

# Olive Nixon Hickman Elggren

## Funeral Services

Wednesday, June 23, 1976

### Conducting: *Bishop Boyd H. Busath*

“Brothers and sisters, this is the sacred hour which has been designated by the family to pay tribute to the memory of Olive Nixon Hickman Elggren. *Sister Elggren, 85, died* in the home of natural causes on *June 20, 1976*. She was *born in Huntington, Utah, February 15, 1891* to James William and Effie Dean Woolley Nixon. She married Frank Leslie Hickman in the Salt Lake Temple on June 5, 1912. Later married Edward Les Rich in August of 1938, and then later married the honorable Lorenzo E. Elggren, a State Senator in November of 1948. He passed away in November of 1973.

She was graduated from the BYU school of music in 1911. She was a soprano soloist, both concert and opera, with the BYU opera company and various other local productions including the Emma Lucy Gates Opera Company. She was the director of music in primary, Relief Society, and the MIA in the Liberty and Bonneville Stakes, and was director of the Bonneville Stake’s Mothers Chorus. She was a member of the Tabernacle Choir for 38 years, a member of the Cultural Lure Club, the B Natural Club, the Mark Hopkin’s, Delta Phi Mother’s Club, and Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

The survivors include her sons: *Leslie Dean Hickman*, Eugene. Oregon; *June R. Hickman*, New York City; daughters: *Mrs. Ralph D. (Erma) Bird*, of Fair Oaks, California; *Mrs. A. Vard (Elaine) Maxfield* of Salt Lake City; *Mrs. Wilford A. (Ruth) Coon* of Granger. Stepchildren: *Ferrin D. Hickman* of Portland, Oregon; *Mrs. Robert (Florence) Curtis* of Provo, *Mrs. Burt (Elaine) Thompson* of Washington; *Steven B. Elggren* of New York; *Mrs. Chandler (Florence) Rooklidge*, *Osman Elggren*, *Donald J. Elggren* and *David B. Elggren* all live in Salt Lake City. Brothers: Dr. J. W. Nixon of Provo; Ezra Nixon of Logan; Jessco Nixon of Arlington, Virginia; and sister, Dr. Grace Nixon Stewart of Salt Lake City. Also, 28 grandchildren and 31 great grandchildren.

The pal bearers are: Joseph L. Coon, Christopher S. Bird, Neal D. Maxfield, Norman A. Maxfield, Ned L. Maxfield, Tracy T. Hickman, James R. Hickman, and Dennis W. Coon. Honorary pal bearers are Nalin C. Maxfield, and Nelden V. Maxfield. All of these are grandsons of Sister Elggren. We appreciate very much the prelude and postlude music played by Sister Beverly Glauser. We would like at this time to announce the program in its entirety. There are just a few minor changes. We will do this at this time so as not to violate the Spirit of the meeting. We will have an invocation by a grandson, R. Gilbert Bird, then a vocal trio by Nita, Nanette and Natalie Maxfield, granddaughters. They will sing, “I Need Thee Every Hour.” They will be followed by a speaker, a brother, Ezra Nixon, then a vocal solo by Nelden Maxfield, a grandson. He will be accompanied by his sister, Nita Maxfield. And they will be accompanied by a violin obbligato by Vard Maxfield. Following the vocal solo, we will have an address by Francis Bennett, a former member of this ward, and a close friend and neighbor of Sister Elggren. Coworker with her in the primary, and the wife of Senator Bennett. Following Sister Bennett we will have remarks by John S. Boyden, Senior. Former bishop of this ward. Bishop

Boyden will be followed by a vocal solo by Nanette Maxfield, "O Divine Redeemer" and will be accompanied by her sister Nita. I am instructed that this particular song was selected because this was a favorite hymn of Sister Elggren, one that she sang while a member of the Tabernacle Choir, at a general conference in the tabernacle at the beginning of her musical career. Following the vocal solo, the benediction will be offered by Dennis W. Coon, a grandson, and then the postlude music. The family, I'm sure, would like me to express to you for them, their gratitude for your attendance here, for the many expressions of love and condolences which have been given. And for the kindnesses which have been shown, including the floral offerings and the food and all other expressions of appreciation. And to the relief society of the Yale 2<sup>nd</sup> ward, who has helped with the floral arrangements and with the food in the family home.

There will be a police escort. The internment will be at Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park. We invite you to turn on your lights as you join the cortege and please to drive safely. The dedication of the grave at the grave sight will be by a son, Brother June R. Hickman. We will now proceed with the program as outlined.

**Prayer: R. Gilbert Bird:**

Our Father in Heaven. In humility and in love we come before Thee this afternoon to offer our hearts unto Thee, and to rededicate our lives to the living of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We are grateful Heavenly Father for the plan of salvation that we understand. We are grateful for the opportunity to have the commandments in our lives. We are especially grateful, Father, for our dear Grandmother, our loved one. We are grateful for the heritage that she has given us. And we pray that we will live worthy of this heritage by serving Thee, and keeping Thy commandments; that we may prove ourselves worthy to stand before Thee. We ask thee, Father, to bless those who take part on this program, that they will be inspired to say the words that Thou would have them speak. And we ask that we will listen by the spirit and be touched in our hearts. We pray for these blessings, and we pray for blessings on the family. This eternal family. We ask for these things in the name of our Savior Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Song:** "*I Need Thee Every Hour*" sung by Nita, Nanette and Natalie Maxfield, granddaughters.  
Arranged by Merrill Bradshaw.

I need thee every hour, Most gracious Lord,  
No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.  
I need thee, O I need thee; Every hour I need thee!  
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to thee!

I need thee every hour; Stay thou near by.  
Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.  
I need thee; O I need thee; Every hour I need thee!  
O Bless me now, my Savior; I come to thee!

I need thee every hour, Most holy One;

O make me thine indeed, Thou blessed Son!  
I need thee, O I need thee; Every hour I need thee!  
O bless me now, my Savior; I come to thee!

### **Ezra Nixon**

I, brothers and sisters, have researched all of occasions. I think the Lord has prompted this sort of gathering at the time when someone passes away, because it brings to our consciousness a spirit of getting together and renewing our friends and acquaintances. It's a solemn occasion, but it doesn't necessarily need to be tearful, of course there are touching moments. But this is all part of our Heavenly Father's program: Birth, Life and Death. And we wouldn't change it if we could, because it's a wonderful program that our Heavenly Father has set up here for us.

To give you a little background of what our family was like, even before Aunt Olive, as we call her, my sister Olive was born, my folks were raised in St. George. James William Nixon and Effie D. Woolley, were their names before they were married. They were married in the St. George Temple and soon after their marriage, they got in their wagon with a team of horses and went to Huntington, Utah, down in Emery County. And they were some of the early settlers there when things were pretty rough. It was a pretty poor, poor time, starting out in some of these alkali flats and so on that they had, and they had to seek out an existence, but they made it, and after they managed it, along came James William Jr., who now is Dr. Nixon in Provo. Many years so after that, along came Olive. And she is the one we are honoring today. After Olive came Myrtle. She lived for about 11 years. The only thing that I can remember about Myrtle was that one day in the store, we had a store, and on the second floor we had, we sold coffins. In those days they didn't have mortuaries like they have now days, and we had one coffin for whoever might need it. And I remember her getting in the coffin and saying, "See, this just fits me." And a few days after that she died of appendicitis, and the doctors couldn't come from Price fast enough to operate and so on, so she passed away. Then after Myrtle came Nina. Nina Bowman, Hal Bowman's wife, as many of you know, here in this ward. She passed away several years ago.

Then, my father was called on a mission to California and while he was gone, the second boy was born two months after he left. St. Clair was his name. His wife is here today and his posterity, many of them are here. They're a fine family. She's passed away and in the mean time. Then a few years after St. Clair was born, then came Grace. She is here with us today, Grace Nixon Stewart. She lives here in the city and many of you know her. Then, four years later, I came along. Then four years later after me came the last son, Jessco. Jessco is in Washington D.C. He has worked for the accounting department there for many years. He is now attending George Washington school of law taking some horse backing work in Islamic.

Four of us are living and four of us are gone. But, we've had a wonderful life. My father was a hard worker. My mother was a hard worker. They had to work in those days. My father farmed as well as we had a store. My mother ran the store quite a bit of the time because father was gone on the farm. It so happened that when I was just an infant, I didn't have too good of health and so mother had to work in the store and left it to Olive to take care of me. So I guess I laid in the arms of Olive even as much or more than I did in the arms of my mother. And, of course we had very strained relationship all through our life because of the start she gave me.

She has always been a very cheerful individual. She always made everybody welcome that was around her. It's been said that she learned to cook when she had to stand on a stool to be tall enough to place the things on the stove. And that's true. And she learned to cook during the days when it really took some time about cooking. They didn't have all the prepared foods like they do now. And any of you who have eaten her cooking during the years, would know that she learned right. I remember one day she came over in my home. My wife was so taken up with her by what we call hamburger gravy. And she had certain types of sage and such as that in it and so it made hamburger really taste like something. And we always had a special dish. It reminds me last Sunday was Father's Day and so for our special dish we had hamburger gravy. And it came from Aunt Olive's recipe. In other things she was a perfectionist in was making nice gravy. If any of you have tasted her homemade ice cream, then you know there is none better. And, we just love that.

With her cheerful disposition, she always looked on the bright side of life. It was tremendous how she could make anybody feel good around her. And one thing I remember, she always had this little musical laugh. If anything happened, why, that would come out. A laugh that was musical and you know what I mean, you that know her. Because that was some distinguishing feature that nobody else seemed to have like Aunt Olive had. And she made us always feel comfortable in her home. That was some distinguishing feature that nobody else seemed to have like Aunt Olive had. And she made us always feel comfortable in her home and it seemed like her home was our home. When we lived in Eastern Utah and she lived in Salt Lake and any time we came into this area we could always plan on going to Aunt Olive's and staying and having a good time.

I remember one time, this was kind of a comical thing that happened, she and Leslie had one of these big paige automobiles. Maybe some of the older folks remember those great big cars. We were riding up Salt Lake from Provo. It had been raining and she got over on the side of the rode where it is kind of slick and we eased down the barb pit and just eased over on one side very gently. And my mother was there and Laura Hickman was there. A boy friend of mine and a few of the kids were there and we all piled up in one pile on the side of this car and nothing to do but roll down the windows on the upper side and crawl out. And we all did that. Then we all pushed the car up on its wheels, got in the car and came on to Salt Lake. She didn't have a dull moment when it came to that. She was just laughing and was very joyful and it was very amusing that we had together. That's the way it was in our family.

You know she had so many good qualities. I've been trying to think in the last day or so when they asked me to take a little time, I was wondering what I could say about her that wasn't near perfect. The only thing I can remember that might have caused a little controversy in the family when we came to visit her was that she was a democrat. I don't mean the kind of thing that would turn out in Washington D.C. mail. She was a good democrat and I can see why after we got into it because she married the honorable Wren Elggren. He was a state senator and a very splendid individual. And, she naturally supported him one hundred percent. She was with him on his tours and every thing that she could do to support Wren, she did. In fact, in Wren's later years when he wasn't well, he told me, he said, "You know Olive would do things for me that even angels in heaven wouldn't do." That's how much he thought of her. And I'm sure it's true.

I just can't say enough nice things about her. The time is short, but I want to speak kindly to the family, being June and Elaine and Erma and Ruth. They'd all be real loyal to Aunt Olive. And Aunt Olive was really loyal to them. She did everything she could for them. And they in turn did everything they could for her. It's a real family, the right kind of a spirit. And I know the Lord will bless you for all the kind things you did. In going in their home I could see that there was no contention, just a lovely spirit. This is the important part of our lives, brothers and sisters, is the family. If we can produce families like Aunt Olive produced a family, then we have it made, because they're all good, loyal latter-day-saints. And those that they've married are the same. We're just tickled about their splendid associations that they have in our family. And this family business is big business. It's the best thing that can happen to anybody, to have a family. The Lord has set it up that way. He's told us that our family is eternal, which it is. We belong to His great family. And then we each have our own families, our own units. And at the same time we're all meshed into a big family. These folks belong to the family called the Nixon family. Before she was married, she was called a Nixon. And I want these children of hers to know and her grandchildren to know and her great grandchildren to know that they've got good blood in their veins. Their great grandfather Franklin B Woolley, who was killed by the Indians in Nevada when he was bringing back goods for his store in St. George. Edwin D. Woolley was his father. Edwin D. Woolley was the father of Olive Woolley. And, Olive Woolley was the father of our patriarch, our president, President (Spencer Woolley) Kimball. So, I want you to know that you've got good blood in your veins and you don't want any shenanigans getting away from it. We want you to realize that you belong to a choice family. And so, with my blessings I hope and pray that as we go along through life, all of us, that if we will just live the gospel, do the things that we are taught to do by the bishop, stake presidency, general authorities and our mothers and fathers in our home, and if we live those principals then we don't need to worry. The Lord will take care of us. But we need to live His commandments and I hope and pray that every member of our family will follow through and fulfill your obligations in the church and in the family. And, I bless you with every right, privilege and power that I have to bless you with, in the name of Jesus Christ Amen.

**Nelden:**

While we're getting set up here, some of you might be interested in knowing this particular song, "The Lord's Prayer" is by B Cecil Gates. This particular number was requested by the family because evidently, Grandma, when she was younger had a chorus and B. Cecil Gates use to always try out his numbers on her chorus first. She would try them out and then they'd go and be published if they were good enough. Evidently, this was one of the numbers she tried out with her chorus back in those days and so we'd like to do it for you.

**Song:** "*The Lord's Prayer*", Sung by Nelden Maxfield, a grandson, accompanied by Nita Maxfield, a granddaughter, Violin obbligato, A Vard Maxfield, Son in Law.  
by B. Cecil Gates

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name.  
Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth,  
As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts, As we forgive our debtors.

An lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:  
For thine is the Kingdom, For thine is the Kingdom  
The power and the glory.  
For thine is the Kingdom, The power and the glory forever, forever more.  
The power and the glory forever more.  
Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name.  
Amen.

**Francis Bennett:**

My dear brothers and sisters, friends, I feel very humble in accepting this assignment today. I'm sure there are many that could do it much better than I. I was a little surprised that I was asked. My friendship with Olive goes back forty years. I haven't seen her for over twenty-five. We moved to Washington twenty-five years ago, and our paths have not crossed since. You know how friendships happen that way sometimes. You have a close association with someone and then your life changes and you just don't see each other. But, I saw her just recently at a luncheon. It was very nice to renew our old friendship and it seemed almost as if we hadn't been apart. Maybe that's why I was asked. I certainly feel not qualified. I feel inadequate, but I did love Olive very much and I admired her very much. Maybe that's why they asked me to tell about our association in primary together. That's what they wanted to hear about from me. It was in 1935 that we moved into the Yale ward. That's when I first knew Olive. I'd just like to reminisce a minute about the Yale Ward in those days. The boundaries of the ward took in what now comprises Yale 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward, Garden Park Ward, Bonneville Ward, and Yalecrest Ward were all within the boundaries of the Yale Ward. Olive was the chorister of that great big primary, and it was a large primary. It was a large ward. It was a very wonderful ward. Fine, fine people lived here. Talented people. There was actually enough talent in this ward we use to say they filled up the general boards from the Yale Ward. There were so many people from this ward that served on general board. It was soon after we moved here that I was called to the Primary General Board. And, so I didn't have a ward assignment for a number of years. I was busy with what I had to do with the general board and my children were small. So, the bishop didn't ask me to do things up here. I didn't get too well acquainted with all the people. Our general board meetings were on Tuesday afternoons and our Relief Society up here was on Tuesday afternoons. I didn't even get to go to Relief Society and be with the sisters there.

In the early forty's, I did work in the ward primary. It was then that I really got to know Olive, and she was the chorister of the primary. I didn't teach very long until the bishop asked me if I would be the president of the primary. I had visited primaries all over the church when I was a member of the general board and I had never heard children sing the way they sang in the Yale Ward under Olive. So, when the bishop asked me before I even had time to think about anything, I said, "Bishop, I'll do it if I can have Ramona Oguard and Virginia Byron for my counselors and Olive to lead my singing." I thought with those three stalwarts I couldn't fail if I had them by my side to help me. The Bishop very kindly said that would be fine. I could have them.

Olive started out as my chorister and that is how we really got to know each other. She didn't just lead the singing, she taught the children. They really learned how to sing under Olive. It wasn't just a stand up and share-the-stick sort of thing. She knew each child by name. She knew

them and she knew what their voices were like. She knew which ones could sing alto and which ones could sing high. She loved to have part-singing in the primary, which was unusual. You know it still is very rare for anyone to even bother to teach children parts; but, Olive wanted to. And how those boys use to love to sing alto and come up. Particularly with the Trail Builder's Hymn and some of those songs which she taught them, that they loved. They loved her, and they loved to sing for her. Our primary was really famous for its singing.

She loved to prepare for special events. It was not a chore for her to put on a primary conference sometimes with programs. For most people who would heave a sigh when it was over and think, "Oh, dear. Never again." But, not Olive. She loved to do that. It was just a very pleasant experience for her to bring out the best in the children. She didn't care how many extra practices she had to have. It didn't matter at all. In fact sometimes she had two a day. If the children went to school half a day, she'd have them come and practice in the morning and the ones who went in the morning came and practiced in the afternoon. I've been told that Olive would go home and in between times take off her clothes and lie down on the bed for a little while and get ready for the next practice. She was actually incredible. It didn't matter how much work it was, she was perfectly willing to do it. She would not settle for anything less than excellence. It had to be right. I couldn't help thinking of these beautiful grandchildren who performed today how happy she would be that that tradition has gone on to the next generation, that she has beautiful singers in her family that still want to perform with excellence. As this beautiful music was done today, the result is what counted with her. She didn't mind what it took to get that result just so she would get that result. These primary concert series that we had when I was the president use to wear me out when they were over. I would go to bed; but, not Olive. She thrived on it. She loved that sort of thing.

I was so glad to hear Brother Nixon talk today about the father and mother because I have often wondered how they instilled in all of their children that I knew this love of work and this love of doing the best that they could. I only knew Olive and Grace and Nina. As you know, Grace has her speech and she requires excellence in all of her people. Everything she does, it has to be excellently done. Olive had her music and Nina had her nursing. I remember so well during the war, Nina went back to her nursing because she thought she was needed. She didn't need the work goodness knows and she had plenty of other things to do, but she felt like the nurses, well there were so few nurses they needed her. She worked in the afternoon from 3:00 until 11:00 at the L.D.S. Hospital. Then she used to come in from Jacob's Lake to sing in the Tabernacle Choir. She came every Thursday night to practice and every Sunday morning to sing.

Olive, as her brother told you, sang in the choir. I guess it was the bishop that mentioned that she sang in the Tabernacle Choir for thirty-eight years. What a service. Thirty-eight years with the Tabernacle Choir. And I'm sure she loved every moment of it. It wasn't any hardship for her to do that. These Nixon girls were choice, high choice. They wanted to do the very best that they could, and it tells in their children. I'm glad to see the family traditions at work in excellence carried on.

I'd like to go I guess for just a moment and talk a little bit about the history of Primary. Sister Aurelia Rogers was the originator of the primary movement. She had a little group - it's the first primary group and was in Farmington, Utah. Sister Rogers thought that the children needed to be taught better behavior patterns. They needed to improve their conduct in social gatherings and

among their neighbors. She felt that the youth of the church was not polished enough, not cultural enough. She wanted to teach them social graces, dancing and then singing and different kinds of skills and crafts and things of that sort. In those days the church had a religion class that has since been done away with. The religion class met every Monday and the Primary met every Tuesday. I think my mother was a little ahead of her time because she said to us, "You don't have to go to both. I don't think you need to spend two afternoons a week in church and you can take your pick. You can go to Primary or Religion class." The church decided that same thing not too long afterwards, that it was really too much. So, the religion class and the primary were combined.

In those days, the primary spent quite a bit of play activity in connection with religious instruction of children. We had a 'Going Into March,' which was called play day. They had a play leader and she would take all of the children into the cultural hall and teach them games and give them recreational activities and teach them to dance. One of the things that they did on those play days was to learn little operettas and put on operettas. This was where Olive shown. She not only lead the singing for these operettas, she helped decide on costumes. She helped make them. She helped direct the plays. She helped to train the children. She loves to do all of this. She insisted in ones that she did, that I know about, that every child in the primary had a part, and she knew the ones that were monotone and she didn't want her chorus ruined by the monotones. So she let the monotones be little bugs. They wore little green costumes and they could do just as they pleased. They didn't have to be in line, and she let the unruly kids be bugs too. I thought that was so smart, you know. They all felt very important, but they didn't spoil her chorus, no sir. It had to be good and she couldn't put up with monotones. The older ones can remember, "In My Grandmother's Old Fashioned Garden." That was a little operetta that she put on and all the children were dressed as flowers. It was so cute, but so darling. I think it was done more than once, I'm sure it was. It was done many places throughout the church. I'm sure none of them were as good as the ones Olive did because she was chorister of this ward primary for twenty years.

I don't know how many presidents she served under. Possibly all of them did just what I did. "I'll be the president if I can have Olive," because we all wanted her very, very much. As I said, the primary conference was a headache for me. I was always worn out, but she took it in stride, and just loved doing it. She thought it was very simple after the operettas she'd done. Of course it was, really. Another thing that she did that I always remember, was when my sister May Hinckley died, who was the General President of the Primary Association. She asked to have our primary sing at her funeral. It was the best singing in the city. We always had, and that's why she asked for it. Our children went down to the assembly hall. The funeral was down at the assembly hall, and they sang at her funeral. I won't forget that "Light Divine" that they sang. I was about in tears. As they sang "Father let thy light divine, shine on me, I pray." Several faces up turned to Olive watching her, the light was divine was on their faces. For sure, it really was. It was always very touching to hear these youngsters sing. Another one that they use to sing was "The Call Of Love." The boys used to like that particularly because she always had them sing the alto part. In that song in the chorus particularly it says, "Oh hear" the girls would go 'oh hear' and then boys, "the call", "the call" "of love" and then the boys "oh hear the call of love" way down. They just sang it way down as low as they can possibly reach. The ones whose voices were changing thought that was just great. It was real fun. They really sang their hearts out when they sang, "The Call of Love." I've been told that they also, she lead a chorus of boys in the tabernacle in one of the June conferences. I'm sure that it was very, very beautiful, as they sang this in the



“Trail Builders Hymn,” that they use to sing so much.

Well, it’s twenty-five years since we went to Washington, and I had not been in touch with Olive during that time. When I was asked to do this, I thought well, I’ll call some of these girls that worked with me and see what they remember about Olive in our primary days, because that’s the thing I was to talk about. It was very interesting, everyone I called said “Oh, goodness, that’s so long ago. It’s over thirty years.” I said, yes I know, it’s over thirty years, but what do you remember? It was very interesting. I didn’t call anyone who didn’t say, “I remember her high standards. I remember the excellence, the perfection she insisted upon. This impressed all of us. Nobody’s forgotten it over the years that she insisted on perfection. And as I say it was a family trait. It’s great to know that it’s carried on.

Another thing they mentioned, my friends that I called, was her excellent grooming. They said Olive always looked nice. It didn’t matter what she was doing, whether she was coming to a practice, or whether she was going to a ball, she was always very careful about her grooming. She never left the house without being beautifully dressed, ready for any occasion. That’s something many of her former friends remembered about her. Even in her later years, she never got careless about things of that sort. Those who knew her in the last twenty-five years, as I did not, mentioned the fact that she was such a loving wife, and what good care she took of her husband. She never complained about the fact that she had to give up many things to be with him, and help him because she loved doing it. She really, truly was a great wife to do the things she did for an invalid husband, always cheerful about it. I think from these things that girls had told me, and my own observation, that her main thing, her strong testimony of the gospel, her life was devoted to her family, her church, and her music. Those were the things.

I have a feeling up there in heaven, she’s taught a little children’s chorus somewhere, that she’s getting together, that she’s teaching them, and they’re singing. I just can’t imagine Olive, without singing. Now, I wasn’t familiar with the many choruses she led, and various activities, I absolutely loved the way she could teach children. I know how she loved them, and how they loved her. I know she’s happy now with her family, those who have gone on ahead. I’m just delighted to meet the grandchildren who are going to carry on for her, so that’ll they’ll have a wonderful reunion all together and continue the singing.

**Talk: *Bishop John S. Boyden, Sr.***

Brother’s and sisters, those of you who are members of the Yale wards, either First or Second. How many times have you in sacrament meeting, particularly in testimony meeting heard it said, how much we enjoy the spirit of this Ward. Well, today we pay tribute to one of the creators of that spirit. Long after the conclusion of this service today, the impact of Olive Elggren’s contribution will linger, unidentified, in the hearts of many. To be passed with a sweet and certain contagion to brothers and sisters yet to come. Sometimes I wonder if we realize what a great contribution these ladies have made to us all, young, and old alike. How they have tempered our lives, and how they have refined our souls with their sweet spirit. Olive was one who we all agreed is in that category. Much has been said about her music, about her work at the BYU, taking part in all the plays, or all of the musicals, and her work here in Salt Lake, and her work in the Tabernacle. To know Sister Bennett speaking of the way she trained the little children, she just lived across the street over here, and many of the practices would take place in her home. She’d take the kids over there and teach them the things that were simply a delight to the members

of the ward when they performed. This is a service that is worthwhile, because we are told in the Doctrine and Covenants, *“For the soul delighteth in the song of the heart. Yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer into me. And it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads.”* Well, of course music can be used, too, as a tool of the adversary, to teach doctrines that are contrary to the teachings of Jesus Christ. But, Olive Elggren’s teaching, and her supplications to our Heavenly Father through beautiful sound, put her in the category of those who we are assured will have the blessings upon her head.

My brothers and sisters, music was not her only refinement. I don’t know how many of you remembered how she cared for that lot next to her, the home where she had lived last. How that beautiful flowers were grown in an empty lot that might have been weeds. How she enjoyed the work, and she was full of ambition. Not just when she was young, she was full of ambition till the very end. As she developed these flowers, she also developed her faith. You know there’s nothing quite like it, for a gardener to put a little dormant seed into the soil and then trust on the elements of God to bring light to it, knowing for sure that it will develop into a beautiful flower before the summer’s through. As she developed her Snap Dragons, and her Marigolds, and her Daisies, and as she tasted of their sweet perfume, she also tasted of the Eternities because she knew that she could trust in her Heavenly Father not only with the seeds but with a more precious thing, a daughter of our Heavenly Father, which she knew herself to be. And so, when we speak of flowers of this kind, we don’t know how little seeds grow. I don’t understand what makes the light come into that little dry thing. I don’t understand the way nor why it does it, but it multiplies in its’ kind and it’s for our enjoyment. And we love it. And we all know that mighty oaks from little acorns grow. I think that William Jennings Bryan in his great oration *“The Prince Of Peace”* said it beautifully when he said, *“If the father designs to touch the divine power, with divine power, The cold and pulse less heart of the buried acorn, and make it burst forth from its’ prison walls. Will he believe neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his creation? No matter, mute, and inanimate. Change through the forces of nature into a multitude of forms can never die. Will the spirit of man suffer in that annihilation, when he has made a brief visit, like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? I am sure that we will live again as I am sure that we will live now.”* This is what I mean when I say that the very nature of Olive Elggren was such to develop her soul, and an understanding in the mysterious works of God, and in the promises of our Heavenly Father.

Some view the fragile flower as a momentary thing of beauty, dissolving into nothing as it’s fragrance and color pass the outer limits of our senses. Little do they realize the permanent impact on the mellowing of the soul, and the enduring inlay of beauty in the mind. Ah, to dig and delve in nice, clean dirt can do a more to little hurt. Who works with roses soon will find their fragrance butting in his mind, And minds that sprout with roses free. Ah, that’s the sort of mind for me. And that’s the sort of mind that Olive Elggren had. I cannot recount, of the tributes that are justly do to sister Elggren. No matter what I say, there will be many of you who will think of many things that were not said. Incidentally, they’ll probably be different among you because we all see these fine virtues. We do know that she has lived a full life, but that she never grew old. As her brother attempted to find a flaw in her character, and found only the one that he did. My quotation of William Jennings Bryan reminds me that with my political convictions, I’m not sure the fault was Olive’s, or whether it was Ezra’s.

She cared for her natural beauty, as you have already heard. She cared for it, as I noticed, not too long ago, not many weeks. Martha and I went to her home to pick her up and take her to a High

Priest Social. Incidentally, she's very seldom missed them. At that time it was drawn to my attention, as it had been many times before, that she did care for that beauty, that she always dressed tastefully, and with grace, and manners to match. She was blessed in her passing. To go so sweetly, and to have the spirit she had. On that very occasion of which I speak, she joked about the shortening of the days to come, but there was no sadness. There was gratefulness in her heart, and there was understanding in her soul. She loved life, and her life exemplified that love. I think that James Whitcomb Riley, put it into beautiful words that might have been said by Olive the day that she died.

“What delightful hosts are they, life and love?  
Lingeringly I turn away, this late hour.  
Yet glad enough that they have not withheld from me their high hospitality.  
So, with face-lift and delight, and all gratitude, I stay.  
Yet to press their hands and say, ‘Thanks!  
So fine a time, goodnight.’”

My brothers' and sisters', I validate this thought with a verse or two from the Doctrine and Covenants, Chapter 63, verses 49-52:

“Yea, and blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth,  
when the Lord shall come. And all things shall pass away. And all things  
become new. And they shall rise from the dead, and they shall not die after.  
And shall receive an inheritance before the Lord in the Holy City. And he  
that liveth when the Lord shall come, and have kept the faith, blessed is he.  
Never the less, it is appointed to him to die at the age of man. Wherefore,  
children shall grow up until they become old. Old men shall die.  
But they shall not sleep in the dust. But they shall be changed in the twinkling  
of an eye. Wherefore, for this cause preached the apostles into the world,  
the resurrection of the dead.”

In this passage lies our faith, our hope, and our prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Song: “O, Divine Redeemer”** Sung by Nanette Maxfield Garrett Accompanied by Nita Maxfield  
(both are granddaughters) by Charles Gounod

Ah! - Turn me not away, receive me, tho' unworthy!  
Ah! - Turn me not away, receive me, tho' unworthy!  
Hear Thou my cry, hear Thou my cry,  
Behold, Lord, my distress!  
Answer me from thy throne, haste Thee, Lord, to mine aid,  
Thy pity show - in my deep anguish!  
Thy pity show - in my deep anguish!  
Let not the sword of vengeance smite me,  
tho' righteous thine anger, O Lord!  
Shield me in danger, O regard me!  
On Thee, Lord, alone will I call.

O, divine Redeemer! O, divine Redeemer!  
I pray Thee, grant me pardon,  
and remember not, remember not my sins!

For give me,  
O, divine Redeemer! I pray Thee, grant me pardon,  
and remember not, remember not, O Lord, my sins!  
Night gathers round my soul;  
Fearful, I cry to Thee;  
Come to mine aid, O Lord!  
Haste Thee, Lord, haste to help me!

Hear my cry, hear my cry!  
Save me, Lord, in Thy mercy;  
Hear my cry, hear my cry!  
Come and save me. O Lord!

O, divine Redeemer! O, divine Redeemer!  
I pray Thee, grant me pardon  
And remember not, remember not, O Lord, my sins!  
Save, in the day of retribution,  
From Death shield Thou me, O my God!  
O, divine Redeemer, have mercy!  
Help me, my Savior!

**Dennis W Coon:**

The grandchildren had prepared a song to sing, at the graveside. The families requested that all the grandchildren come forward, at this time and sing the song here before the benediction is given. So if all the grandchildren could come forward.

**Song:** *"I Have A Garden"* from the Primary Song Book, *"Sing With Me - Songs for Children"*  
*"O My Father"* - final verse Sung by the Grandchildren, Arranged & directed by Nita Maxfield

I have a garden, a lovely garden,  
With flowers blossoming ever fair;  
Where sun shines brightly, and rain falls lightly,  
And breezes gather sweet fragrance there.  
Songbirds come singing out of the sky;  
Butterflies winging, hovering by;  
And in my garden, my lovely garden,  
There's always beauty to greet the eye.

I have a garden, a secret garden,  
Where thoughts like flowers grow day by day;  
'Tis I must choose them, and tend and use them,  
And cast all wrong ones like weeds away.  
Goodness and love are seeds that I sow;  
God up above will help me I know,  
To keep my garden, my heart's own garden,  
A place where beauty will always grow.

When I leave this frail existence, When I lay this mortal by,  
Father, Mother, May I meet you In your royal courts on high?  
Then, at length, when I've completed All you sent me forth to do,  
With your mutual approbation Let me come and dwell with you.

**Prayer: *Dennis W. Coon:***

Our dear, kind, Heavenly Father. As we come to the close of this service for our wonderful mother, and grandmother, friend, and sister, we thank thee Father, for the opportunity which has been ours of sharing our lives with our wonderful mother, and grandmother. Especially thankful always, Heavenly Father, for the knowledge we have of the resurrection, and the life after this in which we will all be reunited in the again. We're thankful, Father, for the time which she spent here which thou gave onto us, to share with us her sweet spirit, and her love of the gospel to bring us closer to thee, Heavenly Father, and to embrace thy plan here upon earth more perfectly. We thank thee for this opportunity. And we pray for a special blessing upon us who are left here, that we might strive more diligently to serve thee, that we will be able to meet the expectations that she has for us; and, that we might be able to grow closer to thee, Heavenly Father. Protect and watch over all those who travel this day, that they will travel safely, and cautiously; that this day might be a day of joyful, remembering, of our wonderful grandmother and mother, and sister. We do this Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Postlude Music: *Sister Beverly Glauser***