



Hessie May Lee Bunderson
Leroy Bunderson

Leroy V Bunderson Funeral

Funeral Services for Leroy V. Bunderson held September 5, 1945 in Emery Ward Chapel, with Bishop Byron C. Peacock presiding and Coy Williams conducting. Services commenced 2:15 P. M.
Bernice Allred, pianist; Eldred Mortenson, chorister.

Choir Selection

O My Father

O My Father, thou that dwellest in that high
and glorious place,
When shall I regain thy presence and again
behold thy face.
In thy holy habitation did my spirit once
reside!
In my first primeval childhood, was I nurtured
near thy side.

For a wise and glorious purpose thou has placed
me here on earth.
And withheld the recollection of my former friends
and birth.
Yet oft' time a secret something whispered
"You're a stranger here".
And I felt that I had wandered from a more exalted
sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father thro thy spirit
from on high,
But until the Key of Knowledge was restored I knew
not why.
In the heav'ns are parents single? No, that thought
makes reason stare.
Truth is reason, truth eternal tells me I've a
Mother there.

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've sent
me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation let me come and dwell
with you.

Invocation, Bishop Gerald L. Olsen

Our Heavenly Father, again we assemble ourselves before thee to pay honor
to one of thy sons that have been called from this sphere of action. We express
gratitude for association through the life of Roy Bunderson. A life that has
given many contributions to our lives and to our community. And, Heavenly Father,
we ask that thou will remember his dear wife, the sons and daughters, brothers
and sisters and those grieved today at his departure. And, Heavenly Father, may
we so live that it may be our privilege to associate and live with loved ones
departed before. Bless those in the program that they may be in harmony with
the occasion. These blessings we pray for with others unmentioned which may be
for our good at this time. We do so in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Trio by Earl Olsen, Que Olsen and Alonzo Olsen, accompanied by Wynona Olsen.
I Need Thee Every Hour

I need thee every hour most gracious Lord.
No tender love like thine can peace afford
Chorus

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 loose their power when thou art nigh.
Chorus

I need thee every hour in joy or pain.
Come quickly and abide or life is vain.
Chorus

I need thee every hour most Holy one.
Oh make me thine indeed thour blessed son.
Chorus

Talk by Doctor Bruce Easley

Once more the church opens its sanctuary to one of her sons and covers him with the shadow of her wings. Roy Bunderson's body lies here but he isn't dead. A great many of you people went down to his residence before coming to the church house and you saw him lying in his casket clad in his Temple robes.

Of course I know Roy well. I have known him for a long time. He and his wife and family were happy and beautiful in their lives and in death they are not divided. He had believed in an immortality. "I am the resurrection and the life", sayeth the Lord, and it is the belief in that idea that sustains people and constitutes the spiritual ocean toward which all rivers run and from which our wires of belief in God and in his grace and mercy receive their due.

You know the world is the worse off for the loss of Roy Bunderson. I don't feel a bit sorry for him today/ I feel sorry for his family. But, I am proud that such a man as Roy Bunderson lived, and I can't understand how a man can more gloriously die than in some great endeavor. And who is there here today that can say he did not die in a great endeavor. He has helped make the world better. You want to know what that great endeavor was---a contribution to the Freedom of his Country. He gave his children to the cause of Freedom and worked 18 or 20 or 24 hours a day to save the land that gave him birth. He died like a man and everybody in this community ought to feel proud that such a man has lived in our community.

What do you think about his wife, about his kids, if they will pardon me the term that gives affection. Don't you think I am proud of these boys. Their familiar record reflected credit on Father, Mother, community and nation. I do know it and I want everybody here to know I know it and today, as I said, "This church has opened her sanctuary and received him within the shadow of her wings.

Why do I talk about this church? Its members should love it. What is there about this church that its members should cling to? You know, I didn't intend when I got up here to say very much about the church or preach a sermon,

but I have started and there are one or two things I will touch upon and perhaps some of you will agree with me that these are the things the members of the church love. I say from its tolerance. I find from its teachings of love and gentleness and kindness there is unity about this church.

You know these services are practically the same as I have attended throughout the State of Utah; in Kanab, St. George and Logan. I talked at services in Salt Lake City and most of you know that together with some of my old friends here, we have attended funeral services in Emery County. This afternoon's services are identical with services in Washington, Los Angeles, Kalamazoo or anywhere else. Wherever you go; wherever there is a Stake of Zion, an organized Ward, there will be a Bishop or Presiding Elder. The services are conducted as simply and as willingly and you will feel very much the same.

There is another thing about your church that should endear it to you--its sanctity. I am not going to talk about that. But by that I mean its holiness. This church is either all or nothing. It is either ordained of God and his officers preside or else it is not. And if it is holy, there is another thing I want to talk to you about, and that is the apostolicity of the church. By that I mean this is the same doctrine that is being taught today in the words of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints that was taught in the days of the disciples that followed Christ through Galilee. You either have the authority of the Apostles; you either teach the same doctrine; you either hold to the same high ideals or else you don't. There is not compromise.

I didn't come to preach the gospel. I came to pay my last tribute of affection and friendship to this man whose body lies here before us, and to express to his family my regret at his passing and my sympathy for them in their bereavement. But, I am not sorry for him. No, if he was right, and I believe he was right, he is better off now than he was. I believe he will have the privilege of having his family around him and enjoy a glorious immortality. I don't think he will ever waste a minute throughout the world to come. He didn't waste any time here and his life here hasn't been wasted. His life has been such that the ages to come will remember him and during the time he lived here he was a doer of righteousness and a preacher of righteousness and I believe in the world to come he will be a doer of more.

I am taking up a little more time than I had intended to. I want to say to his boys and to his girls that they can remember all their lives that their Father was a man who knew what honor and truth and decency meant. I want to tell them that on quite a number of occasions he and I have discussed the possibility and probability of his passing, and I want to tell them he wasn't any more afraid than that (snap). He looked forward to his possible death like a good soldier on the field of battle looks forward to his possible fate. I urged him to take it easy but, he said "No, I can't". He said he would rather die in the harness.

He lies weary and content. I know that during the war before the cessation of hostilities when our boys were dying that he often prayed for our absent loved ones. He prayed that he would always remain worthy of their love. He prayed for strength to go about his business bravely and smilingly. He was given that strength and today while his funeral services are being held and the world is the loser for his passing in one sense of the word. His life should be and is an inspiration to all decent people in the State of Utah or in our Country.

Solo by Errol Litster

Teach Me To Pray

Teach me to pray Lord God in Heav'n above,
Teach me today that in thy boundless love,
Thou see'st every sparrow that may fall,
And gives Lord, his best for all.

Altho my ways are laid in pastures green,
Tho gardens seem more than my soul can bear,
That in thy love thou gavest them to me,
Teach me to put my trust in thee.

Teach me to pray, to take my woes to thee,
With faith that thou wilt from them set me free,
And give me strength to comfort every day,
Father in Heav'n teach me to pray.

Talk by Homer Jensen

My brothers and sisters, I'm very pleased in having the opportunity to say a few words at this time. However, it will be very touching for me because my friend Roy was one of the first people I ever knew in Emery and the Bunderson family—they were a great family. They lived close to nature.

I have been to their place in sorrow and in pleasure and have joined them in the many parties they gave at their place and Roy was always the main leader at these parties, full of fun and pleasure.

He followed through the teachings of his parents. He has loved nature. His father loved nature, and I remember him telling a story of how he started his timber culture. He thought he would build a timber culture; so, he went over the mountain and got some little cuttings. He planted them and it was the same with his mulberry bushes. He told Roy to keep close to nature, he did and has been blessed in every respect. The Lord has helped him.

He has been a wonderful citizen in our community. He has built a better place for the rest of us to live in. Along with his wife and family he has made it much better. We can all appreciate the many things that Roy and his good family has done for us.

I want to say that I have always been good friends with the Bunderson family as long as I have been here. I hold them as some of my best friends. They are grand people. They have followed the teachings of our fathers down and it has made this a better place to live.

This is all I have to say. I ask the Lord to bless the family, each and every one of them. I thank you.

Trio by Vernell Markusic, Betty Jean Wetsel, and Elaine Fredrickson, accompanied by Bernice Allred.

Dry Those Tears

Oh dry those tears and calm those fears,
Life is not made for sorrow,
It will come alas but soon will pass,
Clouds will be sunshine tomorrow.

Oh lift thine eyes to the blue skies,
See how the clouds do borrow, brightness each one,
Strength from the sun, so is it with sorrow

Dry Those Tears (cont'd)

Twill come alas but soon twill pass,
Clouds will be sunshine tomorrow.
Then lift thine eyes to the blue skies,
Clouds will be sunshine tomorrow.

Talk by Dawin Brinkerhoff

My brothers and sisters, I am very glad to have this opportunity today of expressing openly my appreciation for the friendship that I have had in my past with Roy; with his wife and with his children.

There has been many beautiful things said today but the things that we do and say will not add or detract from the life of our departed friend and citizen. He has fulfilled a measure of his creation. He was found worthy in the Spirit World before he came here. He has kept the commandments of God and departed back to God who gave him life, back to a reward for the things that he has done, for the family that he has raised.

I think today if Roy was given a chance to come back that he would shake his head and say "No, I will continue my work here that I may make and prepare a place for my wife, my children and their children that there might be a place for them also". I don't think this idle talk that many times people are called to go to the Spirit World to prepare conditions for those who follow. Even the Savior himself told that to his Apostles. The world is one and as has been said, Roy sent his boys to help defend the things he knew was ordained of God--Democracy and Freedom.

It has been said, and truthfully so, that Roy worked long hours, hard hours. If you wanted to spend a few minutes with Roy, if you could catch him when some piece of machinery was broken, you might get a few moments time to talk with him. But, in spite of all this, I had many many talks with Roy. He liked to talk about his boys. He loved 'em, and that was mostly the conversations that we talked about. He loved his boys. He loved his family and he was proud of them. He was proud of the record that they were making. Proud that they were found physically fit and morally clean to go and defend what we know to be right. Those were the conversations that I had with Roy. He longed for the time when they would come home and he could enjoy the associations with them again. Many the time he has expressed that hope and feeling to me.

The time is fast going and as I said in the beginning I am glad to have been called on because of the friendship that I feel, of the love I feel for this family, and I ask God to bless you Sister Bunderson; God bless the boys and girls and grandchildren that they may take up the work where he has left off. That they may carry it to completion and when the time comes for them to depart from this life that they may do so and have it said of them that they died in honor, the world is better for them having lived here.

God bless us all I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Dust by Bishop and Mrs. Perry Wakefield In the Garden

I come to the garden alone while the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear falling on my ear, the Son of God discloses.

In the Garden (cont'd)

Chorus

And he walks with me and talks with me,
And he tells me I am his own.
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks and the sound of his voice is so sweet the birds
Hush their singing. And the melody that he gave to me
Within my heart is winging,
Chorus

I would stay in the garden with Him tho the night around me
Be falling, but he bids me go through the voice of love,
His voice to me is calling,
Chorus

Talk by President Eldon G. Luke

There are loyal hearts,
There are spirits brave
There are songs that are proud and true.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need.
For faith and a score of hearts will show,
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave
'Tis just what you are and do".
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Roy Bunderson gave to the world the best he had and you can't sit upon this stand and look upon this group here without knowing that they are his friends here to pay respect and homage to him and to his family, and no greater tribute can anyone give than to present himself at the services of the departed. I am sure this family appreciates the presence of every one of you. These flowers are tokens, the singing and the talking.

I want to say I agree with the words of Dr. Easley, Homer and Darwin. They spoke words of truth and inspiration. I want to take this opportunity for thanking the family for the privilege of being here today and saying a few words.

While I haven't known him intimately, but had I not known him, I knew his children and I would have known about him. A beautiful friendship has developed between his family and myself and I am grateful for this friendship. I hope and pray I may leave some thought that will bring comfort to the heart of Sister Bunderson and her family.

If I were to pick up the Bible and read from John, it would read something like this "In the beginning was the word and the word was with God and the word was God".

Then if I should read from the standard version of the Bible this is the meaning. In the beginning was God and God was Christ and Christ was God.

The Bible is filled with instances of people who were ordained for certain work. Joseph Smith was to be a Prophet. The Lord had known him in a pre-existence. I think that is the thing Christ was putting over in the story of the talents. How did he know? He knew because he had seen the talents grow in the Spirit World. He knew certain ones had certain talents. I like to think of the words of one of the Apostles when he said he remembers many instances when he has met a fellow and wondered where he has seen that person before. Sometimes you will sit and talk with people and you feel as if you have known them always. We look forward to the time when we will know all these people we have known before. I have often heard people sing and tho I have not heard the song before, I seem to know I have heard it before. I have heard people talk and what they say sounds so familiar to me. This is just a step in the field which God has planned for us. We lived before and we will live again. It is just a space of time; so, what does it matter if a man die young if he has filled a measure of his creation.

What more could he do; he filled the measure of his creation. He was married in the Temple and there he received endowments for time and eternity and he had the assurance that if he was faithful he would be permitted in the eternities to come. What greater blessing could he have. You can't tell me there isn't a pre-existence. When Sister Bunderson was living in the Southern States and heard the Gospel, she knew she had heard it before and she accepted it and came here. I think she knew Roy before she came here. It was the gospel of Jesus Christ that brought them together.

Sister Bunderson, I don't know just what to say to comfort you, but I do know this--that in the gospel of Jesus Christ is healing balm that will soothe your aches and pains. The other night when I visited your home and saw your husband, I felt he wouldn't get well. I felt he was possibly in another world even then. I have no doubt but what he was, and he had the right to decide whether he should stay or come. That privilege is given and I don't see why it couldn't have been given to him. Maybe he was called on a mission to preach the gospel to souls who hadn't heard it. He may have feared a handicap, and I think the Lord in his mercy called him home.

If we feel hard towards our Father, always remember God does it for a wise purpose and the time will come when you will bless the day your husband was called home.

So narrow is our vision here that we are blinded by tears and stunned by every hurt and blow which comes today to strike us low, and yet someday we turn and find that what we thought cruel once, was kind. Most things I hold are wisely planned, if we could only understand.

When Christ on that last night met and told of his death which would take place, they grieved for him going away and he said something like this 'My best I leave with you my best I give unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, let them not be afraid'. I would like to leave this with you that if you will keep the commandments of God you will be reunited with and will know your husband.

You boys and girls have a wonderful example. Your Father lived a good life. He kept the faith to the end. Your Mother loves you and will take the place of that Father. May God bless you that you may live as your Father would have you live. I ask the Father to bless this community, this stake and this nation. Bless our boys serving their country that they may come back. I ask this in the name of Jesus, Amen.

Remarks by Coy Williams

We are going to miss Brother Bunderson. He was a member of our Seventies Quorum, of our Ward. This family that Brother Bunderson is leaving speaks more than anything we can say. The character of this family is to be appreciated wherever they might go. They take their place high wherever they choose to go.

We have been closely associated with Rex and his good wife, Betty, and we appreciate his council and progression and his ideas are of the highest nature.

In behalf of the family I wish to thank everyone who has taken part and contributed in this occasion. For the beautiful array of flowers.

The last song will be Sometime We'll Understand and the benediction to be rendered by Homer Edwards of the Moore Branch of the Quorum of Seventies of which Roy was a member. LaVar Black will dedicate the grave at the cemetery. Lunch will be served for out-of-town people at the home.

Choir Selection

Sometime We'll Understand



Not now, but in the coming years, it may be in a better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears and there sometime we'll understand.

Chorus

Then trust in God through all thy days,
Fear not for he doth hold thy hand.
Tho dark thy way, still sing and praise,
Sometime, Sometime we'll understand

We'll catch the broken threads again,

And finish what we here began.

Heav'n will the mystery explain,

And then, ah, then we'll understand.

Chorus

We'll know why clouds instead of sun

Were over many a cherished plan.

Why song has ceased when scarce begun

'Tis there sometime we'll understand.

Chorus

Why what we long for most of all

Fludes so oft' our eager hand.

Why hopes are crushed and castles fall

Up there sometime we'll understand

Chorus

Benediction By Homer Edwards

Our kind and Heavenly Father as we approach thee at this time after these services, we feel to thank thee for the beautiful words that have been said. We thank thee for the music and all that has been done. We thank thee for the life of this dear brother and this family. Bless them that they may carry on. Bless Sister Bunderson that she may carry on through this ordeal which she is called to bear. Bless us on the way to the cemetery that no harm may befall us and bless those from afar that they may return home in safety is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Services adjourned 3:45 P. M.

Mother of Year . . .



Mrs. Hessie Bunderson

Hessie Bunderson Is Named 'Mother of Year'

Mrs. Leroy (Hessie Lee) Bunderson, Moore, was named last week as representative from this district, comprising Emery, Carbon, Grand and San Juan counties, in the annual American Mother of the Year contest.

Mrs. Bunderson was named district "mother of the year" as the result of a unanimous vote on the part of three judges, one in Green River, one in Helper, and the other in Orangeville. The contest is sponsored annually by the American Federation of Women's Clubs. State finals to choose a state mother of the year, will be held in April in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Bunderson was born in Louises county, Alabama, February 22, 1888. She was the only girl in a family with four brothers, two older and two younger. Her mother died when she was 14 years of age, and a younger brother was left with an aunt.

The educational system in the south was meager, but she took advantage of every opportunity, and at an early age passed the exams to become a school teacher.

Mrs. Bunderson met LDS missionaries while staying with a relative, and, against the wishes of father and brothers, joined the church. She saved sufficient money to return, providing she did not like it here. However, she secured a teaching position in Emery, and later met and married Mr. Bunderson. He died in an accident in 1946.



Seven children were born to the couple, with one, a twin, being deceased. The family was reared despite the drouth, wars and other difficulties of a farm life, and all obtained college educations.

Mrs. Bunderson taught during World War I, to help out, and each member assisted the others, in turn with their education, most of them receiving degrees. Two sons served in the air force in World War II, and one son was a missionary in the southern states.

Mrs. Bunderson is also a life member of the Genealogical society, and has served a full time mission to the southern states, among her many other activities.

Her children are: Victor Lee, agriculture consultant for the United Nations, now in Mexico; Rex A., farmer, stockman, ward and stake LDS worker, and now a counselor in the Emery stake LDS presidency; Mack V., Emery county attorney, civic leader, and worker in the American Legion; Lella Black, mother of two and foster mother of eleven children, teacher in the Granite School district, also civic and church worker; Alice Truman, mother of five children, teacher, and civic and church worker; and Grace Jensen, mother, and is also teaching in Granite School district, and active in church and community affairs.

Mrs. Bunderson has twenty-three grandchildren at the present time.