

FUNERAL SERVICE

FOR

JOHN JENSEN

February 6, 1943 at 2.00 P.M.

Hyrum 1st Ward L.D.S. Chapel

PALL BEARERS

DON A. JENSEN

JESSE CROOKSTON

WINSTON JENSEN

REED JENSEN

MERLIN ELIASON

ELMER ELIASON

PROGRAM

"Blessed Savior"-----Ladies Chorus
Director, Norma Baxter ---Accompanist, Muriel Wright

Invocation -----Patriarch O.M. Wilson

Violin Solo----- N. W. Christiansen
Accompanist, Mrs. N. W. Christiansen

Speaker-----Charles Unsworth

"Tomorrow Land"----- Parley Hall - Nellie Leishman
Accompanist, Vinnie Clawson

Speaker----- President Edwin Clawson

Organ Solo "Oh Sweet Mystery of Life" ----- Muriel Wright

Speaker -----John A. Israelsen

Closing Remarks-----Bishop Joseph W. Wright

"I Know That My Redeemer Lives"----- Ladies Chorus
Soloist, Viola Israelsen

Benediction-----John W. Jorgenson

Dedication of the grave in the Hyrum Cemetery by S. A. Dunn

CHARLES UNSWORTH

We are here today to pay a tribute of respect to John Jensen, a pioneer and fellow townsman. I am greatly honored by being asked to say a few words at this very solemn occasion.

The acquaintance of the Unsworths and Jensens dates back to the first beginning of this community. My father purchased the Unsworth corner from the John Jensen family for five bushels of corn and a few bushels of apples. That was many years ago when money was not a necessity to gain the things that were need in life. John worked for my father, as did his older brother when they were boys. That acquaintance was very dear to my father and I remember him saying many times that the Jensens were among his best friends and they were outstanding in this community.

John Jensen lived in this community for more than 85 years. That is a long time to live in one place. He lived here because he loved this community. He loved the people he grew up with. He traveled here and also through other sections of Utah as well as Idaho, but there was nothing that enticed him to leave Hyrum as many did in earlier days. John Jensen was satisfied with all his surroundings because he helped build this community the way it is today.

A few years ago John asked me if I would say a few words at his service. I don't know why, other than he said he thought I knew him as well as anyone did. I have learned to know him through acquaintance and through the occupation he followed. I was at his home every day for twenty five years, and I conversed with him on many different subjects.

John Jensen possessed one of the finest personalities that anyone desires to possess, and personality has been passed down from generation to generation. All of the Jensens have that same personality, one easy to get acquainted with, converse with; one that always has an interest in you. They always like to know how you are getting along and how the world is treating you.

John was honest. I don't believe anyone could say differently. On every hand and through the years, he was honest in his dealings with everyone. A man made a remark who didn't live in this area, that some men are so selfish that it is hard for them to be honest. It didn't fit in this case, because John Jensen was not selfish. He was always glad to see other people acquire things. I have often heard him remark, when someone would pass by with a new auto or such, that he was glad they could get something of that kind, and he hoped they would be able to pay for it.

He was friendly to everyone. I have never heard him make a remark that was detrimental to any person. We talked about several people who held responsible positions in both the church and in a civic way such as Mayors, Councilmen and Bishops. John always had high regard for such people.

John Jensen held many responsible positions himself and he was capable in these positions. He was Mayor and on the City Council many years, serving under many Mayors. When his name was mentioned for a position, he was always elected. I don't believe he was ever defeated. This shows the trust and faith his friends and neighbors had in him.

He was conservative, and he liked to see others who were. He made his way through life the hard way as a hard working farmer, a lumber man, etc. He worked in the canyon. I can remember some twenty five or thirty years ago how he hauled grain from Pocatello to Malad. He always made a trip a day, leaving early in the morning and getting home late at night. He had come over the halfway mark in age then. He was blessed with a physique that was able to stand hard work. He saved the things the Lord blessed him with, and he converted those things into things that would bring comfort to his family, and to his later years in life.

He liked to see his family get an education. He made the remark many times that he believed it was easier when you had an education. He hoped his children would not have to work as hard as he had. We know his children have had the opportunity of going to school. They have been among the finest children in this community. He loved his family very much and was interested in their success, no matter what their vocation was.

I have been in the home many times in the last few years, and I know the love he had for these two girls and Max. I know some people, when they get along in life are not in the mood to joke, even with their children. John Jensen was always in a joking mood. He always treated his family well, and he gave them the best that he could afford. He will be missed very much in their home. You could always find him at home doing something to assist.

My sympathy and comfort goes out to his wife and children. I pray that the spirit of the Lord will be here this afternoon. May we always live so we can be honored as John Jensen will be this day is my prayer in the name of Jesus.

-----Amen

PRESIDENT EDWIN CLAWSON

I appreciate this privilege of saying a few words this afternoon at the bier of Brother Jensen. Thinking of the life of Brother Jensen reminds me of a statement regarding words in the Book of Mormon, words of Nephi: "I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents." I wonder, Brothers and Sisters, if we realize what they mean, "Being born of goodly parents". I wonder if you and I had the privilege of selecting the family for which we were best qualified to enter. What a blessing it was to have a noble father, a pure and virtuous mother. There is nothing greater than that in life.

We often hear how many succeed. They are successful in accordance to terms of great wealth, but I wonder: are they a success? As for me, I would rather be among the common people. A statement of Abraham Lincoln was, "The Lord must have loved the common people because he made so many of them." This afternoon as I look over those that are in the audience I am sure that they are all just common people. As we travel we find them by the hundreds and thousands, and I wonder just what it means to be a success.

As a young man I lived neighbors to John Jensen. I was married in the fall of 1913. I was in Clarkston during the winter and came to Hyrum in the Spring, moving into the home east of Jensens, a boy without much experience with farming life. Brother Jensen often stepped across the fence and gave me some good advice, and I imagine it was the same advice he gave his own boys. He said, "Brother Clawson, remember the Priesthood you hold is worth more than all the gold in the world."

Brother Jensen lived honestly. He was true and faithful to his wife, and he lived an exemplary life for his children to follow.

The following statement was taken from a statement made by Brother H. F. Hinckley of the Deseret News:

THE COMMON PEOPLE

"Not every man can write a book or run a railroad or build a skyscraper or distinguish himself in the field of politics and statesmanship. Nor by his genius can he paint a picture or build a machine that will revolutionize transportation or amass a fortune."

"Most men cannot do any of these. Many never make the headlines or see their names in the newspapers. Still, these men do the work of the world. It would not go without them. The many achievements of others are dependent upon them."

"If every man in his field does his part and does it well, and in doing it builds a sound character, lends a helping hand, loves his country, and lives his religion, he is, judged by the best standards, a success. One need not be a genius to be happy, to have friends, to secure salvation."

When I speak of Brother Jensen it reminds me of this statement. He has been one of these men and we agree he was a success.

As I look at this family I find he has had two noble pure women to assist him and through them has come some noble sons and daughters. I had the honor of attending the Brigham Young College when one of them attended. Later another son returned from the Mission field and spoke to us. I said to the fellow sitting next to me, that I had never listened to a Missionary that could quote scriptures more fluently and did so more often than most people. One has been an employee of our County for several years, congenial, kind, patient, and always serving with a pleasant smile.

As I have attended services in this ward I have noticed the mother and daughter coming into the service together. Sometimes I think it is a wonderful thing that a mother can have the companionship of her daughter. I believe that these daughters would tell their mother almost anything, and she would be honest in her advice to them and keep all confidences. I believe they will grow up to be a lot of company for each other.

I would like to read from a talk about the home. "The home is an institution and it's value is determined by its output. The best home is the home that produces the best men and women. The home that gives to the world noble men and women makes a great contribution to the world. Neither the schools nor the world can reform the finished product of a bad home."

In this talk about the home there is no reference to the size of the home, its location, its cost of construction, the decorations on the wall, the furniture on the floor. These are things we strive to obtain, but the value of a home must be measured by standards higher than material things. A real home must have a soul, an atmosphere, a climate, if you please!

I had never thought of the home in that way. A home must have a soul. We refer to the brothers and sisters in the home and to a real mother and a real father. In this way the Jensens have been successful.

I pray that our Heavenly Father will bless Sister Jensen, may she be comforted. Though Brother Jensen was advanced in age, he was a companion, and she will be lonesome. So I say to all of you children, go home as often as you can to visit your mother. Every card and letter you write will be valuable to her and may even be a way of lengthening her life and bringing her comfort.

My testimony is: I know God lives and is kind and appreciates our purpose in life. I pray for his blessing in the name of Jesus Christ. ---Amen

PRESIDENT JOHN A. ISRAELSEN

Today I feel that my place should be among the mourners. I have had many reflections as I listened to Brother Unsworth and Brother Clawson of the life of Uncle John.

Uncle John was a man for whom I have always had a great respect. I see in the audience today many other men who would like to pay a similar tribute to John Jensen, the last of our original pioneers. The original company settled the twenty second day of April in 1860. Many others would like to speak of his long active life and many valuable contributions he has made to our community, but we are limited by time, and so the family suggested the names of us three men to speak of him as we know him.

I am reminded too, that sixteen years ago today, this very day and at this very time in the Third Ward Chapel we were paying our respect to his son, Arthur Jensen. It is rather a coincidence that Arthur should die on Tuesday, February 2nd and be buried on Saturday, February 6th, and just sixteen years later his father die and be buried the same day.

His other son, John W. had a very short life time, but he also left many monuments in his honor and to his credit. He was Cashier at the local bank for many years, and he was one of the leading musicians in this community. He built three homes that will be a monument to his industry and resourcefulness.

Another son, Irving, whom we visited with in Montana about fifteen years ago had, at that time, established for himself a very outstanding record in the research work he was doing there.

It happened that I mentioned one day to Uncle John that I was assigned to Helena, Montana to attend a Postmasters Convention. I asked Uncle John if he would like to go along, and he said he would. He would arrange to have things at home taken care of during his absence. He said, "Let's get your father and Max and all take this trip together." So we rigged up the old Dodge and started out.

I will never forget the interest he showed all along the road. He had worked on the railroad and had been in that section of the country a number of times. He had friends and relatives there and we took time off to call on them. We spent a week that way going to the convention and returning.

He formed many new acquaintances at the convention. He said to me before we attended, "Now John, don't you call on me to say anything, because I am not a public speaker."

The night of the banquet he said he did not come prepared to go to the banquet, and he asked to be excused. He had already established a friendship with the Postmistress there, Mrs. Mollar, and she said to him, "You bet you are coming to the banquet. You can't stay away." We had several public speakers, and John did enjoy both the convention and the banquet.

We visited with Irving while there, and he came and spent a couple of days with us. Max was just a little boy then, but he had a lot of fun on the trip.

I received a card from Mrs. Mollar at Christmas time, and on the inside she had written a sheet asking me to give her regards to John Jensen. When Irving passed away, she wrote a wonderful letter to the family, offering her sympathy and condolences.

I would like to be able to visualize what Hyrum looked like when Uncle John came here on the 22nd of April 1860. There wasn't a tree, a house, ditch or bridge here. In fact there was nothing but sage brush, wild flowers and a few wild animals. The family camped out at Camp Hollow near the George Stanton home, and they spent many years there before making the surveys determining where to build the town.

John was just a small baby when his father, Jens Jensen and his mother, Hannah Jensen were converted to the church in Copenhagen 90 years ago. They all came seeking for security and to worship according to the dictates of their conscience. They settled in Sanpete County first, and when they learned that this valley was to be opened up, and it offered an opportunity for home builders, they decided to come.

Every time John Jensen was approached to serve, he said that he wasn't the best equipped and therefore did not wish to serve. That is an example of the office seeking the man, instead of the man seeking the office. He would rather take care of his own affairs than the affairs of others. He was interested in both conservation and doing the right thing.

Uncle John was married on Christmas Day to my father's sister, Anna Israelsen. Ten children were born to them, five boys and five girls. Seven of that number and his wife have gone on; and then some four years after he met and married Helen Hansen. Both of these ladies were Norwegians, and that accounts for the good stock. We have heard many times that the Scandinavian off-spring carry the things most admired in people. To Helen have been born the three children, Max, Dona and Bernell. Uncle John has been just as interested in their success and given them the same opportunities that he gave to the other children, and they have done as well.

We have here the two girls. Max left just a week ago for the United States Navy service as an Ensign to report at Norfolk, VA. He just reached his destination when he received a telegram telling him of his father's death. It was impossible for him to get a furlough so soon, and it would have been a long distance to travel. So our thoughts are with Max at this time, and I am sure his thoughts are here. We have here today Warren, Elda, and Raymond of Aunt Anna's family, and Dona and Bernell of Helen's family.

"By their fruits you shall know them," is another quotation that applies to Uncle John. He has 50 descendants, and wherever they go, you will find they are honest and religious. They are willing to work and to help others. They achieve success and are admired.

Uncle John was married in the Endowment House in 1879 as an Elder, and was later ordained a High Priest. He was also a member of the High Priest Benefit Association.

When Brother Facer built his home here, he told of this society being organized in Pocatello. Each member who joined paid \$1.00 and when a member passed away they contributed 55 cents. Then 75 dollars or more is presented to the widow to help defray immediate expenses. They used to give flowers, but the High Priests felt that the money would be more helpful, and there is usually so many flowers contributed by the family. Uncle John was the tenth member of the High Priest Benefit Association to pass away.

Uncle John was always humorous. About a week ago I called at the home to visit with Helen. Later I looked into his room and I thought he was asleep, but he said, "You may as well come in as I have been listening to your conversation anyway." Then he said "John, when are you going to write me that Insurance Policy, why not do it now." And I said, "I brought a blank with me", and took one out of my pocket. Then he said, "I cannot sign my name, but I can put my cross on it." Then we discussed other things, and he said during our conversation, "I had a hard night and how I dread those chills, but I am not afraid to die. I know we all have to pass on through that experience, and I don't like to be a burden to anyone. I have finished my mission and so I want to die courageously."

I hope his boys and girls will remember the lessons he has taught them. His independence and honesty are the two things he strived for. He was not perfect, he had his faults the same as the rest of us, but he had some fine virtues that we will all profit by to remember. He was a good Christian, and though he did not take much part in the public, he lived the gospel and taught it to his children. He was honest and wanted to give a little more. He said, "I am glad I still have a few dollars in my pocket and will be able to pay my own way even in my last years."

May God bless his memory is my prayer, in the name of Jesus
Amen

BISHOP JOSEPH W. WRIGHT

I am sure my brothers and sisters that these have been beautiful services today, and they should be because John Jensen was a fine character and had lots of fine traits. There is one thing I think that was outstanding. It was his good nature.

I visited with him as Bishop, friend, and a member of his family. The last time I saw him he didn't feel like joking, and I knew he was a sick man. He was a good husband and father. Helen has taken good care of him during his last years, and though I did not know his first wife, I have heard many fine things about her and there are many fine things said about his home.

I was handed a letter just before the service. It is from the State Department of Agriculture:

TO THE JENSEN FAMILY

"At parting, there is always sorrow for those who have been closely associated with a noble character, and only a noble character could have lived richly and unselfishly for 86 long years--years covering the span of the world's greatest advance in modern arts and sciences and social achievements; years that have known hardship, suffering and joy.

Because sorrow always touches even the brightest final scene, we of the Utah State Department of Agriculture express sympathy and appreciation to the Jensen family and particularly to our co-worker, Commissioner Vernal A. Bergeson and his wife, whose father is being paid a tribute here today. That distinctive poise and friendly spirit that is Mrs. Bergeson's must surely reflect something of the fine character of her father. They do not need from us any sustaining support. They are people of the class that can see anything through. Today, we are sure they feel as we do, that their Father's life has reached a glorious sunset, and with us they can say:

O beautiful sunset so radiantly bright,
See where the twilight is wedding the night,
Beautiful altar, splendor untold,
Curtains of crimson and silver and gold.
Now proudly the sunset is wearing his crest,
While going to welcome the bride from the west.
See where the mist cloud is veiling the trees,
while a sweet anthem is sung by the breeze.
O beautiful sunset, the last breath of day,
Softly the features of light fade away.
Soon will the twilight come with its gleam,
Gliding the earth like a soft fairy dream.
O thus may life's sunset be sweetly serene,
When we shall look backward
O'er life's final scene.
Prelude of joy that shall gladden our sight
After life's sunset and after life's night.

Utah State Dept. of Agriculture
Signed: Tracy R. Welling
Don E. Kennedy