

Colton and when the job was completed in a few days, they rode to Mapleton Depot on the train and he became ill. He walked to his mother's home in Spanish Fork and he was in great pain. The doctor diagnosed appendicitis and they would have to operate immediately. Well, the operation was done on the table in his mother's kitchen. Things were made as sterile as possible and Frank Turner administered the anesthetic, but the appendix had already ruptured--peritonitis had set in. When the incision was made, Frank fainted. But I have heard my Dad and Uncle Jule tell about this, when Uncle Jule came from under the anesthetic what a wonderful feeling he had and how happy he was that the pain was gone. But the doctors gave little hope for his recovery, it was very grave because at that time there were no antibiotics and his recovery was indeed very slow--it took over a year. But this was an important year in his life--a year of inspection, of soul searching, decision making.

He thought more seriously about schooling, and seeing an ad in the paper about a correspondence school, he answered it and took a course in English, math, geography. Education was a lifelong process with him--he had such eagerness to learn. His higher education was self-imposed. He had great determination to excel and succeed. He was an avid reader, and when he would come home from work, he would settle down in a chair with a book. Fay says in going through his things the other day she was amazed at the number of books and pamphlets he had collected on every subject of self-improvement. There were books about every country in the world which he had read, underlined and made notes on. There were pamphlets and books about different aspects of self-improvement, speech, voice, manners and health, operating different kinds of machinery, anything he could learn. Is it any wonder that he was such a good conversationalist on any subject in any gathering?

He was a man of such charm, poise and dignity and humor. When we were growing up we always admired him so, he was so handsome, and we thought he was just about our ideal. And as I was talking with Vic Leifson the other day he said, "You know, Jule has always been my ideal of what a man should be." He had such warmth and personality that made you feel good just to be around him, so cheerful. He was filled with loving kindness for all people, for the old, little children and his pets.

Last night when I entered the mortuary, the first person I saw was Lester, and he said, "You know, he was my neighbor--they were so good to me--they helped me when my mother died, he was a handy man." And so he was filled with loving kindness for everyone. A little boy once defined the meaning of loving kindness for everyone. He said if I'm hungry and my mother gives me some bread and butter, that's kindness, but if she puts plenty of jam on it, that's loving kindness.

And speaking of pets, we came across a letter he had written to our family from California telling about Thanksgiving, and after he had reported on all our relatives in California he ended his letter with a report on their cat, "Tom". He said, "Tom is more and more asserting his rights. He is very put out when we question his right to sleep on the couch or the easy chairs. I think he would enjoy a visit by Stana, and of course, Aunt Stana always loved animals and they loved her. Tom made lots of noise asserting his rights to certain parts of the turkey, and needless to say, he got all he wanted."

We often smile about the time they were coming to LakeShore from Salt Lake. The tire on the old model "T" blew out. As he got out to inspect it and see what he could do to try to fix it, he found it was useless, he just looked at it and gave it a kick and said "You son of a gun, after all I've done for you--you'd do this to me." He had such a sense of humor, such a jovial, happy personality to be with.

Uncle Jule was extraordinarily successful in his professional life. In 1905 he applied to take an examination and was appointed mail clerk with a run between Ogden and Salt Lake, San Francisco, then down to Marysvale. But it was this run to Marysvale that brightened our lives when we were kids. When we would be thinning beets in the old ten acres, we would always be very anxious to get to the bottom of the

row when a certain train came through because we knew Uncle Jule would be looking out the window to wave to us and to call us as he went by and that made our day. And then we stood at the bottom of the row and watched the train disappear from sight, and dream and think how wonderful it would be to go gliding along those rails to some wonderful glamorous place and leave the old beet field. I guess a glamorous place like Marysvale, any place.

In 1907 he married beautiful, dark-eyed Min Bradford who clerked in Oren Lewis' store. There home was filled with gaiety and laughter. It was always fun to be around them. They both had such a sense of humor and such a hearty laugh. They shared their home with quite a number of other people, young girls who were going to school in Salt Lake or working. There was Katie, Olga, Helga Thorderson, Jean Bradford, Fay, Blanche, Elva among others, and then they took in other people who were ill and convalescing to help them in their recovery.

Uncle Jule was especially blessed with the two wonderful wives he has had. When Aunt Min died he married another lovely ^{woman}, Aunt Min's sister, who graced his home for 12 years. Their love and devotion and courtesy to each other have been inspirational to all who visited them. They were so very sweet and affectionate with each other--real cute we'd say, together. Aunt Geneve is such a wonderful person and has taken such good care of him in his later years.

But going back to his working days, after he married Min he was transferred to Salt Lake Airport where he worked for 17 years in charge of operations and then he was transferred to Los Angeles where he was made District Superintendent of one of the biggest districts in the United States. He worked here until he was 70 years old. Wherever he worked he was recognized as a leader, someone very special, someone with a deep sense of integrity, and affectionately called Arni by his co-workers. At his retirement dinner invitations were sent to 400 people all over the country with whom he had worked and 386 people gathered there to pay honor to him. It was a great day in his life. That day he was offered a job to go work with Los Angeles Airways, but he said no, he was going to go home and help Mama. But after 4 years the Los Angeles Airways called him to go to work, which he did until he was 80 years of age. But he never agreed that the word retire was in his vocabulary.

They have already told you about his being such a stalwart in the Church. He was financial clerk for four bishops in California, and he and Aunt Geneve enjoyed working for 3 years as temple workers in the Los Angeles Temple. But he was very thrilled about the missionary work that was going on in Iceland and he gave generously to its support.

Uncle Jule had a deep sense of patriotism and love for his country and proud of his country. I remember at one gathering someone spoke with slurs about the crooks in congress, and he took exception to that very strongly. He said, "I know there are many fine and noble men who are working for our government. He always believed in the good in people and he always believed in heroes. Not only did he love his own country, but he loved the land of his forefathers. One of the highlights of his life was to be able to go to Iceland. He was proud to be an Icelander. He had a deep appreciation for those first Icelanders who came from the old country, for their lives, their little peculiarities, their struggles and accomplishments, their true greatness. And whenever I think of these people I think of a story that came from England about true greatness. In a certain school the instructor asked the students to write an essay on true greatness. There was one young girl who came from a very poor home, none of her family had much education, and they wouldn't have expected to receive any ideas on true greatness from her, but the essay she wrote rang so true that it was quoted all over England. And this is what she said. A person can never get true greatness by trying for it, you can get it when you are not looking for it. It is nice to have good clothes, it makes it a lot easier to act decent, but it is a sign of true greatness when you have not got them to act just as good as if you had. One time when Ma was a little girl they had a bird in the house called Bill that broke his leg. They thought they's have to kill it,

But the next morning they found him propped up sort of sideways on his good leg singing. That was true greatness. Once there was a woman who had done a big washing and hung it on the line. The line broke and let it all down in the mud, but she didn't say a word. She did it all over again, and this time she spread it on the grass where it wouldn't fall. But that night a dog with dirty feet ran over it. When she saw what was done she sat down and she did not cry a bit. All she said was, "Aint it queer that he didn't miss nothing.". That was true greatness, but it is only people who have done a washing that know it. And Uncle Jule surely appreciated this type of greatness in his forebears.

When I asked him one time to tell me about his mother, he said, "Oh, she was beautiful, she was lovely, and I used to love to listen to her quivea," and I said, "quivea' what is that? Well, you know Iceland is rich in folklore, poetry and sagas and the people loved to recite them. Books are very precious to these people. Vic Leifson the other day showed me a book that his father had copied by hand. He had borrowed this book and loved it so, he asked permission to copy it, and so very laboriously he had copied it in beautiful penmanship. No lined paper was aligned as perfectly even as this beautiful book, which is a tribute to him. And often on dark, dismal evenings the Icelanders would sit and quivea; that means they would sit and recite poems, one after the other, or songs, and they had quite a repertoire. I found a typical Icelandic verse that I would like to give you. I think this might be the type of thing that they would say as they would quivea.

Death takes herds and flocks, kindred,
Thou Thyself wilt soon be lifeless,
But the praise you've been accorded,
that will never, never die.

And so, Uncle Jule, we love you, we will cherish your memory. You are the last of our older generation, and now we are it. And as we say our fond farewells, we rejoice with you in the beautiful, wonderful reunion that you are now having with your dear ones who have gone before you. We know it is true--we know you are happy and I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Bishop Keith Bradford--I think the beautiful day is indicative of the occasion here, today. "The spirits of the just are exalted to a greater and more glorious work; hence they are blessed in their departure to the world of spirits. Enveloped in flaming fire, they are not far from us, and know and understand our thoughts, feelings, . . . etc." I pray that the spirit of our Heavenly Father might attend me this day that I may fulfill this assignment in a pleasing way. I am honored to be asked to speak this day. I considered Brother Arnason a friend, a good friend. I would like to recall some of the fine things I have observed. I haven't known him for a long time, but I feel that I know him well. As their bishop for several years I was able to sit and talk with them about things. They were nice to be around. I always felt comfortable with them. One of the outstanding things about Brother Arnason that I noticed, always the firm, friendly, genuine handshake--even when he was older, near the end. He let his strength come right to his hands, very polite, very courteous, very considerate and kind. . . He did enjoy health, almost to the very last. Brothers and Sisters, that is a great blessing. There are a few things about his younger life that I'd like to tell you about. I was told that shoes were a thing in his life. Maybe as a young boy he didn't have shoes because when he would see some of his family who didn't have good shoes, he would say, "Go get a pair, I'll pay for them. Ford, his son, related an experience. They had an occasion to warm a baby bottle and he opened the petcock on the car radiator and let the hot water warm it. I would not have thought of that. Whoever got the baby bottle would have got it cold from me.. On another occasion, on a trip to Yellowstone Park, I don't know if it was the same car they took down to the Point of the Mountain, but the axel broke. This time he replaced the axel with a small tree. I am told he loved his work, and I'm sure he did. He took great pride in whatever he did. And it has been stated that he rose from mail clerk to District Superintendent, having served for some 50 years.

I think his love of work, being active, is part of the secret of his staying young. I recall several years ago we and the Lord called him to be president of the choir. I still remember his response before he accepted the position. He said, "I wonder

what the boys on the job would say if they knew old Arni was the choir president?" Then he laughed. He was a good choir president--he put all that he had into it. That is not an easy job. He was always active in the church, and he loved it. The organ that you see and that you heard--at one time they were renovating the organ and someone was needed to pack the pipes. . . guess who volunteered--Brother Arnason. Eighty some years old and he volunteered.

A couple experiences--one day Ford was visiting and went down the basement to take a nap and he heard his father come down the stairs and so he pretended to be asleep. His father came in, got a blanket, put it around him and tucked him in. On another occasion when his son came home from a mission, he had been ill, when his father met him, he picked him up in his arms and carried him to the car, not out of pity but out of great concern. Another asset was his great honesty. It has been stated that he had respect for older people all his life. He was appreciative and always willing to do for others. . . I was told that every day he told his wife that he loved her. He was married a total of 70 years--what a great blessing to have loving companion ship of two such lovely women for such a long time. Sister Arnason has taken such good care of him. The years they spent here were pleasant, happy ones. I'd like to pay tribute, I hesitate to mention names, but Fay and Bernice Bearnson have shown great concern and been such a comfort to Brother and Sister Arnason. You know, it was a genuine pleasure to be kind to people like this. They returned the kindness and love in so many, many ways, and many times over. Sister Arnason, a special tribute to you for your loyalty and concern for your husband. Your attitude and outlook are very special, and I am proud to have you as a friend. Your concern was justified, because Brother Arnason had great determination and there wasn't much he wouldn't try. At 85 years he was on top of the ladder painting the house--at 90 years old--up there again. . . . He loved his home, his work and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I think he patterned his life after the Savior. He paid his tithing, paid his offerings--was very generous. He was kind, courteous and considerate, and generous to a fault. He loved life and lived it to the fullest, a long, useful and productive life and now has completed his mission. (a poem was read). I ask the Lord's blessings on each of us here today that we might so conduct our lives that we may meet him once again in the presence of our heavenly father and with all those we love. I bear you my testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. . . in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Reed Bradford--Aunt Neve, all members of the family, my Brothers and Sisters, my neighbors, it is truly an honor for me to be asked to speak today--I am coming home. As this is the community in which I was reared. I see many people in this audience that have had an effect on my life. One of the individuals, Sister Larson, was my teacher in the 4th grade. My neighbors, Brother Gardner and others. . . I would like to speak on the theme of eternal significance and in order for it to have meaning for us, I would ask the help of the Holy Ghost to assist us in understanding that theme. It seems to me that there are two main purposes that services of this kind serve, one is to recall the life of the person and the other is to reflect on the meaning of this occasion for us. The first two speakers have covered the first purpose very well. I would like to concentrate in my remarks on the second purpose.

Elder Paul Dunn said that from the time he was three until he was 18 he had one major goal and desire, namely, to become a great baseball player. He pursued this goal with great enthusiasm and devotion and finally at the age of 18 was offered a contract to play professional baseball and for a time he did. Then something occurred which he did not count on, namely the second World War. Instead of finding himself on a baseball field, he found himself in the armed services of the United States. After spending considerable time in San Francisco area in training, one day he found himself on a ship on which there were 3,000 men. And this was only one of several ships, all with 3,000 men on them. Every afternoon the Protestant Chaplain would hold a service at 5 o'clock. Attending the service would be 30 or 40 men. But then one day, they were told they would make an assault on the Island of Guam in an attempt to take it back from the Japanese at 5 a.m. That afternoon the Chaplain held the usual service but instead of 30 or 40 men being there, there were 3,000, every man