

We are not here today to mourn our sweet mother but are here to celebrate her life and her happy reunion with dad and her family. She truly is an elect lady who endured to the end as a faithful daughter of our Heavenly Father. As in the Young women's theme she is a daughter of our Heavenly Father who loves her and she loves him. She stood as a witness to him as she lived the values of Faith, Divine Nature, Individual Worth, Knowledge, Choice and Accountability, Good Works, Integrity and Virtue. She was always an example of what a righteous mother should be. Like the rest of us she had her faults but was a good faithful woman and mother. She never went to bed without first reading her scriptures. Around the breakfast table sometimes she would try to convey gospel truths to us. Being the bratty kids that we were we weren't always as attentive as we should have been but she never gave up on us. We called them her lectures. Her example and the truths she taught us were the basis for our testimonies and our faith in God the Eternal Father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

My first recollection of mom was when I was very small. I remember being sick and her rocking me by the lighted Christmas tree in the living room of their first little house next to Grandma and Grandpa Bryner's. She was the most loving and kind mother there could ever be.

When Lynn and I were just small, I think not even in school yet we decided to walk over to see Aunt Thelma. We actually found our way there. She called mom to tell her we were there. Dad came over and got us. When we got home we both received spankings. Mom felt so sorry for us she made us a little picnic that we ate under the arbor in Grandma Bryner's back yard.

She loved our dad and as kids we all knew that they had a special relationship. They were each other's best friend. If he thought that we were being disrespectful to her he let us know very quickly and we paid the price. I would have loved to have been there to see their sweet reunion.

She could sit and read a book while four of us would tear up the house. We would chew up soda crackers and spit them at each other as we ran around the house. We'd take all the cushions off the couch to make forts. And of course fight with each other. But, before dad got home she would have everything cleaned up so that he didn't have to come home to a messy house. If the kids got too crazy for him he would go out to his man cave in the back yard to escape us. Mom

never tried to escape or hide. She was always available and there for us, every day.

I remember a time when I was in elementary school and we were making big decorations by wrapping starched string around a balloon and letting it dry. I forgot to take my balloon to school so I went to the Principals office and called mom. We only had one car and dad had taken it to work that day so she walked all the way over to the school to bring it to me. That's just the way she was. She always put the needs of us kids ahead of her own.

With just dad's income finances were sometimes tight. She sacrificed things she wanted in order to have the money to pay for our music lessons and other needs. Every school year she would take us to the fabric store to look at the pattern books and pick out the fabric for our new school clothes. Then she would spend weeks making our outfits. I used to wish that we could just go to the store and pick out ready-made clothes but now I really appreciate all the work she went to in order to make our clothes nice. We never wanted for the important things in life. She made sure of it.

I wish I had let her know how much I appreciated her more often. I was not an easy child to raise. Once during my teenage years she said that she hoped I would get a daughter just like me when I grew up. Then she said, "No, I wouldn't wish you on my worst enemy." Sorry I was such a brat Mom.

When the next 4 girls came along she had even more work to keep our family running. Lynn, Deana, Gordon and I had fun playing with them and helped out with babysitting. Our friends loved to come over and play with the babies. Mom always welcomed our friends into our home. She created an atmosphere where they felt comfortable and at home, sometimes too much at home.

Our years growing up were the best of times. We could be gone all day and as long as we were home for dinner that was ok. No one worried about where we were or what we were doing. The world was a safer place than today. The family would go for rides up the canyon and we would be all over in the back of the station wagon, jumping back and forth over the back seat. We didn't know what seat belts were. Dad would put the tailgate down and we would hang out the back. Somehow we all survived. If we got hungry dad would pull over at the grocery store and buy a loaf of bread, a pack of baloney and a couple of cans of

Shasta for us all to share. No mayo, no mustard, just bread and baloney. It was delicious.

Her grandson Travis described mom to a tee. These are the words he posted about her.

“I recall not one breath of malice and fail to register a single shame. Her humble nature verified her resolve and declared with fearlessness she was not one be trifled with. With Vernon her equal she shared the subtle spoils. Her protector, her confident, her mountain man. She remained a nimble servant and overseer. The essence of grace woven as our earthly steward, a matriarch for the ages. Marie J. Bryner”

Our mother truly was an elite daughter of God. She was sweet and graceful and full of love. We knew of her testimony of the Savior and his gospel. She tried her best to teach that to us kids. She was a loving wife and mother. We are going to miss her. We love you mom. Until we see you again, goodbye.