

Funeral Service  
For  
Thomas Arthur Gladman Shreeve  
~  
15 February 1851  
to  
28 December 1931

**FUNERAL OF THOMAS A. SHREEVE**

**Prelude**

**Cleone Rich Eccles  
Lorna Draper**

**Prayer**

**Patriarch Levi J. Taylor**

**Vocal Solo - "Come Unto Me"**

**Berniece Tyree  
Accompanied by Mrs. Genevive Whittamore**

**President John Watson**

**President Robert I. Burton**

**Vocal Solo - "My Shepherd"**

**William D. Wright  
Accompanied by Mrs. Genevive Whittamore**

**Apostle David O. McKay**

**Duet - "O My Father"**

**William D. Wright  
Berniece Tyree  
Accompanied by Mrs. Genevive Whittamore**

**Prayer**

**Patriarch A. A. Bingham**

**Postlude**

**Cleone Rich Eccles  
Lorna Draper**

**Grave dedicated by Patriarch T. B. Wheelwright**

Thomas A. Shreeve was born at Norwich, Norfolk, England, February 15, 1851. He was baptized by William Miller and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by A. W. Moosley. In 1866, he was ordained a Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood by Jonathan Grix. W. S. Smith ordained him an Elder in 1874. On May 13, 1878, he left for the Australian Mission and labored in New Zealand until 1880 when he returned home. On September 15, 1878, he organized the New Zealand Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

He and his first wife, Emma Clews Barnes, were blessed with the following children: Arthur K., Edgar, Edward A., Myra Liahona (Froerer), and Leland T. To his second wife, Mary Bluth, was born: Ivena May (Pearson), Thomas Bluth, Earnest M., Caleb A., Arnold T., and Eva M.

On November 18, 1900, he was ordained a High Priest by Nels C. Flygare, and on June 25, 1922, he was ordained a Patriarch by Elder David O. McKay of the Council of the Twelve, and labored the remainder of his days in giving blessings to his fellowmen.

Besides being a missionary in New Zealand and also a Patriarch, Brother Shreeve has held the following positions in the various wards and stakes:

Ward Clerk

1st Assistant Counselor of Y. M. M. I. A. Board to Angus Wright of Weber Stake

Assistant Counselor to Superintendent William Tillotson of the old Fourth Ward

Home Missionary

Chairman of Weber and Mt. Ogden Stake High Council

Prayer by Patriarch Levi J. Taylor:

"Our Father, Who art in Heaven: We approach Thee upon this occasion and offer unto Thee the thanks and gratitude of our hearts and for the privilege of assembling to pay a tribute of respect unto one whom we have learned to love during our sojourn with him here in this life. We feel, Father, as one of older who said that 'a great man and a prince has fallen.' We feel that he has wielded an influence for good all the days of his life, has set an example unto us that would be worthy of imitation, and has born a strong and faithful testimony of the truthfulness of Thy work and of the restoration of the Gospel and the bringing forth of the record in modern times regarding the people who have dwelt upon this land in former times. He has made a thorough study of this and has left his testimony and has born it faithfully before many thousands to the divinity of that work.

"We are sure that many have been brought nearer unto Thee because of his testimony as well as his example. We feel to thank you that it has been our privilege to live in the day and age when he has lived. We pray, Father, that Thou will enable us to finish our work as well as he has finished his. Father, we feel grateful unto Thee that Thou has made it possible in this inclement weather that so many have rendered response toward this service. We do not desire to multiply words, but with all our hearts, Father, we are grateful for life's memory that we have had to know this, Thy servant, and associate with him and be fed by it, as all have been by his splendid life and testimonies as well as they many he has

blessed as a servant of Thee, the living and true God. We desire that Thy Spirit and blessings may be here upon this occasion, that all that is said and done will be prompted with Thy Spirit. May his family be blessed and follow his exemplary life and each of us may take the same course. We dedicate these services and all that we have unto Thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Vocal Solo - "Come Unto Me" - Berniece Tyree, Accompanied by Mrs. Genevive Whittamore

Remarks by President John Watson:

"With you who have assembled here this afternoon, I come to pay a tribute to the memory of Brother Thomas A. Shreeve. As has been said by Patriarch Taylor in his prayer, we are not here to mourn; there is no occasion for that. Brother Shreeve's family is reconciled to the passing of their husband and father. And those of use who know him, know that he has desired for sometime past that he should finish his existence here upon the earth. he has suffered with neuritis, I think, in his hand and in his face for some time. His mind was good and clear and he could converse with you and he could take part in the classes in the Ward, in the High Priests' Class, and in the Sunday School. So that in the passing of Brother Shreeve, we are here, as I said, to extend our sympathy to those who are bereaved and to speak of some of the things that he has done in the time he has lived amongst us and the time he has lived here upon the earth.

"We have now come to the end of another year and we capitulate to the time. And in the passing of the year 1931, another life has passed

beyond. In 1851, eighty years ago, so that it is one in the beginning and one in the end, and he was born in England. Born at the time when the British Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was in the care of Franklin D. Richards. When Apostle Richard was president of that mission, the membership increased some fifteen or sixteen thousand during those two years. Brother Shreeve's life has been spent as a member of the Church. His parents, I think, was members of the Church before he was born.

"He came to Utah in 1860, and he has lived in Ogden, I think, since the year 1861. In Salt Lake, he lived in the Tenth Ward and I don't know but what he was in the Sixth Ward there because I have heard him speak of the Bishop of the Sixth Ward. He has done wonderful work in the different quorums and also went on a mission. In 1878, he went to the Australian Mission. He was in Australia two months, I think, and then went to New Zealand, and you will find that in 1878, in September, that he wrote to President William Budge, who presided over the European Mission, in 1878 he wrote a note from New Zealand - I have read the letter in the Millennial Star - telling him of the conditions there and wanting some hymn books and Books of Mormon sent out there, and he said in that letter that he had visited the Mores, they were not being proselyted at that time, I think. And said if the president should want them to go to those people they would commence to learn the language. He states that in the letter, and later on in the same Star you find where Brother Budge was in that mission and he speaks in regard to the Mores there and stating the number there were about forty thousand, I think, and we hear of Brother Frank Charles

Wood has been to that same mission and the work that was being done in that land. Sixty-seven thousand, I think, if not more, are members of the Church. So Brother Shreeve did a big work and when he came over here and came to Ogden, his life has been devoted to the service of the Lord.

"I became acquainted with him in 1881, fifty years ago in the Z. C. M. I., and I associated with him there for twenty-three years and lived next door to him for forty-six or forty-seven years - right next door. So I think I have had an opportunity of understanding and knowing Brother Shreeve and the privilege of associating with him and to work with him in the Fourth Ward, which was a ward here on the bench when M. C. Flygare and Bishop Stratford were in the Bishopric. In 1887, the ward was divided and Bishop Stevens was made Bishop, Brother Shreeve was Assistant Superintendent to the Sunday School for three years from 1883 to 1886. At that time, he taught a class in the Fourth Ward Sunday School when he was in the superintendency. And then when the ward was divided, why, I was in the Sunday School here but prior to that, in 1892, I became a member of the High Council and was for eight years. We were home missionaries at least one Sunday in the month. There was only one stake and twenty-seven wards and about seventeen thousand members. President Shurtliff and President Flygare and President Middleton was the Stake Presidency and Brother Shreeve was on the home missionary work and traveled into every ward and spoke into every ward.

"And afterwards, he was for ten years or more on the Stake Mutual Improvement Association Board. He was a teacher in the Sabbath School here, he was clerk of the ward under Bishop Stevens, secretary of the

Seventy's Quorum. I was in the Elder's and Seventy's Quorums with him. He taught a theological class in the Fifth Ward here and had about eighty members in his class and Sister Emma Shreeve also taught. And both Sister and Brother Shreeve has been workers in the Sunday School and in other organizations and particularly Emma Shreeve, who went to Provo twice and took the Sunday School course and returned home to teach it in the ward, and she also taught it in the stake. His boys, some have been on missions, others have been in Sunday School Superintendencies, in the Mutual Improvement Association, and have done remarkable work so they all understood the Gospel and have been taught it by their parents; so what is there to mourn in the passing of a man who has filled the positions that Brother Shreeve has. When this ward was divided, and I say he was the ward clerk, we used to have a prayer circle here. I was a member of the circle with him and when I became Bishop in 1900, he became my counselor, or one of them, and for several years my counselor in the ward. After that, he became a member of the High Council and then he became a Patriarch in the Mt. Ogden Stake, and so you brethren and sisters who have been associating with him know of his integrity to the cause that he has espoused.

"He was a wonderful expounder of the Book of Mormon. He made a great study of that work and taught it for years, lectured on it, taught it in the ward here, in the Mutual Improvement Association and in other classes, and so he became familiar with the works of the Church. He was a constant reader; he was familiar with the conditions of the world which you would get from magazines, from newspapers, and from conversation; and you could



speaking with him almost on any subject you wanted and he knew something about it. He was a man who devoted his life in seeking to do good. Even when Patriarch, giving blessings, he was all times ready to go out and administer to the sick, to do any work that he was called to do. When he was the counselor in the ward, here, in the Bishopric, he taught the Priests' class and had quite a number of Priests and mostly all of the missionaries from the time we were in the Bishopric were called from the Priests class; they were ordained Elders and went from the Priests class and he taught a perceptive class and quite a number went on missions from that class and some of those who were in that class are presiding over missions now, some of them are presidents of stakes; so Brother Shreeve's work has been far-reaching.

"He understood the Gospel and was a firm believer in it and he has gone to receive his reward, and those of us who are left can look back and say that the world is better that he has lived and those of his brethren who associated with him in the High Council know of his work and those whom he has taught in the different organizations also. I am thankful to have his acquaintance and association; I am better for it and am becoming to understand the truth of the Gospel better from associating with him and I pray that God will bless his family. I know they will remember his teachings and the examples he has set for them. I ask that the blessings of the Heavenly Father be with them in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Remarks of President Robert I. Burton

"My brethren and sisters, I feel as President Watson has expressed himself, this is no occasion for sorrow. I know the empty chair and

sorrowing heart of those who are bereaved of their father and husband. I know what it will mean to them, and yet, event to them I say this is not an occasion for sorrow. To me, it is a glorious thing when a man has lived to the ripe old age of Brother Shreeve's - passed four score years - it is a glorious thing to be called home to receive wonderful reward. To me, that other world is just as real and wonderful as this one is. There is no difference to me. Life is a continuation of things; it is something that goes on and on and we need not think when the change comes over us and the physical part of us is laid in mother earth that we stop. It doesn't mean that life stops, it continues on as a unit. It is the same as it continued here. Brother Shreeve still lives. He will still work in the same good cause in which he has labored all these years. He will not hesitate; he is not that kind.

"As far back as I can remember anyone, I can remember Brother Shreeve. I can remember that I always had the highest respect and deepest love for him. I never knew a time when he hesitated in his labors; I never knew a time when he refused to accept an appointment to do anything to further God's work as he understood it. He was a man of small stature physically, but a giant spiritually. He was permitted on various occasions to have glimpses into that other world, and I well remember an occasion that came to my mind as I sat on my chair today. I remember an occasion in my mother's home, when my father was away on enforced leave of absence, a group of people met in my mother's home and held a meeting. I was only a very small boy, but I can remember that particular night just as vividly as though it was last night, for there was a spirit present in

that meeting that one seldom feels. It was most powerful. It was a joyful spirit. It was something that lifted one above the world and the worldly things into the realm of the spiritual things. I remember how I was impressed by Brother Shreeve bore testimony that on that occasion he saw two heavenly beings enter the room, and one stood on either side of my mother and held a crown of glory over her head. She was blue and depressed for the absence of my father and because of the conditions that prevailed at that time, and someone in the audience, I remember, spoke in tongues. The interpretation of that speech was given to several, and they interpreted most of it. My mother always thought something was not interpreted, and a little later, it developed that that something was true. My mother's youngest child was taken from her very suddenly. My father could not come home for the funeral; that it was that had been told my mother that this child should be taken away, but that she was not to grieve. I don't know how many there are here that remembers those days. I know there are a great many, perhaps most of you, but I do remember this particular thing. The impression that night that was made upon my life - I will never forget it. I worked with Brother Shreeve in the High Council in the Weber Stake before it was organized into the Mt. Ogden Stake. I worked with him a number of years, eight or ten years I think, just as I look back upon it now. I know and bear testimony that he was a faithful worker; that every assignment that was made to him was carried out to the best of his ability and usually done might well. After the organization of the Mt. Ogden Stake, he was made the Stake Clerk and served in that capacity but for a brief time, and because of failing

health, due to approaching age, he was released from that position and was ordained a patriarch.

"Elder David O. McKay brought the word here that he was to be made a patriarch. I remember how Brother Shreeve met this word. I went with Brother McKay to give the word and how his eyes were filled with tears and how he was overjoyed. He told me afterward that it has been the greatest desire of his life that he might live to bless his fellowmen; he had it in that big heart of his to bless them and put his hands on their heads and given them blessings. He said, 'That was the crowning event in my life; to have that privilege come to me that I might be a Patriarch and give blessings as the Patriarchs of old did.' I shall not occupy more of your time, but David O. McKay is here to address you and I know you all want to hear him.

"I just want to add my testimony to the good life of Brother Shreeve and also add my blessing that may his children follow in his footsteps - I am sure they will - and remember his love and affection, how he has given a long life to the cause that was dearer to him than life itself. He was not a coward and there is no place in the Kingdom of God for a coward. Any man who fails to take his stand and is willing to take that stand and say, 'Here I stand; I will not budge from it,' is hardly deserving a reward.

"There is certain things in the Gospel that we can't comprehend and we can't turn from them if we are to reap the reward of Heaven. It is not an easy task to be a Latter-day Saint. It was not an easy task for Peter when accused of being one of the followers of the lowly Nazarene - he

swore and said, 'I know him no,' but a little later, after the Comforter had come to him and he got the true vision of things in their proper perspective, you never heard of Peter deviating or compromising in any principle of the Gospel; even when it came to the giving of his life, he said, 'Hang me with my head down, for I am not worthy to hang with my head up as did my Master.' To give his life for his Master was no difficult thing to do. He made the cortege quail and quiver and shiver with pain to do it; he did not hesitate, but stood firm. Brother Shreeve stood firm. I haven't the slightest doubt in my mind if there had ever been a time when he should give his life up or give up his all, really, he would have done so without hesitancy. That is the kind of man he was. My God bless his family, and I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Remarks by Elder David O. McKay:

"Who does his task from day to day  
And meets whatever comes his way;  
Although, but lowly toil it could be  
Has risen to nobility.

'Who guards his post, no matter where  
Believing God must lead him there  
Has found true greatness here below.

'For great or low, there is one test.  
It is that each one shall do his best.  
Who works with all the strength he has  
Can never die in debt to man.'

"These lines came to my mind as I have listened to the tributes paid to Brother Thomas A. Shreeve, and another also came:

'There is a destiny that makes us brothers,  
None can live by himself alone.  
All that we send into the hearts of others  
Comes back even to our own.'

"This is an occasion when we can look at life because of the emphasis

that is put upon it by the thing which we call death. There is a feeling that is present today more into congratulations than sorrow so far as Brother Thomas A. Shreeve's life is concerned. We sympathize with his loved ones because he has left them for the time being, but for Thomas A. Shreeve, we haven't any sorrow. He has met death as I wish all could meet it. Prepared for it. Ready to tell him to come at any time and, oh, death does come! That old man with his sickle is reaping his harvest at all seasons. And now he has come to take another, but one who is ready for him. How fast they are going, answering the call every day; several times a day even here in our own midst.

"The thought was driven home to me just a few minutes ago by President Watson, just as he sat down he informed me that of the old High Council of 1892 there are only two remaining: President John Watson and Elder Austin Brown - just 1892.

'Time rushes by us like the wind  
We see not from whence it did come  
Nor whether it is pending;  
And we seem ourselves to witness their flight  
Without a sense that we are changing.  
Yet time is beguiling man of his strength  
As the wind robs the trees of their foliage.'

"But, as I said, this is an occasion when we can face this thing called death and, through it, think of our lives as we always do. And I am inclined to think; indeed, I am persuaded absolutely that this thing called death is just as necessary to man's happiness in life as his birth. Indeed, without it man cannot appreciate life. We know that if it were not for the bitter we should not, could not appreciate happiness; if it were not for darkness, we should not know the light; and if it were

not for death, we could not appreciate life. Death, after all, is but a failure to respond to one's environment.

"We begin to die the day we are born. The day we die, we begin to live. Every day since we were born in this world, we have come nearer to this thing called death. Now on this occasion I should like to say a word about this life - how we live.

"It is a great problem. IT is the question of the ages, and it has been in every man's heart since humanity came to this earth, and it will be in every man's heart through the ages to come until it is solved as only God can solve it. 'If a man die, shall he live again?' Way back in the days of Job that thought found expression. You and I have talked to young men and had the question given to us perhaps in another way, but the same identical question; and you and I can go back in our lives and recall the time when we asked it if we are not asking it today as well. As I listened to President Watson, I realized that Brother Thomas A. Shreeve is living today in the good deeds that he has performed. 'All that we send into the hearts of others comes back even to our own.' It is not what we lay up in this world, but what we give up that adds to our everlasting store. Whatever Brother Shreeve has given up of his time, or his talent, of his energy - not to say anything of his means - is now his possession and it is the only possession that he has outside of those loved ones.

"He is living in memory and it depends upon the kind of life he has lived whether that memory is sweet and wholesome and contributive to the advancement of the race and whether it is unwholesome or unpleasant. I

think that nobody can say but what Brother Shreeve's deeds have been noble. I know him only as a man of service; a man who, in the words of the Savior, would lose his life for Christ's sake and in so losing his life, he has found it. There is an expression of life to the same paradoxical statement as it is recorded in James' Bible: 'He that would save his life shall lose it, but he that will lose his life for my sake will find it.' Brother Thomas A. Shreeve, in that respect, was a true disciple of the Master. There was no call that came to him but what he would respond to it; give all he had to comfort, to encourage, to lift up. That is a beautiful service, in that he followed in the footsteps of the Master to whom Peter wrote. And, in that writing, passed the most beautiful tribute ever given to man. 'He went about doing good,' and so there is nobody present but who will say Thomas A. Shreeve lives in the hearts of those whom he served and who loved him.

"Truly, we live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. But he that most lives the best is he who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best. But I like to think there is another way and a better way in which Thomas A. Shreeve still lives, though his lips are silent and his heart beats still. Nobody can deny that the father lives in his sons and in his daughters. And how splendidly some are in the exact likeness of their parents. Only a father knows who sees himself reproduced in that son; a movement of the figure, the way of holding his head, the inclination of his voice, the disposition of his irritability; in a thousand ways a father, if he observes carefully, can see that in some way - in some mysterious way -



every little tendency, thought, mental, and physical action has been reproduced in the boy or in the girl, and mothers are also seen in like manner. In one mother predominates, in another the father; sometimes a grandfather, frequently that of a grandmother. And so what the ages has been in the past, what humanity has been in the past is reproduced here in life and that is a great mission of life.

"The great mission of life is to give to the world a family; good citizens, men and women who will make the world better for their being in the world, and nations depend on it. The future of the race depends upon it. Thomas A. Shreeve is living in his fine sons and daughters, and that is a noble mission. Those wives who have shared in this mission are who deserve the greater credit. After all, it is the mother who makes us most and God bless those mothers who have sacrificed their very lives to give to the world these families. We cannot pay too high a tribute to them. But, my point is: 'How are our brothers living?' Men don't die. The more I think of this question of immortality, the more convinced I am that a man cannot die.

"Why, think of this little span of life from birth to death [measures about three feet with his hands]! What is it? So small, so vast, so full of its agonies that a future life is needed to adjust the weakness, imperfections, and \_\_\_\_\_ that are committed in this frame of dust.

'So when my soul rises with some aching pain  
And all my heart strings tremble at the strain;  
My reason lends new courage to belief  
And all God's purposes seem plain.'

"But if we lived only in deeds, no matter how noble and how Christ-

like; if we lived only in our sons and in our daughters, I mean throughout the race, we would have no need for immortality. We have throughout the race people who think that is immortality. I am not one of those who thinks that is immortality, and I cannot see how any reasonable man can accept that as immortality in any way. We will live, but in time the memory of those deeds will cease to be and so then we will not live wholly in the human heart, but will live in time.

"If we depend wholly upon what science gives us, the race will cease to be. That is inevitable, according to their latest theory. It will be changed and there comes a time when in all this old planet there will not be human being, not one representative of that great race known as 'man,' and we might as well face it and face it bravely. Science is our footstool. One of the most generally accepted theories of science is that theory of evolution which brings man up from an insignificant being - where, they don't know. Throughout the long ages of change and progress, and suffering and bloodshed, man has attained to his present state. All right, where is he going? Why? As one man says, 'Why this vast expenditure of time and bloodshed and grief if we are destined to go no further?' And as I quoted on other similar occasions, when Charles Darwin, who largely fathered the idea, faced the proposition in his theory, this is what he wrote: 'It is an intolerable thought that man, after all these ages of progress and suffering, is doomed to annihilation and despair.' So I say, from no standpoint can we think that life and deeds of life that exist through the family is immortality, and the soul rebels against annihilation.

"Annihilation - can it be that the flesh is immortal and not the spirit? You may change this particle [takes hold of a flower], but you can't destroy it; you may change part of this old body [holds his hand], it may go back to dust, you may let it evaporate; but you can't destroy it. Isn't it reasonable to think that the personality made up of emotion, love, cheerfulness, and all that goes to make a personality that controls this body has far more influence in the world than any physical thing which we have. Action cannot be ended when that which it controls goes on forever in some form. So, why, why need I console you; you cannot think that death ends it; when you face death, you think of life just as you think of sorrow, you think of sweetness, and when you touch sorrow, you think of happiness, and when you suffer because of depression you think of prosperity and you appreciate it and you won't appreciate prosperity without it. *There is heaven? Who can tell? Answer, god-knows, who only*

"Well, Brother Thomas A. Shreeve had in his soul the true knowledge of life. He knew as very few men, I think, know or knew, that this thing called death is but a change as natural as birth. It is the sleeping of the body, but the freeing of the soul. It is the moving out of the house that has become dilapidated; it is the pouring out of life's taper and the frame of physical life is extinct, but he races on and on; it is the sound in the air which we have just learned to pick up and interpret. I am sure we cannot get a better description of that, a better picture of the thought, than that given by one of our ex-presidents of the United States. You have heard it read, but it is appropriate here. So appropriate for Brother Shreeve, of these four score years. When I last saw him,

his mind was bright; he was living, he was active, but his house had dilapidated. That thought is expressed by John Quincy Adams. As you know, he was walking on the streets of Boston one day when a friend met him and said, 'Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams today?' And this was the ex-president's remarkable reply: 'John Quincy Adams, himself, is well, sir, quite well, thank you, but the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated; it is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he, himself, is quite well, sir, quite well.'

"Brother Shreeve has just moved out of that physical house. Where has he gone? Where is heaven? Who can tell? Answer, gentlemen, who only knows. It is enough for us to say, to know, that he is responding to another environment to which we, ourselves are dead; and you can analyze that with your reason also. We are circumscribed here within a certain limit. Our eyes can see and interpret so many rays of light and we can see 'brown' and then the rays change we see 'red,' but between those two colors, we see, think, and respond to rays. There are vibrations beyond the 'red' to which you and I are dead. They are there, but we can't see them, just as the songs are in the air now from San Francisco and New York, but we can't hear them, because we are not tuned in.

"There are ways by which we interpret sound. You hear my voice and recognize it, but there are other rays in this room which you are dead.

You are not tuned in. Well, the instrument has ceased, has become disconnected, the spirit now responds to another environment. And that environment, I don't know, I don't know just where, but I want to tell you that the great distances in the stratosphere cannot shake my faith; it cannot shake yours, simply because they have found out that it will take days, months, perhaps ages to reach another planet, it is so cold there that it will freeze anything - that will not shake our faith. One bishop of a Christian church, when he discovered that it will take so many years, even lightyears, to reach the nearest planet, and that it was so cold there that it would freeze anything, lost his faith; lost his faith and said, 'There can't be heaven.' But Henshaw Ward, the author of the Marvel Wonders of the Universe, said this: "If the bishop had only realized that we were measuring these distances alone with our imperfect measurements of three dimensions and if he had only realized us measuring it by a fourth and maybe and fifth dimension, he would have known that Heaven, instead of being a million of lightyears away, might be just around the corner - just around the corner. Well, wherever it is, Thomas A. Shreeve is there, because he conformed to every law, so far as I know, to every principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and he was a true servant of the Master. And Jesus, our Savior - if he revealed anything in this world superior to any other, to any great teacher or inspired man that has ever lived since man came to earth, He gave to mankind this glorious truth that death is but the open door to life.

"Talk about living in deeds! Why is it that after nineteen hundred years Jesus Christ is living today as no other being has ever lived? It

is because He gave everything - even life itself. That is one reason, and He gave it for mankind and He will live forever - He can't die. Furthermore, He let them place His physical body which He had taken upon Himself into a tomb and He, Himself, was preaching to the spirits in another environment. Preaching - his personality persisting - and then He did something which only a God can do - reanimated that body and walked and talked once more an immortal, an immortal, soul. The spirit and body reunited, and I love to read the testimony of those men who saw Him, and I cannot find anything to make me believe that these men who walked and talked with the Savior after the resurrection, didn't tell the truth. Nineteen hundred years have passed with all the scheming and substitutions that higher critics have put to that test; they haven't brought forth one word, one citation that casts a reflection upon these noble men who walked and talked with the Savior after his resurrection. He lived an immortal being. He lived and walked and talked and loved in that environment in which you and I are dead. It is the rays of the morning light going up against the sky. It isn't darkness; therefore, there is no death. To a man who has lived nobly, death is an awakening.

"And so, brethren and sisters, let's renew our faith around the bier of this good man; faith in the immortality of the soul, faith in life, eternal life - eternal life - and say in the very depths of our hearts with these scientists:

The stars may fade away,  
The sun, himself grow dim with age,  
And nature sink in years;  
But man will flourish in immortal youth  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter,

And the crash of worlds.'

"And that is in keeping with the great revelation of the purpose and commands of life. The scientists said: 'Why this vast expenditure of energy if man is destined to go no further?' The Propheet Joseph said, in keeping with the revelation of Christ: 'Man is destined to immortality. And, the purpose of life here is to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.' Isn't that sublime, sublime philosophy. Peace, then, my brethren and sisters. That is the sweetest word in the language excepting love. And, on this occasion, both are supreme. Well, the Savior said as He was about to say goodby to His apostles and leave them in the world: 'Yea, there shall be tribulations among you, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. I have come that ye might have peace.' And so I ask the prayer of all my heart that God's blessings be with you in your homes when you will see those may things that will remind you of your father and husband. May that spirit be and abide with you. We will close by saying peace - peace - he is not dead. He doth not sleep. He hath awakened from the dream of sleep. These, we, we who are wrapped with mortal vision keep with phantoms and unprofitable strife. I bear you my witness that death is but the door to immortal life and the man who holds the Priesthood as Thomas A. Shreeve has and received the divine authority, lives and he will be there to meet you who belong to him and you will go throughout the ages knowing him as your husband and your father. May we live so we will meet him, as a friend, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Remarks of Bishop Austin H. Shaw

"In behalf of the membership of the ward, I wish to extend to the family of Brother Shreeve our sympathy, and also express our appreciation for the services he has rendered, for the good counsel that he has given. I feel that every member of the ward who has come in contact with Brother Shreeve has been benefited through his efforts. And I also make this statement because there are members of our ward who are unable to be present on this occasion because of sickness or otherwise. And, as many of you have had the privilege of visiting this family and offering your sympathy and comfort to the family and in attending these services, we wish to thank you. We will now conclude the program by a duet, "O My Father," by William D. Wright and Berniece Tyree, accompanied by Mrs. Genevive Whittamore, after which Patriarch A. A. Bingham will offer the closing prayer."

Benediction by Patriarch A. A. Bingham

"Righteous Father in Heaven: We are indeed grateful unto Thee for this privilege we have of meeting together on this most glorious occasion where we realize and know that one of Thy sons has returned unto Thee. We thank Thee for his blessed life and for the teachings we have received from his mouth. May Thy Spirit be upon his family that they may be blessed to serve Thee in righteousness even unto the ends of their days. We thank thee this afternoon for the beautiful things that have been spoken, for the beautiful flowers, for the beautiful songs that have been rendered, and for everything that has been rendered for the comfort of this family who are bereaved. We thank Thee for the knowledge we have of this and Thy glorious work upon the earth and for the testimony and



knowledge that we shall some day enter back into Thy presence. I thank Thee, Holy Father, that I have heard Borthor Shreeve bear testimony that he has beheld the face of our Redeemer; I know his words were true. May His Holy Spirit be with us that we may be built up in faith to serve Thee in righteousness all the remainder of our days, we humbly pray in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Postlude

Cleone Rich Eccles

Lorna Draper

The grave was dedicated by Patriarch T. B. Wheelwright.