

An Obituary Of Martha A. Winchell

(From The Malcom Leader.)

Martha A. Winchell was born at Kirkland, Indiana, July 31, 1849, daughter of Uriah and Elizabeth Jones. She came to Iowa with her parents when she was about two years old. Her parents settled in Madison township on Walnut creek on the farm now occupied by her brother, J. F. Jones, where most of her girlhood was spent.

On October 31, 1867 she was united in marriage with S. M. Winchell. To this union eight children were born. John Winchell and May Walters preceded her in death. Those left to mourn her loss are Mrs. Pearl Menelaus, Blockton, Iowa; Mrs. Elizabeth Ensor, Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. Ada Foster, Malcom, Iowa; Mrs. Maude Ackley, Brooklyn, Iowa; Mrs. Nellie McDermott, Chicago, Illinois; Ralph Winchell, Malcom, Iowa; two brothers, J. F. Jones, Brooklyn, Iowa and Dr. Geo. W. Jones, Lawrence, Kansas; nineteen grandchildren and six great grandchildren. Her husband, S. A. Winchell preceded her in death on March 20, 1921.

Martha A. Winchell died January 3, 1929 at the home of her daughter Mrs. Ada Foster, with whom she had made her home most of the time for the past six years. She was 79 years, 5 months and 3 days old. She was in poor health for several years and during her recent illness she was cared for by the loving hands of her children most of whom were with her with the exception of Mrs. Ensor and Mrs. McDermott, who couldn't come on account of illness.

Mrs. Winchell was a loving mother and wife, a good neighbor and loyal friend. Being an early pioneer and a good nurse she helped her physician, and friend, Dr. V. S. Wilcox in caring for numberless sick people.

She is the last of the early members of the Methodist church to pass on. She was a faithful member of her church.

A TRIBUTE

Mother Winchell is gone but she will live forever in the hearts of those who knew her best.

Until her failing health several years ago, her life motto was "To minister and not be ministered unto," for she was never too busy or too tired with her own affairs to hasten to the bedside of a sick neighbor or friend and to lend a helping hand or to speak words of encouragement to those in sorrow or trouble. No sacrifice was too great for her for the members of her families and her children can truly say that to mother they owed a debt they feel sure we could never pay and we who became members of her family through marriage can only say we loved her too as our own for her admirable qualities, her keen understanding and solicitude for others' comforts and wishes and our prayer is that when we are called we may leave behind us a life as full of kind deeds and wonderful memories.

Her religion was deep, pure and abiding and the comforting thought remains that her days of suffering are over and she has joined her mate of over a half a century in the beautiful over there.

Today her life work is ended

It's duties and pleasures are done
And she has seen the beautiful
heaven

A glory more bright than the sun,
For there's fallen o'er her spirit
A hush, eternal yet sweet,
She has crossed life's beautiful
river

And sits at her Master's feet.

Her son-in-law,

C. T. Ensor.

John Hotchkin, Alex Comerford,
Frank Comerford and Bill Flanagan
spent Sunday in Des Moines.

(S.M.)