

In memory of the anniversary of Grandma Barton's 98th birthday, we would like to send this synopsis of her funeral held 18 October 1983 in Blanding, Utah.

Sarah Elizabeth Perkins Barton
Born 12 January 1886
Cedar City, Iron County, Utah
Died 15 October 1983
Blanding, San Juan County, Utah

Uncle Travest Johnson gave the family prayer at the mortuary. There were her four children, her only living sister (Aunt Bob Rowe), twenty-two grandchildren, and several great grandchildren, friends and relatives who gathered to pay tribute.

Jack W. Frost grandson, gave the invocation and the ward choir sang "Not, Now But in the Coming Years".

With a lot of help in preparation from Velva Lee William, Joel Norton, grandson, gave the life story.

A medley of hymns was then played on the piano by Sister Jane Thompson. This was requested as Grandma loved to hear the hymns played.

Bishop Daryle Redd, a friend from Monticello, then spoke. He reminisced about Grandpa and Grandma Barton to start with. He told of how Grandpa Barton leased his land out east and worked in the blacksmith shop. Daryle was a home teacher to Grandpa and Grandma Barton and Always was uplifted by being in their home. Daryle told how Grandpa Barton and the other men in the Ward helped when they lost their father when they are all quite young. He related how while Uncle Evan H. was on his mission he heard his father's footsteps and knew some thing was wrong at home. When he found out Grandpa had died, he wanted to go home, but completed his mission because he felt that was what Grandpa would want him to do. He also related a little about Uncle Evan He's dedication to the Church and his service to the branch presidency in Eastland. Brother Redd also related about when his daughter lost a baby whom they buried in Logan. Aunt Thora Norton went to the cemetery. It meant so much to the Redds to see a familiar face and feel of her support and love. He told how Grandma's daughter, Eloise Mahon, and granddaughters made a home for grandma in Blanding the last ten years of her life. They took her places she wanted to go. The last few months of Grandma's life were spent in the nursing home in Blanding. The sermon part of Brother Redd's talk was about the plan of salvation. Brother Redd's talk ended with a piano accompaniment of a paraphrased version of the hymn "Oh My Father".

Jed Barton, a grandson, gave a tribute to Grandma the text of which follows.

"We live in a world where power, prestige, authority and wealth have become synonymous with success. Heroes are often selected from those who have obtained status in the political social or sporting arenas. Even in the Church one's righteousness is all too often judged by the positions one holds. Yet occasionally one finds, like a lone pearl on the ocean floor, one who seeks not the honors of men, but rather to serve God, the Creator of all mankind. Grandmother Barton was such a person. She never desired to do anything other than that which was right in the sight of the Lord. She pursued excellence in everything she undertook to do.

In thinking about how I might describe this great ancestor of mine, I decided the best defining attribute would be her goodness for she was simply good.

At the conclusion of his great discourse on the gifts of the spirit, the Apostle Paul extols charity, or the pure love of Christ, as being the greatest gift of all. If ever anyone exemplified this gift through the life they lived, it was Grandma Barton. Her life was filled with acts of Christian service; her house was, as one of her daughters described it, the house by the side of the road, always open to passers-by needing a bite to eat or a place to stay. Though she was never rich, Grandma Barton was always quick to help those less fortunate.

Earlier I mentioned Grandma's great desire for excellence, she was a spotless housekeeper and meticulous gardener. The carefully trimmed fruit trees and neatly arranged flower garden remain fond memories in the minds of her grandchildren.

Grandma had a great love for learning the arts and finer things in life. She got what education she could locally and then attended one year at the old Brigham Young Academy, but her education continued throughout her life as she took advantage of what learning opportunities were available. I remember birthdays and other special occasions being brightened by a poem or thought that she had written herself. May I share with you one of her poems which expresses her personality so beautifully.

Evening Thoughts

As the shades of night are failing
O'er the waning western light
And the nestlings in the tree-tops
Chirp their sleepy last goodnight;
As the silvery shining crescent
Hanging in the southern sky,
Silent watch of night advances
From my heart escapes a sigh.

Sigh for you my own home nestlings
In that cottage by the way,
And the evening songs your crooning
By the hearth at close of day
How my arms ache for the feeling
Of your tender sweet embraces
As I fold you to my bosom
Planting kisses on your faces.

How I long to hear you lisping
At my side, your evening prayers,
Watch your eyelids droop in slumber
Shutting out your little cares.
Weary are these days of waiting
'Till again I shall be one

Of that happy group of loved ones
When the evening work is done.

Every hour my fancy pictures
Things that you are doing now,
And as day on day drags by me
I am forced to wonder how I could live this life of waiting
If I didn't surely ken
God is keeping you, my dear ones
For a meeting once again.

(Written in Moab, Utah)

This most appropriately proclaims what seems to me the crowning achievement of this noble lady, her family. Though only five of her nine children reached adulthood, each of these left home with a firm conviction of the gospel of Christ and their mother's desire to serve the Lord. Just as a reflection of how they were taught, I might add that each raised large families, every member of which is actively committed to living the gospel today.

I am so very grateful to be a part of this great family and to carry on the Barton family name for it is truly a name made great by those who have borne it previously.

I am sure that the heavens are rejoicing at having one so good and so devoted as Grandmother Barton to help carry on the Lord's work there. It is my prayer that each one of us may be better for having known her."

Bishop Arvid Black ended the service with a few remarks. He pointed out how this was a great day of rejoicing for Grandma Barton. Now she was reunited with Grandpa, her parents, her children, and family who she had been separated from for so long.

A male chorus sang "God Moves in a Mysterious Way"

The benediction was given by Greg Stringham, grandson-in-law.

In Monticello the grave was dedicated by Bart Johnson, a grandson. The wind was blowing slightly, "to remind Grandma she was back home in Monticello", Aunt Eloise Mahon said. "Abide with Me" was sung by a quartet which consisted of Robyn Lyman, Linda Lewis, and Buckley & Clyde Christensen.

A lovely dinner was served by Frosts' Ward in Monticello.