Reading the Obituaries

by Phyllis Chesler

Sarah E. M. Hart

Wallace J. Ward

the engineers who supervised building of Alexan Incheway to Alaska.

Ils married Piotence Van Battenberg (c. 6, 1921).

Among auryivors are his parents; a son and daughter. Van Aftred and Carol Ward, and daughter. Van Aftred and Carol Ward, and a Martin and Cox Edginton.

By the following brothers and stiters:

Among A. Ward, Willard, Eliol D. Ward, Iritham City: Leona W. Hendricks, Sait Bert City, and Roberta W. Tingry. Logan.

Burial was at Pheenix, Aris.

Cickin VOSS Cole

TRESTON, Ida.—Edwin Voss Cole, 71.

Ich at the family home Friday morning firer a short lilness.

He was born Oct. 12, 1878, at Willard, Rah; a son of John and Mary Ann Voss Cole. He married Oila Rebecca Owens farch 19, 1900, in Brigham City, Utah.

Mr. Edginton was an L D8 Sunday sthool werker many years and for sevices of the family home friday morning firer a short lilness.

Mr. Edginton is survived by his widow worker many years and for sevices of the family home friday for the family for the family and a son, Girn Edginton. Ashton, three grandchildren, and the following brothers and a sisters: Arthur and Charles Edginton. Focatello, and Mrs. After Oviat, Parker, Jones St. Anthony: Atbert Jones, Gooding. Mrs. Walter Mikreell and Mrs. Parkey Jones St. Anthony: Atbert Jones, Gooding. Mrs. Walter Mikreell and Mrs.

Emma Popp Witzel

Mailace J. Ward

BRIGHAM CITY—Word has been review here of the death of Waltace J. Fard, 50. Tuerday at Nogales, Aris, He as a son of Mr. and Hes. John A. Ward, 'litard, Box Elder county. He was born in Salt Lake City June 9, 1899; autended Box Elder county He was born in Salt Lake City June 9, 1899; autended Box Elder county He was born in Salt Lake City June 19, 1899; autended Box Elder county He was the second in 1918. He graduated from the Elder is the county of the county in the cou

Harvey L. Moore

Rider C. Waring

the building and contracting business.

On Dec. 11, 1901, he married libriels A.

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On Dec. 11, 1901, he married A.

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On On Medical and Hiram Onesson. He cannot be a portion of four years when he operated a grocery store at Kimberiy.

When did I start to read the Obits daily? At least forty years ago, not any sooner. Before then, I thought I would live forever, as would everyone I knew and loved. Mortality was not uppermost on my mind.

At first, when I put my shoulder to this wheel, I remember noting that women did not seem to die or at least, there were few featured biographies of female homemakers, mothers, kindergarten teachers, nurses, secretaries, or volunteer workers. If their deaths were noted, they were paid for by grieving families and appeared in small print.

Good news, I acidly thought! Women are really eternal, we occupy archetypical space, like the nameless statues of Justice or Liberty. Eventually, over time, some women, those who were stockbrokers, corporate executives, lawyers, judges, artists, authors, philanthropists—in other words, women who had entered previously all-male fields and who had prospered-were given their due in print.

I now read the obituaries for entirely different reasons. First, I want to honor those who have passed. Second, I want to see whether it's anyone I know, or at least, someone whose work I know. Lastly, I check their ages: Are they older than I am, younger, or simply much too young?

I am now of an age in which so many people who I've known, worked with, even loved, have already died. I keep their names on my various versions of Ye Olde Rolodex. I will not delete them. Each time I see their names, I pause, remember them, think about them.

Life is too damn short. Pray for this mighty sinner. I did not gather pretty little rosebuds while I could nor did I live each day as if it was my last. I was always working, always on a mission, always reading, always trying to make a difference, but, for some time now, the years have begun to fly by as if they are merely months. And months have become weeks. This is how one experiences time as we age.

May everyone rest in peace and may I still have "many miles to go before I sleep."

I hope you do, too.