

FUNERAL SERVICES

In Honor of

MARGARET JANE WEAVER TORONTO

Thursday, January 29, 1987

12:00 Noon

Midway 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward Chapel, Midway, Utah

Born October 22, 1940 in Chicago, Illinois

Died January 25, 1987 in Midway, Utah

PALL BEARERS

Martin Shaeffer

Martin Shaeffer III

Daniel Shaeffer

Kevin Olsen

John Weaver

Robert Weaver

Mark Weaver

HONORARY PALL BEARERS

David Toronto

Vern Miller

Eugene Davis

S E R V I C E S

Prelude & Postlude ..... Stephanie Gertsch  
 Officiating ..... Bishop Steven Brown  
 Family Prayer ..... Robert S. Toronto  
 Opening Prayer ..... Oren Durtschi  
 Musical Selection ..... Members of the Ralph Woodward Chorale  
 "To Music" by Franz Schubert  
 Bishop's Remarks ..... Bishop Steven Brown  
 Speaker ..... Dr. Gary Weaver, brother  
 Musical Selection ..... Marion Miller, sister-in-law  
 "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"  
 From Handel's Messiah  
 Accompanied by Cindy Huffaker  
 Speaker ..... Jean Brown  
 Speaker ..... Elder William Grant Bangerter  
 Musical Selection ..... Members of the Ralph Woodward Chorale  
 "To Whom Shall I Be Turning" Franz Schubert  
 "Benediction: Lord I Know Thou Hearest"  
 Franz Schubert  
 Closing Prayer ..... Brent Hill  
 Dedication of Grave ..... Kyle Probst

INTERMENT - MIDWAY CEMETERY

Transcription of audio tape made at the funeral service:

Bishop Steven Brown (in the viewing room prior to the services):

We appreciate your being here. We are blessed with good friends, but none of them more dear than our family. Many of you have come a long way to be here, and it's appreciated very much. Al has asked that his brother, Robert, offer the family prayer. Following that prayer there will be a few minutes that you can remain in here before you move into the chapel.

Robert Toronto:

I've written out my prayer:

Our Father Who Art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. We approach thee in the name of thy beloved son, Jesus, who walked this path of grief before us. We ask for thy presence, that thy light of understanding shine down upon us this very moment that we may receive comfort. As my brother, Allen, has asked me to act as voice for the family in this hour of sorrow, I pray that the Holy Ghost will teach me what to say that we may all receive the eloquence of thy spirit. I feel deeply the loss of my friend, Jane. She was so bright, so "with it," I can only imagine the feeling of loss of her beloved family. Father in Heaven, how can we comfort those for whom there seems to be no comfort? Our faith sustains us that Janie is gone. Let thy spirit rest upon us, especially upon Al and the children. Thy son, Jesus, commanded us to be one, and to serve one another, to share with one another, to love one another. We have followed this counsel. Our family has become one. We know each other, we love each other and we share each other. One of us has departed this life and the fabric of our souls has been torn. We must have some way to help us mend this tear. Help us to find that way. Please, dear Father, bless my brother, Al, who bears the brunt of this loss. His family has stepped through that eternal door. May pure truth and light and inspiration be his as he makes a life without his love.

Father in Heaven, you have taken one of your finest daughters back to yourself. There must be great rejoicing in the spirit world. However, you must trade great blessings upon these children in exchange for their mother. You are obligated by our faith and by our faithfulness to do so. Therefore, I bless these four children in the name of Jesus Christ that they shall be able to resolve this loss quickly, that they shall always remember the love and warmth of their mother, that they shall always remember their mother's words, her dedication, her commitment and her scoldings, that theirs will be the gift of faith that they will succeed in this world with much gusto, that they will love each other, comfort each other and that evil will have no hold upon them, that guardian angels will mark their every step, that they will become like their mother: happy and productive, realistic and witty. There is so much to pray for and so little time to do it. I would ask one further blessing upon us all, that Janie may linger here for this final tribute to her. Allow us this blessing before she meets Jesus in that little reception room prepared for the righteous, and before she goes on to that grand reunion with her own loved ones. May we sense her presence here. Father in Heaven, in thy great mercy let the holy spirit of peace rest upon this place, during this service. We ask this humbly in the name of thy son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

(The casket was then closed after E.C. placed the veil over her face.)

## SERVICE

Bishop Brown:

Brothers and sisters, the time has come that we commence these services this day for our mother, wife and friend, Margaret Jane Toronto. We have just come from the back room where Robert Toronto, Jane's brother-in-law offered a beautiful family prayer. We are pleased as we are met together today to welcome all of you on behalf of the family. They express to all of you their gratitude for your kindnesses and consideration, love and concern that you have shown to them through cards and flowers, prayers, food and visits, at this time and throughout the past months. We welcome with us today members of the Ralph Woodward Chorale who will provide music for these services. We are also happy to have with us our stake president, Pres. Probst, with us on the stand. We are honored by the presence of Elder William Grant Bangerter, of the presidency of the First Quorum of the Seventy of the Church who is with us today.

The opening prayer will be offered by a friend, Oren Durtschi. We will then hear a selection of Franz Schubert by the chorale, "To Music."

Oren:

Our Father in Heaven, We have met this day to honor and show our respect and love to Sister Jane Toronto. We pray that thy spirit will be with her and with her family that they may have peace, comfort and thy blessings to be with them. We thank thee for the gospel and what it means in our lives, the teachings we have, thy plan of eternity, and the help and strength it gives to us. We pray for those that will take part in today's service. We pray that they will be able to sing and say the things which are in their hearts. We thank thee for all of the blessings that we have. We thank thee for Jane and the things she taught us, the lessons she gave us, and we do this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Music: Ralph Woodward Chorale sang "To Music," by Franz Schubert

Bishop:

What beautiful music. Most of you are probably aware that Jane was a member of this group. One of the great joys in her life as I remember her, was music. You could almost hear her voice. One of the fond memories I have of Jane and music was when she and Al would sing, and many of you who have heard them know how beautiful it sounded. I don't think it ever sounded prettier than when we would gather around a campfire somewhere. There would be the two of them and you could see the love they had for each other as they sang together. It's a memory I'll carry with me for many years.

I am honored to have been asked to share my testimony with you and some of the feelings that are on my heart this day. As the bishop of this ward and Jane's bishop I pray that might represent the feelings that you also share. I don't know how a community could be more blessed by anyone than we've been blessed by Jane. I don't know how a bishop could have anyone in his ward who did more than Jane. She was never asked to do anything that she didn't do, and do it well. Our Primary room was full of posters that she made. Relief Society lessons were really high-water marks. I've been to a lot of church meetings, but I've never been in one when I've felt the spirit born to me more

strongly than when Jane bore her testimony. I believe that that is the thing that she had as her greatest gift. I don't think any of us can deny the testimony that she has shared with us.

Beyond all of that, there are so many things that I've become aware of. I have talked to many of you and you've shared her little kindnesses, her little acts of compassion. I don't think any of us have not been blessed by Jane in that capacity. Our home is full of little thought books, little plaques for the walls, little gifts that were very often very practical things like food, but always something. They meant something to Jane and they meant something to Jean. And as I came to understand the friendship that they shared, they came to mean something to me - as that friendship developed in our lives.

Jane was bright and articulate. I have not very often met anyone as opinionated and convicted to what she thought was right. And I am aware that for many women she served as a role model, someone who was able to live as she believed. The nice thing about Jane was that she was able to do that without a lot of the fire in her eye or the hate that sometimes accompanies such strong convictions.

Mostly I've appreciated my friendship with her and with her family. It won't be nearly as hard for me as I miss her, knowing that her family is still here. I see in all of them a great deal of her. And if I could, for just a minute, talk to them I would like to try and tell them something about their parents. I think of all the things that their mother did for them and all she gave them with all the love and all the good times, her strength of testimony was the thing she gave that was of most value. All of us have mothers and many of us have mothers who we think are nice and kind. But there are far fewer of us that have mothers who have had the strength and the courage and the conviction to share with us their testimony in the power of the gospel. And I see it in each of your lives, and it will bless you forever. You'll never be without her because of what she has given to you.

I had an experience a few days ago. As I knelt at Jane's bed with Al, which I'll also never forget, and I've know Al for some time and I appreciate him. I love him. As we knelt at her bedside and I listened to him pray, I saw a side of Al that I maybe never appreciated before—it's a soft, vulnerable side, subject to fears, strong and faithful in the love that I witnessed between himself and Jane on that occasion. I thought my heart would break. I am sure that even God's heart, who surely witnessed, must have been wrenched. You are blessed to have a father like Al as a parent. He's understanding, he's open and he's honest. He has a great gift to be able to deal with kids and young people. He'll be there for you when you need him. And I would encourage you to be there for him when he needs you. You are the greatest thing, collectively, that Jane has left behind. May I share with you one thought [poem] that when I've heard it before I felt it applied to Jane and now when I read it again I realize that it applies to me and each of us:

*My life is but a weaving between my Lord and me,  
I cannot choose the colors. He worketh steadily.  
Ofttimes he weaveth sorrow, and I in foolish pride,  
Forget that He seeth the upper and I the underside.  
Not till the loom is silent and the shuttles cease to fly  
Shall God unroll the canvas and explain the reasons why  
The dark threads are as needful in the weaver's skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned.*

I am grateful to be able to be here today and bear you my testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel, my love for Jane and her family and the understanding that has come to me again of the light and brightness and glory and hope of our Father in Heaven. I realize that the dark threads woven in the tapestry of my life because of my poor faith and unwillingness to accept what looks horrible to me is indeed necessary to provide a beautiful background for a gold and silver braid that represents Jane, running through my life.

I pray that each of us might realize that through our acts of love and service to one another we honor Jane, and through that we might also find the peace and happiness and hope and love in our lives that she found in hers. And I do it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Brown:

We will next hear from Dr. Gary Weaver, Jane's brother. Following his remarks to us we will be favored with a musical selection by Marion Miller, sister-in-law. She will sing, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from Handel's Messiah, accompanied by Cindy Huffaker. Following the music we will then hear from one of Jane's many friends, Jean Brown.

Gary Weaver:

It's good to be with you today. On this auspicious, sorrowful but beautiful occasion we pay homage and give thanks for a dear sister and I'm sure you will all agree that she has been a dear sister to all of you whether she was your mortal sister or your sister in the gospel. Handed down from many, many generations there is a beautiful coat of arms, the Weaver coat of arms, and on a banner flying it says, "Esto Fidelis," Latin for "Keep the Faith."

When Hitler's legions were storming, bringing darkness to the continent of Europe, a beautiful little baby girl came into our household in Chicago on Oct. 22, 1940. Our parents finally settled on a name that was an honor to all the grandparents on both sides. We had a lot of "Janes" and a lot of "Margarets." So she was named Margaret Jane. They said, "We'll call her Janie," because our mother's name was Margaret. That little bright one was the finest little baby that could have been born, on that block, at least, and in that ward at that time. She never did crawl, or if she did it was very slightly. On rare occasions you've seen children who will sit and look straight ahead and when they want to go someplace, even before they walk, they simply swing their legs back and forth, and Jane could go twice or three times as fast as any other kid could crawl. And she could look at you and giggle at you and be part of the action every minute. When you are crawling you are looking at the ground, but not this one. She looked straight ahead and went lickety-split.

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; And God saw these souls that they were good..." (Abraham 3:21-23; Pearl of Great Price). Janie was appointed at that time to be one of the rulers. Not all rulers sit in high places. A lot of rulers sit in fine homes right here among us and especially our good women folk.

She grew with every grace that a young baby and child could. Her parents were protective and loving and her big sister was especially protective. When one of the neighborhood kids tossed her off her trike three or four times in a row, EC showed up and flattened the neighborhood bully.

Janie became very obedient and very knowledgeable. And we read from Alma, "Yea, and they did obey and observe to perform every word of command with exactness; yea, and even according to their faith it was done unto them; and I did remember the words which they said to me

that their mothers had taught them.” [Alma 57:20, Book of Mormon] And so at Mother’s knee she was taught the basic truths of life and especially obedience [as the following episode illustrates]:

About 1946 we took a family trip into the North Woods. We launched three canoes into the chain of lakes of northern Minnesota which is about two thirds water and one third land, and you traveled by going from lake to lake. It’s important that your gear is stowed carefully and that you paddle carefully, so Daddy turned back to Janie who was sitting in the middle of the canoe and said, “Now Janie, don’t move.” That was a big command because Janie was a very wiggly soul. After we’d gone down the lake for 45 minutes or so and I looked over from another canoe and I noticed how quiet Jane was and I thought ‘How nice to have her so quiet,’ and she was absolutely rigid. Finally she said, “Daddy, can I move my head now.” Talk about obedience! She was not going to tip that canoe over!

[In Chicago] we lived in a place that always smelled good. It was a lovely little home down at the end of a lovely little street. And it was a great place to play. We had an old railroad track there and we would put pennies on the track and let the [slow] train roll over them. Jane always loved to put a penny or a nickel on the track, to see what would happen. There was always a good smell in the neighborhood because right across that track was a candy factory. They made coconut candy bars dipped in chocolate. People that came out to our house always enjoyed that good smell. That is one of the memories we have of living in a pleasant place with noble parents who taught us well. And it took very well on Janie.

Time moved on rapidly and Jane became acquainted with the scriptures and did well in her Sunday School classes. She always worried about getting the best report card, having the best grades. “For God so love the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” [John 3:16] Janie partook of that spirit and she drank deeply of it. She used to write little books and illustrate them. She talked about one day going out west and having a pony of her own. She did go out west, but I’m not sure if she ever got that pony. She had a brilliant imagination, so she could visualize some of the things that were coming in her life.

“I the Lord God should send forth angels to declare to them repentance and redemption, through faith on the name of mine only begotten Son. And thus I, the Lord God, appoint unto man the days of his probation--that by his natural death he might be raised in immortality unto eternal life, even as many as would believe.” [D&C 29:42-43]

Janie was a good student. She enjoyed high school. She graduated [from college] as a professional teacher. She always was kind to her students and was a great light to them. Then there was something that came into her life: that she didn’t feel quite satisfied. I remember discussing this with her. Things weren’t just quite right. She felt she needed to do something a little more than just be a teacher. And so she put her name in to the missionary committee and they called her on a mission to Chile. Those were in the days when Chile was just getting started with missionary labor, and there were very few saints there and the meeting places were the smallest of halls. The church had not flourished there yet. She and missionaries like her planted the seeds that have grown into beautiful, flourishing, marvelous stakes and branches of the church. “Behold, the field is white already to harvest; therefore, whoso desireth to reap let him thrust in his sickle with all his might, and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God.” [D&C 11:3]

“Seek not for riches but for wisdom, and behold the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then you shall be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich.” [D&C 6:7] Jane attended the BYU in her years of schooling. And during her mission she received a very difficult call, and that was to return to the States and there nurse a dying a mother, a lovely mother. And with all her characteristics and personifications of [goodness] this dear sister and daughter did [come home] and she took the time to see that through [the death of her mother]. And you know most people [who lose a parent, try to] go on with their usual affairs of life, but not this soul. Jane said, “I want to go back to Chile and finish my mission.” And she did. It was then that she met her husband-to-be, Elder Allen Toronto. I can remember a beautiful, beautiful wedding on a spring day down here in Salt Lake. I enjoyed Al. Of course I met him before the wedding when he wore a nice military uniform, and I thought that was a pretty neat thing to do. He always looked sharp with his shoes shined, his hair combed. He was a neat fellow to have around. And by golly, he made that permanent. Jane and Al had a marvelous wedding and a marvelous marriage. They always pulled together and you could feel that spirit.

The talents that Jane developed were marvelous. She did well on the piano and with her artwork and she did a marvelous job in sewing. Many of the children's clothes are what she has produced. I always liked to come up to her house because she fed me well. And I am the connoisseur of good food in the family. Ask Jerry Bangerter or any of the folks. When I show up they know it's good. Janie was just marvelous in that. E.C. has a remembrance of going down the [San Marcos] River in Texas in canoes, when Janie was pregnant with Willie. So she didn't go in the canoes, but when they got down the beautiful river, they stepped out to a wonderful picnic and a reunion there that was never to be forgotten.

I remember going down to the Provo Tabernacle and hearing this marvelous group sing and I was so proud to have a sister in that group.

I cannot recount the many marvelous scenes that are brought to mind in having such a wonderful person for a sister, and they add to our testimony and our family so greatly. When we knew she was sick, perhaps unto death, (those things are under the Lord's control), we spent some time on the houseboat at Lake Powell and I'll never forget that. One night as I had a heavy heart, Jane and Al took out the guitar and sang so beautifully and so lovingly. They sang fun songs and gospel songs and songs of all the beauties of life. Those things are not lost. Those are permanent parts of our lives. And God giveth “every man (and woman that they) may improve upon (their) talent, that every man may gain other talents, yea, even a hundred fold,” [D&C 82:18]. And she truly did that. She expanded her talents a hundred fold.

So in closing I would bear my testimony that it has been a privilege and a great honor to know and love such a beautiful little sister. And I am sure as I stand here that “though after my skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself... and not another” [Job 19:26-27]. That is the type of courage that I witnessed last Saturday night just before her passing, as some of the family gathered. May we use her bright and beautiful example in our lives to be fully enriched thereby and not to worry about our dear mother and sister for she is busy, she is happy and it won't be too many years that the great millennium will come in and this scripture will be fulfilled.

And “if a man marries a wife by my word which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed.... Yea, [they] shall come forth in the first resurrection... and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities

and powers ... and it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them ... and shall be of full force whether they are out of the world; and they shall pass by the angels... which are set there to their exaltation and glory ...as hath been sealed upon their heads which glory should be a fullness and a continuation of the seeds forever and ever... therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting because they continue...verily, I say unto you, except ye abide my law, ye cannot attain to this glory." [D&C 132:19-21]

I shall say no more except how privileged it is to be in the kingdom and be a part of it and understand these things. May we keep the faith, "Esto Fidelis." In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Music: Marion Toronto Miller, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," Handel

Jean Brown:

It's a humbling responsibility to be asked to say a few words about Jane and I pray for the Lord's help so that I can say what is in my heart and keep my emotions in check. I loved Jane. She was a wonderful friend. She had a real impact on my life and I am sure many of you could say the same thing to yourselves. When I think back on some of the experiences I've had with Jane and the things I've observed her do it brought back to my mind so many strengths that Jane had. I hope you don't mind if I just share a few of those experiences in hopes that it will remind you of the experiences you've had with Jane and realize what a blessing she was in all our lives.

As I said, Jane was a wonderful friend. She was so fun to talk to because she really listened. She was not only smart and intelligent but she was wise. And Jane didn't just give you the pat answers, as she would say, "the party line." She really thought about what she believed. And even when you were totally confused Jane could help you sort through the muddle and understand. And she did this for many people. I remember one friend who was having *real* personal problems. She and Jane spent months talking together, sometimes two and three times a day and taking long walks together. And I've heard that friend say that she would never have made it through without the support of Jane.

I think about Richard Jacobsen when he was given the diagnosis of cancer of the liver. Jane spent many of his last hours with him--talking to him, understanding him, trying to lift him. She said to me that that was one of the best experiences she'd ever had because she knew how much she'd helped him. People wanted to return the love and service she gave to everyone. In the last couple of months Jane's health went downhill so dramatically. Within a week's time she sort of lost control of her hands and her feet, her extremities, and she became bedridden. And then you just saw the people roll in. They wanted to give back some of that service and love to Jane. I never went over there when there wasn't food or visitors or flowers or phone calls or kindnesses given. One friend brought food to her--special food that would be for her particular diet. I think of Chari Davis who came, as far as I know, every day for the last two months, who gave the best home health care anyone could ever have had. I think of her friend Judy, in the audience, who I believe, has flown here from Texas eight times in the last few years to sustain and support Jane over an extended period when she needed her. I think of her sister, E.C., who is a wonderful person, who in reality, mourned because she didn't have the cancer instead of Jane. As it says in John, "Greater love hath no man that this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

Jane loved beauty as you've heard. She looked for the beauty in others. She lifted people. All of us have benefited from her music and her love of literature. She strove for excellence. As Steven

said, they are still using the posters she made for Primary and she's been out of there for five years. I have posters in my home and handouts that she made because she did such a good job and she cared about what she did.

When Al asked me to speak he said, "I've got all men on the program, I need a woman." And it so tickled me to hear him say that because I could see the influence of Jane. She believed in women. She believed that they could do anything they wanted to do, and she was a champion of them. She was a real role model for me. I always brag to my friends that I have this bright, wonderful friend who taught at BYU and had gotten her master's degree. But first and foremost in her life was her family. Jane loved Al and she saw his good points, and she was able to key into that soft inner core that we each have that we try to hide with a rough exterior. I never heard Jane bring Al down. The only thing she ever said was that she hated his dog and I thought that was good judgement [laughter].

She loved her children and she reveled in their accomplishments. If you've watched the children during the passing of their mother and have seen their strength you'll know about that quiet strength that Jane has given them. All of us in this ward have benefited from her Mother Education lessons. She was never satisfied with just being a mother. She was always pushing herself to do more, be more. As one friend said, "I loved to hear Jane give these lessons because she's so darn honest about herself and her family." She didn't make you feel guilty about what you weren't doing, she just pushed you to better yourself.

Jane had a strong testimony of the gospel. When she stood up I always grabbed for the Kleenex because her spirit talked to my spirit. She was an excellent missionary and she believed that the women of the church should go on missions too, and she wants her daughters to go on missions. Where the brethren would convert two or three people, Jane converted dozens in the same amount of time, because of the strength of her testimony.

She was determined and strong. If any of you think of having the prognosis Jane did four years ago, that she was only given six months to a year to live, you could have easily given up. That's when the fight started. Who can understand, maybe Al only, the many doctors' offices, the surgeries, the tests, the needles, the hair loss, the pain, the diet, the clinics, the radiation, the chemotherapy, the setbacks that would come--and then to struggle up from those setbacks. But she was determined to fight for every day that she could to be with her family. This was really exemplified to me in the last couple of months when she was so ill. She'd lost the sense of the use of her hands, really, and every day got worse and Jane herself knew that that feeling and motor control would probably never come back. But to watch her struggle just to pick up a piece of bread and to feed herself because she was so determined that she was going to live. She said to me once, "Let me make mistakes with you and we'll only tell Al about the successes." She wanted so much to live, with Al and to be with her family.

Jane had strong faith, and if anyone has asked "Why me?" upon occasion I've heard her answer [that it was] to try to understand if she had enough faith to bring a miracle into her life or if she deserved a miracle. And I think her faith was strengthened by what she suffered. I hope Kyle and Paula don't mind if I share a thought Jane wrote to them. When their only son was killed in an accident last spring, and this will help you understand the faith of Jane, she used my favorite thought from Kahlil Gibran. She said it helped her so much: "We are God's vessels, the deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain." And she added, "That thought has helped me through many dark days in dealing with my own cancer. Faith is essential of course, but in my case,

it hasn't given me any direct answers, rather it's an assurance that when I have done all I can do somehow the Lord will be there when I get to the end of my rope, He will help me tie the knot and hang on."

A couple of weeks before Christmas Al and Judy [ it was EC, not Judy] had taken Jane down to the doctors and they had been excruciatingly clear that the disease had spread rapidly and that there was nothing further that they could do. [They said she had less than a week to live.] And it was a devastating blow to Jane to hear it put so bluntly. I had just a few minutes with her that afternoon and we talked about dying and what it might be like and what she might be doing on the other side. And as I was getting emotional and sentimental and wanting to tell her how much I loved her she said, "Now Jean, I want you to be strong." And those two things exemplify Jane for me: to tie that knot and hang on and be strong no matter what the Lord or anyone has for you - you can endure.

Jane had a favorite collection of poems. They were written by Margaret Rampton Monk, Governor Rampton's daughter, who also suffered from cancer. In closing I thought I'd just like to read this poem because I think it fits:

*Death was not her natural companion  
Even when he pressed his suit insistently.  
Her conversation was of weddings and of birth and of life continuing  
And not the errand upon which he came.  
At last, knowing death for what he was,  
An escort not a captor,  
She took his arm with dignity and self command  
And walked with him until she entered where he could not go.  
Through a misty pane of tears  
Look up and see her joyful  
With a golden thread and a fabric weave draping the windows of heaven.*

It is my testimony that Jane is alive and healthy and happy and busy. I feel it a privilege to have rubbed shoulders with someone such as she, and I hope that I can live worthy, and may all of us live worthy, to be her friend once more. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Brown:

We will next hear from Elder William Grant Bangerter who will be the concluding speaker at these services. Before he speaks to us may we again thank all who have taken part, and who are here today to honor Jane. The pall bearers for this funeral are: Martin Shaeffer, Martin Shaeffer III, Daniel Shaeffer, John, Robert and Mark Weaver and Kevin Olsen. The flowers and the arrangements for the meal following these services are being taken care of by the Relief Society and we thank them very much. At the conclusion of this service the family has invited those who would care to join them at the cemetery. The grave will there be dedicated by Kyle Probst, patriarch of our stake and friend of Jane's. Following Elder Bangerter's remarks to us the Ralph Woodward Chorale will again favor us with two numbers from Franz Schubert: To Whom Shall I Be Turning and Benediction, Lord I Knowest Thou Hearest My Prayer. The closing prayer will then be offered by Brent Hill, 1<sup>st</sup> counselor in the bishopric of this ward.

Elder Grant Bangerter:

It's remarkable to me how the drawing power of Janie has been able to bring this group together on an occasion that has been both uplifting and sorrowful. But it represents the strings that she has been able to attach to the lives of everyone here as well as many other who are not able to be here—to bring us together in this community and in all the family and friendship connections to think unitedly and in the spirit of understanding and appreciation not only for her but for all the blessings and the ties that bind us together, as we meet here in this lovely community of Midway. I am sure that Allen and Janie and the family found it a real blessing to be in this community and to enjoy the atmosphere that cannot be found in so many places in our hurried life today.

As I see Pres. Probst here today I remember many years ago when I had the privilege of associating here in my assignments. I remember I was emphasizing how in church leadership we can use an analogy of Marion G. Romney, "I can get the water (or the teaching) down to the end of the row." Brother Romney talked in terms of sugar beets and potatoes. And I asked a funny question, I guess: "How do you suppose that Bro. Romney flourished so well?" And I am sure it was Pres. Probst that responded in a happy way. He said, "Oh he's up at the head of the ditch!" Only farming people could appreciate and understand that. But it gives some evidence of the background that is the heritage of this great place.

We have been lifted and touched and edified by the inspiring remarks and the rehearsals of experiences in the life of Janie Toronto. And the music has been most beautiful. The family relationships extend into our own life. As I grieve and extend sympathy to the members of the family here I feel that we are speaking as well to ourselves. In a very real way, Janie is our daughter. As we think through the opportunities we've had to have a rather close association, we are grateful we have had the experience of being so much associated. The Weavers and the Torontos have a background that reaches in part, we can't prove all the distant relationships, but from the colonies of the Mormon communities in Canada to far off Czechoslovakia, and Janie and her family have come here to this community by way of Chicago, another interesting background, where they were there long enough to pick up the dialect. And that has been a hallmark of the expression of Gary and Janie and E.C., how they could speak with an accent a little different from what we have in the far west.

In honoring the achievements of this choice woman I am grateful that some of the comments at least have made reference to the fact that she IS here. It is not a matter of speaking in the past. She is with us. She continues to live her life. Her life goes on. And it is an opportunity to reflect on the fullness of our lives. The achievements and the courage that have been the hallmarks of Janie's life and experience here have been monumental and noteworthy by all who have known her. Gary and others talked about her service in Chile, she and Al, in a pioneering setting not so very long ago. She interrupted that service as we have heard, because of the sickness and then the death of her mother. They were our close neighbors and connected through family ties and we appreciated living through some of those experiences with Jane. And then, of course, she needed to go back and finish her mission. I don't know that they have been back to Chile since, but we have. Sister Bangerter and I had an assignment that lasted for nearly a year and a half down there and we can see the fruits of that great pioneering effort in the beginning stages then. Now [there are] nearly 50 stakes of the church, organized in the fullness of the gospel with a temple of the Lord crowning the blessings of the people. That sort of service brings rejoicing to members of the Church everywhere.

The great train of accomplishments can take place in what we may call a brief life, 46 years. We look for longer times now. We live in a day when life expectancies would take us at least through 70 or 75. Janie didn't make that much, didn't get that far. But 46 years is a very substantial period of time to live and she has packed it to the full with wonderful accomplishments and achievements.

All of us are born into this life with a fatal disease. It is called mortality. There are none of us who can escape. We tend to wish, most of us individually, that somehow the Lord will make an exception with us and that we won't have to do that. But the time inevitably comes. We hope that it won't happen while we are in the nurturing stage with these choice children. But we can't always choose, and as that reality descends upon us we have to reflect on what life means and how deeply it's stream touches the eternal part of our nature. Jane and Allen came to our home three years or so ago as the gravity and the seriousness of her affliction dawned upon them, and we were privileged to administer upon them a blessing. And if I recall correctly, Janie was blessed to be healed and restored. Now that is a hard thing to say when you know that someone is afflicted with an incurable disease. But I hope that no one will lose faith because, after all, Janie has passed away. Inevitably she would have to go anyway, wouldn't she? It came a little sooner than our desire, but I can assure you that the blessing was real and true, and it came to pass. To realize that in these three or four years she has had so much richness and experience in her life gives us a knowledge and assurance that her blessing was from the Lord and that when the time came, the decision also was His.

I think most of you, perhaps all, as you have faced up to the passing away of a loved one, have prayed with all the faith you could muster that the Lord would take away the threat and allow that person to continue to live. I've been through that experience and I can recall there came a time when it was absolutely evident that the Lord was saying, "No." And no matter how hard you push, He says, "No." Then it is appropriate for us to recognize that after all it is, "Thy will be done," and it is according to His eternal purposes, and in the long run it will not be as damaging and as hurtful as we think it will.

We attended the funeral of G. Homer Durham a couple of years ago. Brother Durham suffered with a heart problem and he nearly died, and they expected that he probably would. Then he was blessed to be healed and he recovered. Three years later he did die. His son on the occasion of the funeral said, "Those three years were very necessary that he was healed." According to his patriarchal blessing that he had been given, he was pre-ordained to occupy a position during those three years in the presidency of the First Quorum of the Seventy in the Church. And his son said, "It's a reality that the Lord healed him to extend his life for a further period, and then take him in his own due time." I hope no one will be unduly disturbed that eventually our prayers are not always answered the way we want. I know that God can heal anyone who is sick if He wishes to. There is nothing too hard for the Lord. But to recognize that He also has His purposes and that sometimes He makes decisions contrary to what we think is for our benefit, is one of the supreme acts of faith. And I am grateful to see that Allen and his family have acknowledged that, and have accepted the inevitable as our Father in Heaven had unquestionably made the decision.

In considering the great purposes of Janie's coming, think of her as being born as a little helpless infant, knowing that there is no capacity there or quality there that can produce anything. It just isn't within the power of that little child to really add anything except the feeling of love that they generate to all of us. And then to see the unfolding that takes place over the years - to be able to learn things, to accomplish things and to give service and to make such great accomplishments

in so many directions. It's a marvel what she could do in 46 years. It is beyond the ability to explain. What happened in that little interval between the birth of the infant and maturity is the development that has been the final result. It's a miracle, that is represented to all of us today by Janie's life. So she has done what has been indicated.

As Gary read some scriptures from the Book of Abraham about the great and noble spirits that were there in the presence of God before we came on the earth the statement was thereafter made that "We will prove them herewith to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord shall command them." And that becomes, really, the final test. The one that makes us feel happy and at peace and satisfied with the life of Janie Weaver Toronto.

Where do we go? You children may be asking. You know, of course, because you've been taught. But where do we go when we pass on from this life? It has been made very clear and I'll just read this brief passage from the Book of Alma: "Now concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection—Behold it has been made known unto me by an angel, that the spirits of all men (and of course, women) as soon as they are departed from this mortal body, yea, the spirits of all men whether they be good or evil are taken home that God who gave them life. And then it shall come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness." [Alma 40:11-12]

Now there is a little unhappiness about this occasion here today, but I don't think there is much unhappiness in Janie, because of where she is, which is called Paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace, "For they shall rest from all their troubles and all their care and sorrow." [Alma 40:12] I guess many of us have wished sometimes for that kind of a situation. That's the promise and the assurance that this great blessing has come to Janie. We don't like to see our loved ones go. Sometimes I've compared it a little to rearing our children in our homes. They become so dear to us that we wish they could stay there forever. They grow up and go out and go away. We hate to see them go. I've thought there's only one thing that could be worse than having them go and that would be if they didn't go. In the long run that would be a real tragedy.

And so it is with us all. We are moving on to the eternal configuration of our lives. I've been delighted, thrilled, to see how Allen and his family have been able to administer comfort to all of us. That quality comes to people who have faith and assurance in the midst of their sorrow. In the tenderness of this moment they are a living testimony that life is eternal and that our relationships will continue. Their experience and that to which we participate in to a lesser degree is a process of the refining of the spirit, a necessary experience without which we would be devoid of some of the most highly exalted characteristics that can come into the human being's soul. To think in terms of compassion and love and appreciation, to feel the nature of caring for someone else even more than we care for ourselves brings into our lives a Christlike quality that would not be possible if we didn't have to go through some difficult and bitter experiences. So along with the sorrow we express feelings of rejoicing and reassurance as those who have spoken have also given testimony of their certainty, born of the Holy Spirit that God lives and that our life is a continuing and eternal thing which will continue to bring us other happy and wonderful opportunities as we continue on.

As the Savior was announcing to his apostles that he was to leave them and trying to explain as much as he could that he had to die, they didn't understand that. They thought that if he's the Savior there's probably no necessity for that. He's all powerful. He will be able to avoid it and that's of course what they wanted. He said, no, it will be a time of great sorrow, and your enemies will rejoice and be glad because of what will happen to me, but it will be but for a little time then your

sorrow will be turned to joy in the realization of what comes next. And so I commend to you that testimony and witness: the certainty that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we can know that we are living now in eternal life and that our separations are temporary things.

We [know] to some degree [through our] experiences [that our loved ones] have gone on other missions at different times. I think of Janie, with her choice parents, I think of her with Aller's father (his mother is still with us), and [she will] enjoy the richness of their spirits as they and so many others will have already welcomed Janie into their circle. I am sure that she is near. It isn't a question of maybe to me, but this is certainly where she would want to be and needs to be today. And as we have participated over these years in the dedication of many temples we feel there the reality of that other phase of life. I think being in a funeral with the atmosphere that is here is very similar to being in the temple because we find ourselves on the threshold, in touch with the existence of those who are on the other side and aware of it's reality. To this I bear testimony in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Music: Ralph Woodward Chorale

Prayer, Brent Hill:

Our Father in Heaven, We have been gathered here today to honor a great lady, a sister and a true friend. The words that have been spoken will help us remember Sister Jane and will comfort us with the knowledge that this separation is only for a time, and that Jane and her family will be reunited. Father, bless this family with the strength to carry on and to reach for the goals set and reached by their mother to go forth with the sure knowledge of the gospel plan. Father, bless them individually: Carolyn, Amy, Cindy and William. Bless them with love for each other and for their father and mother. Bless Al that he can move forward with his life, acting as father and mother, and with his profession. Bless him with the strength he will need. We are thankful for our participation in this service today and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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