

Helen Thurber Dalton
Sunday, 18 May 1969
Boise, Idaho

Caroline (Butler) Thurber – Death and Funeral

My mother, above, died one week ago today, on Sunday, the 11th of May, 1969, being observed as Mother's Day throughout the nation. Mother's Day will not always come on the 11th of May, but I shall always remember the significance.

She has been in the Boise Valley SUNSET REST HOME, State and Sycamore Drive, since 20th of January this year.

Knowing of our great desire to go and be with our Carolyn as she expected her fifth child, it was with a rather sinking heart that we left her on 20th April, to journey to Carolyn's, 583 Palm St., Upland, California. The next day was the due date, but little baby Shannon was eleven days late, as she was born Friday, 2 May, Carolyn brought her new baby home Monday the 5th.

Two days later, Wednesday, the 7th, Waldo called me that mother was not good, and so we left about four hours later, and reached home here Thursday, at 2:00p.m. I unpacked and at 3:00 I went to the Home. She was totally unconscious, and gave no sign of recognition to my talking with her. Then it was I noticed both her hands were dark blue and asked the nurse if that was significant. She called the head nurse who came, observed, also looked at her feet, which were not blue. She said it could be significant, as the first sign usually was the extremities turning blue. I called Waldo, and he and Evian both came and observed her hands, and we both felt that it was possible this was near the end. Waldo had an appointment and left, but I remained. In about half an hour the normal color returned to her hands. The night nurse then told me it was a blood clot, which could not get thru, but it finally did get through, and the normal color returned.

Late in the evening her pulse was 105. But earlier in the evening, with her hands blue and being unconscious, the head nurse asked who was our Doctor, and said if we wished we could call him – he would probably take her to the hospital and give her intravenous feeding, oxygen, and would probably do two other things which I cannot recall the technical names. The nurse said she didn't know how we felt about that.

I told her that we had discussed such things (Aub and I had at least), that we would like our mother's every need cared for, for her to be made as comfortable as possible, and kept from pain if there was pain, but because of her age and physical condition we would not like to have things done to just prolong life a few hours or days longer. The nurse seemed pleased and said "That is how I feel about it – I don't like the idea of all those needles stuck in her – and I think they should be able to go in dignity."

The other patient in her room kept talking quite loudly. At 9:45 p.m. her temperature was 102 and her blood pressure was down to 90. The head nurse said she would like to move mother into a private room, room 131 for the night. She said she didn't have authority to do it but she just felt it would be better for every one. I called at 10:00 to tell Waldo, who was at Ronald's. They had gone to Ronald's for dinner and then to hear Marion D. Hanks, something about seminaries I believe. Waldo said Ross Butler was there and that they had talked.

At 11:00 p.m. at the Rest Home. Waldo, Evian and Ronald came in to see mother and while they were here the nurse again took her blood pressure and this time it was down to 80 – and her pulse was 104 (normal is 70). At 11:35 her pulse was 100. Ronald asked about giving her water. I had it right there, but mother being totally unconscious, could not swallow any. I told them all that for my part I would like to have mother be made as comfortable as possible, and freed from pain but do not care to use methods to deliberately prolong life a little longer – that the nurse had asked whether we would like to have the doctor take her to hospital, that one of the things they would do would be to give her glucose thru the veins, and I said "Now, there is a challenge, what is the RIGHT thing."

Ronald thought a minute. I said "For my part I prefer to keep her right here and let nature take it's course – the nurses here know what they are about and are caring for her tenderly, and are in often to check and do things for her." Waldo said he felt the same way, saying "Mother has expressed herself at times the last several years that she would like to go."

Ronald said "I believe that when you meet her in the Spirit world and talk this over, she will tell you you made the right decision." After they left I gently she tears, and talked to her, even though there was no sign of her hearing. I told her among other things, that the time was near for her to go into the Spirit World, where she would have a joyous Reunion with her loved ones, for her to tell my father that I loved him, and I also told her that I loved her, that she had been a sweet and wonderful mother to me.

At 1:30 a.m. (Friday the 9th) her pulse is now 100, a little less than last twice. She was a little better I thought, and may yet rally from this. I got up from the chair and said I was glad it was better and that perhaps I should go home. The head nurse looked a little concerned and said "She is still very critical you know. I think it would be better if you could stay, unless there is something you have to go for." Of course I wanted to stay. At 2:30 a.m. two nurses came and turned her over on the other side. They do this every two hours, and rubbed her back with lotion. I asked why the red spots from such a short time and they said, "Her circulation is poor."

At 2:45 a.m. The nurse took her pulse and not it was 68, but very irregular.

At 7:15 a.m. They have just turned her over again and rubbed her, and as they did so there was a dark blue streak about an inch wide, including her nose and straight up her forehead into her hair. I watched it carefully for some ten minutes, and then it gradually went away. Poor little soul – totally unconscious, and shallow short breathing with her mouth open and tongue and lips dry, even though they keep putting some stuff on to keep the lips moist. I would that my father would come for her. She does not have a fever now.

10:10 a.m. Waldo came in at 7:50 and remained for about half and hour. He cancelled his trip to Sun Valley for today. I went home for an hour. The nurse was in just now and observed her shallow breathing, then would kind of stop breathing for a few seconds, then continue on. She asked me how long she had been doing that. Just recently. The nurse told her assistant that that was called Chain Stokes breathing. The assistant asked what did that mean and she said "that means it is getting toward the end."

11:00 a.m. The nurse comes in real often. This time she asked what religion we belonged to and I told her. She had heard of them. She asked if we would like to have a minister, or ----- then she told me to try to relax, that this might go on all afternoon – that when a person lives a good life, it is just amazing sometimes how long their heart will hold out. She also said she noticed mother going down quite fast soon after I left on this trip to California. She also said that for some three weeks or more she would not eat but she would take her liquids, but when the time comes that she cannot take liquids, it is bad.

Saturday, 10 May 1969

7:00 a.m.

Night before last I remained with mother all night until about 8:30 a.m., then went home for an hour. I remained with mother last night until 9:15. She was still unconscious, but was breathing evenly and so the nurse promised to call me at the least change, and I came home and slept and slept. I just now telephoned and nurse reported she had a good night.

10:00 a.m. Mrs. Audrey Smith, head nurse at the Rest Home told me (after I asked her) that mother's pulse is 130, meaning that her heart is working very hard – in fact at this rate her heart will wear out. One foot, especially the big toe, is dark blue, and they are both cool. She said some patients have gone this far and have come back but she feels that she is going – all indications point to that. She told me to stay if I wished but there was nothing I could do – they check her real

often and would call me at the slightest change. She said this is the very hardest part for the family – to wait – but you will need strength for after.

Mother is breathing evenly, but it is shallow, with her mouth open. They keep moistening her lips and tongue. She has had no liquids for about five days; and so I have come home to get some work done. I did have a good long sleep last night.

1:20 p.m. Her temperature is 100.6. Pulse 100 but very irregular, missing a lot – not good. Her hands are blue and her feet are blue. Shallow breathing, mouth open. Mrs. Audrey Smith, head nurse said to me “Dr. _____ told us nurses “IT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT NOT TO PROLONG LIFE AS IT IS NOT TO TAKE LIFE.” She felt that he expressed this idea beautifully.

7:15 p.m. Her feet are dark blue and cold. The nurse said that since they had remained that way was indication they would not get better. Her hands are blue but not so dark, and they are warm. The nurse said “No one knows how long – it could be for days.”

(I continue to copy for notes I wrote at the Rest Home, and now as I added to them here at home.)

11 May 1969 –
3:00 p.m.

Mother passed away this morning at 1:00 a.m. I remained at the Nursing Home until rather late – but she was breathing evenly so I cautioned the nurse to call me at any change. She called me at 10 minutes to 1, but before Waldo and I could get there she was gone – I regret very much that I did not stay – the head nurse had told me that it could go on for days, and that statement influenced me to leave. The nurse said that she was at peace – that she had difficulty breathing for just a few minutes, and then she just stopped – no struggle. I am grateful. My prayers have been answered, partially at least.

Now she is released, and while I have shed tears – I am fervently thankful that she can now be released from fears and doubt and uncertainty, and she can have that glorious reunion with her loved ones, her husband, her mother and father, brothers and sisters.

I called Bishop Broadbent (Elijah H.) at 7:00 a.m. to tell him. I failed to tell him that we had planned to hold her services at Relyea Mortuary, and he asked to meet with us after Sacrament Meeting. During Sunday School (My Sunday School starts at 8:30 a.m.) Waldo and I made long distance calls. Waldo called Rex and Milton about 2:00 a.m. and now he also called Ross Butler and Leland Thomas Butler, and I called Aunt Jane, who said she would call Edith and Melvin, Uncle Taylor and Aunt Thelma at Gooding, Aunt Ida. I also called Reed Richards at Salt Lake, and asked them to please call Erma; and I called Loren Smith at West Covina, Calif and he said he would notify the family; and of course I also called King T. at Upland, California. He was not home, had been out on a Search and Rescue for a man who had had a heart attack. Waldo also called Afton at Ontario, Calif. She was the wife of Erin, my brother. After his death she married George Jay Eyre.

The funeral was set for Tuesday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. When I did tell the Bishop we had thought to have the funeral at Relyea’s he was up set, and told me so. He said, “I took for granted it would be at the Church. I cannot help it I do not feel right about it. THERE IS NO ONE MORE DESERVING OF A CHURCH FUNERAL THAN YOUR MOTHER. It disturbs me to see faithful Latter-day Saints holding funerals at Funeral Homes. Our churches are dedicated, one of the things is for funerals of the Saints.”

I felt reproved – and by our Bishop, the father of our Ward. I accepted the reproof, and told him we would change. He said, “I am surprised that Waldo would go along with the idea of holding it at the funeral home.” I told him it had been my idea and he had gone along with it.

Now this was my reasoning: Mother has lived in this Ward since 1961, about 8 years. She has attended regularly, as I took her, but she has never held a position of responsibility here in this ward, as her days of activity were over. She had lived in the First Ward, with us (Aub and I), then in 1942 we all moved to the Third Ward, later in the West Boise Stake, then in 1953 we all moved to the Eighth Ward. In July 1958 Aub and I moved to the Parma Farm and mother moved to the little white cottage in the Second Ward, then with us in Parma after Carolyn's marriage for six months, then here to the 4th Ward, Boise Stake. My reasoning was that while they here had been most kind and generous and friendly, yet I felt that she really had no personal spiritual home to speak; also I have recently attended several funerals at Relyea's of Church members and thought it seemed all right; also the fact that Relyea's is across the street from Morris Hill Cemetery, and it would save transporting the casket clear across town to the 4th Ward and then back, thru heavy traffic. It seemed to me to be the least trouble for people.

Well, now, my Bishop really made me feel that my mother was important. I just shed tears of thankfulness, talked it over with Waldo who approved. When we told (or I told) Russell Relyea he said it was fine, but made this comment: "These little elderly ladies – most of their friends are already gone, and the Churches are so big – there usually are not many to attend – it usually leaves a lot of empty church space." I told him that we had been counseled to take counsel from our Bishop, and so I would like very much to have it at the Church.

King, Sharon, and all five children arrived 3:30 a.m., having driven straight thru (some 18 hours) and we were so thankful to see them. They arrived Tuesday morning, the day of the funeral.

We were busy with arrangements and details, but the night before I drove by myself out the Mortuary and saw my mother. SHE WAS SO LOVELY; so dear and sweet. With a lovely half smile on her face. She looked so young and vital and so at peace I just shed more tears. The impression came to me "That is how she will look on Resurrection Morning – just so beautiful." And those beautiful Temple clothes, every bit of her own make, the beautiful narrow, perfect pleats in the robe. Earlier that same day Waldo, Rex, and I went there to see her together, and Waldo could hardly believe it she was so pretty and lovely. "Why, she looks like her wedding picture!" I had taken her glasses out, but when they put them on, we three were agreed not to let them remain. It was later that evening that I went out again by myself this time, and remained for about an hour, just visiting by myself.

Tuesday, the 13th of May, by noon the casket was brought to the 4th Ward, and placed in the little room to the right.

Before going up, I looked in our living room at the beautiful Hydranga plant in Orchid color which the 4th Ward Relief Society had sent to my home, and also the lovely white carnation grouping sent by Pete Anderson (out home teacher) and his wife, and I thought "there may not be very many flowers, I believe I shall take these along to make a better showing, and then shall bring them home again."

In the little reception room during the hour before the service, there came many relatives and friends, among them Milton and his two sons Tony and Timothy Craig, Rex and Kitty, Waldo and Evian, Ronald, also Ross, Marge and their two sons, Paul Butler and Rohn Butler; Aunt Jane and Fae from Wendell, Uncle Josh, and Orlo Stevens from Gooding, also Uncle Taylor and Aunt Thelma and their daughter Nayoma; and Aunt Ida from Rupert; I remember seeing and embracing Mable Nokes, who was Stake President of the Boise Stake Relief Society when mother and I worked under her. I should mention that Madge did not come – she remained in Salt Lake at Tony's – she had skinned her leg some days before and feared it would have to have a skin graft, and then had also slipped and fallen which caused bruise on her face or nose.

There were so many coming in the little room there was hardly space to stand. And most went over to see mother's body. I remember Minnie Borup and her daughter Maida, and so many others. Even Luzetta and Cyril Fuhrman who came clear from Vale!

Aub was instructed by Russell to hand out programs.

At 10 minutes to 2:00 he came in, saying it was time to have the family prayer. Uncle Josh gave a real nice prayer; the Russell asked me to step forward while he assisted me in placing the veil on her head. He tucked it down, and closed the casket. I should have mentioned that Waldo and I had ordered a most beautiful casket spray of flowers and on the large ribbon it said "MOTHER", it was from us, Waldo and Evian, Aub and I, Rex and Kitty, and Milton and Madge. White Chrysanthemums with pink rosebuds, and pink ribbons. It was very large and beautiful.

Then Russell turned and asked me and all others of the family to follow him and we did so. I was so surprised there were so many people in the foyer, and then as we entered the chapel, I was surprised that there were so many people, and then as Aub and I walked behind the casket down the aisle, I looked up at the front, and just gasped to see all the flowers! They were so beautiful! He had a large half crescent overhead filled with large sprays of flowers – also a number of stands and another "wall" of flowers. And there I had brought my Hydranga plant to help out with the flowers! There were four or five rows in front of family members.

It was just 2:00 p.m. – not one minute late! On the stand were Bishop Broadbent, Waldo, Milton, Ross Butler, and our King T. Dalton, who were the speakers; also those who sang. LaMar Dixon gave the Invocation, and it was real fine, and so appropriate. Then our lovely friend and neighbor, Collette Howard, and Joan Grover, sang a duet, Collette a soprano, and Joan with her lovely alto. They sang "I Need Thee Every Hour," and they sang it so sweetly.

I remember as the Bishop opened the meeting he said "Sister Thurber was always faithful with her tithes and offerings – faithful with her 'widow's mite.'" and other things he said.

Then King read the Obituary which I had typed out for him, then he gave some of his remembrances, saying in part "grandmother was in our home from before my birth until my marriage, so she was a second mother to me. She did little things for me. She did not get cross. She was pleasant to be with." He said some other things which I cannot remember enough to quote. King did this very well, and we were pleased.

Then Thelma Mitchell read mother's Testimony. In 1959 at my request, mother wrote her history in her own hand, and I also asked if she would write her testimony. She did so, and I thought it was lovely. Sister Mitchell for years has been our Theology class leader in Relief Society, where we also have Testimony meeting, and she has been a very dear friend to mother and me, and so I got the courage to ask her if she would read this Testimony, and also tell us all that she had seen mother often at Relief Society. She did this so well. It was just touching – and I was so proud and pleased.

Then very dear friends, Rhea Arthur Smith and Jesse McQueen sang "There is an Hour of Peace and Rest", and I loved it also. Old and dear friends, now of the First Ward. Jesse McQueen's wife (now deceased) Lily, worked with us under Mabel Nokes in the Relief Society Stake Board for so many years.

Then Milton spoke! How I wish it (all the service) had been taped. It touched me very much – but I cannot remember all he said. He said in part "mother's earth life is over – her testing in this mortal life is finished. Nothing can now change her record of her life here, nor the judgment she will receive My brother Waldo, as the Patriarch of our family has asked me to recall some things that have happened in my life with reference to our mother. The very earliest remembrance I have was when we lived at Filer, Idaho, on a farm. (This would be 1916-1917 as we lived there for one year, after moving from Camas Prairie.) Out back of our house was an irrigation ditch with a bridge across it, and one day I sat down on the bridge with my back to the water, and tried to see how far I could lean back and not fall – well I fell in, as you might know. I climbed out of the water on the ditch bank. My mother was running toward me – she said that I looked like a drowned muskrat. That is my earliest remembrance." (He did not mention it, but Milton has told me before of this instance. He said he had the distinct impression that he knew it was up to him to get out of that ditch, and he did. Another amazing thing was that he was only eighteen months old when that happened, or I should say about 18 months old. I well remember

when this happened, and while we none of us recorded the date, we can place it pretty close, for we only lived there for a year.)

Milton continued with his remembrances. “Attending Church one Sunday, at the little white Church at 4th and Jefferson Streets, my folks all went home and left me, for some unexplainable reason – of course I was the youngest of the five, and I guess they just forgot me. Well, I had to figure out what to do. In those days we had street cars, and the street car track I found, and I knew we lived close to them, so I followed the street car track, and found my way home by myself, and into the arms of a very anxious and worried mother.

“Our mother had faith – simple faith. One instance I shall tell you. In those days when I was young, we were poor, not poor in spirit, but in money, and money to clean and press our pants did not come easily. This time, to save the money my mother cleaned my Sunday pants and then placed them between the mattresses of my bed – and then forgot where she had put them. Came the time when I needed them and we could not find them. Came the time when my mother had me kneel down with her at the bed, and she offered a humble prayer, in our anxiety. At the close of the prayer, she immediately lifted up the mattress and there were the pants!

“She taught us the gospel. She taught us honesty. She taught us integrity.” Milton’s voice nearly broke right here. “She taught us to work.” I do not remember what else he said, except “these speeches are not to be long.”

Then Waldo spoke. And it was a wonderful talk. He told me he had planned to also reminisce, and even give a few humorous incidents. He reminded me all along that this funeral should not be a sad time, but a joyful time for our mother. But the day before, when Waldo found that Evian’s brother Jack, was coming from McCall to attend, and also that Henry Fleenor and his wife Ruth, his dearest friends outside the church – that they were coming, and also others he mentioned which I do not recall – he said to me “Sis, this might be the only time I shall have an opportunity to teach the Gospel to them – so now I think it should be a serious talk, one that might touch them.” Waldo did not sleep all night, for trying to prepare this talk.

He talked about the Plan of Salvation, a little about our pre-mortal life, about her being called home on MOTHER’S day, about the joyous reunion going on in the Spirit world, and he closed with saying he would like to think that at the right time that our father (our earthly father) had stepped forward and held out his hand and called her to come. Rex said later he felt that Waldo’s talk was a masterpiece, and I know it was very fine, but I could not recall many details of it.

Then Ross spoke, and told us he felt he was more than a cousin – he was in very deed a double cousin, so he felt as close as a brother. That his father and our father were boyhood friends and chums, that they grew up and married each other’s sisters, and so we are indeed very close related, for we have exactly the same ancestors. He paid tribute to the boys (my brothers) and I for the care of this our mother, and to her for being the kind of mother she was, and he also spoke of the glorious family reunion behind the veil, and he also spoke of our comfort and belief of the continuation of our lives and activities, and of the love among family members which continues on.

Then “O My Father” was sung by Ruth Renell, a friend of Waldo’s. Beautifully sung. Benediction by Ronald A. Thurber. That was a lovely prayer. He played the prelude and postlude music on the organ, and he has such a lovely touch. I was to have given the closing prayer, but I told Waldo before the service that I would nod to Ronald. He failed to tell Ronald, although he had said he would, and so when I nodded to him, he rose and went to the rostrum and gave a lovely prayer, just as though he had been thinking about it for some time. Learned afterward that he walked to the rostrum for the prayer in his stocking feet – as he removed his shoes to pray.

The casekt bearers were Gary Thurber, Ronald, and Rick, R. Dale Duffy, Tone M. Thurber, and Timothy Craig, Paul Butler and Rohn Butler, and Dwain and Dale Butler.

The service closed at exactly 3:00 p.m. one hour – and there we feared it would be much longer. I think it was a wonderful program and service. Everything seemed to move so smoothly.

All family members, about 40 to 45, were to meet afterward at the home of Ronald and Rena, on Kootenai street, for the evening meal, and so now, at the close of the service, Aub went to our home (where the Relief Society members were to have left food) and also Karen Duffy too. They went there instead of in the procession to the cemetery. It was beautiful, warm, sunny day. There was a strong police escort, down Harrison blvd, up Latah and to the Morris Hill cemetery. King drove our car, right behind the funeral hearse. Dwain Butler dedicated the grave. He is now a member of the Gooding Stake High Council, and a very fine man.

We visited a while and looked at all the lovely flowers. Afton and Jay came over and she shed tears and said she just had to come. She had telephoned her sons, both Steven and Norman Kent. Norman Kent is in the Navy in Mississippi, and Steven is working for his doctorate in Texas. They urged her to come, and the two boys sent wires to Waldo. Afton was dressed in a black velvet gown, looked like an evening dress. I said "I am sorry there are bad feelings (I meant between Milton and Madge and she and Jay) and I hope these things will be ironed out." She said, with her arms around me "Sprig, I pray every night that things will be better!" She said she and Jay came with Ariel, and did not sit with the family, but remained in the back, for the funeral service.

We then gathered at Ronald's home, 3412 Kootenai, and then enjoyed a lovely family reunion. Uncle K.T. told us about how it was that "Erin and Carry" came up to the Prairie, following John L. Butler and Bertha, also coming along, Josh, Horace and Ida. He mentioned that before his father's death, his father told John, that he should get on the land, that he would do better. And when these homesteads were opening up, John thought this looked like a good thing to do. He gave the history of the settling of Manard and Camas Prairie, about the Dixons who were already there. He, Taylor, and John, had gone up to the Prairie in 1903, others coming in 1904 and 1905. And he closed with saying, and "now see what has come from those fine families. John and Bertha and Erin and Carrie have such fine descendants, also the Dixons, Bailey married our sister Eva and they just have the finest family too." He also said other things most interesting. We all reminisced.

King, and others, took family pictures outside. Before this we had a lovely meal, fried chicken, cold cuts, jello salads, potato salads, rolls, and cake. Most was provided by our dear Relief Society sisters. After the visiting and picture taking there was a general breakup.

King's littlest one, Valerie, almost two, was being cared for by Helen Huff, that lovely niece of ours. Bless her heart – she made rolls and rolls for this luncheon or supper, and came to the funeral, and then offered to take Valerie with her home, which she did. We picked her up, and spent a time with Helen and Dick.

Milton and his sons Tone and Timothy Craig, who had come in on the morning plane from Salt Lake, now had to return on about the 7:00 flight. My, it did seem so wonderful to me for those fine young men, busy as they must be, to come to the funeral. Tone is a lawyer, and Tim is a senior at U. of Utah, specializing in chemistry. Their young brother, Erin Bruce, is now on a Mission in Mexico; and Elaine is about finishing this spring at B.Y.U., and is planning to be married, I believe in September.

Rex and Kitty stayed over for two days. When they come they always stay with Kitty's sister-in-law, Hazel Mrchelson. The next morning after the funeral, by appointment, Rex came, and also Wald, and we discussed many things, and I took them to mother's room to kind of go over her things. They both indicated there was not anything special that they cared about. Guess it was too soon after the funeral – even I could not get inspired to really go thru things. But knowing that Kitty and Rex were flying back home to Portland, I knew they could not take anything very heavy, and so I pulled out mother's box of books and they browsed thru them. Rex selected two small ones, believe they had my father's signature; and Waldo did also. And I showed them mother's small long white jewel box, given to her by Wren King, to whom she was engaged, before going with dad. (They mutually broke the engagement, before mother started going with my father, I understood). In this jewel box were a few little keepsakes that I held as precious; her first pair of

glasses, a wedding present from her brother John (that would be in April 1903); her amber beads which she wore as a child, the doctor having told her wearing them would help to cure her nosebleed!! Also a very old fashioned crochet hook, which she had when a girl; also a pearl handled pen, a gift to her from my father before they were married. I told the boys I would like to keep these things together, perhaps put them within a picture frame.

Tuesday
24 June 1969:

Either I do not manage my time very well, or there really have been quite a few pressing things to do – I have meant to write up the details of things pertaining to mother, so that Milton and Rex will know – guess I shall just continue it in this account, which can be regarded as history.

After the funeral Milton, Rex and Waldo were all agreed that a suitable marker should be place. And they expressed the opinion that rather than have another small rainbow marker like we have for our dad, that one for both would be nicer. I shall not go into the complete history of that, but here are the results. I am so pleased about it, and Waldo and Evian are too. They think it looks so very nice. Waldo said “why that is the prettiest stone around – and you can see it from the road, with name THURBER!” It is a stand-up stone. I like it so very much.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Minnesota red stone | 245.00 |
| Less trade in on old stone | 15.00 |
| | ----- |
| | 230.00 |
| Cement foundation (placed by Boise City) | 40.00 |
| Sales Tax | ----- |
| | 267.80 |

I have discovered there is a \$10.00 error in slip he sent me, but he has not sent another statement.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Relyea Mortuary are these: Casket, which includes service | 885.00 |
| Less discount because of his association with Waldo | 88.50 |
| | ----- |
| | 796.50 |
| To open Cemetery Lot | 85.00 |
| Cement Box which is required | 85.00 |
| | ----- |
| | 966.50 |

A few days after mother’s death I went in to the Social Security office to make arrangements for the lump sum payment. This, by order of Russell Relyea, is sent direct to him, and to be deducted by us.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| | 165.00 |
| | ----- |
| | 801.50 |
| Russell Relyea’s sales tax was | 11.64 |
| | ----- |
| Total cost, and paid | 813.14 |

We received \$1,000.00 insurance from the Pacific Standard Life Insurance Company, Burlingame, California. I am inclosing a picture of the headstone. Hope you like it. It also has “THURBER” in large letters on the other side of the stone. This stone is in keeping with

surroundings. The new cemeteries use just plain flat name plates. I am old fashioned enough to prefer this in this particular cemetery.

Now, as a further record of history, our mother on June 8, 1920, right after our father's death, she bought four lots in Morris Hill Cemetery, in Section H, Block 58, Grave #8 is our Dad, #7 is our mother's place, and #5 and 6 are not used. Waldo asked should we sell them. Well, I might as well tell you I went thru a lot of mental turmoil, wondering where I myself would like to be buried some day. Our two children and their families are far away and are established – but Boise is home to me. I have taken our mother out to the Cemetery every Memorial Day for some 49 years – even when we lived at Parma, and then sometimes in between I have taken mother for rides out there. It has become a familiar and dear spot to me. To me it is a pleasing thought to be laid near my dearly loved father and mother. Aub said he did not mind where he was buried – in fact he would just not like to even think about it now. I thought we might buy these lots. When I talked this over with Waldo he said we could have them if we would like them.

Waldo has been going to look in his bank vault to see if he has the deed to these lots – he said he does have some things of mother's there – but he hasn't done it yet. I called the City Clerk, who reported that their records did not show how much mother paid for them, but she thinks it was probably \$10.00 or \$15.00 each. Then I asked about how much would they buy them back for. She said it depends on what she paid for them, but thinks it would be about \$60.00 or \$65.00 each.

I should now make a record of her finances. I have it all here, but think I will postpone it as Aub is anxious to go fishing for a couple of days. All bills are paid, and I have closed out her checking account, and now there is \$88.45 in her Savings account.



Headstone of Isaac Erin and Caroline Thurber
Morris Hill Cemetery – Boise, Idaho
Section H, Block 58, Grave #7 – Caroline and Grave #8 – Isaac Erin

Mon. 12 May 1969

OBITUARY
Given by King T. Dalton

CAROLINE BUTLER THURBER

CAROLINE BUTLER THURBER was the fourth child of a family of ten children, daughter of John Lowe Butler II, and Nancy Franzetta Smith. Her father was an original Pioneer who came across the Plains at the age of eight with his parents.

She was born Dec. 2, 1880 in Panguitch, Utah. In her youth the family lived at Richfield, Utah.

She married Isaac Erin Thurber on April 7th 1903 in the Salt Lake Temple, and in April 1906 they moved to Camas Prairie, Blaine County, Idaho, where they homesteaded 160 acres. They moved in October 1917 to Filer, Idaho for one year, then to Boise, where her husband died in 1920, leaving her with the responsibility of caring for her five children, the youngest age three, and the eldest age 15. Then followed a few difficult years, but also many blessings.

Her life was in her children and in her Church. She served in MIA, Genealogical work, and Relief Society, especially Relief Society, serving for eight years as a member of the Boise Stake Board of Relief Society. She served as a Visiting Teacher for about 55 years. SHE HAS BEEN A WIDOW FOR over 49 years.

Survivors: A Daughter, Mrs. A. M. (Helen T.) Dalton; three sons, Waldo A., Boise; Rex G., Portland, Oregon; and Milton J., Ontario, California. Another son Erin B. preceded her in death in 1948; two sisters and two brothers, Olive B. Smith, West Covina, California, Jane B. Nielson, Wendell, Idaho; Kenion Taylor Butler, Gooding, Idaho, and Leland T. Butler, Stockton, California; fourteen grandchildren and 29 great grandchildren.

She had poor health a great deal of her life. At the age of five she had an accident which caused a blood vessel to break back of her ear, which caused much bleeding and near loss of life. When this developed into a dropsical condition three years later her father took her to the Manti Temple.

During her life she had eight major operations and several serious illnesses.

MEMORIES:

As four sons were going out to MIA, to school and social functions, she often cautioned: "REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE!"

She loved to dance. She loved to mingle socially with others.

It was her habit to especially greet new people in the Ward, to make them feel welcome and at home. Several have come to her in later years and said "Why Sister Thurber, you were the first one to come and greet me as we came as strangers!"

She had faith to be healed, and this living faith was exercised many times.

She was a prayerful woman.



Caroline B. Thurber

Caroline Butler Thurber, 88, of 2441 Menlo Drive, died Sunday in Boise following a long illness. Services will be conducted at 2 p.m. Tuesday at the Boise Fourth Ward Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Bishop E. H. Broadbent. Interment will be in Morris Hill Cemetery.

She was born Dec. 2, 1880, at Panguitch, Utah. In her youth she lived at Richfield, Utah. On April 7, 1903, she was married to Isaac Erin Thurber at Salt Lake City. In 1906 they moved to Camas Prairie, where they homesteaded 160 acres. They moved to Filer in October of 1917 for one year, and then to Boise, where Mr. Thurber died in 1920.

Mrs. Thurber had served in MIA, genealogical work, and had been a member for eight years of the Boise Stake Board of the Relief Society.

Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. A. M. (Helen T.) Dalton, Boise; three sons, Waldo A. of Boise, Rex G. of Portland, and Milton J. of Ontario, Calif.; two sisters, Olive B. Smith of West Covina, Calif., and Jane B. Nielson of Wendell; two brothers, K. T. Butler of Gooding and Leland T. Butler of Stockton, Calif.; 14 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren. A son, Erin B. Thurber, died in 1948.

Pallbearers will be Ronald W. Thurber, Richard O. Thurber, R. D. Duffy, Gary Thurber, Robert Butler, and Paul Butler.

Friends may call at Relyea Mortuary until noon Tuesday, and at the Fourth Ward from noon until time of services.

Caroline Butler Thurber's obituary printed in the Idaho Daily Statesman newspaper, Boise, Idaho on Monday, May 12, 1969

HER TESTIMONY

(Written by herself in May 1959.)

EXCERPTS FROM HER TESTIMONY

I desire to leave my testimony for my family and my posterity, that they may know of my love of the Gospel and my appreciation for my many blessings.

I am very proud of my heritage. Seven of my ancestors joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in early days of the Prophet Joseph Smith and they and their families came across the Plains over a thousand miles to Utah before the time of the Railroad in May 1869; therefore they all came by covered wagon.

I am thankful to be a member of this Church, and that I married a man who loved his Priesthood callings. He took me to the Temple to be married by the New and Everlasting Covenant, and it is my hope that this marriage will endure through the eternities and that our families may all be linked together through the sealing power of the Priesthood. I am thankful that I was privileged to live with my husband for seventeen years before we had to be separated by his death. I am grateful for the fine children we had.

I have known sorrow it is true, but I have experienced joy also. I have been blessed with the gift of Faith.

I love this Church. I believe with all my heart that Joseph Smith is a true prophet. I sustain and uphold President David O. McKay as a Prophet and as President of this Church, as well as all the constituted authorities.

I feel grateful for the special calling and blessing of being able to make the Temple and Burial clothes for so many years. I have always loved this work, and still do, and I have sought for the influence and spirit of my Heavenly Father in doing it and there were many times I was blessed in it. There were times when my health was poor and I prayed for strength to get it finished, and my prayers were answered. I loved those robes of the Holy Priesthood, and wanted those who used them to love them as I did. To me they are beautiful. I am thankful I have helped others to show them how to make them for themselves.

(signed) Caroline B. Thurber

At the funeral, 13th of May 1969, Sister Thelma Mitchell read this and made a few comments after. She did it in such a lovely manner.

Will those driving in the funeral procession please turn on the headlights of their car until arrival at the cemetery . . .



Relyea Mortuary
Latah at Morris Hill Road
BOISE, IDAHO



In Remembrance

In Memory of

CAROLINE BUTLER THURBER

Born

December 2, 1880 Panguitch, Utah

Died

May 11, 1969 Boise, Idaho

Services

LDS Fourth Ward Chapel

Tuesday, May 13, 1969 2:00 p. m.

Officiating Bp. E. H. (Lige) Broadbent

Organist Ronald W. Thurber

Family Prayer Joshua D. Thurber

Invocation La Mar Dixon

Duet "I Need Thee Every Hour"

Collette Howard, Joan Grover

Obituary King T. Dalton

Remarks Thelma Mitchell

Duet "There is an Hour of Peace and Rest"

Rhea Smith, Jesse Mc Queen

Speaker Milton J. Thurber

Speaker Waldo A. Thurber

Speaker Pres. Ross E. Butler

Song "O My Father" Ruth Renell

Benediction Helen T. Dalton

Grave Dedication K. T. Butler

Casket Bearers

Gary Thurber Anthony M. Thurber

Ronald W. Thurber Timothy C. Thurber

Richard O. Thurber Paul Butler

R. Dale Duffy Rohn Butler

Interment

Morris Hill Cemetery

Boise, Idaho

Caroline Butler Thurber's funeral program was quad folded, outside above, inside below. The funeral service followed the program with the following exceptions: Ronald Thurber gave the benediction instead of Helen T. Dalton, Dwain Butler and Dale Butler were added as "Casket Bearers," and Dwain Butler performed the grave dedication instead of K.T. Butler.

Certificate of Death

STATE OF IDAHO

State File No. _____
 Local Reg. No. 59
 Reg. Dist. No. 271

RECEIVED

| | | | |
|--|--|---|--|
| 1. PLACE OF DEATH a. COUNTY <u>ADA COUNTY</u> MAY 13 1969 | | 2. USUAL RESIDENCE (Where deceased lived. If institution: residence before admission) a. STATE <u>IDAHO</u> b. COUNTY <u>ADA</u> | |
| b. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) <u>Boise</u> | | c. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write RURAL and give township) <u>BOISE</u> | |
| d. FULL NAME OF HOSPITAL OR INSTITUTION <u>SUNSET NURSING HOME</u> | | d. STREET ADDRESS <u>2441 Menlo Drive</u> | |
| 3. NAME OF DECEASED (Type or Print) a. (First) <u>CAROLINE</u> b. (Middle) <u>B.</u> c. (Last) <u>THURBER</u> | | | 4. DATE OF DEATH (Month) (Day) (Year) <u>May 11, 1969</u> |
| 5. SEX <u>female</u> | 6. COLOR OR RACE <u>white</u> | 7. MARRIED, NEVER MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED (Specify) <u>WIDOWED</u> | 8. DATE OF BIRTH <u>Dec. 2, 1880</u> |
| 9. AGE (In years last birthday) <u>88</u> | | 10a. USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life, even if retired) <u>Housewife</u> | 10b. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY <u>Home</u> |
| 11. BIRTHPLACE (State or foreign country) <u>Richfield, Utah</u> | | 12. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY? <u>US</u> | |
| 13. FATHER'S NAME <u>John Lowe Butler 11, Nauvoo, Illinois</u> | | 14. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME <u>Nancy Franzetta Smith, Parawon, Utah</u> | |
| 15. WAS DECEASED EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? (Yes, no, or unknown) (If yes, give war or dates of service) <u>no</u> | | 16. SOCIAL SECURITY NO. <u>518-26-8477-A</u> | 17. INFORMANT'S OWN SIGNATURE <u>[Signature]</u> |
| 18. CAUSE OF DEATH Enter only one cause per line for (a), (b), and (c) *This does not mean the mode of dying, such as heart failure, ashenia, etc. It means the disease, injury, or complication which caused death. | | MEDICAL CERTIFICATION I. DISEASE OR CONDITION DIRECTLY LEADING TO DEATH* (a) <u>Cerebral infarction</u> INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH <u>1 day</u> ANTECEDENT CAUSES DUE TO (b) <u>Hypertensive cardiovascular disease</u> DUE TO (c) _____ II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS Residuals of remote cerebro-vascular accidents. | |
| 19a. DATE OF OPERATION | | 19b. MAJOR FINDINGS OF OPERATION | |
| 20. AUTOPSY? YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | | | |
| 21a. ACCIDENT SUICIDE HOMICIDE (Specify) | 21b. PLACE OF INJURY (e.g., in or about home, farm, factory, street, office bldg., etc.) | 21c. (CITY, TOWN, OR TOWNSHIP) (COUNTY) (STATE) | |
| 21d. TIME OF INJURY (Month) (Day) (Year) (Hour) (Min.) | 21e. INJURY OCCURRED WHILE AT WORK <input type="checkbox"/> NOT WHILE AT WORK <input type="checkbox"/> | 21f. HOW DID INJURY OCCUR? | |
| 22. I hereby certify that I attended the deceased from <u>4.9.</u> , 19 <u>53</u> , to <u>5.11.</u> , 19 <u>69</u> , that I last saw the deceased alive on <u>5.9</u> , 19 <u>69</u> , and that death occurred at <u>1.45 p.m.</u> , from the causes and on the date stated above. | | | |
| 23a. SIGNATURE <u>[Signature]</u> | | 23b. ADDRESS <u>Boise, Idaho</u> | 23c. DATE SIGNED <u>5.14.69</u> |
| 24a. BURIAL, CREMATION, REMOVAL (Specify) <u>Burial</u> | 24b. DATE <u>May 13, 1969</u> | 24c. NAME OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY <u>Morris Hill Cemetery</u> | 24d. LOCATION (City, town, or county) (State) <u>Boise, Idaho</u> |
| DATE REC'D BY LOCAL REG. <u>May 16, 1969</u> | REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE <u>[Signature]</u> | 25. EMBALMER <u>Conway Grant</u> | LICENSE NO. <u>E478</u> |

Federal Security Agency
 United States Public Health Service

Form DH-63021

FIRM NAME: Relyea Mortuary

State of Idaho.....
 County of Ada.....

THIS IS TO CERTIFY That this is a certified copy of a certificate filed with the State Department of Health under Title 39, Idaho Code.

MAY 22 1969

Date Issued

[Signature]
 State Registrar of Vital Statistics