

Beautiful Life ⁶⁻⁴ Reaches Close

4-19-1929
Mrs. Jessie Kepford Ricker Passed
Away After a Long Illness In
Los Angeles.

HAD UNDERGONE SERIOUS
OPERATION IN JANUARY.

Was The Widow of A. LeRoy Ricker
and Lived In Grinnell For Many
Years.

A beautiful life of service came to its close Monday evening, April 8, at 10 o'clock when Mrs. Jessie Kepford Ricker passed away at her home, 544 North Kenmore Ave., in Los Angeles, Calif., following an illness of many weeks. In January she underwent a serious operation, from which she seemed to rally and hopes were high for ultimate recovery. A few weeks ago she suffered a relapse and failed rapidly until the end came—apparently without pain. All that loving care could do for her was most willingly done by her son and daughter-in-law who shared her home.

Jessie Kepford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Kepford, was born in Albion, Iowa, July 9, 1876. When just a little girl she moved with her parents and two sisters to Grundy Center, Iowa. Here she received her education and was prominent in the social and religious life of her home town. At an early age she united with the First Baptist church and was loyal to its teachings all through her busy life.

On October 11, 1899, she was married to the man of her choice,—Mr. A. LeRoy Ricker of the Grinnell Glove Company of Grinnell, Iowa. It was in this lovely college town that the young couple established their first home. They united with the First Baptist Church and took a great interest in all the activities of the church. Mrs. Ricker was a member of the Searchlight Club. A daughter and a son were born into this home and were a constant source of joy and comfort.

Those who knew the family intimately realized that this home was indeed a sacred place—where love, loyalty, sympathy and understanding ruled supreme. Their association with friends in the church, college, and neighborhood was always friendly and they well deserved the love and respect accorded them. These were busy, happy years for Mr. and Mrs. Ricker.

In August, 1925, the family moved to Los Angeles. On July 2, 1927, Mr. Ricker passed away. Mrs. Ricker was untiring in her devotion to her husband during his many illnesses and never really recovered from the loss of her companion.

Surviving Mrs. Ricker are her two children,—Eleanor, who is librarian in the Public Library of Wooster, Ohio, and Kepford, who is employed in Bullock's Department Store of Los Angeles. Both were with their mother at the time of her death.

Other relatives who were in Los Angeles during her last illness, were her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Kepford Ricker; her two sisters, Mrs. W. D. Wilson of Grundy Center, Iowa, Mrs. Emma Watts of Donneybrook, N. D., and Mr. F. H. Ricker of Berkeley, Calif.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, April 10, at 10:30 A. M. at the Dellenbaugh Funeral Parlors. The beautiful services were conducted by Rev. Dana Bartlett. Two vocal numbers were rendered by Mrs. R. A. Regnier. The body was placed to rest beside that of her husband at Forest Lawn cemetery in Glendale, Calif.

It has been said by someone that "God couldn't be everywhere so he made mothers." It was as wife and mother that Mrs. Ricker was at her best. Her every thought centered about the members of her household. No task was too hard to be done, if, in any way, it added to the comfort or the pleasure of those she loved. Hers was a home of culture, where good books and magazines were part of the daily life and where Christian ideals were always kept in the foreground.

Joyous good fellowship, interests in common, a desire to attain the best things in life, friendliness, tolerance, good citizenship, loyalty to ideals and devotion to one's task—these were the principles taught in this home of hers. Because Mrs. Ricker was a woman of refinement and Christian character, her home reflected these qualities.

Through all the years of their married life, Mr. and Mrs. Ricker retained the spirit of youth. Life continued to be an adventure, and now that Mrs. Ricker has gone to join her husband, we know that she entered upon her last journey with unflinching steps and unafraid. To one who has truly served, death is the most glorious adventure of all.