

Blanding, Lucy Beebe

OBITUARY
LUCY BEEBE BLANDING

Some seven years ago the hand of Death entered a happy home at North Brookfield and breathed his sleep over as kind and affectionate a husband and father as ever the world was blessed with, in the person of Joseph H. Blanding. Since then his loving wife has never been very well. The shock to her was great. She watched and tended her husband down to the very gates of the grave, and when she was left to continue the residue of life's journey alone, the brightness had departed and she had no further joy in it. Still she has never been peevish in her grief and those who visited her in that pleasant home on the hillside found her the same sympathetic and true friend that she ever was. Yet there was a something gone and there was a faraway look in her eyes. In the midst of all her little gayeties she missed "the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still."

Now, in peace and eternal love, she is reunited to him. After an illness extending over more than a year, sometimes suffering the most racking pain, she "fell asleep" Wednesday. The last message came suddenly and unexpectedly, "like a thief in the night," but it found her ready, and we believe that she has found the rest for which she longed and has gathered up the "silver cord" of love where it was loosed. Yet to those who remain there is a deep sadness too potent for words, that this dear, kind, faithful, true heart has ceased to beat. Though we know that she has gained a goodly heritage, yet we mourn that she could not have been a little longer spared.

She was the daughter of Cyrus and Rhoda Beebe and was born on their farm, in the town where she died, on Oct. 10, 1823 [erased line] one, but was as brief as it was joyous. In her second marriage to Joseph H Blanding, she was most happy and their whole life spent together was an ideal existence as husband and wife. No children were born to them¹, but she was true mother to the two little ones who were left motherless by the death of Mr. Blanding's first wife. They to-day rise up and call her blessed, and one of them, Mrs. Mary Whittemore , of Mazon, Ill., was privileged to be with her mother when the spirit parted from the flesh. Another child, Marion Blanding, also of Illinois, reached home after his mother's death. Two brothers also survive her, Cyrus and L. Judson Beebe, and a sister, Mary, passed away several years ago. Her funeral, which will be held on Sunday, will be a sorrowful gathering and her good deeds and kindly words will be

¹ Joseph's obituary notes three sons of his second wife, Lucy, all of whom were deceased. Also, the website Find-A-Grave shows markers for Cyrus, Cyrus F. and Oscar M. Blanding, all children of J. H. and Lucy M. Blanding.

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tearfully recollected as her peaceful face is looked upon for the last time. In her death, I lose a true friend, and though the ties of blood do not bind me to her, I mourn with her relations and deplore that fact that when I again visit my old home (if God permits me to again do so) there will be one less to greet me who belonged to a past that was happier than the present or any future that can be.

Many a lesson could be drawn from her life, but the one that I like best is that of patience under trial and bereavement—the facing of the world with a heroic smile after all that made it pleasant was closed beneath the remorseless coffin-lid. She lived happily and died triumphantly. In the beautiful faith [of Universalism] which was a comfort to her soul, she found peace and rest and the "rod and staff" comforted her even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. She will long be remembered, not only by her kindred, but by those who called her friend and neighbor. Her memory is fragrant, it is hallowed by a spotless life, it is helpful since she has done so much good and "Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

CAMPELLO, Mass., Dec. 19, 1891

A. W. R.

Brookfield Courier, Brookfield NY, Wed. 23 Dec 1891

Errata.

I regret exceedingly that in the obituary of Mrs. Lucy Blanding, published in the issue of the COURIER for the 23d inst I fell into the grievous error of stating that she was twice married when, in fact, her first and only marriage was to Joseph Blanding, when she was 16 years of age. I am sincerely sorry that this lamentable mistake should have crept into the tribute I paid to the memory of one whom I shall ever hold in the fondest remembrance.

A. W. RUSSELL. Campello, Mass., Dec. 30, 1891

Brookfield Courier, Brookfield NY, Wed. 6 Jan 1892

Transcribed on 29 Aug 2023 by Karen E. Dau of East Rochester, NY