

## A TRIBUTE TO CLARA

by LaRita Chugg

The ninth child of ten was born,  
and Paradise was the place;  
When they beheld this angel  
Happiness framed their face.

For on that October day was born,  
One dearer than any other.  
They had no doubt that she'd become,  
A super Daughter and Mother.

She rode her horse four miles to school,  
Until the crops were in.  
She was baptized in the Logan Temple  
for the remission of her sin.

She married her sweetheart Les,  
Over Sixty years shared one with another.  
She bore and raised him seven babes;  
This super Daughter and Mother.

She loved the challenge of math,  
Was quite a scholar I would say;  
She'd read a novel until wee hours,  
finishing in a day.

She raised a large garden,  
Irrigating unequaled by any other.  
The vegetables picked for the meal  
Were prepared, by this super Daughter and Mother.

Her youngest daughter was born, a physical  
handicap to overcome.  
The patience, strength, and guidance shown,  
Would be difficult for some

Now this daughter is a college graduate,  
With a husband and children to lovingly smother,  
For Carol to lead a normal life was the

goal of this Super Daughter and Mother.

Over forty years she'd been a visiting teacher,  
With devotion we all know  
A Relief Society Counselor, Primary Teacher, Librarian,  
Her service we should show.

Her talents were never buried,  
She was kind to her neighbors and friends;  
But sitting beside a skunk smell  
Was going beyond the end.

Though never one to complain,  
true love precedes the other.  
These are some of the virtues  
Of this gracious Daughter and Mother.

Temple work with her husband  
She did for the Lord in love.  
All of those waiting Spirits  
Will greet and praise her above.

Today dear Clara we praise you.  
Your as faithful as any other.  
For devotion and service to fellowmen.  
The Golden Rule was lived,  
By this Super Daughter and Mother.