

In 1979, we moved to Lloydminster, as business was booming there. Our last child was born there. We enjoyed our time there and were able to visit a lot with my sister, Yvonne, her husband, Len, and family who farmed thirty miles away. It was at this time that both Linda and I encountered Jesus. We joined a Bible believing church and have been so thankful to God for His goodness to us ever since.

While the children were growing up, we spent many happy times with Grandma Klause. She had married Alf and they built a cabin at Good Spirit Lake. Linda and the kids would go for two weeks every summer. Imagine, Grandma having the quiet in her home shattered by four great grandchildren. She always had open arms and heart. Our children have such wonderful memories of their times there; the big garden, the home preserves, the flour mill downstairs, swimming and sitting by the fire with their great grandparents. We were always fussed over, and incredible delicacies came out of the kitchen.

We always stopped overnight on our travels from Lloydminster to Winnipeg, or vice-versa. Grandma and I would have great sing-alongs, belting out old hymns and reminiscing about her childhood days. Most visits would not be complete without a walk to Uncle Johnny and Aunt Helen's, where, of course, we got to eat some more! On one of these visits, Aunt Helen dressed me up with some netting over my face, gloves and a hat, as she asked me to remove a wasp nest from inside the garage. She would not hear of me going in without all the gear she dug out.

In 1984, we felt led to move back to Winnipeg, where we purchased a house in the area called Norwood. It was a large three-story home, which I renovated from top to bottom. It had eight bedrooms and served us well. We moved Linda's mother and special needs sister in with us for two years. Her mom had cancer and we cared for her until she died. We continue to care for her sister to this day. Shortly after my mother-in-law died, we became licensed by Family Services to care for mentally handicapped adults. We had three permanent residents for seven years, until Linda decided to come up north with me.

Upon our arrival in Winnipeg, I began to scout the land, so to speak. Soon, I had a small business, which proved to be successful and kept me quite busy. It must be the German in my blood, as I was building fine furniture and doing custom woodworking. I worked from home in order to be close to my growing family.

Eight years ago, I began to travel to Northern Manitoba. I did not begin my northern trips for employment, but rather for the purpose of missionary work with the Native people. After monthly trips for eighteen months, the Chief and Council on the reserve asked me to supervise a project for them. I decided to say, yes, which meant that I terminated my own business. This led to the large project which I mentioned earlier. I co-ordinated the work with Indian Affairs, the engineers, ordered construction materials, trained and supervised thirty local men. This reserve became the first in Manitoba where every home had running water and sewer. All this was accomplished by the way of the local men doing the work. Although I am no longer working there, I continue to travel to the north to minister the Gospel and encourage the spiritual leaders in different communities. Linda sometimes travels with me. We are doing emergency respite for Family Services at this time, so if we have a client, Linda stays behind.

A few years ago, I had the opportunity to travel to India. I went with my brother-in-law, Ed, and my friend, Marcel, from up north, and two others. We stayed for a month, ministering the gospel. It was a life changing experience, and I thank God for opening the doors for me to go.

As our children grew up and left home, our house became far too big. We sold it and moved into a bungalow in Windsor Park. We live one bay over from where I lived when my family first came to Winnipeg, and only a few blocks from where Linda grew up. My wife enjoys being back in her old neighborhood. I work for about five to seven weeks each year for a fishing lodge and I am never without a project. Building, tinkering, inventing and thinking keeps me busy. I am intrigued by new inventions and business. Working with First Nations people in the area of economic development is certainly a possibility for the future.

We are truly blessed. We enjoy good health, as do all of our children and grandchildren.

My wife and I enjoy spending time together, whether at home, or just riding around (just like teenagers), fishing, reading, traveling to Calgary to see our grandkids, church activities and more fishing!!



Five Generations  
Jim, Alvin, Tanis, Minnie, Dallas



Jim and Linda



Sandra, Jeffrey, Tannis, Kerri-Anne



After the war was over, it took at least ten years for prices and economy to pick up. Contracting on my own just kept the wolf away from our door. We decided that I would go to work for other established contractors. This worked out for the better, financially. The drawback was that I was never home. Most good paying jobs were in the north. I was gone for about ten years at a time when our family was growing up and needed me. Muriel worked hard to run the apartment block and raise our family.

My biggest break came in 1957 while building the community centre in Flin Flon. I hired on with Carter Construction, one of the largest contractors of that time. As General Superintendent of any and all projects, I earned \$125.00 per week, with all expenses paid. In the ten years I spent with Carter, a lot of work was in Churchill - the grain handling facility, extensions to the wharf, fuel oil tank farm, rocket site for U.S.A.F. for Aerospace Research. J. F. Kennedy announced in February of that year there would be an operating rocket site in Churchill by November. I was chosen to do the job. It was the most demanding and hectic project that I ever worked on.

Later, I built runways and a facility for S.A.C. strategic air command for U.S.A.F. This was a refueling facility for the B-52 bombers that cruised and protected our country. This was all in conjunction with our radar sites across northern Canada called the DEW line.

The next ten years of my career, I was a senior project manager for P.C.L. (the largest contractor in Canada). With my not quite Grade 11 education, I worked side by side with engineers and their iron rings. The younger ones were constantly at my office door seeking advice because of my experience. I was glad to help. This all ended in 1983 with a recession beginning. I was older and making too much money. Junior engineers could be trained on computers and the high tech systems. They were constantly upgraded. I was considered replaceable. This was the worst shock of my life and wandered around lost for two years until Muriel and I formed a company that was hired by developers to have me manage a number of projects for them. My last project ended in November, 2001.

N.B:

After our motor home trip to the Maritimes in September of 2002, I received a call from a New York developer, investing money in Winnipeg and wanting me to help him on a redevelopment project for a complex of apartment buildings. Guess what? My last project contract now is August, 2003.

## MAIL-ORDER MANOR

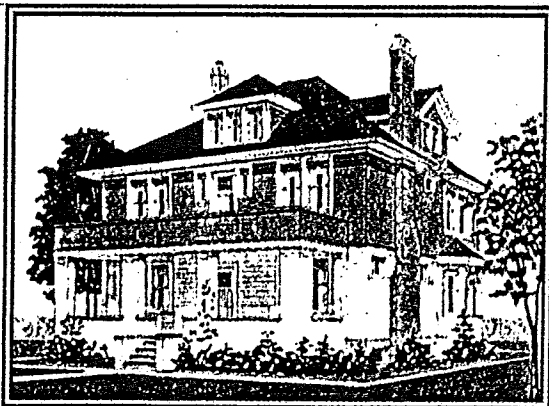
### HISTORY

**P**RAIRIE PIONEERS bought more than winter coats and cream separators from the Eaton's catalogue. They also bought their houses. From 1910 to 1932, the Eaton's catalogue offered

a parade of homes, from the one-storey Eastacre (\$517 in 1916) to the stately Earls court (\$1,577) (ABOVE). House packages came complete with millwork, doorknobs, stained glass and fireplaces.

The price of wheat was booming, and after years of hard work, the first settlers were ready to invest in a house.

"They had a sod shack or some sort of thing that they needed to get started. Now they had the money, and they



SASKATOON PUBLIC LIBRARY

wanted to build a house that made a statement," says Les Henry of Saskatoon, author of *Catalogue Houses: Eaton's and Others*.

"On the bald prairie, there are no trees. Mail order was the easiest way to make it happen."

Today, hundreds of catalogue homes survive, sheltering a fifth generation of prairie families.

Amy Jo Ehman

Alvin recalls seeing the stamp "Eaton's" on some house lumber. Examples: John Muth home, Irving Batke home, Muriel's grandparents in Swan River

## Married Life

The weekend before our wedding, the baseball team decided our 2 room house (converted garage) needed a paint job. With about 15 boys and several 24s, the job was done, outside, inside and the windows. Garnett Cluff was detailed to paint window frames. All was well until after the 4<sup>th</sup> beer - glass and all got painted. My parents gave us a wood burning cookstove. Muriel got a bedroom suite. I built the kitchen table, and with apple boxes for chairs, we were in business.

August 4<sup>th</sup> was a beautiful day with the reception held outdoors at the Lambert farm. This was one of the firsts for the area. All went well. Many useful gifts arrived to start housekeeping. Muriel and I saved up \$75.00 for our honeymoon. We took a cattle train coach to Yorkton. We decided to use the leftover \$35.00 for a washing machine. There was no waterworks. All water was hauled into a steel drum. Drinking water was across the street from the Wallport's neighbor well. The woodburning cookstove was also our heat.

A bed was put in the attic for my brother, Kenneth, who stayed with us to complete his high school. Yvonne arrived March 1, 1949. Ken moved to Flin Flon to gain employment. During this time, I had acquired two good friends while doing work for them, Ernie Beersworth and Doc Malcolm. Ernie was the local theatre owner and Doc Malcolm was our family doctor. Muriel was expecting Jim in November, and Doc told her the deer season was on. She thought I should stay home. Doc convinced her that it was ok. Ernie and Doc were always out for a good time. While they did the drinking and carousing, I brought in the game for them to show off. Christmas came and went and on January 7, 1951, Ernie took me up in his little Cessna plane shooting coyotes. He flew the plane and I did the shooting. When we got back, Doc had delivered Jim.

This meant another room to the house. Muriel and family moved to Creighton, Sask., where I was building a theatre and school. Muriel cooked and fed the crew. Upon returning to Swan River, we temporarily rented a little two room suite until one of ours in the block became vacant. Yvonne started school and also started figure skating. Cindy arrived October 22, 1955. Back to Flin Flon, 1956 and '57 to live on Hapnot St., while I built the community centre. Muriel was kept busy sewing patches on the seats of their jeans from sliding down the rocks.

Jim started school in Swan River in 1958. Muriel being the landlord of our apartment block, installed the waterworks that had just arrived in Swan River. She supervised the project to the specifications I had drawn. She arranged the financing with our local banker, Art Parnell. We became good friends. He later moved to Winnipeg when we did and was our financier for many years.

With our family growing, our little home was fast becoming too small. Muriel rented a new 3 bedroom house. This was great. We arranged to build our dream home in the flats and again, Muriel was the supervisor. At this time, Yvonne and Jim joined the school band. Yvonne was a baton twirler and played the clarinet; Jim was on the trumpet and later was the big base drummer. To practice, each was designated a time - Jim's was in the morning. He opened his bedroom window adjacent to the neighbors. They did not appreciate his music that early in the morning. D'Arcy Mossing was the band director, very good and very strict. Even he had a time keeping Jim in line. Pat Mossing was an excellent pianist and gave Cindy music lessons. The band made many trips to festivals and concerts. Muriel was involved. The Mossings and us became very good friends.

In 1958, I went with Carter Construction for the next 10 years. I lived in Fort Churchill at the Officer's Mess. I was home very briefly, to the point of the kids saying to their mother, "Daddy is acting so strange." In other words, they thought I was bushed. During summer holidays Muriel and family would fly to Churchill to spend time with me. A P.M.Q. was always available in Fort Churchill, the army base. The ice in the bay would break up and leave about July 10 to 15. There was one little secluded sand beach between the rock, and only when it was warm, was it suitable.

The water was always cold for swimming. When the wind blew in off the bay, you needed a heavy parka. When the wind was south and the sun out, it got hot. The horseflies, mosquitoes and black no-see-ums drove you nuts. Muriel would arrange an outdoor picnic. We would drive out to various spots and were driven away. We ended up having a picnic in our livingroom. The kids enjoyed the dock when the sea going ships were off or on loading. We watched the white Beluga whales in the river and bay. The white wales were hunted at that time for the meat, blubber and hide. They made belts out of whale skins. Twelve miles to the east, through rock and muskeg, was the rocket site we were building

My first trip to Churchill was from The Pas and took 4 ½ hours via a D.C. 3, 18 passenger plane. Later, it was upgraded to a D.C. 4 - 60 passenger. Muriel had a terrible time with Cindy, then a toddler, who always got air sick. In 1960, I was sent to Trenton, Ontario. This was the only time I missed Christmas at home. My next project was to build the final link of the Highway #11 and bridge over the Seine River between Atikokan and Fort Francis. This was an isolated campsite for the construction. Paul, my engineer and I, had a canoe. Fishing was the best I have ever done. Muriel and the kids came to Fort Francis for one week.

With the conclusion of that project, Muriel and I decided we should find something where we could live as a family again. For two years, I was assistant to the General Superintendent at Esterhazy, Sask. We sold our house and block in Swan River and moved to Yorkton. By this time, Yvonne and Jim were in high school and Cindy in public. All our children made good friends. Muriel did not do so well and did not enjoy our stay.

In July, 1966, I received a call from Tullis Carter, owner of Carter Construction, with whom I had spent ten years with. The move to Winnipeg was on. Muriel was ecstatic and I was happy. Yvonne was already enrolled in business college in Winnipeg, Jim at 16 years of age had a summer job on highway construction. Grandpa Lambert had given Jim his 1955 Ford car. He was making good money, so decided to stay in Yorkton to work for the summer. By August, the girls and us were settled in our new home in Windsor Park. The night before school was to start, in walks Jim - clothes in a garbage bag, no car, no money, but he had a good time.

Yvonne had started her executive secretary's course at Success Business College. She then began work at Macleods Head Office as secretary in the personnel office, then secretary to the mens' clothing buyer. She got married in 1969. Jim took a course in diesel mechanics and married in 1970. Two weddings in under six months!

The great occasion and move to the Brunkild Hotel came in 1971. The house in Windsor Park went in on the deal. Muriel was now promoted to Hotel Manager, as I continued as Building Manager for the Western Division of Carter Construction and could only help on weekends. Cindy, at 15, managed the restaurant for the summer months. When school started in the fall, she would ride with me to Winnipeg to continue her schooling at Windsor Park High School. The next year, Cindy took a Secretary II course at Red River College. She started to work at the Royal Bank. She married David Bestland in 1974.

Muriel very much enjoyed the hospitality industry. Life in a small country hotel is very demanding. Long hours are worked, as the only other staff they could be afforded were the cook and bartender. Part time workers were brought in only for what you could not handle yourself. Tip money bought Muriel her first car, plus a down payment on a home in River Heights. In 1979, after nine exhausting years, we moved back to Winnipeg.

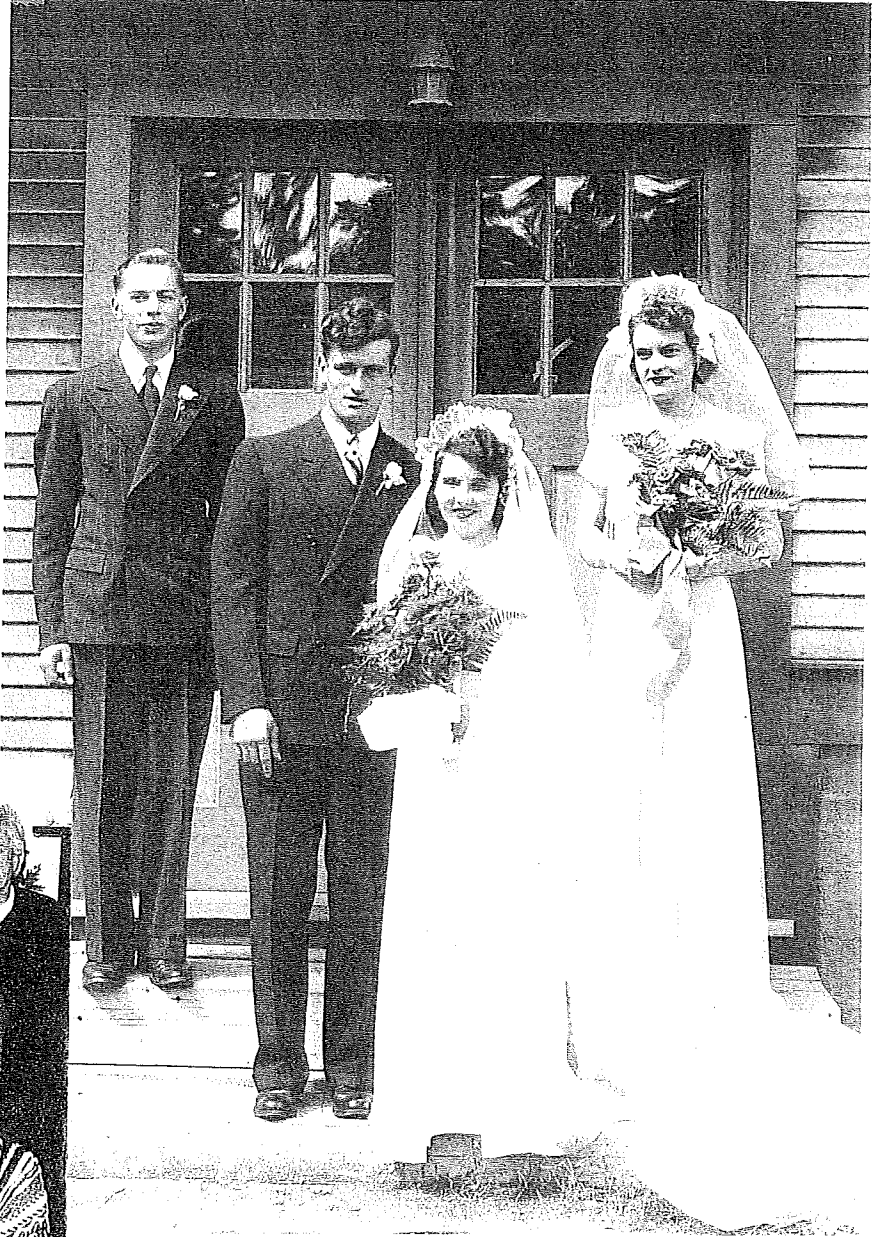
In 1972, Carter Construction decided to close their Western Division. I joined Poole Construction (P.C.L.), the largest building contractor in Canada. In 1982, I was relieved of my duties after 10 years as project manager. I was devastated and wandered aimlessly for two years. I found employment with a construction firm in Calgary as a purchasing agent. We sold our home on Brock Street and bought a home in Okotoks.

Muriel was never happy there, so when the company declared bankruptcy, it was back to Winnipeg. This was a moral and financial disaster for us.

We regrouped and built our present home on Roblin Blvd in 1986. With our motor home, we are free to travel. We have had yearly trips by air and land to sand and sun. We took a three month trip to the Maritimes in the summer of 2002. We are enjoying our retirement.



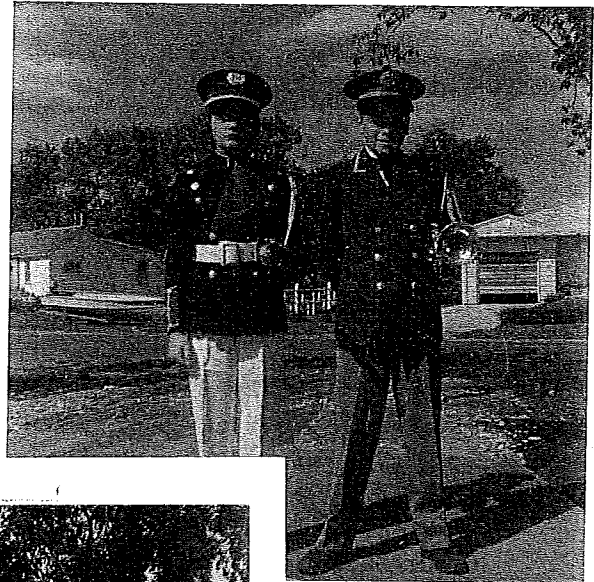
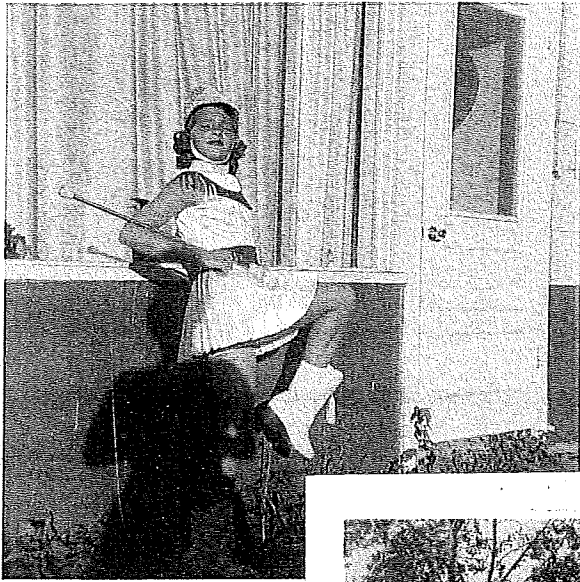
Alvin & Muriel's family  
Yvonne, Jim, Cindy



Kenneth, Alvin, Muriel, Alice Chubby



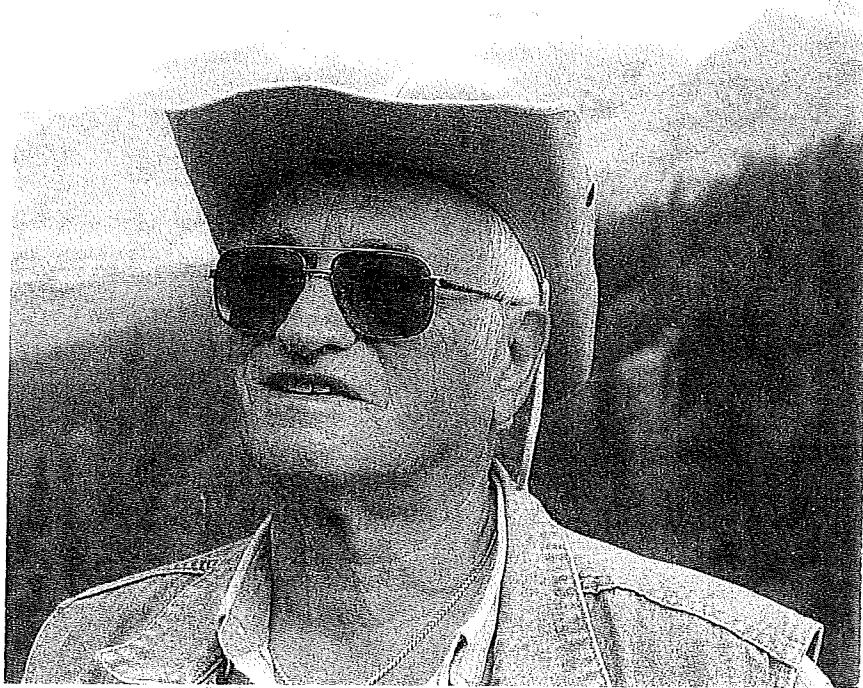
Linda and Jim Klause  
Len and Yvonne Campbell  
David and Cindy Bestland  
Muriel & Alvin



Yvonne, Jim and Cindy  
in the Swan River Marching  
School Band



Taken in 1986  
Len, Craig, Yvonne, Kristina Campbell  
Alvin, Min, Muriel Klause  
Tannis, Linda, Jim, Kerri-Anne, Sandra, Jeff Klause  
David, Jason, Cindy, Jennifer Bestland



Alvin - taken in the Yukon while on a motor home trip to Alaska in 2000



Myra Logan, Alvin and Muriel.  
Ready for a feast of 2 lb. lobsters  
Cape Breton Island while on our  
Maritime trip in year 2002



## YVONNE CAMPBELL (KLAUSE)

I was born Yvonne Cheryl Klause on March 1, 1949 in Swan River, Manitoba.

Some of my early memories are:

- \* A big white cat called "Dedde", I think Snowball was his name, but I guess I couldn't say that.
- \* Trips to Grandma and Grandpa's farm where there was a big rooster that chased my brother and I.
- \* Swinging off the front step at the farm
- \* The smell of Lifebuoy soap
- \* Grandma cutting hair at the kitchen table

I have more vivid memories of visiting Grandma's shop after they moved to town. At that time, I was old enough to go spend a couple of weeks with Grandma and Grandpa and help in the store. When it was time to leave, Grandma always had a pretty dress to give me for being such a big help in the store. One year, Jim came with me. He cried every night. He wanted to go home. After Grandma and Grandpa built the house in Springside, it seemed we went every Easter to visit. It seems that Auntie Gladi, Uncle Bruce, Bob and Barb, along with Grandma and Grandpa, came to Swan River for Christmas, but only after Auntie Gladi was done playing at the church for the Christmas service. The year that Grandpa died, my sister and I went to spend the summer with Grandma.

We lived in Swan River most of my early life. We spent some time in Creighton while Dad was on a job. We lived in Flin Flon for a couple of years while Dad tried working in the mines. When Dad went to Churchill for work, Mom said that we would stay in Swan River so my brother and I could go to a decent school. That was the beginning of nine years with Dad being at home very little. We would go spend a couple of summer holidays in Churchill and Dad would come home at Christmas. There was one year he was working in Ontario that he couldn't even come home for Christmas.

During our childhood years, the Swan Valley School Band played a very big part of our lives. Starting early in the spring, it was practice, practice for the big band competition in Moose Jaw. We also came home with a first or second in fancy drill, street marching or the music competitions. We also attended many other competitions and events - the Calgary Stampede, and did fancy drill at a half time Winnipeg Bombers game. It kept us all very busy. Mom was always there with us as a chaperone and it hasn't been until having children of my own that I realized how much time she must have spent fund raising, making costumes, taking us to lessons, etc. Besides playing in the band, I was a majorette and for a couple of years, there were trips to Dauphin for baton lessons. There were many dedicated parents that kept things rolling and is a very important part of my early years.

I attended Success Business College and on my first day there, met a girl who was also starting that day. We were new to Winnipeg, so I didn't know very many people, but her fiancé was there and he had lots of friends. The first night she set me up with a blind date was the first night I met Len. We were married a couple of years later, on October 18, 1969.

Len worked with Environment Canada, and in February, 1970, he was transferred to Ottawa, where we lived for six years. During that time, our son, Craig Malcolm, was born. In 1976, we left Ottawa and returned to Len's family farm in Lashburn. Kristina Anne was born in Maidstone on February 27, 1978. As the kids grew older, we became very involved in all the activities of living in a small town. We are very happy to have our children grow up in that environment, but after 25 years on the farm, because of farming conditions, we rent most of it out and Len started a third career, working with Select Energy Systems of Calgary. It has been a very interesting couple of years, with much traveling and living most of the time in our 5<sup>th</sup> wheel.

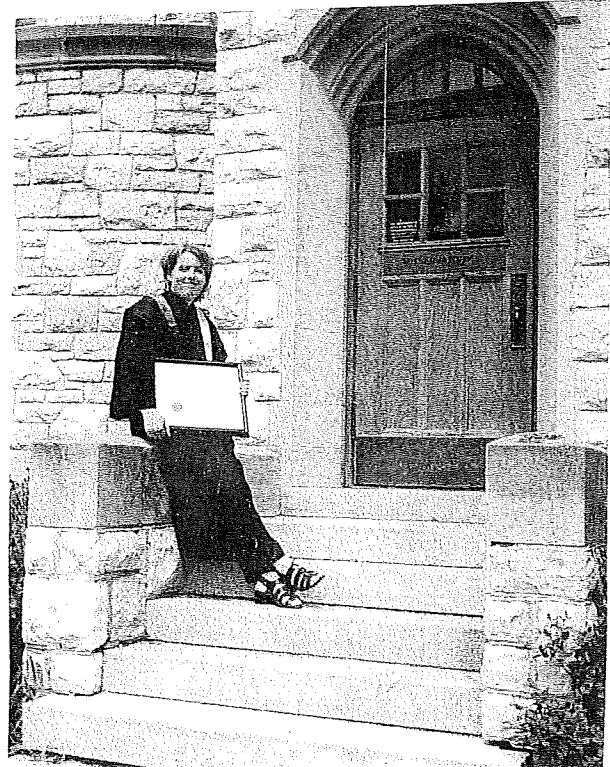
Craig has started his own trucking company, leasing a pressure truck to Klinger Oilfield. He lives on an acreage that is only one-half miles from our home in Lashburn. He was married to Gaylene on July 12, 1997. Our first grandchild, Makenna Marie arrived on January 4, 2003. Proud parents are Craig and Gaylene.

Kristina graduated in May, 2000, with a Bachelor Science in Nutrition and Dietetics, and has continued to attend the University in Saskatoon. She plans to finish her Master of Science in Kinesiology by the end of this year. In December, 2002, Kristina and Nevin Van Nest became engaged, with plans to marry in the winter of 2003.

Craig, Gaylene and McKenna Marie



Alvin, Leonard, Yvonne, Muriel



Kristina, the Professional Student



Grandma Muriel and Len at Campbell farm



Craig Campbell's oil patch cleanup machine

## JIM KLAUSE

As a child, tromping around the bush was very therapeutic for me. I felt energized, invigorated and motivated after a day outdoors. That love of the outdoors has never left me, which is probably why I chose not to work in an office or nine-to-five type job. The thought of that is so stifling, both physically and mentally. Construction projects, big and small, have kept me busy most of my life; it comes as natural to me as breathing. The bigger the challenge, the more enjoyment it is to me.

As much as I enjoy challenges, I think that as a child, I was a challenge to my parents and grandparents. Sitting still was an impossible task. I needed to be doing, not sitting, and preferably outside. How I loved working at the farm, growing up. It was so much better than being at school. I spent most of my younger years with my Grandpa Lambert and Uncle Jack on the farm. I think that I caused a few anxious moments to my family over the years. Like the time I set fire to the tractor shed when I was four years old, whitewashed Grandpa's new John Deere tractor tires, set out in a homemade raft on the river in the spring of the year (my dog would not even come), or thought I would jump off the roof of the house in my homemade parachute. Good thing that I tried it on a pail of rocks first, as it went down in seconds flat.

Time spent at the farm, school band trips, time at the cabin and trips to Grandma and Grandpa Klause in Springside were some of the highlights of my youth. Grandpa and Grandma Klause were so happy at our visits and we loved going to see them.

At the age of 16, we moved to Winnipeg. Shortly after we moved there, I met a girl named, Linda, through a friend. She tells the story of how she decided immediately that she would marry me. I was oblivious to this, as my head was filled with fast cars and hanging out. Soon my buddy convinced me that I needed a girlfriend, and the rest is history.

At this time, we have just celebrated our 33<sup>rd</sup> anniversary and I am still very much in love with the wife of my youth. We have four children, Tanis, Jeffrey, Sandra and Kerri-Anne. Tanis is married to Sam and they have three boys named Dallas, Dylan and James. They are 13, 10 and 5 years old and reside in Calgary, Alberta. It is a very busy and active household. Tanis runs a daycare, as well as taking some evening courses. Jeff lives in downtown Winnipeg and has a six-year-old daughter, Mia. He enjoys sales, marketing and the computer industry. Sandra is a hair stylist and also works in a group home for special needs adults. She is married to Ricarado and lives in Courtice, Ontario, near Toronto. Our youngest, Kerri-Anne, is extremely busy working at a small airline company, managing her own home and working on her commercial pilot's license.

When we were first married, a large construction firm employed me. I worked in the city, then in Brandon, where Linda and our first baby came with me. Back in Winnipeg, I became the crane operator for work on a high rise building. One day, while working the crane, it collapsed. I was fourteen stories up in the air and as the cab I was in started falling, I jumped out among cables, wire and metal. I cried out to the Lord, saying "Lord, not now!" He heard me and I was unhurt, except for sore muscles. I hung onto the bar that I grabbed when I jumped. I was at the ninth story when everything stopping moving. I saw that the falling mast crushed the cab. That is where I had been! This news was front-page headlines and in the National News. My Grandma Klause called in horror when she saw the news. I had not called anyone yet and did not expect such news coverage.

Shortly after this, I went to work in Eskimo Point, now called Arviat. Being away from home was becoming more unappealing, so I quit my job and started my own business. I laugh when I think of my first contract, tearing down an old stone fence - a far cry from the ten million dollar project that I recently completed up north (this time Linda came with me to live there.)

## CINDY BESTLAND (KLAUSE)

Cynthia Darlene Klause was born October 22, 1956 in Swan Valley District Hospital.

Cindy married David Bestland on November 1, 1974. We currently reside in Winnipeg, Man., with two children. Jennifer was born May 20, 1980 and Jason was born March 2, 1983.

David retired from farming in 1980 and since that time, has worked for Superior Propane. While raising our family, I worked various part-time positions and am currently enjoying my dream job as an Account Executive in the Sales Department of the Holiday Inn on Portage Ave.

Jennifer is presently attending Red River College in a two year Chemical and Bio-Science Technology Course, with plans to attend university to complete a Science Degree. Jason graduated from High School in 2001 and is presently "finding himself", working various jobs.

Our family enjoys our "home away from home" at Falcon Lake, spending as much time as possible enjoying our boat and the outdoor activities.



Alvin, David  
Muriel, Jason, Cindy  
(Graduation)



Jennifer, Cindy, Muriel

## GLADIOLA (KLAUSE) SMITH

On June 19, 1926, Theodore and Minnie Klause brought a beautiful baby girl into this world, assisted only by a midwife. Their home was situated on a farm four miles east and a half mile north of Springside, Sask. When it came time to give this child her Christian name, Minnie looked out the window, saw a perfectly formed flower in the garden that instantly brought happiness and joy to her heart, and knew this was a sign from above. She named her daughter, Gladiola.

True to her name, Gladi brought joy to the household, was very active, and gave Ted and Minnie and her brother, Alvin, many angst moments trying to keep track of her. A few years later, a younger brother, Kenneth, was born to complete the family. Gladi's musical history began during her school years, with basic piano lessons from Bernice Grunert. This training led to a job in the music department at Logan Drugs in Yorkton. Customers would pick out a song in sheet music. Gladi would play it on the piano with so much feeling that, of course, it was an instant sale.

It didn't take long for Gladi to catch the eye of a handsome young man, Bruce Smith, who was working next door at McKay's Paint Store. He asked her out to a dance and the soul mates were linked for life. Gladi won over the hearts of Bruce's family and on July 2, 1947 (the hottest day of the year), many family and friends were witness to the beginning of a very long and happy union of two very special people. Two lucky children were brought into this world by Bruce and Gladi, a son, Robert Bruce, and a daughter, Barbara Ann.

And so began a life of Gladi always doing things for others and her continual "touching the hearts of everyone she met." Great performances of juggling acts took place between family activities and community events. Everyone soon came to rely on Gladi. She would never say no to any request and always saw the "good" in everyone she met. She felt she was the lucky one because the end of a rainbow once cascaded down onto the yard where she grew up.

Over the years, Gladi became directly involved in many organizations in the community, including many chapters of Beta Sigma Phi, Yorkton Chapter #92, the organist position at the Holy Trinity Anglican Church for the next twenty-five years. She was also involved in the Order of the Eastern Star and Bethel #13 of Job's Daughters. If there was a community event that required a pianist or organist, then Gladi was the one to call. Everyone recognized "the hairdo and matching headband" (yes, she even found time to display more talents by creating and sewing her own clothes). Along with this, Gladi was instrumental in supporting Bruce with his involvement in Yorkton Lodge #13 AF & AM and the Wa Wa Temple. The Shrine became a major part of their lives, as a couple, and if there was a piano located in a function room, you would always find a sing song taking place, with Gladi leading the group. She was an exceptional "First Lady" in 1986, beside Bruce as Potentate.

Besides their busy involvement in the community, Bruce and Gladi always made time for their family. They enjoyed winters in Victoria with Barb, Dave and Kristy, and visiting with Bob, Linda, Jason and Evan in Brandon in the summer months.

**FUNERAL HOMILY - GLADI SMITH - HOLY TRINITY, YORKTON**

1 Timothy 6:11-19

Psalm 23

Mark 12:28-34

Gladi gave over a third of her life to this parish, serving as organist, choir director, on Altar Guild, and general director of clergy! This is a bit of an insider between clergy and church organists. With the greatest of sincerity, Gladi gave a good part of her life to this parish. To be a church organist with the dedication to which Gladi served, meant it was not a job, it was a way of life, a matter of her faith. She was always available.

At the same time, Gladi had time for her community, being active in a number of groups and organizations, and always available to play the piano or organ for a number of public functions. I remember well, planning for the first November 11<sup>th</sup> service after my coming to Yorkton. I asked a person in the community about playing for the service at the Tower Theater and was advised, "Oh, Gladi Smith plays for the Remembrance Day service." And, as on every occasion, Gladi played with a willing heart and with joy.

In the midst of all this, Gladi had time for her family. As Bob and Barb remarked the other day, "and we never missed out. Mom always fit it all in. She made it work!"

As we gather this day to celebrate the life of Gladi Smith, wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, sister, friend, committed citizen of her faith and community, it is for this life we gather today, questioning, how can it be? Even more so for her family. This person who was such a part of her family, her community, who, without a doubt, has affected each of our lives in her own special way.

As I searched in Scripture for lessons to read today, there were such a number I could have chosen. Paul, in what we might call his Theological lecture to Timothy, gives each of us a reminder with active and forceful verbs, a clear description of the Christian life. We are to pursue righteousness, godliness, faith, love, endurance and gentleness. To fight the good fight of the faith and take hold of eternal life that we as Christians inherit at our baptism. This is the confession Paul gives reference to in the company of many witnesses. In this statement Paul reminds us then of something so essential to our faith, our faith is an active faith, we are not baptized to be passive Christians.

As we celebrate Gladi's life today, we celebrate the life of an active Christian, obeying God and doing what we know is right, doing what is our part. We give thanks today for the life of a person who did her part. And although her life with us seems all too short, her life reminds us that what is done will last forever.

In the hearts of her family and this host of friends, the marks of the Christian life as lived out in the life of Gladi Smith will last forever. The wonderful daughter, the loving wife, the caring mother, the gracious hostess, the love of music, the great Christmas pudding. Pudding so good, it warranted special delivery on Greyhound all the way to Victoria. Mind you, I must agree with her family, there are some essential foods when it comes to Christmas Dinner!

Doing her part and living the Christian life is so neatly summed up in what we as Anglicans often refer to as a summary of the law from our service of Holy Communion. The Hear O Israel as we have just heard from the Gospel and for which Gladi so often played the response for. "Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Hear O Israel, The Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord your God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets. And our response is: "Lord have mercy upon us, and write both these thy laws in our hearts we beseech thee. That is the command and offering Paul speaks of to Timothy, I believe. It has nothing to do with money.

That is the command we give thanks for today, as they are written, in the heart of Gladi. For us as Christians, it is here that we find our hope. Our knowledge in knowing we are close to God. Our knowledge in knowing as we will hear in a few moments from the choir, "Christ has prepared a place for us."

Bruce, to you, and your family: Bob and Linda, Jason, Evan (Sylvie); Barb and Dave, Kristy; to Gladi's mother and her brother, Alvin, I know I don't need to tell you this, but I am, she was so proud of you all.

And now you can take pride in knowing she rests in peace, in the company of the angels, forever. In the sure and certain hope of life eternal as we know in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

May God bless you, in the knowledge of the words of St. Paul, "she has taken hold of life, Life that is truly life."

AMEN

Rev. Brian Evans

July 27, 2000