

to the cemetery.

OBITUARY

Anna May Richardson was born in Pamona, Kansas, April 17th, 1894. When she was only a child she came with her parents to Wheatland. It was here as she was entering into young womanhood, she accepted her Savior and became a member of the Methodist church. In 1919 she united with the Christian church.

She was united in marriage to W. Clyde Woolsey, March 3rd, 1920. To this union was born one daughter, Norma May, who is 6 years of age.

As the result of a very serious accident she departed this life at the hospital here at just 36 years of age.

She was an active member of the Christian church and all its activities. She was a good Christian, wife and mother and we fear that her place can hardly be filled.

Those who remain to mourn her loss are, her husband, a daughter, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, a brother, Fred and many other relatives besides a host of friends and neighbors.

It is not extravagance nor fulsome praise to say that no one in this community ranked higher than Mrs. Woolsey in the esteem and confidence of her acquaintances. By her very nature she seemed to be destined to be a friend in need. She was clean in thought, word, and every act of life.

The demise of such a one is an irreparable loss not only to her family but also to the entire community in which she lived. We may all well emulate her virtues and profit by her example.

Thus passes from our midst a devoted wife and daughter, a proud indulgent mother, a woman in whom there was no guile. Language is inadequate to express a proper evaluation of the high character of the one who has been taken from our midst.

"May," as we familiarly knew you, but shall not be permitted, on earth, longer to so address you, we your legion of friends and admirers, affectionately recalling your upright pilgrimage in the midst of this people, and your commendable qualities of head and heart, now tenderly bid you a reluctant and affectionate goodbye.

As James Whitcomb Riley has said:

I cannot say and I will not say
That she is dead; she is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of
the hand

She has wandered into an unknown
land and left us
Dreaming, how very fair it needs must
be,

Since she lingers there; and you, of
you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step, and the glad re-
turn.

In the love of There, as the love of
here,

Think of her still as the same, I say
She is not dead—she is just away.

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