

Parker, Clara

GH 12/27/1918

### CLARA PARKER AT REST.

#### Former Grinnell Girl and College Graduate Yields to Flu.

The Herald is just in receipt of a letter from Mrs. W. W. Perkins of Santa Ana, Calif., telling of the death of her sister, Clara, at San Francisco, October 10.

The deceased woman was well known here where she grew into womanhood, graduating from both high school and college and having done school work in Indiana and more recently at Pacific Grove, Calif., where she had charge of the Domestic Science Department.

Miss Parker graduated from college with the class of 1904, and the writer remembers her well as a bright, promising little girl in the grades here and a fine young woman as she developed in womanhood.

Her sister, Mrs. Perkins, writes the following touching story of this sweet young woman's unfortunate death:

The first of October Clara went to San Francisco to study Dietetics in the University of California hospital, hoping to enter government work—for service "over there." She did all her work Sunday the 8th, but feeling chilly and tired, went to her room and to bed. Monday she was not feeling any better so asked that a physician be called, and said that if she was going to be sick she would like to be taken to a Homoeopathic hospital. About three p. m. the doctor came and she directed what she wished to take with her. A special nurse was given her—and at 8 a. m. Tuesday she was so much better the nurse was just going to telephone the doctor what a good night Clara had passed, when he came in with another physician for consultation; at 10 o'clock she was so much worse the doctor came again but there was nothing to be done, and at 10:30 she breathed her last,—just a gentle sigh, and she was gone. We have so much to be thankful for, in that she was in no pain, and was just her cheery self as she asked the nurse (in reply to the question about where her home was and if she did not want to have her sister sent for), "I have good chances to get well, haven't I?"

We had her to rest in the California Crematorium at Oakland with the beautiful service of the Eastern Star, of which she was a member in Berkeley. Leroy came in from China on the 12th and it was such a comfort to me to have him with me. The wire telling of her illness and the one of her death reached me about the same time.

Toward the last the nurse heard Clara humming a tune over and over again, and said to her, "You must be fond of that music, Miss Parker," and Clara said that she did like it very much, and in a faint voice sang it again: "The Long, Long Trail Is Winding."

The music at the burial was "Hold Thou My Hand," by C. S. Briggs, a song she sang so much while with us this summer, and "Lead Kindly Light."

The comfort I have is that she lived such a cheery life, and no matter whether a young person or an old one she was companionable to both equally. Here was a life lived in "deeds, not years."