

1-18-1916

OBITUARY.

John Buchart.

Another whose face and voice were familiar to almost all of us in west Grinnell, now no more mingles in the social throng of mortal earth. A faithful husband, loving father, and generous friend has folded his tent for the other shore. Centuries ago a pagan philosopher used this illustration of death: "The Master came into the busiest group and beckoned a man into the open door. He followed and the door shut. God's finger touched him and he slept." Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channels.

We see its grassy borders; the trees shed their fragrance and blossom; we are eager and hopeful; the stream bears us on. Our course in manhood is along a wider and deeper flood. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor. Our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home until the roar of the sea is in our ears, and we take our leave of mortality.

What is this mysterious spark which distinguishes life from death? Here philosophers cease to be wise. Faith carries us beyond the domain of reason and assures us the grave is not the end; that somewhere in God's great universe men's spirits dwell in peaceful abodes where they will ere long welcome their early friends. The attributes that we knew and admired still exist and live. The spirit is not buried with the closed eyes, pulseless heart, and still, cold hands. "There is no death; the friends gone on before in brighter, happier homes are living yet."

In his death a kind heart ceased to beat. The tapestry of his life contains the brightest and noblest of patterns. He made a deep impression upon all who knew him. We believe that his noble spirit has been transplanted by angel hands into the garden of God.

John Buchart was born in Janesville, Wis., May 18, 1884, and died Jan. 4, 1916. He was married to Miss Sadie Barnhart, who survives him. To them were born three children; Lawrence, Clair, and Lester, who are promising young boys.

Tired of the dust and heat of the day, he lay down among the flowers of a well spent life.

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