

CLARA J. (McCLUE) WEICHT

Clara J. McClue, wife of Henry B. Weicht, was born in Jamestown township, Steuben county, Indiana, July 15, 1860, died at her home in Angola, Ind., July 14, 1894, aged 33 years, 11 months and 29 days.

Deceased was married to her now bereaved husband December 25, 1883, and was a true and devoted wife and mother, acting cheerfully and faithfully the part of mother to Paul, who now feels that indeed a mother has gone. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon Paul and the little motherless sister and daughter. The husband and father bears willing testimony that the now deceased mother was bringing them up right. Sister Weicht was of a quiet, pleasant disposition, a great lover of family and home, doing all in her power to make home cheerful and happy, was an ardent lover of flowers, and believed that the kind Father gave us flowers to cheer us and make life more pleasant. I know not what you may think, but the writer believes that Heaven is a place and that God will permit those who loved the pure and the beautiful and loved him in this life on earth to continue to love him in Heaven. "There everlasting spring abides and never withering flowers," but the best of all is that Mrs. Weicht was a true christian. Her husband testifies that she was not only a professor but a possessor of religion. After all it goes a good way to know what wife and husband and father and mother and child think of our religion. Deceased was also a highly prized daughter and daughter-in-law and neighbor, all of these speak of her in the highest terms. She was a faithful member of the M.E. church, having deposited a letter from the Evangelical church of which she was formerly a member. She will be missed in all the different relations, but more especially in this narrow circle of the home where she has so long been the life and light and joy of these now so sadly bereaved. Her death was calm and peaceful: her friends had reason to think her much better but all at once the messenger came; a short gasp for breath and all was over. She looked more like one who in the quiet evening had just fallen asleep than like one cold in death. Thus in the midst of life we are in death. We commend all the bereaved friends to God to the word of his grace.

SUBMITTED BY: Jessica Brooks on behalf of Mona Hilden-Beckwith

EMAIL: brooksfamilyhistory@hotmail.com