect we all feel for him. Every member of the family has loved and accepted him and has appreciated his goodness and helpfulness to all. Our humble prayers are with him and the Lord will look after him and be mindful of him in his need.

Uncle Presley joined the LDS Church after moving to Utah and he and Aunt Marie had many productive years of church service, accepting assignments and positions willingly. Marie had an almost overactive sense of duty which made her diligent in her responsibilities and and her assignments.

Presley has always accepted and treated Dwight and Jiff and Theda as his very own, and things were no different when Ken and Rita were born. I'm sure Uncle Presley would loved to have raised these last two kids on the ranch in Wyoming. Marie and Presley were especially proud of the five children and their accomplishments, achievements, and their desire to live the gospel and to serve the Lord, and to constantly improve their lives.

Throughout Marie's life she has always been a humble and prayerful person. She had a natural goodness and a true, strong faith. Her testimony of the gospel is active and was most precious to her. Her happiest knowledge was that God our Heavenly Father

lives and her strongest belief was that if we endure long enough and keep the commandments we will some day, some way, find the courage and will-power to overcome.

My mother and Dutch and I visited Aunt Marie about a week before she died on one of her good days, and she said, "I had the Bishop come over last night and give me a temple recommend. I'm afraid I thought all of this sickness I've let mine expire." She said, "I never liked to be without my recommend." Even though she knew that she would never use it again, she didn't want to leave life without it.

Aunt Marie died September 3, 1973, in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City after many months of suffering and pain. It was her time to go and she was ready. She is survived by her husband, Presley, who was by her side attending to her every need and desire as he has always been throughout their lifetime together. Their five children, Richard Dwight, Theda, Vicky, Kenneth Leroy, and Rita survive along with two sons-in-law, Bill and Sid, and Linda, her lovely daughter-in-law, eleven grandchildren, seven brothers and sisters, and nine half-brothers and sisters. She will be buried today in the Blanding City Cemetery.

Now Aunt Marie is gone, but we will remember her. Remembering is one of the most significant things that we ever do. Memories are among our most precious possessions and God expects us to treasure them and always have them available and in good supply, so that we can return to them and draw upon them when strength is needed. We have stored up beautiful and useful memories which will bring to us all a renewal of our love and admiration of our dear Aunt Marie.

Song by Terry Summerhays: "My God and I"

My God and I go in the field together. We walk and talk as good friends should and do. We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter. My God and I walk through the meadows hue. We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter. My God and I walk through the meadows hue. He tells me of the years that went before me. When Heav'nly plans were made for me to be. When all was but a dream of dim conception. To come to life, earth's verdant glory see. When all was but a dream of dim conception. To come to life, earth's verdant glory see.

My God and I will go for aye together. We'll talk and talk and jest as good friend do. This earth will pass and with it common trifles. But God and I will go unendingly. As I'll approach the portal high. Then shall the voice of the watchman cry; "Enter, oh tired ones saved by grace!" I shall look up and see His face. We'll clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter. My God and I will go unendingly.

Bill Timmins: I pray that my Father in Heaven's spirit may be with me that I may say the things that are appropriate at this

special moment.

Not very many years before Marie was born, one of the greatest men of all ages, Joseph F. Smith, the son of Hyrum Smith, the brother of the Prophet, received in a moment of blinding inspiration one of the greatest revelations of any age and of any time. President Joseph F. Smith in words received directly from the voice of the Lord as he himself declared unto all mankind in ringing tones and caused his words to be written and promulgated to every leader and ruler of every nation and kingdom under the sun that from this time forth the Lord's prophecies made two thousand years before were about to be fulfilled, and that from this time forth President Smith said peace has been taken from the earth. The devil will rage in the hearts of men, wars will be poured out upon wars, pestilence upon pestilence, and tragedy upon tragedy, until the world has ripened in iniquity to the point where the Lord will come again as had been prophesied from the beginning of time. When President Joseph F. Smith gave that prophesy in the great detail in which he spoke and promulgated it across the face of the world, almost a decade was to pass until the first of the events of which he had so wisely foreseen began to come to pass. And I notice perhaps for the first time I never really thought of Marie as an old woman.

As a son-in-law I have been with her camping and hiking and cooking outdoors. I never really realized the year of her birth until this morning, but she was born on the eve of the fulfillment of that great prophecy by the Lord's mouthpiece because her birth in May of 1914 was only a matter of months before the great War began in Europe which spread into the first great World War of man's history.

There are many men and women who are in this congregation today who gave all but their lives and there are those who are not with us who did give their lives in that great World War which was the beginning of the triumph of Lucifer during the temporary period where he would be allowed to reign and rule on the face of the earth. And I note that the year that she and Presley were married, Pres had only been mustered out a matter of months before that, I would imagine, and the world had just gone through another great World War in which many of the men and women in this congregation had again served.

We live now in a world where that prophecy of Joseph F. Smith's seems all the more relevant because we have a world which is in many ways falling to pieces, and we hear now the voice of the Lord's prophet unto the earth, Harold B. Lee, saying that the only hope and the only salvation that the world has, the only promise to save us from what is going to come and happen, will be for the world to repent and turn to the Lord Jesus Christ and accept his gospel and live his commandments. And from what we know of Marie, she is an evidence to us, as is Pres, that obedience to those commandments brings eternal happiness and the kind of joy that passes all understanding, especially in moments of great tragedy and loss.

Now I heard it said earlir today that Marie loved to travel. Not very many months ago I spoke with Marie about that. She said it amazed her in her lifetime that she'd traveled all the way from Utah to Wyoming and some other points in between, but she said that isn't very far. But she said, my youngest daughter has been to Japan and to Thailand and to Singapore. She's been places that I'd only heard about and only looked at in Atlases and history books when I was a girl. And her youngest son has been to those places and to Rome and Greece and the Holy Land, and has walked on the streets where Jesus walked and has looked at the tomb that is legendary, at least, as the tomb of the Savior.

Her oldest son has been around the world again and again and has been in places so often in Europe, that he's bored with places that most of us dream about. He has been to almost everywhere there is to go and has even learned Russian so that he can go there when he can. And Marie said, "It amazes me what has happened in the lifetime of my children."

Well, I too am amazed, and I'd like to suggest to you that the travels of Marie, if I may take a few minutes that the family has asked me to take, were elsewhere. I'd like to have you go with me to where her family's travels and her travels really began.

There's an almost mythical place clear on the other side of the world where even Dwight has not been yet, one of the few I guess that I could say that about. It's known in ancient history, and I know Marie knew about this place, she read about it. It was known as the land of Shinar. That's what the ancients called it. but it's a land that lies between two of the greatest rivers and the most historic rivers in all the world. The Tigris and the Euphrates rivers. And that land is famous. It was famous for two thousand years and beyond before Christ.

In that land is one of the great cities that was built there called Ur. It was one of the great city-states of its time. Two thousand years or more before the Greeks built their city-states the people of Ur and surrounding great metropolises built a huge, highly cultured civilization. The civilization that built magnificent buildings, had hundreds of hundreds of thousands of people living in the city, developed warfare to a high art, developed their art and music, and their literature forms in many ways we have not to this day surpassed.

But Ur made one of the mistakes that virtually every great and powerful and wealthy civilization in all history has made. Ur departed from the early gospel; the gospel that had been revealed to Adam, the first man, that had been perpetuated through a chosen and royal line from Adam through Seth and through other men and women down to the time of the Prophet Noah, and after a great deluge for another two thousand years until Ur, at the very peak of its world prominence, had so degenerated in its moral practices and its religious practices that the Lord in one of those moments

that world history is full of, went to a young man who lived in Ur in this land of Shinar and said, "Abram, get thee up and out of this land and leave behind you the paganism and the false gods, the corrupt worship, the prostitution of this community and go into a land where I will lead you. And I will make of thy seed as it were so numberless that it will be as the sands of the sea. And through thee I will bless all the nations of the world down to the last days and ages of the world."

And Abram took with him members of his family including his father, who should have been worthy and should have honored his Priesthood, but who had become a practicer of pagan religions and a worshipper of idols, and Abram departed.

And that began Marie's travels, literally, because she is a direct descendant of that great and noble progenitor whose seed has become as numberless as the sands of the seashore. And Abram, through his son Isaac and through his son Jacob, who became Israel, traveled thousands and thousands of miles from country to country and from place to place until the great culmination of that story in the birth to Israel of one of the greatest and noblest of men who ever was born, a man whose name was Joseph.

Joseph, at the age of 30 (and as an ancestor of Marie's -- I think it is important to note that she has come from a noble birthright and is descended literally from a prime minister of Egypt) was elevated by the Pharoah to the highest office in that land, and it was the time when Egypt was at the top of its power and prominence. And Joseph lived long enough to see his own sons growing up to honor the priesthood. One of those sons of Joseph born on the other side of the world was a young man of such noble lineage whose name was Ephraim.

Ephraim was so choice and so precious in the eyes of the Lord that God selected Ephraim and placed him at the head of the House of Israel. He took Reuben who was the firstborn of the House of Israel, and removed him from the birthright and gave it to Ephraim and said that he would preside over Israel, and that he would be the head of the house.

Marie is a descendant of that Ephraim . And Ephraim's family, after years of bondage and travail, under a great Levite named Moses, returned to the land that had been promised to Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and there began to honor and fulfill the prophecies that had been made for several centuries. The seed of Ephraim became prominent in the House of Israel.

In later years the great strain between Ephraim and Judah that had been spoken of by Father Israel when he blessed his sons, became apparent; thus the great kingdom of Israel was divided.

Dwight and Kenneth have walked the very ground where these things took place. They've been in the very places where it happened.

From that time to about 700 years before Christ, Ephraim ruled

over Israel. At the time the House of Israel, as all of us know, was divided and conquered and scattered.

Then as so many other incidences as we have already talked about, in 1820 in one of those blinding, illuminating moments, one of the most significant events in all the history of mankind took place to a boy who was so obscure that his very name denotes obscurity, when he was selected by the same God who said to Abraham, "Get ye up and out of this country." And the lord God spoke to a young man named Joseph, a direct descendant of Joseph of Egypt.

The Lord told Joseph that he had been selected to restore to mankind the fullness of the ancient gospel; the gospel of Adam and Noah and Abraham and Israel. And that he was going to restore it through him in its fulness and the majesty and purity that it was known in ancient times. So young Joseph Smith began the restoration spoken of by the mouths of all the holy prophets since the world began.

I'd like to bear testimony to you that as a young missionary I read that prophecy made by some of the apostles in the Book of Acts that this was the restoration spoken of by the mouths of all the holy prophets since the world began, and I thought it was peculiar statement. I was no expert on my Bible and I thought, all right, these next months I'm going to find out. So I went back to my Bible and began with Chapter 1 of Genesis and I read all the way down through the book of Acts. I bear my witness that this restoration through the Prophet Joseph Smith was spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began, and he was the fulfillment that in the last and final dispensation the Lord would gather together all things to prepare for the coming of the Son of God.

The Lord told Joseph that when peace had been taken off the earth, when the devil would rage, and when the world was ripen in inequity, the Son of God would come back and usher in the Millennial dawn. This work was begun by a prophet that the Lord chose as he chose Abraham and Isaac and Joseph and all of the others. Marie is a descendant of that family of the royal lineage and birthright as is Pres. And the great work of the last hundred years or more in this dispensation has been the gathering of the House of Ephraim first, that they may take the gospel to Judah and in the right time to other tribes and all the peoples of the world.

Now I looked at Marie's genealogy in the last few days, and I notice that some of her progenitors come from the Scandinavian countries and from Western Europe. They come from Canada and from many places within the United States, as Presley's do. This is the great work that has been going on and Marie has lent the strength of her household to that same work. Dwight has filled a mission in gathering Ephraim and the lost of Israel. Vicky filled a mission among the great cities of the East

gathering in Ephraim and the lost of Israel. My wife hasn't filled a mission, but she's lent many years of her husband's life to missionary work that I could do that for her. She's an active genealogist and she's been gathering in Israel who are lost who haven't had the opportunity while living on earth. Marie was also an active genealogist.

In bearing my testimony to you on this, I knew as I know that I live that Marie is with the family of Israel this very moment.

She stands now with those who have been part of the great plan since Adam was placed in the garden of Eden upon the earth. It's not myth, it's not legend, it's fact and history. They live and they are real. She's part of that royal birthright, part of that Priesthood calling and covenant which has been passed down from the time that the world began and is reaching its magnificent and glorious fulfillment in the work now going forward in the world.

She has been part of one of those who has put her shoulder to the wheel and has lent the strength of her sinews of her soul and her mind to helping this work to roll forth until, as Daniel the Prophet said, it shall roll as a stone cut out of the mountain without hands and strike the kingdoms of the world and break them in pieces and consume them so that the Kingdom of God will fill the world, so that the Savior may come again upon the earth and complete all the work that he has prophesied and that his servants and prophets have prophesied of from the beginning of time.

I bear testimony to you that Marie was of Ephraim. It's manifest in the lives of her children and in the man she's selected and has stood by his side for this quarter of a century. I know that she's of the noble birthright and of this royal lineage and of the holy Priesthood. It has been manifest in her life.

If I may in just another moment say this as I've had a lot of reflection. My father is a patriarch in Israel and he has the gift healing. I know that he has as I've seen it manifest a hundred times in my lifetime. He and I have placed our hands on Marie's head. We anointed her in these last months with holy oil. Dwight and Pres and I have placed our hands upon her head and we've anointed her with holy oil and I've thought a lot about this as she began to die and when she passed away and I remember those blessings.

Brothers and sisters I would like to say this especially to the family. Every blessing pronounced by the power of the Priesthood upon Marie's head was fulfilled. We prayed that she would recover from her heart surgery and she made a full and complete recovery. We prayed that she would recover from the surgery on her back and her nerves and she a complete recovery. But no one received the inspiration and no one was directed in blessing her to recover from this. I assume that this again was a lesson from the Lord that His will be done as it has been from the time of the land of Shinar to the land of Zion in the

1970's.

I've known Kenneth and Rita since they were little children younger than my boys who are here. To you especially I'd like to say this: Dwight has fulfilled a mission and has been in the House of the Lord, . Vicky has filled a mission and has been in the House of the Lord, and I've taken my wife to the House of the Lord, and they know these promises. You know them in part, but I want to bear witness to both of you kids that your mother simply stepped through a door. Death is no more than moving from one room to another. It's not an eternal death. It's a simple stage of transition from this life to the life beyond. She's with people she knows and she loves. I know that she's a fully conscious and intelligent being. She is communicating with them, she is conscious of what we're doing, she's happy and at rest. I know this to be true.

The prophets have witnessed of it from the beginning of time to now and I add my personal testimony and witness to the truth of that. I bear my testimony that I know Marie was a daughter of our Father in Heaven, a true descendant of Ephraim worthy of all that ought to imply to all of us in the world today. And I do this in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

Dwight Laws: Brothers and Sisters and relatives. I wanted very much to have this opportunity to tell everyone about our mother and to pay our family respects publicly. Yet for three days I've struggled and I've found that the feelings of love and devotion that we have for her are not adequately expressed in words. Still it is important to me to convey to you a fitting tribute, so I have prepared some of her own words and writings to read to you and this will better tell you why we feel as we do.

During my mission I received a letter from her in which she expressed some of her thoughts.

Dear son, I wonder what you are thinking about - I am thinking about heaven. Not that I expect to go there soon, but I'm still thinking of it. A guy can dream can't he.

She often hoped that heaven had trees and mountains and beautiful scenery and variety. She said,

I do not want sameness even in weather. I would hate a place that was always the same. I love a violent storm occasionally, and a blistering hot day makes me appreciate the mild ones all the more. I wouldn't want things to be green all year. I want to enjoy the miracle of life and growth, as Spring clamors to be seen and heard after the glorious beauty of snow on a seemingly dead branch. The song of the meadowlark and the fat greedy robin are double sweet

in Spring because of the lack of that music with ice and sleet. I firmly believe that heaven could exist right here and now for all who have the willpower and health to be and do what they wish to. I would not fear sorrow and strife if I were at peace with myself.

I would have no objection to my neighbors greed and guile if I were completely free of guile myself. If I would carry the weight and problems of the world proudly, successfully, and righteously on my shoulders, what would I care if I had the best car on the block, a fancy house, or money in the bank.

If I were doing the majority a good turn every day, I wouldn't have to quake with fear that someone was watching me.

She then closed her letter with this comment:

Why am I thinking of heaven? It just put on a spectacular demonstration of fireworks. Wouldn't it be awful to live above the skies and miss the grandeur of a thunderstorm?

Mother was dependable, honest, honorable, sensitive, and appreciative of all good and lovely things. To her being friends was more important than being lovers. Children's time when they needed her was more important than dishes or cleaning. God's creations were more important than man's. She told us that just because someone doesn't do something the way we would doesn't mean it is not right.

She had a cheery countenance, and we would often come into the kitchen and hear her singing, "Oh What A Beautiful Morning." It mattered not that it might be raining or snowing. Those of you who knew her best know that she would be more impressed with a mansion on high surrounded by flowers and greenery than one ringed with gold and silver.

She was also a patriot and loved this land. When mother was reading in the paper of many of the ugly comments people were making about this country, she wrote a note to the editor and he published it in the Salt Lake Tribune. I quote:

AMERICA IS GREAT

At this Thanksgiving season I wish to go on record as being thankful for my country -- this great land of liberty and freedom; prosperous, immense, a leader, a helper, a refuge and blessed by God.

I know American has weaknesses and faults. Her weaknesses -- draft dodgers, card burners, flag desecraters, law breakers, and dissenters, to whom she gives of her plenty and freedom. Her faults -- handing out generously of her goods,

strength, knowledge and manpower to those who persecute her.

America makes mistakes -- made by well-meaning, active, involved, dedicated men. But she will never have to build an iron curtain, a stone wall or a barbed fence to keep her honorable citizens!

I would rather be a peasant in America than the ruler of any other country on earth. Thank God for America!"

Last year as part of our responsibilities as a family organization, we interviewed Mother about her life and we asked her to tell us her story so that it might be preserved for her descendants; and she told us of her successes and failure, her happy moments and sad times, her griefs and joys, and her love of God and nature and the beauties of the earth.

She said, "I have an evil that has always tried to be my undoing. An overly, independent false pride. I also have a natural goodness and that, so far, has kept me from spoiling completely, and that is an inherited, natural, true and strong faith. I know that God lives.

When we asked her about her happiest, and saddest thoughts she replied: "My happiest knowledge is that God is our Father in Heaven. My saddest thought, to endure a lifetime and never really learn how to live."

We asked her about her testimony and she responded this way, "I hear people talk about miraculous conversions and the wonderful things that happened to them to convert them to the Church and the gospel. I feel the fact that I never needed this was just as great a miracle because the faith or knowing the gospel's true has been a constant thing with me -- growing as I grew."

Mom was not perfect and that's why we loved her, but she tried to be and that's why God loved her. When we knew of the inevitable, I talked with mother and she was very calm as we talked about death. I asked her to tell me the thoughts she was having now that she knew she would be leaving us, and I was thrilled by her first comment. She said, "I'm not afraid to meet God." It reaffirmed that her life had been lived the right way and that she was clean in mind, body, and soul. She told of many unfulfilled dreams for her children whom she lived for, yet she rejoiced in our accomplishments.

She often told her children in private of her love and respect for Presley. She appreciated his care and goodness to her and felt that she never adequately returned his devotion. To her he was the grandest man in the world. She worried of the uncertainties that lay ahead for him, and she told me of her hopes for him.

Dad, maybe you can find some comfort in these words from our gospel hymn:

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand
We'll catch the broken threads again
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then we'll understand.
God knows the way; he holds the key;
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see,
Yes, there, up there we'll understand
Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not, for he doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime,
sometime we'll understand.

She was intensely proud of Theda and her many accomplishments. She especially loved Vicky because she saw in Vicky herself again. She worried that Vicky's life might be a hard one like her own. Ken was a special joy and she told me often of his clereness and quick mind. She loved her son with the golden red hair and said he always wants to do what is right. Rita's music was a source of joy to her and she grieved most leaving her because she still needed a mother.

Mother said:

Three things I hope for, "That people are not heavily burdened with my passing, and yet I don't want to be forgotten. Finally I hope that I can bear this thing to the end with dignity.

We talked further and she told me of the heavy burden of sorrow that she had carried through her life. A burden that many of us could not understand, as though it had been placed on her at birth as a means to further polish her for eternal progression, and she carried it well. As we talked she said, "I am looking forward now to peace and rest." And so it shall be, for Alma the great prophet has said that it shall come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness which is called paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care and sorrow.

We both sat for some time in silence thinking of the things we had talked about, and then as a child who is homesick, she said very simply,

I know God is my Heavenly Father and I want to be with

Him."

During the last days her strength failed her completely and she was unable to move or even talk. Yet her mind was alert and her hearing clear. One can only wonder what the thoughts were that she lived with during the last hours. But I know that they were still of her family and of God and the gospel.

The evening before she passed on I went to her room and talked to her briefly. She could not respond and I wondered if she heard. I told her that we all loved her dearly and that she had pointed us in the right direction. As I bent to kiss her good night, I saw the tears that had formed in her eyes running down her cheeks.

As the family was seeing to mother's personal affects, the thought came to us that this was all that remained. But that is not so. What we are is mothers, how we act is mother, for she gave us birth and she molded us and she created the environment in which we live. She will always be with us.

Author Gordon Johnstone's poem best expresses it:

I tell you they have not died.
They live and breathe with you.
They walk now here at your side.
They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod,
When you can feel their breath.
When flower and soul and God know
There is no death.

I tell you they have not died.
Their hands clasp yours and mine.
They are now but glorified.
They have become divine.
They live, they know, they see,
They shout with every breath,
All is eternal life, eternal life,
There is no death.

So now, dear mother, wife, and friend, until we meet again in joyous reunion, we bid you a fond and loving farewell. Rest in peace from all your care and sorrow. You did bear your pain with dignity, and you shall not be forgotten. We love you.

Quartet: "Still, Still With Thee"

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh.
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee.
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness.
I am with thee, alone with thee amid the mystic shadows.
The solemn hush of nature newly born.

Alone with thee in restless adoration
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
When signs the soul subdued by toil to slumber.
When sings the soul subdued by toil to slumber.
It's closing eyes look up to thee in prayer.
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er shadowing
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.
So shall it be at last in that bright dawning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee.
Oh, in that hour fairer than daylight dawning
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.
Oh, in that hour fairer than daylight dawning
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.
I am with Thee.

Bishop Gailey: That music was so beautiful and might I state that Dwight and this quartet are all members of the Tabernacle Choir. It was such a beautiful thing.

The family has asked me to thank everyone who has been so gracious in your visits to the home, in flowers, in your best wishes, and those who have helped make this service so beautiful. The prayers, the songs, the spoken words, I don't know who could have said it any better than members of the family who knew her so well.

They were so concerned that I thank the DuVall brother and sisters, Presley's brother and sisters, who have come from an area north of Cheyenne and traveled so far. Oh they did appreciate it. Thank you so much for that thoughtfulness and care. He did need your care. The Relief Society has prepared food for those who are traveling, and it will be in the form of lunches. We would invite you to pick them up before you go out here at the north side of the building. Please take them with you as they were prepared for your benefit. We would also like to thank the Relief Society for the flowers and all they have done to help us here.

There are many people here from the Blanding area and we again thank you. This family has been a close knit, tight knit, loving family all the way. As you travel back that way the police have requested that we please not travel in any form of a caravan at all, but that we travel separately and independently as safely and observing all the laws to avoid any possible traffic tie up. May we ask your respect in that request.

I am so grateful and would be terribly thoughtless if I did not just make a comment or two. For three years I've worked very closely with Brother Pres and his family as Bishop of this ward. A calling not of my choosing, but certainly a sweet one in many cases. There was never a man more dedicated than Presley DuVall. There is never a moment when you didn't know where he stood. He was always standing where a man ought to be standing in decisions that were right. There are times when Presley said

this is not right we must do it this way, for this is the way it ought to be. He is a great judge of right, and I want him to know I appreciate and respected him so much for it. He is an honest, just, dedicated, determined man that things must be right. Oh what a wonderful trait, and I hope the family appreciate it.

I've known each member of their family, some more than others, but I have great respect for each one of them. Rita has been so wonderful to perform any task we have asked. You never know Rita's around she's so quiet, but so dependable and has so many traits.

I have worked with Ken in work. He works for the same company that I do, and I'm going to break a confidence at this time. Approximately a year ago Ken's mother came down to work and almost insisted for an hour's time that Ken go on a mission. But this was Ken's decision and you don't force people to do things. The Lord never did, he never will, and I have no right to force Ken on a mission. Ken has that as a goal and he has set it in his schedule of planning, and I know that he will want to go -- not because she insisted but because he knows it's right and proper.

Ken, I hope she'll forgive me for betraying that confidence. But for nearly an hour I defended myself while she insisted that you go on a mission about a year ago. She loved you that much to want you to do what was right, even though sometimes a little stronger persuasion was maybe necessary. Ken is a good employee. He can work where we work anytime, any hour he want to work. That is the kind of employee he is. If he wants time off, he doesn't have to ask more than once. If he wants to go to school, he can go to school. When he's ready to come back, there's a job for him. And that in itself is a tribute to the value of a man. There aren't many people who can do that in their work. Thank you, Ken. I appreciate it.

I would like to also mention to you that Sister Marie was as dedicated as her sons and sons-in-law have said. In every aspect of her calling she ever had she was a perfectionist, happy, very dutiful, and a very wonderful person, and I think one of the greatest tributes could be paid was paid by a young girl, I don't see her here today, but she happened to be in my automobile the other night as we were returning from a canyon party. This little girl was just barely 12 years old and said to me, "How is Mrs. DuVall?" I said that she died last night. She cried and she cried really hard and this little girl is not one who is normally considered to be a serious young lady. She's rather an outspoken, loud little girl going through a tomboyish age, bless her heart. She said, after she got composure, "I'll never forget Mrs. DuVall. She taught me in a class and one Sunday I missed when they promoted from one class to another and I didn't know I had been put in another class. When I came back I went into her class and she said, "You know I feel so bad I can't have you any more. I'd so like you in my class but they have put you in another class. May I take you over and introduce you

to her." This little girl cried as she told this, of her love for Sister DuVall and the genuine type of woman that she was. Never too busy, even for a little girl.

I would just like to add for a moment my witness to the things that these wonderful men have said and tell you that I know what they have said is true. And I bear my witness and again thanks to the family. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Pall bearers for Sister DuVall are B. Blain Bradford, Kenneth L. DuVall, R. Que Steele, Arvid K. Black, Kleston H. Laws, and Sidney A. Carney. Interment, of course, will be in the Blanding City Cemetery. Thanks again to any and all mentioned and any others who have been so kind. Our benediction will be offered by David J. Black, a brother. Sister Dorothy Bradford will play the postlude music and this service will conclude.

Prayer by David J. Black: Our Heavenly Father. We pray again unto Thee at the close of these services for Marie, our sister and mother and friend. We wish to thank all those here assembled today for their presence, for their love and their respect, and for their traveling long distances to be here at this service.

We realize that Marie has passed on and gone back into the spirit world. We know that we lived and existed there before our assignment in mortality. We accepted this assignment to come here upon their earth in the spirit world because of its glory and its progression, its advancement in mortality. We must die here to be born again.

We are not complete until we have come forth in the resurrection.

To know this program, to know the purpose of life and our mission is of a great value to us individually, and we know that we will meet again. We had knowledge, we had acquaintance with each other before coming here, and we will know them when we leave here into the spirit world for a period of probation to come forth in the resurrection for the just and for those who have served Thee and kept Thy commandments.

We want to thank those who have taken part for the wonderful words they have spoken, for the beautiful flowers, for the lovely songs that were rendered here. It has been a beautiful program and we appreciate it. We appreciate one another. We have a great heritage we want to live up to and expectations to be instruments in Thy hands in doing good. We want to be worthy of the blessings that we enjoy through living in this day and time upon the earth when there are so many lovely things to enjoy for our comfort and for our living. We know that Christ will come again to reign personally upon the earth for a thousand years and all things, all records will be completed and compiled in their family order, and we will be privileged to accept those blessings.

We thank Thee for life and for all the things that we enjoy -- for one another. Help us to enjoy them and live faithfully to the

end until we will be called home also and there meet our friends, families, and loved ones and associate there as friends and know that we have to learn, eat, clothe, and we are there in the resurrection as we are here in this life.

We ask Thee to take us now in our journeys to our homes, to the burial grounds, in peace and safety, that no harm or accident may befall us. Those who have traveled long distances, may they have Thy guidance and Thy spirit to lead them in their decisions.

All these things we thank Thee for and for these wonderful services and for the life of Marie. We humbly ask in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Gailey: In respect to the family as they move the casket out, we would appreciate it if the rest of you would stand, please.