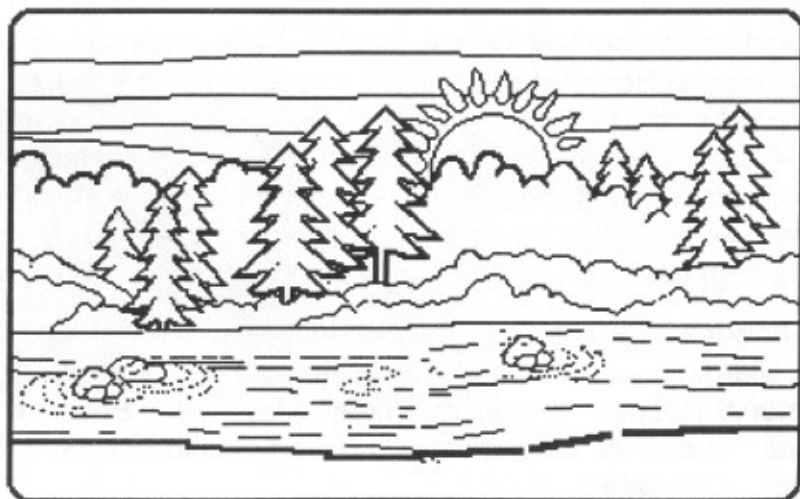


In Memory _____

William Webster Rainey

January 28, 1916 - May 25, 1990



I could give all to Time except—except
What I myself have held. But why declare
The things forbidden that while the Customs slept
I have crossed to Safety with? For I am There
And what I would not part with I have kept.

Robert Frost

This quote from Abraham Lincoln pretty well sums his philosophy. He lived by it.

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage player. You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred. You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn. You cannot build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence. You cannot help men permanently by doing what they could and should do for themselves.

Dad paid each bill as soon as it came in. This year he paid off our home in Cherry Valley. We have no debts except utilities and insurance. He always took good care of me and the children financially. Because he followed this advice, he was there when you needed financial aid. Bill was a phone call away when you needed help on how to make marmalade or stew or needed advice or help in any way.

It took me a long while to truly appreciate Bill's love. All our married children start looking right now each day for the good in your mate. Cast out of your mind your complaints. Take time to tell your mate thank you and one good thing about him or her each day.

Because he loved you and helped you in so many ways I thought some of you might like to express some of you might like to express your love for him or tell of something that reminds you of your Dad or Grandfather or Uncle or friend. You can talk up here at the pulpit or just stand up where you are. Tell us your name and your relationship. Talk loud enough for all to hear. I know he is here with us now and will appreciate knowing you care for him.



Wife's Message My Honey and Sweetheart, Bill

In the more than seventy years I've been privileged to live, I have experienced many wonderful and marvelous things. Above all I marveled at the progress man has made in technology but astounded by the little progress he has made spiritually.

I was born during a severe blizzard in Salt Lake City on January 28, 1916. My mother, Veda Smart Webster Rainey, has come home to have her first child. My father was going to Dental School in Chicago at the time.

So began the autobiographical journal of my sweetheart, your Dad, your Grandfather, your Great Grandfather, we so dearly love.

Bill and I made our last journey together back to his beloved home, Rexburg and Henry's Lake. It was a good trip. He was happy and proud to be able to see his grandson, Daniel Stephens, awarded his Eagle Scout Award. Bill had a week at Henry's Lake. Helped by his grandsons, Bill and Jake Rainey, he began to get ready our home there. He put up the flag pole and readied the ropes so we could fly it [the flag] over Henry's Lake. We left it at half mast in his honor.

Oh, how we love him. Somehow an insect bit him in the neck. Bill was allergic to bee stings and insect [bites]. I took him to Rexburg Memorial Hospital at 4:30 on Friday, May 25th. Because of his encrusted and weakened veins, his body could not throw off the poison tho' treated.

I was with him until the doctor called a code blue. At 10 minutes to eight I knew he had gone home to his Heavenly Father and family and friends. A quiet peace came over me. We had a warm half hour of love as I kept my cheek on his and let tears fall. I knew he was at rest.

Your Dad and Grandfather was firm in what he believed. I talked about writing a journal. He did it.

He loved the Lord. He was faithful in his Sacrament and Priesthood meetings. He liked meetings that were out on time. His favorite

hymn was "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again." He tithed our money after we learned it was a true principle by doing it when we were most in need.

Bill has a scrapbook of his mission in England all complete.

He served in World War II in the Army Air Corp. In his journal he records, "I flew with Colonel Walker in a P38. The Colonel took his guns out so I could ride. He was from Ashland, Oregon. We saw the ships on the bottom of the bay."

Bill was not demonstrative, nor did he talk a lot. He showed his love for me in daily doings. When I was off to a meeting or teaching, he'd always come out to meet me at the car with a kiss. More often than not he'd have dinner ready after he retired from the Post Office.

Bill was a private person, but he encouraged me in the many activities I did. He always had the car ready with gas.

He was a good, safe driver, but he could be daring. At Henry's Lake, if snow blocked our road, he'd gun the motor and we'd bump our way through the sagebrush.

Bill always got us through the murky mud on our Henry's Lake Road. Our last trip out he told me to go steadily through the watery paths because it was hard on the bottom.

It was fun to get up at midnight with a flashlight after a warm rain. We'd go where the cows licked their salt and the mud soft. He'd flash the light. He'd see a worm, and grab it with his hand. Often they'd get away. He'd usually get a dozen, or more, anyway.

Most of all I want to thank you, Honey, for taking such great care of me after my heart attack. For a year and a half he insisted on fixing most of the meals. He'd then insist I lay down for half an hour after the meal as the doctor said. When I awakened the kitchen was clean. How did he love me? I can't count the ways.

How did he love his children and grandchildren? One of the last things he did was to have two poles ready for fishing for the grandchildren.
