

Gordon Eugene Frank Funeral

January 5, 2012 Cardston, Alberta, Canada | Whitney Lamb
Burial: Hillspring Cemetery, Alberta, Canada

PROGRAM

Opening: Kent Lamb
Biography: Whitney Lamb
Memories: Ashley Lamb
Brooklyn Lamb
Jason frank
Jurell Frank
Vicki Leatherman
Speaker: Jeanne Lamb
Closing: Kent Lamb

KENT LAMB

Opening Remarks

What a joyous site this is. My name is Kent Lamb, I am a son-in-law to Gordon. I married Jeanne, and I've been asked to conduct this service. This service is being held under the direction of the priesthood. Bishop Beazer is presiding. Rob Frank just offered the family prayer. We are so grateful that you could be here. Speaking for Margaret, she was deeply touched that many of you would come from so far to pay your respects. We are under covenant to mourn with those that mourn, and to stand in need of comfort. And so as the family we thank you for mourning with us, and standing in need of our comfort this day.

We would like to begin our services pretty much going as outlined. The one change I will indicate in the service, It's minor, but an honorary pallbearer that's not listed is Elder Joshua Frank who is serving in the Tulsa Oklahoma Mission, and obviously could not be here. We will begin by singing "Oh My Father", Hymn 292, after which the invocation will be offered by John Paxman.

The program will go as outlined. I will ask that those who do speak, if you could announce your name and relationship to Gordon before you speak that will help all of you appreciate the thoughts and comments coming forward. We'd like to start with Sister Whitney Lamb, a granddaughter, who will offer a biography on Gordon's life. We'll proceed as the program is outlined.

WHITNEY LAMB

Gordon's Biography

Good morning everyone. As he stated, my name is Whitney Lamb, and I am Jeanne and Kent's daughter. I feel so honored to give my grandfather's biography. And it's hard to sum

up in just a few minutes what a wonderful man he was. This is the beginning of a chronology of his life:

His name was Gordon Eugene Frank, and he was born 80 years ago in Hill Spring, Alberta, Canada on October 26, 1932.

FAMILY CIRCUMSTANCES

Gordon was the oldest of three children. He had two brothers (Ron and Beverly) and a sister (Sandy). His mother, Dorothy Gibb Frank Leishman was born in Hill Spring, Alberta, Canada on July 27th, 1913. Her husband, Victor Eugene Frank, was also born in Hill Spring a few years earlier on April 28th, 1908. Gordon was four when his father died of a heart attack (October 1936), leaving Dorothy to care for Gordon and his two younger brothers.

Victor was just 28 when he passed, and at the age of 23 Dorothy was left to care for three children. It was the middle of the great depression and money was scarce. To make extra money she would harvest and weigh beets to prepare them to be loaded onto rail cars for shipment to the sugar factory. A few years later she bought a sewing machine so she could learn to make clothes for her family and the ladies in town.

Money was something that Gordon and his family struggled with growing up. They didn't have money for vacations or many of the luxuries in life, but they always celebrated Christmas. Many of Gordon's fondest childhood memories are from Christmas's growing up. They would always go to grandma Gibb's Christmas morning for hot dogs and have a turkey dinner in the evening.

GROWING UP YEARS

Gordon learned to be responsible from a very young age. When he was 12 his grandpa Frank (Victor Emanuel) passed away (1944), and he moved into his grandma's house, which was a short distance away. She was not only lonely, but was in poor health, so Gordon was her caregiver. In addition to this, Gordon had many responsibilities such as milking the cow and carrying water to his mother's house. He made sure the stoves were clear of ash and there was coal for the stoves. Gordon had a tender spot in his heart for his grandmother and grew really close to her during her last years of life. She passed away in 1947 due to a stroke, just three years after her husband. At this time money was short, and his aunt Lula (Victor's sister) and uncle Jesse Gibb needed help on their farm, so Gordon went to live with them.

The Gibbs lived on a dairy farm just north of Hill Spring. Gordon would ride into town and to school each day on his horse. Growing up, he didn't participate in organized sports, since he lived so far from town but he was involved with the Boy Scouts, which he enjoyed. He helped on the Gibb's farm, tending to their 30 cows and milking them each day. This helped pay for his room and board. The Gibbs didn't have children, so they loved having Gordon around to spoil.

In 1948 Gordon moved to Ellensburg, Washington with them. He was 16 at the time and he lived with them for a few more years until his high school graduation. In high school

Gordon hated English classes, although he did enjoy writing poetry. He liked studying history, and it was something he enjoyed throughout his entire life.

He ended up finishing high school in Washington, then shortly after attending Red Deer College, which was north of Calgary. He took a few classes there, but ended up leaving after a short time to go work in Cardston helping a family out on a their farm. The farm was just south of town, so Gordon would often times ride into town on his horse.

MARRIAGE

Gordon met Margaret Wiley in 1953 at a dance out by Waterton Lakes. They courted each other for 7-8 months. Margaret was a hairdresser in town and Gordon would ride into town to come see her often. They were married. They married May 19, 1954 in the Cardston LDS Temple.

When Gordon was first married he worked at the Cardston Creamery helping make butter and testing the cream wrapping butter. They were married a year by the time Jeanne Marie was born to them (May 17, 1955). At the time she was born, Gordon was working the night shift at the *Cahoon Hotel* as a clerk. Margaret worked during the day, so Gordon would look after Jeanne during the day while he wasn't working.

In 1961 Robert Gordon was born (January 1, 1961). By this time Gordon was working for Harvey Wolfe where he sold farm machinery and fertilizers. Gordon was always a good father, he would take Rob to work with him and let him play on the tractors which he loved. He would also take Jeanne on long walk around the temple when she got fussy as a baby.

CHURCH EXPERIENCE

Gordon held many church callings throughout his life. He served as the ward clerk, a counselor in the bishopric (when Jeanne was about 16-17), stake Sunday secretary, and executive secretary. He worked as the stake clerk for the church's welfare department for 14 years, and he served in the temple for 23 years. Each of these callings in their own way helped solidify his testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

WORK EXPERIENCE

Gordon was a hard worker and had a lot of experience doing many different jobs throughout his life. He was a cowboy, a farmer, a fireman at the sugar factory, a grocery store clerk and owner, a parts man for *Massey Harris* dealer, a painter and a worker at the veterinary clinic.

At the vet clinic he helped with basic responsibilities as well as many surgeries. In 1988 he was assisting in a surgery on a horse when it woke up from anesthesia and jerked it's head up and hit Gordon in the face. This sent Gordon to the hospital for ten days with a broken nose, eye socket and broken teeth. His cheekbones shattered into 27 pieces, leaving him with a long recovery time.

Other health problems came his way in 1989 when he found out he had a bad heart. He had his first heart operation, which was an aortic valve replacement (they replaced his with a

pig's valve). This valve lasted him 12-13 years before he needed the same operation again. This time they gave him a pace makers as well.

RETIREMENT

After recovering from horse accident, Gordon helped out at the vet clinic for another 8 years until he retired in 1997. He then had more time to spend with his wife, and perusing some of his many hobbies.

HOBBIES

There weren't very many things that Gordon couldn't do. He enjoyed many different interests and hobbies some of them including camping and fishing, as well as golfing. He even did needlework- knitting and cross-stitching. He liked to bake and make candies (he was the best chocolate dipper you'd ever seen). He loved working in his yard gardening and canning.

HIS LAST YEAR

Last year (2011) his doctor said he needed another operation, since his valve was leaking. Gordon wanted to do this surgery, but after more consideration the doctor didn't want to risk performing surgery because of his old age. It was around late November - early December when Gordon really sensed his heart was failing him. On December 11th, 2012 he went into hospital, because he was having trouble breathing and was sleeping a lot. He had congestive heart failure, and was retaining fluid. His one wish was to make it back home for Christmas. He told his doctor that he was going home regardless of if he was officially released or not. He was cleared to go home Christmas Eve morning, and shortly after he collapsed and his heart gave out. He said he was going home on Christmas and that's just what he did.

Gordon Frank lived a rich, beautiful, full life. He had many people that loved him and reached out to him. Gordon was someone who gave of himself and reached out to people.

HE GAVE OF HIMSELF

He wasn't one to show much emotion. He is a testimony to the phrase that "actions speak louder than words". He was never one to say what was in his heart, but you could tell by the way he lived his life what he believed. He was a man who had a deep love and devotion to the gospel. Some of his proudest moments in life were when his children decided to go on missions. He was a hard worker and committed to his family. He made it a point to be there for important events in his grandchildren's lives. He revered his ancestors, and he showed that by his dedication to family history and temple work. He always put his heart and soul into the gifts he would make people, whether they be a knit sweater, a cross-stitched tablecloth or even hand-dipped chocolates. That was the way that Gordon showed his love.

He brought joy to hundreds of children by being Santa Claus for 50 years. He has touched the lives of so many in so many different ways, and especially those in his community. We will always remember our fond memories of him, and miss him dearly. We love you grandpa.

ASHLEY LAMB

Memories of Gordon

Hi, my name is Ashley Lamb, and I am Jeanne's oldest daughter, so I am grandpa's oldest granddaughter. I had to write down what I was going to say, otherwise I'm probably going to cry.

October 26th, 2012 proved to be a very cold and snowy Friday morning. It was a lot colder than the 75-degree Mesa, Arizona weather I am used to experiencing. As I stood with my family shivering on my grandparent's back doorstep singing Happy Birthday, and as the eyes of my 80-year-old grandpa welled with tears at the realization and surprise of what was happening. I couldn't help but be filled with the warmth fueled by gratitude and love for this man and this moment. It would be a moment, a day and a weekend I would never forget.

After the big surprise birthday party for him that night, our family spent the next day at the Schaeffer's reunion center. Here grandpa opened gifts and we shared memories and played games. During a game of Wizards, I looked behind me to see my parents and grandparents playing a game of canasta. I couldn't help but smile for a couple of reasons. First, this game will always remind me of my grandpa, he taught us to play when we were young, and we would compete for hours any time we would get together. But the other reason for my smile was that as I looked over at my grandpa, cards really close to his face so he could see them, despite his failing eyesight, I could see this very sly and familiar grin creep onto his face. This grin that I saw creeping onto his face this day, he always tried to hide, but anyone who knew him or played cards with him enough knew he was being what he called "a snake in the grass". And he was about to clean your clock at cards, it's a grand-ol-miss I will never forget.

For those of you who knew my grandpa, he wasn't what you might call a "happy go lucky" guy. In fact, some might call him an old grump. But like the cold exterior that morning that October weekend that was so full of love, grandpa although sometimes grumpy really was a softy. He liked to laugh, tease, and had a really good heart. I'll miss the times that grin would break into a full-blown smile and a silent belly laugh. My mom would accuse him of being an old grump, but he'd just smile and laugh, his belly shaking. This would also happen when he was caught teasing someone—especially grandma.

I'll never forget the time we were traveling from northern California to southern California just after Christmas. Me, my two sisters, parents and grandparents hopped into our brown Astro van and started a six hour trip. About an hour into the trip my grandpa leaned forward from his seat in the back and with his index finger tapped grandma on the top of her head three times. "*What is it Gordon?!*" Grandma would say, then he'd point out into the hills of grass along the freeway saying, "look. Grass". About every 15 minutes this pattern would repeat. Grandpa would tap her on the head three times and she'd ask what he wanted, and he'd just point to some insignificant object along the freeway. Whether grandma responded with an "*oh Gordon, stop that. I mean it!*" or a cold shoulder, the result with grandpa was always the same, a smile and silent belly laugh.

That smile and laugh would come when he'd tease us grandkids about boys we liked or maybe we didn't like. He loved to tease. I remember as a small child, he would pop out his dentures at me just for a reaction. He especially got a kick out of it when he'd do it to the kids at the grocery stores! He also liked playing games where he'd see what items he could sneak into people's carts. So if you ever went home with something you weren't expecting to purchase, he may have had his hand in it. In addition to his love of teasing and laughter, my grandpa had a very big and kind heart. He loved his family and loved serving us. He would make extra effort to surprise us for big life events, or do something very meaningful on those days.

He was proud of his heritage and ancestry, and even though he used to sing, "*genealogy, I'm NOT doing it! My genealogy...*" He actually went to great lengths to preserve our family history and share it with us. My love and appreciation and respect for my heritage and family history stems from my grandpa's example.

He loved to serve people. He loved this town, and was proud to be from Cardston. He took it upon himself to care for the grounds in front of the Cardston welcome sign for 16 years without being asked, and without wanting recognition. He did it simply because he loved this town.

He also loved bringing joy to the lives of others, which is the reason Christmas Eve held such a special place in his heart. He was known as Santa Claus here, making children smile Christmas Eve brought him joy that carried him on this tradition for 50 years. He even shared in that service with children in Washington and California during Christmas Eves out of town. Those are Christmas's I will never forget. So while my mother may called grandpa an old grump from time-to-time, deep down he was a softy. He loved to laugh, tease, have fun and serve and he had a really big heart. Looking back on that October afternoon, if that sly grin on my grandpa's face and his silent belly laugh is the last memory I have, I'm pretty sure that will carry me through until we meet again. I'll miss you grandpa.

BROOKLYN LAMB

Memories of Gordon

Good morning. I am Brooklyn Lamb, second daughter to Jeanne Frank, who is the first daughter to Gordon Eugene Frank. I am grateful to speak with you today on this special day we are honoring the life of my grandfather.

It was just a few weeks ago when we were all together to surprise grandpa for his birthday. The moments we have with one another are precious, and I know grandpa's birthday was just one of those memories that we all got to have with him, reminding us of how sweet the love of family and friends is.

I've thought a lot about my grandpa since he's past away and I've noticed that a lot of the memories I have of him have to do with him sharing his talents with others, and this was

his way of showing his love for us. One hobby of his was gardening. Whenever we came up to visit Cardston in the summertime, grandpa would always be diligently taking care of his vegetable garden. I would love to climb the tree in his backyard and marvel at his creations. I was amazed at all he was able to grow and how delicious all the vegetables tasted, especially the carrots. He took great care of his garden, and was known for giving updates on how well each vegetable was coming in. Grandpa has inspired me to want to develop that talent and have a garden of my own one day. I look forward to when I have my own land to do so.

Not only did he share his gardening secrets, but he taught us to how fish, and he took me hiking in Glacier, which is one of the first hikes I remember to this day. Grandpa shared his love with his grandkids by making us gifts with his own hands. He and grandma would send us boxes full of their homemade chocolates, breads and cookies. Many months before Christmas he labored to knit us Lamb sisters sweaters to keep us warm. Us Lamb girls were know to have matching new dresses and sweaters to wear Christmas Sunday thanks to our loving grandparents who put hours and hours into these precious gifts. He was also great with needlepoint and had put quite a deal of time into making my mother a tablecloth with gorgeous embroidered floral designs. He really did put a lot of effort into making Christmas special because he loved us. This is something my mother has adopted from grandpa. She's always pouring herself into making Christmas a special time of the year.

Another way grandpa gave of himself was bringing the Spirit of Christmas into children's lives as Santa Claus. This brought him great joy to bring gifts and goodies not only to his grandkids, but to many children in this community on Christmas Eve. I'm sure all of us here have felt love from grandpa because of this selfless act of service. I know it gave him great satisfaction to bring light into people's lives. Even when we spent Christmas far from grandpa in California, he would still arrange to have gifts and Canadian candies doorbell ditched on Christmas Eve. I remember as a young girl feeling so special that Santa would come visit me twice. Once on Christmas Eve, and again on Christmas morning. I was surprised to hear that my friends at school didn't get that kind of attention and I felt extra loved. I also remember thinking that other kids didn't know what I knew, and that was that Santa was Canadian.

My grandpa had many skills he put to use. He did so with love, and I'm grateful to have observed his service in action. He's a great example and I hope to emulate him by giving of myself to others. He is so very loved and will be missed. I know he will always be with us, and we will be with him again. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

JASON FRANK
Memories of Gordon

Good Afternoon. My name is Jason Frank, I am Rob Frank's son and the oldest, so I'm the oldest grandson on the Frank side. I'd just like to share a couple memories I have of my grandpa. He's a great man, growing up, he did a lot for us. We all talk about similar things

like Santa Claus and gardening, but some of the fondest memories I have of grandpa are the funny ones.

Going on Sunday trips, he always had a his unique style because he'd give my mom the car keys and sit in the back with us kids. He'd put his arm around you and slowly work his way around to your neck. He'd grab the back of your hair and do a little ditty, and he'd go "*up shag, down shag, all around shag.*" Pulling on your hair and you'd try to get away, but he'd have you with those little gardening hands of his.

Another one of his classic moves is he'd just be talking along, pointing things along the way, and he'd slowly put his hand along your lap. He'd rub back and forth, back and forth, until all of a sudden, PAH! He would send down this hammer of a hand on your thigh! And you'd never realize it until the last second. I think he did it to every single one of us

Growing up, he took us fishing. He took us camping, he took us on hikes, and those are some of our fondest memories. But as we all grew up and moved to different parts of the country and down to Washington with our folks, he made extraordinary visits down to see us during Christmas. He'd come to see some of my football games, which meant a lot. But, coming from a family who played a lot of sports we were very competitive. Grandpa was just as competitive in his own regards.

After the military I moved to Pullman, Washington and I had a small chunk of land. My wife and I started to develop our garden. I remember calling my grandpa and grandma and told them I was starting a garden. It was like this door opened up and every month we'd get a phone call or two. "*How's your garden? What are you growing?*" Carrots 'n peas 'n tomatoes. I was trying to emulate my grandpa's garden. Well, we were gardening because we also want to can, just like my grandpa. It's something that I really enjoy still today. We invited my grandma and grandpa down, and typical grandpa, "*well, we'll see what's on the calendar, but uh, we'll see what we can do*". Well, grandma and grandpa made it down there, and this is where the competitive aspect of my grandpa started to kick in. We started driving around Pullman and Moscow to look around local farmer's markets, and he was looking at all the carrots and was like, "*these green peas are a little wilted, we'll keep looking. And these tomatoes, you can get them a little cheaper somewhere else, we'll go shop around*". So we started going through all back roads, he was like, "*we can find corn for cheaper*", so we took back roads and we found corn for eight for a dollar. "*That's a pretty reasonable price*". Saturday we spent all day long, from morning to sundown canning everything from tomatoes to chiles to pears and green beans and corn. And then I was fortunate enough to come up to Canada and do it alone with grandma and grandpa. And again, it was the same thing, all day long. "*Stop in Calispell, they've got the best prices, you should be able to pick up a bushel of peaches*". That was his passion and that was his competitive thing. It really drilled my grandpa and it kept him strong and young and sharp. It's something I'll never forget with my grandpa.

He was a great man. There are lot of thing we could sit up here and talk about for hours about him, but I'm thankful for everything he's taught me, and I love him to death. I'd like to pass on the time to my brother and sister, but I have to read an email I got from my wife,

who my grandpa loved just as much as us grandchildren. They had a unique relationship because my wife is heavy into horses. She used to ride reining, she's very competitive as well with her horsing. But grandpa and my wife became very fond of each other, and she wanted to write something so here's my wife's response to grandpa.

Katie's email:

"When I think of Gordon, I immediately picture family and love. He welcomed me into the Frank family with open arms, a gruff but kind smile, and of course delicious care packages. One of my favorite memories was when we all took a trip up to Cardston. After church Gordon, Margaret, Jason and I all piled into their van and went on one of their famous Sunday drives around the town. As we cruised the streets and passed by each house he could easily recall every bit of history in the area. Which house had been relocated, the families from their past, and where them and their children are now. I was immediately impressed by not only their sharp memory, but also the underlining tone of compassion because he cared so much about everyone.

Another one of my favorite memories also happened in the van with grandma and grandpa. We were in Waterton cruising the streets again and asked the two lovebirds in the front seat how they met. Even though he tried to hide it, I could see the twinkle in his eyes and the excitement in his voice as recalled the night at the dance hall so many years ago. Over 50 years later their everlasting love was still obvious, and what they have is something I try to bring to my marriage and to his grandson. I love you grandpa.

Thank you very much.

JURELL FRANK
Memories of Gordon

Hi, I'm Jurell Frank, Rob's son and the middle child of our family. I can relate to a lot of the memories that have been told today, but the one that really stands out to me happened a few weeks ago. Grandpa and I really shared a common bond of our love of trains. Whether it was seeing them while we were driving or a train set that we'd see out and about. Recently I was told that one of grandpa's favorite prized possessions was his train set that he got that grandma gave to him as a Christmas gift their first year together. A few weeks ago, he passed that gift on to me, and it means a great deal to me. I've wanted it ever since I've been able to talk. I've pictured it at my house, I've got all these plans for it, and I'm just so excited to set it up. I was very sad when I heard he passed away because I really wanted to get it running again so I could send him a video to show him what I'd done, but I was so that glad he passed that on to me. I will be able to continue to share the love of the trains and pass on the legacy of my grandfather.

I just like to say I love him very much, he was a big part of my life. He opened the doors to many things. I love you grandpa, and I love everybody, I love the Franks and the Lambs. Thank you very much.

VICKI LEATHERMAN

Memories of Gordon

Hi, I'm Vicki Leatherman. I'm Rob and Carrie's second child, and only daughter. I'm having a really hard time with this so I don't know how long I'll last. I love my grandpa dearly, he's brought so many fantastic memories to our family, and so many family traditions. Christmas Eve was my grandpa's day. A lot of our family traditions are because of my grandpa, and I think that his passing on Christmas Eve was just his way of saying "*this is your way of always remembering me*", and that will always happen.

There's one memory that I'll never forget. When we lived here I was 4 or 5 and my grandpa was so stubborn, and I'm pretty sure me and my son get that from him. But, we were sitting around the dinner table and for some weird reason we didn't give grandpa a fork for dinner. He had a knife. No spoon, no fork, and he was trying to eat peas. But of course he's not going to say anything to anyone. He's going to eat his peas with his knife. I was like, "*Grandpa, what are you doing?*" "*I'm eating.*" "*...Well, do you want a fork?*" "*Why would I want a fork? I'm eating just fine.*" He ate everything on his plate with just his knife, and so it took him a little while longer than normal to eat his food. Imagine that. So while he was sitting there, I went up to my room since I was done and went into my bathroom and grabbed all of my hair supplies. I came back out and I said, "*Well, if you're just going to sit there and continue eating, I'll do your hair.*" So, I had all my barrettes, all my hair ties, and I tied his hair into ponytails with bows *everywhere*. It was a magical time, he looked so good! I couldn't believe he would let me do that, but he wasn't finished eating, so he couldn't get up from the table.

Another memory I'll never forget is when the day I got married. Carrie and Mike DeWinter came down to my wedding and they brought my grandpa with them. My grandma had surgery the day before my wedding, but I didn't know that they were coming. I was in the back room getting ready and getting my makeup on, when the door opened and in walks my grandpa. It was the greatest gift I could have ever had. I will never forget that day, and the joy on his face when he saw my reaction. He brought me a quilt my grandma had made, and a tablecloth he had made for me and I will forever cherish those. And I want to thank you Mike and Carrie for taking him down to my wedding, I appreciate that.

And then, grandma and grandpa came down and grandpa blessed Jadan. That meant a lot to me as well. I love my grandpa with all my heart and I will miss him so very much. Thank you.

JEANNE FRANK LAMB

Funeral Talk

Wow. About a year and a half ago we had my Gordon's mother's funeral, and afterwards he said, *"I don't know that we'll have that many people at my funeral."* And my mom said, *"oh, of course you will."* He would be so pleased to see all of you here, thank you for coming. I told my mom I had to speak at my grandma's funeral, I have to speak at my dad's funeral, no body go for a long time, because I'm done speaking for a while!

Gordon Eugene Frank—he's quite a guy, he was quite a character. But he was an amazing and a very interesting man. And as his daughter, I am all too well aware of how he had that crusty, grumpy exterior- and we teased him about it. And like Ashley said, he'd get that twinkle in his eye and that grin on his face, and he'd do that silent laugh, and his belly would shake. I think he kind of liked that persona. For any of you who really knew him, he was like a marshmallow on the inside, and he had a soft heart.

He had a love for little children and he demonstrated that through the loving service that he gave to this community and the surrounding communities every Christmas Eve for over 50 years. And many times our family would spend our Christmas Eve driving him from house to house while everybody else was in their houses having parties, but we never begrudged that because he got so much joy out of serving those people, and being with those children.

And even though it was pretty difficult to celebrate Christmas this year knowing that it was without him, you can't help but appreciate that he left the earth on Christmas Eve which was his day, so like Vicki said, we'll always remember him on Christmas Eve.

He not only loved children, but he enjoyed people in general. He enjoyed visiting with others and was a good example of selfless service to others in many different ways, as the grandchildren expressed through his talents of knitting and handwork, baking, he shared what he had. If you were his friend, he would do just about anything for you, if it was possible. All these great talents and hobbies and he got great pleasure when he could share it with others. He loved his posterity, and made many meaningful and beautiful gifts for.

Another interest and passion he had was for his ancestors and he thoroughly enjoyed family history and making sure that his family would be connected together for the eternities through temple ordinances. He thoroughly enjoyed serving in the temple, it was very important to him.

Our Heavenly Father has a plan for each of his children and has established the family unit to help us develop and grow throughout our mortal existence. And it's difficult for those that are left behind to have loved ones pass on to the next life. But, even though it's painful to be apart it would be selfish to hold on. He's no longer in pain, he can see again. We need to rejoice in the departure of those who have devoted their whole lives to doing good.

Yesterday afternoon I was cleaning out my dad's drawers and I ran across a little card that

had a quote on it that I thought demonstrates my dad's humor and yet has a meaningful message about service.

*Work for the Lord
The pay may not be great
But the retirement benefits
Are out of this world!*

If we could understand, and could have the knowledge to see into the eternities, and be free from weakness, blindness and sorrow, we would have no disposition to weep or mourn.

We might well ask ourselves what is the purpose of this earth life, what am I doing here and where did I come from, and where will we go after this life is over? Many people ask those questions to themselves. *How would you answer that question?* God has already answered this question. In the scriptures we learn many things He's taught us, as to how we can understand our purpose in life better. We came from God's presence, sometimes known as the Pre-Mortal Existence, and it's sometimes referred to as our first estate. This knowledge helps us to make a more intelligent blueprint for a successful life. If we understand what happened in our first estate, it can relate to our present and future situations, then we have a much brighter outlook and things to look forward to in the future.

Success in life is like making a road map when going on a trip, before we set out for our destination, we need to know where we are going and the best means of getting there. Part of Jesus Christ's purpose in coming to this earth is to be an example to the rest of us, so that we may pattern our lives after His. Nothing in the scriptures could be plainer than the fact that the life of Christ did not begin in Bethlehem and end on Calvary. In John 16:28 it reads, *"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father."* In John 17: 4-5 while praying to his Father, Jesus Christ said, *"I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."* As our lives are patterned after Christ's our lives do not begin or end within the short span on this earth. We are all literally sons and daughters of God in the spirit before this world began. That is where the foundation was laid for our future.

The scriptures teach us of a great council in heaven where our mortality was discussed and planned out. We had come to the point in our progress when it was necessary to leave the presence of God. We needed to develop and see good and evil side by side, so that we could choose for ourselves which path we wanted to take. We knew God, we lived with Him and we walked by sight and it was necessary for us to learn to walk by faith. There were things we needed to learn on our own and to prepare for eternal life. This pre-mortal existence is the childhood of our immortality. Life is for preparation for things to follow: we prepare for school, we prepare for marriage, we prepare for our life's work, we prepare for death, and we prepare for eternal life.

Our mortal life or our earthly life is often referred to as our 2nd estate. This is when we learn to use our own agency properly and stand on our own two feet. We came here to be

tested, proved and tried. It is while we are on this earth that we learn to accept good and reject evil. We had to come to this earth to receive our magnificent mortal body, which was necessary for us to receive a “fullness of Joy”. In D&C 93:33 it says, *“For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fullness of joy. And when separated, man cannot receive a fullness of joy.”*

While on this earth, we are briefly endowed with the power and miracle of procreation and are privileged to organize families and have them sealed to us by the priesthood authority. Through obedience this family unit can continue through eternity and be the source of our happiness. We knew we needed to learn to obey God and pattern our life after the example of our Savior, Jesus Christ. We knew that in this world we would not be easy. We would be exposed to sin, suffering, war, bloodshed, disease and death. And as we exercise our agency we also knew that if we chose the straight and narrow path it would lead us to return to our Father in Heaven.

Jesus Christ came into this world just as we did, through physical birth. And He left this life as each of us must leave through physical death. We should follow the example of his life as closely as possible. In John 2:5 *“Jesus mother said unto the servant’s, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.”* Wouldn’t that be a wonderful motto to live our life by? Just as birth is nothing short of a miracle, so is the miracle of death in our final estate. The most important experience in our life is death. Death is the gateway to Immortality. We live to die and then we die to live.

Someone once said that if death of the body forever ended all there was of human life and personality, then the universe would be throwing away with utter heedlessness it’s most precious possession. A person doesn’t build a violin with precision and fine workmanship, using the finest of materials and shaping the body of it so that it can play compositions of the Masters and then by chance be smashed to pieces. Neither does God build the great masterpieces of human life and then when it just begins to live, throw it away.

God holds securely in his hands the keys to eternal life. Every mortal living being on this earth is a child of God made in his image. Everyone who has lived, is living, or will ever live has been granted the blessing of mortality including this wonderful body. After we have lived our life on earth and our bodies have been laid in the grave, our spirit lives on and awaits to be resurrected. Someday each of us will be resurrected, this is the process that our spirits and our bodies will be reunited to never be separated again. This resurrection will come to all. In Alma 11:43-44 it says, *“The spirit and the body shall be reunited again in its perfect form; both limb and joint shall be restored to its proper frame, even as we now are at this time; and we shall be brought to stand before God, knowing even as we know now, and have a bright recollection of all our guilt. Now, this restoration shall come to all, both old and young, both bond and free, both male and female, both the wicked and the righteous; and even there shall not so much as a hair of their heads be lost; but every thing shall be restored to its perfect frame, as it is now, or in the body, and shall be brought and be arraigned before the bar of Christ the Son, and God the Father, and the Holy Spirit, which is one Eternal God, to be judged according to their works, whether they be good or whether they be evil.”*

Once all this has taken place we will be prepared to be judged according to our works on this earth. The thought of judgment can be the most difficult for us to come to terms with. As we assess our own lives, we are often our own worst judges, and this is probably what makes the idea of being judged so unappealing to us, because we often judge ourselves so harshly, and I believe that the Savior is going to be much more loving and forgiving on us than we can ever imagine. After all, he has already suffered such great pain that he bled from every pore in order to pay for each and every person's mistakes, burdens, sins, sorrows, shortcomings and inadequacies so that we might be forgiven if we will repent and come unto Him. We are now undergoing that final test, and if we are successful, God will bless us beyond our comprehension forever.

In *The Glory of the Sun* by Sterling W Sill I ran across someone's interesting perspective which I think is a wonderful analogy of death that I would like to share with you.

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says, "There, she is gone."

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and is just as able to bear her load of living weight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her; and just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There, she is gone," there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout saying, "Here she comes." And such is dying.

My dad loved family reunions and he is experiencing the grand daddy of them all. Our ancestors on the other side are anxiously awaiting his arrival. He is getting to know his father who died when he was not quite 5 years old. He is reunited with his mother who only died about 1 ½ ago, but suffered from dementia for the last 10 years or so of her life, so it seems like she has been gone longer. Gordon's two brothers past away within a year of each other about 30 or more years ago, so they too are having a wonderful reunion as well. He'll be glad to see his grandparents. The Frank's lived next door, the Gibb's lived across the street. He knew them well. Not to mention all those ancestors who he has been learning about through all the genealogy research that he has been working on for so many years.

I believe that he is happy, and he looks real peaceful. I am sure that it is as hard for him to leave us, but fortunately, through the Atonement of Jesus Christ we will be able to see him again. He is no longer in physical pain, he will be able to see again and he'll be waiting for us to join him someday. When we think about the Lord's timetable, we are only separated for a few moments.

I like to close by bearing my testimony. I know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is what can get us through these rough times. I am grateful my Savior, for the love that He has expressed to each and every one of us through His Atonement. I am grateful for God's plan

of happiness, he's thought about everything. He loves each one of us so very much and wants all of us to come home and be with him again. That's my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen. I love you dad.

KENT LAMB

Closing Remarks

Thanks again to everyone who has come today, we appreciate your support. As the program indicates, the internment will take place at the Hillspring Cemetary. After this the family will be proceeding out there, and we'd like to invite anyone else to come if they'd like. It looks likes it's a beautiful day. Before we have the closing prayer, I just wanted to offer a thought or two.

As I've thought about Gordon, I've thought about the legacy of his life. Like Nephi, he was born of goodly parents and grandparents. And I think the question that we would think about in terms of his life, the question he would ask himself is, "have I been true to the legacy of faith that was handed down to me? Have I strived to be proud of my ancestors and their faith? And, how have I instilled that faith into the lives of my children and grandchildren?" And as he has returned home to his parents and grandparents, I think there will be an accounting, and I think Gordon will proudly be able to declare that he has to the best of his ability kept his covenants that he has made. He has always tried to remember his Savior and to serve and love others. I believe he's been here today.

The prophets often teach that our spirits often remain with our bodies until our final resting place, and as I've thought about this I've thought about Joshua. Joshua Frank is serving a mission. And I was like Joshua, I was serving a mission when my grandfather died, and I was not able to attend the funeral, but all my cousins were. My five-year old cousins name was Tracy, and during the meeting she said, "Mommy? Who is that lady standing with grandpa up near the organ?" Her mother looked up at the organ and could see no one. Her mother said, "well Tracy, describe to me what you see?" "Well grandpa's standing there, and there's this really pretty lady standing next to him. They're holding hands, and they're dressed in white and they're smiling." The mother looked again and could see no one. She asked Tracy to describe the woman, and as Tracy began to describe the physical characteristics of this lady, her mother said, "well that's his wife—that's LaVisa. And they're together again." And Tracy said, "oh, isn't that neat?" After the meeting a family friend came up— an elderly sister who had a special gift of the Spirit, and she said, "Wasn't it wonderful to see LaVisa today? She looked so nice." My aunt said, "where did you see LaVisa?" "Oh, her and Earl were standing up by the organ holding hands during the meeting."

Life goes on. What we do in this life makes a difference. And may we always remember that, and may we live true to the faith that our fathers have given to us. To the grandchildren, may the Franks and the Lamb's be valiant and true to the heritage they were given. And may they live according to the covenants they will be able to make and keep. In the name of Jesus Christ, amen.