

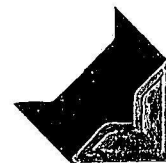
Baby Book



*A dreary place would be this earth
Were no little children in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.
-- N. P. Willis*

*illustrated by
Marion Bradford Burgess*

SAMUEL WARD - BOSTON





Victoria Hospital

LONDON, CANADA

HOSPITAL BIRTH CERTIFICATE



This Certifies that

WINNIFRED EVELYN PARK

was born in Victoria Hospital, London, Canada

at 11.20 A.M. on the 6th day of APRIL A.D. 1938.

In Witness Whereof the said Hospital has caused this Certificate to be signed by its duly authorized officer and its Corporate Seal to be hereunto affixed.

Hospital
Number 3452/38.



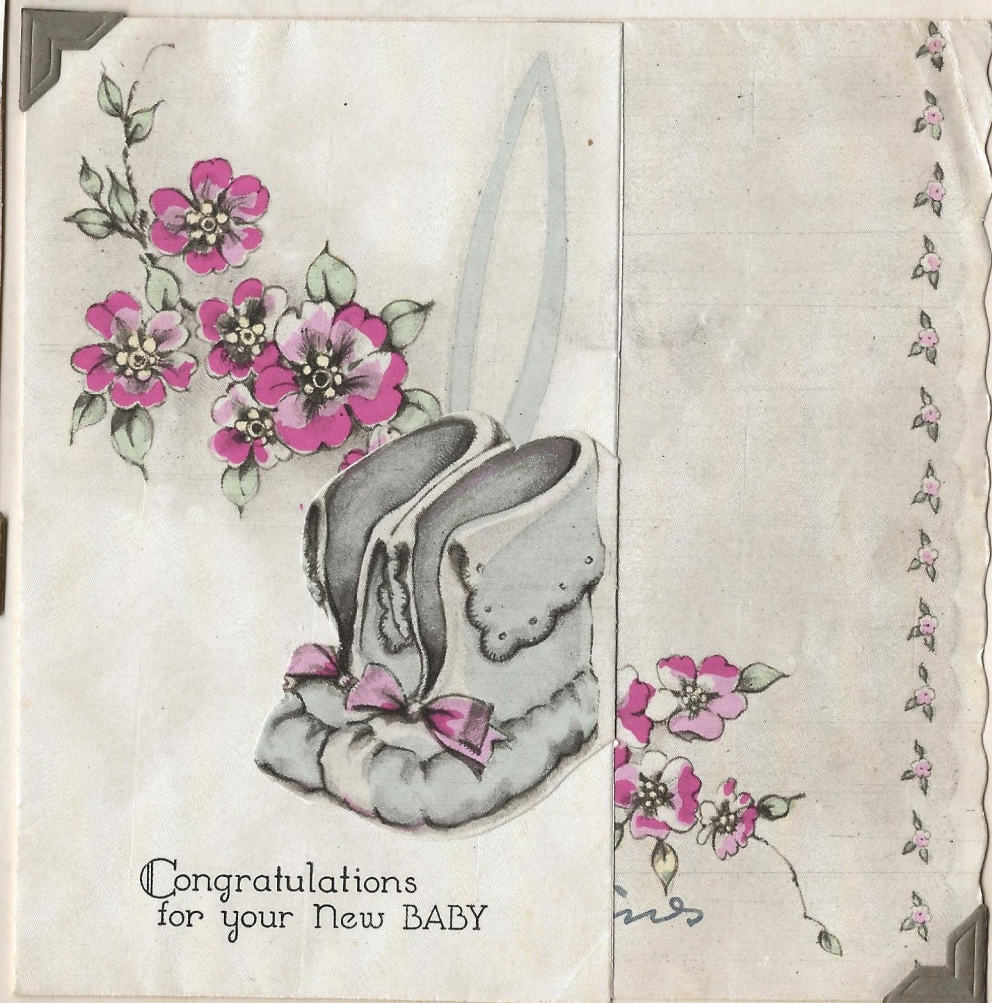

Obstetrician

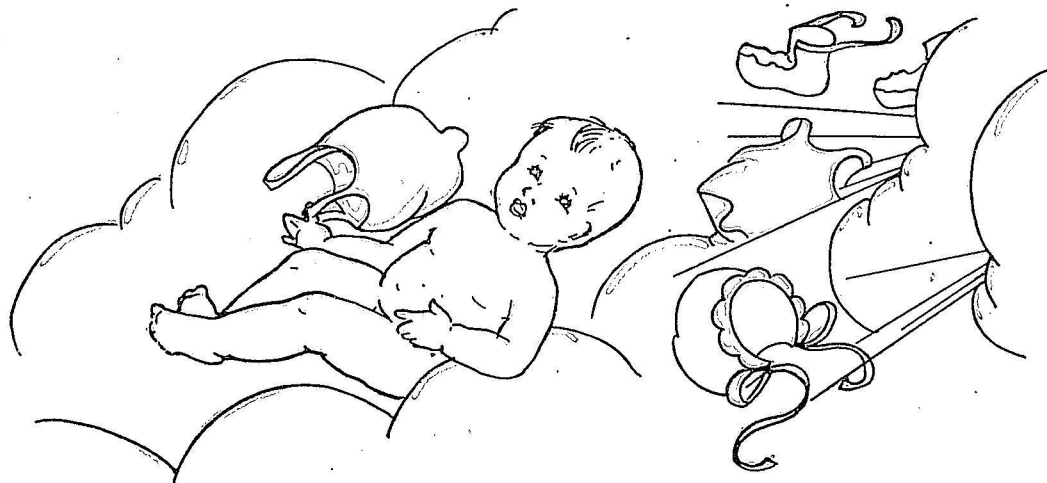

Superintendent

On the arrival of your
BABY GIRL



Congratulations
on the New ARRIVAL





I arrive

*Just blew into town today,
A wee small person I am they say;
Sweet and soft and round and pink,
Everyone's glad to see me I think.*

date April 8th, 1938.

place Victoria Hospital, London, Ontario.

time 11.24 a.m.

weight 7 pounds, 11 ounces

Mother Catherine
and Baby Winnifred



I arrive home,
April 23rd

Winnifred Evelyn Park's
first picture, at
home in
Brownsville,
Apr. 23/38.



Mother Edith and
Baby Catherine, mother-to-be.



Gifts

Pink sweater from Aunt Aleta
and Cousin Bonnie

I've ever so many presents folks bring,
Sweaters and bonnets and a soft fuzzy thing;
Toys I can play with and clothes I will wear;
A dish and a spoon, and a fat Teddy Bear.

White wool shawl and white-and-pink

bootees from Grandmother Leonard, Aunt Alice, & Aunt Evelyn

Pink wool bonnet from Rose Woodbine, Brownsville, R.R.

White wool sweater from the Kaydars

Blanket clips from Violet Best

One dollar from Grandfather Leonard

Madeira dress from Helen Goheen

Embroidered pillow cover from Myretta Cragg

Pink "angel skin" dress from Great Aunt Sarah Weekes

Waterproof "ducky" bib from Mrs. N. W. Corbett

Baby pillow from Aunt Lena

Blanket clips and pink silk boots from Margaret Slater

Madeira dress with smocking from Berta Campbell

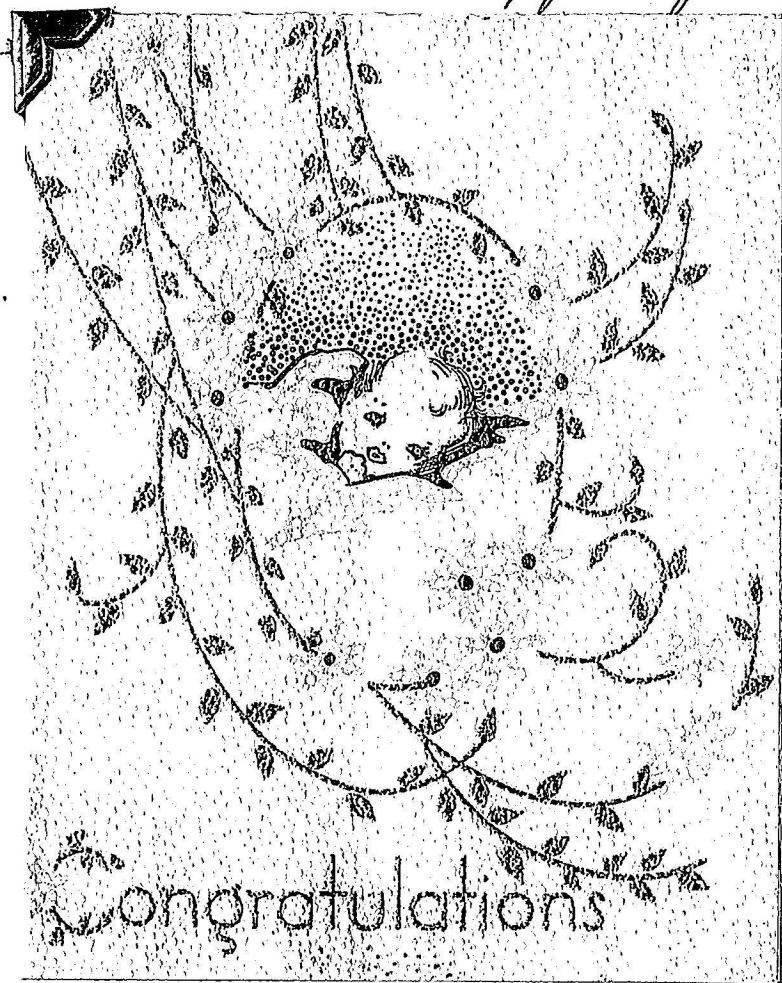
Small conical glass goblet, crystal and gold in colour, from Daddy

Pink brush and comb set from Mother

First Gifts

Musical Mickey Mouse rattle from Betty
Round "farmer boy" rattle from Douglas
Gold neck-chain and locket with initial from Aunt Evelyn
Kerr

Pink crepe bonnet from Clara Mills
Indian moccasin slippers from Aunt Alice





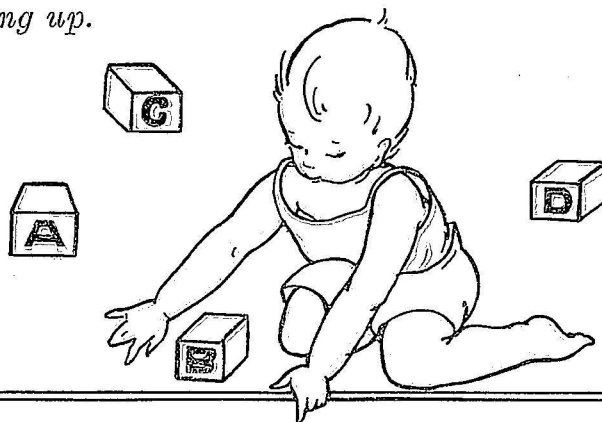
November
the Tenth,
Nineteen Hundred
and
Thirty-Eight

Two pictures taken
on my first day
at home.



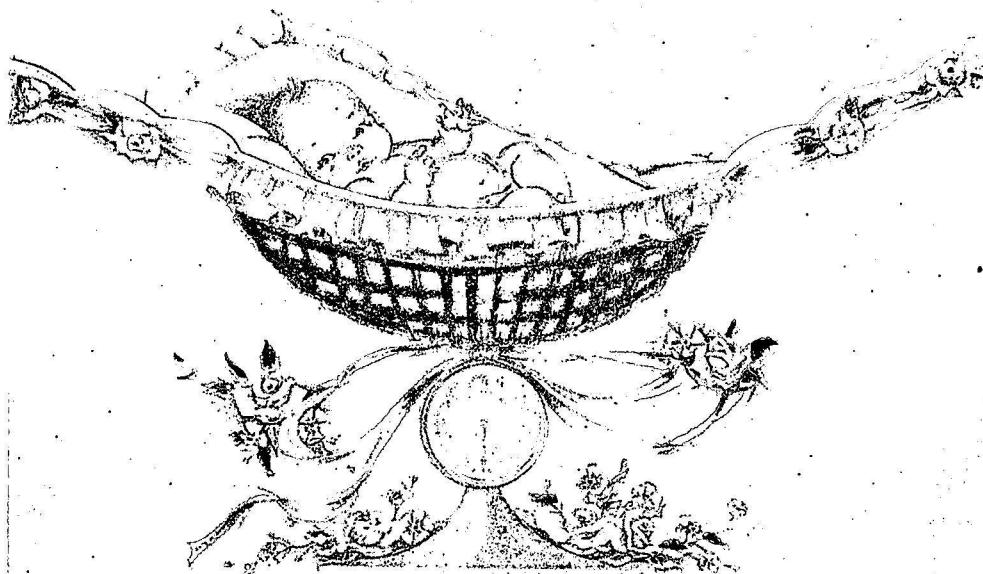
My height and weight

Once I was tiny, but I'm getting tall;
They mark my height against the wall;
I didn't weigh much more than my pup,
But I'm getting fat and growing up.



week		month	
At birth	-	3 months	12 lbs. 9 oz. --- height 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches
1	7 lb. 11 oz.	4 "	14 lbs. 6 oz. --- " 25 inches
2	7 lb. 10 oz.	5 "	15 lbs. 13 oz. --- " 27 "
3	7 " 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	6 "	17 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. --- " 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
4	8 " 6 "	7 "	17 15 oz. --- " 28 "
5	8 " 15 "	At one week short of	
6	9 " 3 "	8 months Winnifred	
7	9 " 10 "	must have been well	
8	10 " 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	over 18 lb. Her last	
9	10 " 12 "	resting-place had to	
10	11 " 3 "	be 6 inches longer than	
11	11 " 10 "	that used for other little ones called	
12	12 " 2 "	home at her early age. Mr. E. Ostrander	
		measured her 34 inches in height.	

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES



The first to see "Little Winsome"

April 10th, 1938 - Dr. Willford E. Park

" 13th " - Dr. W. J. Weekes, London (Uncle Doctor)

" 15th " - Mrs. Ker, Brownsville

Miss Doris Edlington, Ettrick → Arkona

Mrs. Hattie Gun, London, Mrs. Evelyn Kerr, (Aunt Evelyn,) Lambeth

Mrs. Ralph Johnson, Brownsville

Miss Jeanne King, " and Adrian

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Finch, Fair Ground

Mrs. Jack Grey, Barbara Foster, Mary, John and

Betty Grey, Fair Ground

Miss Rose Woodbine, Brownsville

Mrs. Arthur King, "

Miss Ruth Spring, "

Mrs. Charles Hall, "

Mrs. John Hopkins, "

Beverly and Joan Corbett, "

Marilyn Evey, "

Marion Gilbert, "

Mrs. Wilmot Gilbert and Norma, Brownsville

Dr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Mt. Elgin

Mrs. Harry Winters and Shirley, "

Mrs. Lloyd Moore, Brownsville

Mrs. McAllister, "

Mrs. A. Williamson and Ann, Brownsville

Mrs. N. W. Corbett, "

Mr. Watson Park, (Grandpa) Fair Ground
Mrs. Georgie Robbins, "
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Park, Simcoe (Uncle Will and Aunt Addie)
Mrs. W. M. Leonard (Grandmother), Lowbanks
Mrs. Claude Whitcroft, Brownsville
Mrs. Charles Pratt, "
Mrs. Truman Smith, Courtland
Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Lambeth
Uncle Clifford, Aunt Aleta and Bonnie
Uncle Montie and Aunt Lena
Mrs. Effie Park, Stanley and Vera Park, and Miss Minnie Harp
Mrs. Wilbert Roulston (née Amy Kule), Mossley
Mrs. Harry Clarke, Brownsville
Mrs. Nelson Boyer, "
Mrs. Carman Burgess, "
Jun. 8 Aunt Evelyn and Aunt Alice Leonard, Lowbanks - Toronto
Mrs. Ernest Smith, Brownsville
Aunt Anna Weekes and Ruth, Winnipeg
July 1 Miss Ethel Armstrong
Mrs. Ernie Smith and Miss Jessie Hawkins, Brownsville
Some of the girls of the Wide-Awake Sunday School Class
Mrs. J. R. McClintock, Brownsville
Mrs. Harry Corbett, "

Member's Card

Baby



Band

All over this great round beautiful world
Are babies with dear little faces,
And some are dark and some are fair,
And some live in distant places.

And all of the little folk far and near
Should think of each other with love,
For all have the same wide earth for home,
And the same dear Father above.

Winnifred Evelyn Park

Is a Member of the Baby Band

The Woman's Missionary Society of The Unit

Brownsville

May 4, 1938
DATE



IN DEEPEST
SYMPATHY

*From the
Brownsville
W.M.S.*

*Though Little Winnifred
never got past the Baby Band of the
W.M.S., still I'm sure God has some
noble work for her to do for Him.*



After my first carriage
ride, (May 29/38) in the
great outdoors.



Three
months
old
to-day,
July 8/38.

(Dr. Van Fleet rose and
the glads in the background)

Mother's
Day,
May 8,
1938.



Everybody
wants to
hold me!



May 8.



Douglas in pear tree in
May 8



By the
Frasco Road
Douglas
cross
perennial
border

July '38 May 8

Incidents

Winnifred first had her finger-nails cut at the age of three weeks, and her hair was first trimmed when she was seventeen days old.

Our Little Winsome started lifting her head away from Mother's shoulder very noticeably when she was between three and four weeks old, and soon could hold herself erect from the waist, when held in Mother's arms.

When Daddy came home from the O. M. A. convention in Toronto on May 6, Winnifred Evelyn gave him and Mother a beautiful smile. A day or two later Grandmother Leonard, on her first visit to her new granddaughter was rewarded by a lovely "three-cornered smile of bliss."

From
Winnifred's
first
hair-cut,
a neck trim
by Mother.

Incidents (cont'd.)

On Sunday, May 15, Winnifred, all unconsciously, took part in her first drama, our Sunday Bible drama for the children. Lying in her carriage she played (?) the part of the infant Moses among the bulrushes. * See next "incidents" page.

On Sunday, May 29, Wee Winsome had her first outing in the baby carriage. Mother manoeuvred the buggy over the bumps in the sidewalk, Daddy and Betty walked alongside, while Douglas on the tricycle dashed about in the style of an escort of honour.

A week later Winnifred paid her first call; she visited Mrs. N. W. Corbett, Beverly and Joan at the Brownsville home of the former.

On Father's Day, June 19, Wee W. E. went with the rest of the family for a very bumpy ride in the Ford to visit Grandpa in Fair Ground.

Winnifred attended her first church service on July 3, resting on blanket and pillow on the pew beside Mother. She was so good and quiet, even sleeping through most of the service, that some of the congregation didn't know she was present at all.

Winnifred went with us to Lowbanks for a week of holidays July 8th to 15th during which time she was a delight to her grandparents and all the household. She also learned to "go" to herself about this time, and tried, with occasional success, to set swinging with her hand the tiny Chinese brass bell that dangled from the hood of her bassinette.



My first word

*I knew it was Mother who took care of me,
So I spoke her name one day just to see.*

*I called "mamma" a goodly number of times about 5:00 a.m.,
October 14, but she knew this "word" was just a natural accident.*

My first laugh

*I think it's very funny to see,
How my Teddy Bear sits and looks at me.*

*July 5/38 When pulling Daddy's hair,
observed by Daddy and Mother.*



*My first tooth appeared on my lower jaw
on October 28th, 1938, 2nd tooth Nov. 17th, 3rd tooth Nov 25th,
4th tooth a little later.*

More words

Waw-waw-waw

Wa-wa-wa

Da-da



Uncle Doctor and Winnifred, the oldest and youngest at the Weekes Re-union, July 20, 1938, at "The Maples", Glencoe, Ontario, R.R. #1.

Baby's Doings

Things I do

"Dressing Up", or "Pretending To Be"

A soldier or sailor that sails on the sea;

Or fighting wild animals, or just reading my book,

Or step on my shadow and pretend not to look.

At

3½ months (approximately) I tried so hard to touch that little bell swinging from the hood of my bassinette, but my hands seemed to refuse to follow my eyes, so that I couldn't even make it swing until after many attempts.

4 months. I tried talking to myself in whole syllables, or by saying "ccccc". Later I favoured "mmmm", later still combined methods (1) and (3) with sputtering and blowing bubbles.

4½ months. I started playing with my feet.

5 months. I started reaching for bright things even when they were in not in motion.



Baby's Doings (cont'd)

At 5 months, 1 week, Winnifred gripped her "farmer boy" rattle firmly and gave it a thorough shaking.

16th of September (4 months +) she first took a little ride and dangle in her canvas swing which hung in the kitchen doorway.

11th of October she managed to lick her ^{right} foot as she lay on her bath stool, but on the 12th she had the big toe right in her mouth. Preference for the right foot still persists at time of writing (October 16)

5 to 6 months. Winnifred learned a number of voice tricks around this time. The sham cough was amusing, as was the trick of a series of short explosive exhalations resembling panting. A long quivering exhalation somewhat like the breathless end of a long laugh was a favourite trick for a while. Mock panting provided the wee lady with an interesting pastime, but the squealing habit lasted longer. Everything from faint little notes to roaring squeals that bring on a cough sometimes, all varieties of squeals and chatters were included in "little squeakheart's" repertory.

Oct. 17 Winnifred enjoyed sucking her first chicken bone.

Oct. 20? She took hold of her nipple in one hand and pushed it into her mouth!

Oct. 21? Wee Winsome sat up alone for an instant, the hollow of her carriage mattress helping to support her.

Oct. 22 She tried a little pabulum but did her best to spit it out and keep it spat out.

Oct. 23 Winnifred first sat up to have her slip and dress put on, with Mother's knee behind and Mother's arm before for support. On this day she held out her arms to go (?) to Cousin Berta. A week later she was reaching toward Daddy and Mother quite noticeably.

Oct. 28 She clicked her first tooth on her pabulum spoon.

Baby had a cute little habit in her early days, if I remember rightly, of flopping her lower lip against her upper one very rapidly, just for her own amusement.



Mother's Day,
May 8, 1938



July, 1938.

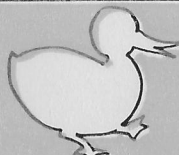
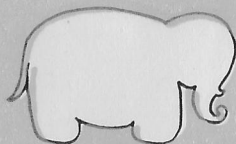
My characteristics

*To hear folks wonder whose nose I have,
Or eyes or hair or ways I have;
It seems so very strange you see,
That they'd not know that I'm just me.*

*Winnifred resembled nearly
every one in the immediate
connection at some time or other.*

*She had my brown hair and
blue-gray eyes, and looked considerably
like some of my baby pictures, but*

*she had "gothic" eye-brows just like Wilford's, and the shapeliest
little mouth a baby ever had.*





October 9, just before our
Thanksgiving visit to South Cayuga



My first tooth

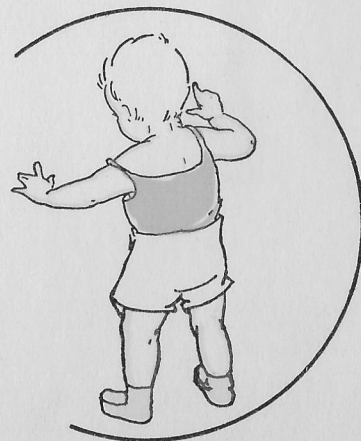
*It's been so sore and kind of red,
My first tooth's here, Mother said.*

Oct. 28, 1938

My first

*~~I wasn't very steady, b~~
~~And Mother held my l~~
chicken bone!*

*How the little
lady enjoyed it!
She could hardly
bear to have it
taken away
finally (Oct. 17)*





Sept. 23.

My swing with
the pretty beads on
the wire in front.
I like to chew those
beads and the
hanging-tapes, too.



My favorite toys

I've toys of all sorts and kinds,
Some that pulls and some that winds;
Some that stands and some that sits,
And some are just my favorites.

See my blanket clips
and the pretty rattle
Douglas gave me? These
are what I like best to
play with, but Betty's
red rubber teddy bear, and
a nice clattery
aluminum
custard
cup are
lots of
fun, too.



Nov. 10.

Last snapshots of a lovely little lady.



With Clara



With Marie

*November 18th,
1938.*



I sit up

Up I sat and looked around,
There was my Teddy Bear on the ground.

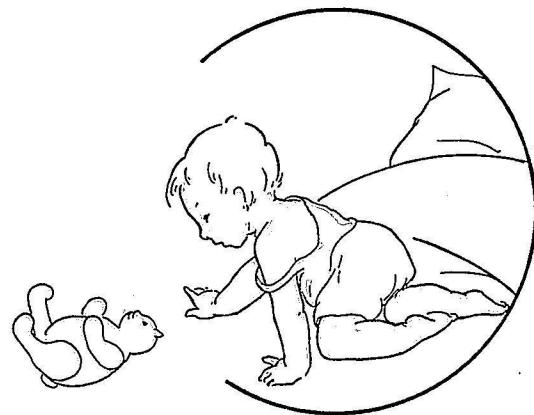
Oct. 16. I managed to sit straight for an instant in my nice soft carriage to-day, but I'm really too wobbly to do much at it yet.

Nov. 19. Winnifred sat up for a few moments on a rug on the floor, before toppling forward in a cornerwise direction.

I can crawl now

It wasn't so hard to do at all,
I just fell down and started to crawl.

No, she will never need to crawl. Freed from human limitations, she can soar instead. (Dec. 4th, 1938)



Incidents (cont'd)

* One other Sunday Winnifred was the infant Joash carried in terror and haste to safety (upstairs) by his nurse (played by Mother) when news came of the death of his father, the King.

In August her ladyship attended the Brownville Baptist Church for a Sunday afternoon service. She "minded the heat" rather badly until finally she fell asleep. On Sunday, October 16, came her third trip to church, this time to the morning anniversary service at Delmer United Church. She talked and cried a little but, refreshed by a short nap, was cheery enough to join, not too unmusically, in the last hymn.

Winnifred spent Thanksgiving Day, along with the rest of the family, at grandfather's new parsonage home in South Cayuga, and watched us eat a delicious supper in Uncle Will and Aunt Addie's new home in Simcoe that same evening, Oct. 10.

Winnifred had a full course of whooping cough vaccine in the summer of 1938 and five doses of scarlet fever toxin in the fall of 1938.

Winnifred attended Fair Ground anniversary service November 1st, sat and played on Daddy's lap through a great part of the service, and finally, I think, went to sleep lying on the seat. Many admiring friends gathered around our winsome little one after the service church.

Nov. 6th Winnifred rested in the lobby in her carriage during service. She fretted a little when bottle time came.

so Mother slipped out to the vestibule and gave her a nice warm bottle of milk that she had tucked away in the carriage well wrapped up to keep it at good temperature. Whenever Mother moved as though to go back into church Winnifred cried, even with her bottle in her mouth. At last I persuaded her that I wouldn't be far away even though I was out of sight. Then I was able to go back into church for the last hymns.

One October Sunday Winnifred lay in our Brownsville pew during service, while Betty beamed down upon her from beyond the central dividing arm-rest.

Winnifred went to Elora with the family to visit Uncle Clifford, Aunt Aleta, and Bonnie. In spite of a bad cold which, along with the strange surroundings, kept her unhappy part of the afternoon, she seemed to find pleasure later on in Bonnie's company and friendly advances. (October 29)

The trip to Elora was the first occasion on which our dear little one wore her pink hunting bag. Mother made ^{it} the night (and early morning) before, after the Mission Circle - Mission Band Halloween party, and Winnifred looked so sweet in it, like a rosy little ghost, dancer, or hooded monk.

Incidents (cont'd)

Winnifred wore her hunting bag ^{also} to a social afternoon at Mrs. Lloyd Smith's home one day in November.

November 22nd. Winnifred delighted in bending backward and forward in her carriage, thus making it roll forward and back along the floor. That day while she ^{was} playing this little game in the presence of Mrs. Sinclair ("Ruddy," née Margaret Rutherford) she sputtered suddenly and loudly, making Ruddy liken her to a little motor car.

Wee Winsome tried out Cousin Bonnie's rocker a few times, but was so much interested in the upturned black rubber castors that spent her time reaching for them instead of learning to hold the little handle bar and rock herself. Her little legs were too short to allow her pink-booted feet to rest flat on the floor, and therefore she couldn't push with them but had to swing back and forth in the seat to start her rocker rocking.

Now cunning Winnifred looked the day she rode to Mrs. Norman Corbett's in her bath-tub set on Douglas's little wagon. Douglas pulled the wagon while I steadied the tub which Wee Winsome had outgrown and ^{which} we were returning to Mrs. Corbett.

Monday, Nov. 28.

Baby went to bed early, as did the big children, for all were a little miserable with colds. ^{Tues. the 29th} She awoke when Wilford and I went to our bedroom and didn't settle down again at once. We worked with her from 11.30 to 12.30 giving a mild-mustard plaster and other treatment after which she slept fairly well till morning.

Wednesday, Nov. 30 Tuesday and Wednesday Winnifred had only a sponge bath because her little nose was running and her appetite rather poor. I gave her nose drops the last thing Wednesday night before going to the Springfield production, "George in a Jam." ⁱⁿ She had been much happier on the way to bed that night than on Mon. or Tues. when I tried ^{vainly} to console her. However, she was a little restless that night and didn't drink quite all her breakfast milk on -

Thursday, Dec. 1. She seemed much better this morning, and I ventured to give her a bath after washing my own hair. She was delighted at the gambols of my wayward, frizzy locks, took them as something planned especially to give her a good game. I watched her in the hall mirror while I held her in my arms. She laughed, and reached for the unruly curls. Her vaccination for small-pox (given about November 22nd) was taking well and I tried, not very successfully, to keep from wetting the dressing. This made her bath take rather long, the longer since I put the wrong shirt on her by mistake and thought I had to change it. In any case, her laughter

gradually subsided to fretfulness and drowsiness. She refused to eat her pabulum as she sat in her high chair by the piano, refused to drink her milk when laid in her carriage, yet didn't seem able to rest easily when wheeled out into the hall. I let Betty and Douglas try to coax her to drink while I continued sewing upstairs, but it was no use. After dinner Wilford discovered a suspicion of chest trouble and greased the little ^{girl} "all around about". I cancelled my intended trip to Tillsonburg and tried to nurse the baby in the warm front room. She lay very still and white, and could take only a little food at a time. I managed to give her more than half a bottle of milk and some orange juice but she did not keep it down. Pneumonia had very definitely developed ^{in the right lung} by night. With the aid of the alarm clock we gave the medicine prescribed by Dr. Alexander every three hours through the night, also feeding her orange juice and corn ^{syrup} and applying mustard. She was most restless between one and three o'clock, and kept losing the fluids she took. I nursed her all day Friday with hardly a moment to spare. Clara did the regular Friday baby wash and also stayed overnight to help. She was so thoughtful and helpful

throughout our two hard days and one hard night, bringing hot drinks to Wilford and me, and going on duty while we snatched some sleep between 11.00 p. m. and 1.00 or 1.15 a. m. The second lung was affected by Friday evening, when Wilford returned from London with oxygen and some new instructions from Dr. Little. Neither treatment could stay the progress of the disease, though we were able to take down the poison distension by morning, and though her temperature became a little lower after Dr. Little's call and assistance between nine and ten Saturday morning. Our last blessed and memorable moment together came after Little Sweetheart had had a sleep of an hour or more induced by steaming, giving oxygen, and perhaps by the effect of sulphanilamide injections. It was around seven o'clock Saturday morning when Winnifred awoke, her eyes calm and bright in the pale, sweet loveliness of her face, a damp curl clinging to her forehead. A little later I carried some pure, clear water upstairs in Lila's beautiful crystal goblet, and in presence of our own little family circle I baptized my darling "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," ending with the prayer: "God bless thee and receive thee unto Himself."

Mother, Father and Wesley arrived from South Cayuga some time after Dr. Little's visit and Wesley drove to Tillsonburg for Marie Elson, the trained nurse. When Marie took charge Wilford lay down, exhausted. Wesley and I procured some additional oxygen equipment from Mr. Barnhardt at the Continuation School, but it was never used.

The end came between one and two o'clock Saturday afternoon when the little one quietly ceased breathing. Marie was just returning from a hasty dinner downstairs, and applied oxygen at once, then sent for Wilford. All efforts to stimulate lung or heart action failed, however, and we had to give up. By the grace of the Most High I was able to keep steady and tried to help Wilford and Mother who was weeping for us both. But Wilford had to be my strength and comfort in the later days of loneliness and heart-ache. That first day, even, he gave me the sustaining thought that Winnifred had not lost her chance of living her life, but would go on living, ^{and growing} in a more beautiful and wonderful way, free from human limitations, in God's other world. From this thought grew the little poem upon which I concentrated in the wakeful hours of the night, either between Saturday and

Sunday, or between Sunday and Monday. There was some sad comfort in thus composing a poem for my little one; it distracted my thoughts from more heart-breaking channels and helped to strengthen my faith by epitomizing the beliefs I had begun to cling to — I ^{had} never given them much thought before my darling's going home. I have since turned ^{sometimes} to the words of my verse to remind myself of the realities of that Other World and thus have eased the pain of thinking on what might have been. When I mourn over the unfulfilled promises of physical beauty and intellectual ability in Winnifred I remind myself that the best of physical loveliness is the result of a human soul showing itself through the medium of physical expression. How beautiful then must be that soul, and her soul lives on. Intellectual attainment, too, is all but purposeless apart from the soul, which is nourished in part by intellectual appreciations and which gives purpose to mental abilities by directing them in the service of mankind; and her soul lives on. How much faster and farther it can progress over there than it could have done here! How can I mourn then, for little earthly promises unfulfilled? My little poem lies beside my baby now, fastened with loops of white satin ribbon (from Helen Goheen) to my own little spray of flowers in which three white baby chrysanthemum clusters stand for

her purity and innocence, two pink rosebuds (from Mrs. M. Ker, of Brownsville) pay tribute to her warm, bright perfection of physical beauty, and the fern I grew in Wilford's front office symbolizes all my loving labour for little "light of my life." A single deep pink rosebud with its lacy fern lies by her left hand, a gift from all our family to our little little rosebud who has gone to bloom more sweetly in the Better Land. Her right hand rests against her lovely rounded cheek as she sleeps in her narrow satin bed, soft white pansies flowering the cover and walls of her tiny casket, and the silver plate inscribed "Our Darling" looks down upon her last, long, peaceful slumbering.

A facsimile of the poem that lies beside

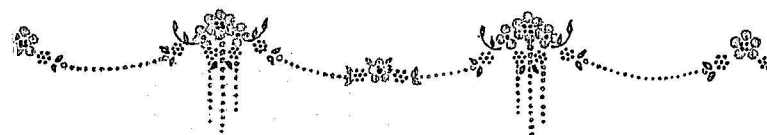
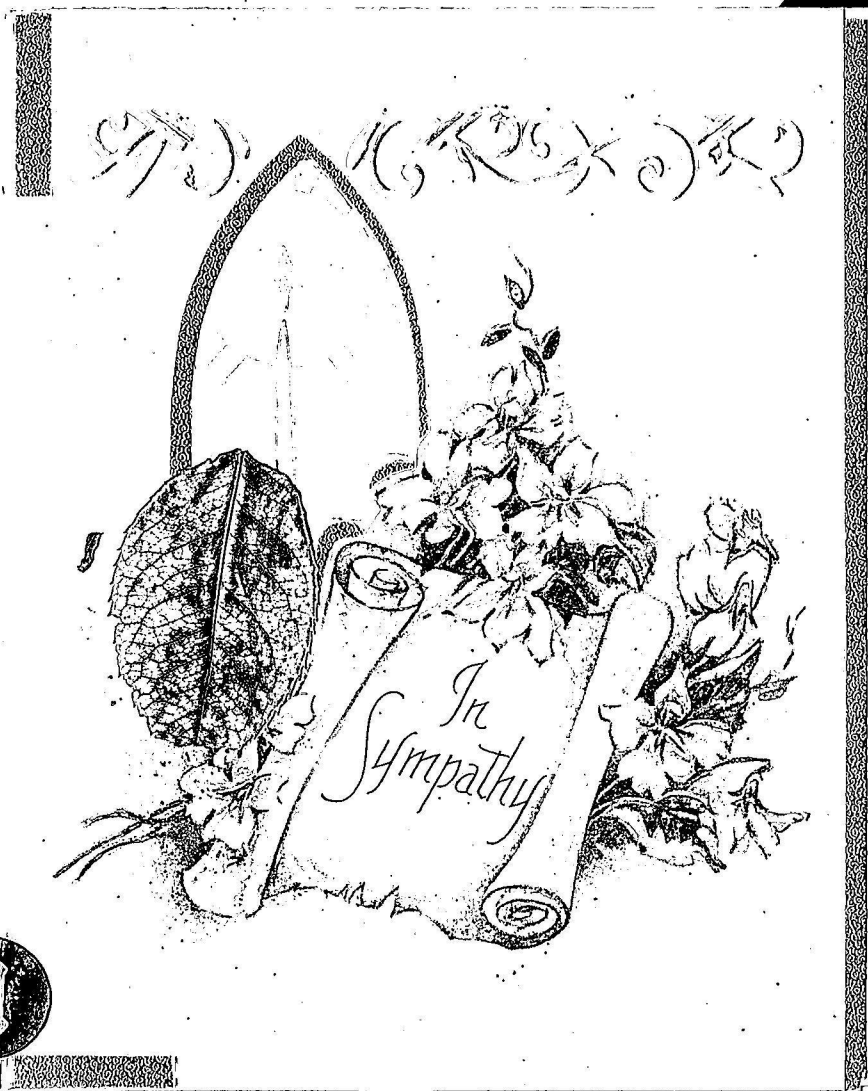
Winifred
Evelyn.

For my
Little Daughter,
Dec. 5th, 1938.
Little sweetheart, sleep in peace,
Mother's love will never cease.
When at last, some gladder day,
My soul, too, shall break away
From earth's sweet bonds,
What joy to rise

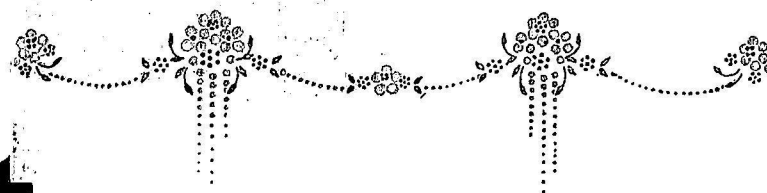


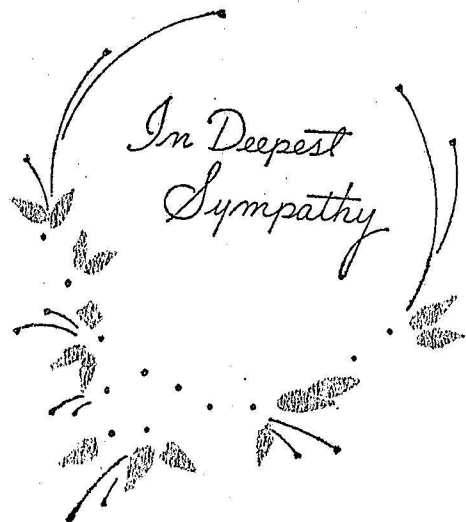
Winnifred Evelyn, baby
ter of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Park
Brownsville, passed away on Sa
urday afternoon after an illness of
only two days. She was only eight
months old and was in the best of
health until Thursday, when she
developed pneumonia. Besides her
bereaved parents she leaves her
brother and sister, Douglas and
Betty Park. The funeral was held
on Monday afternoon at the late
residence, Rev. E. A. Poulter con
ducted the service. During the
service a choir of young girls sang
very sweetly, "Safe In The Arms
of Jesus," and the hymns "He
Leadeth Me" and "Face to Face"
were sung with Mrs. O. C. Smith
as pianist. The floral tributes were
numerous and beautiful. Richard
Baxter, Maurice Pratt, Jack Ker
and Arthur Woolley were the
pallbearers. Interment was in the
family plot in the Tillsonburg
Cemetery.

Winnifred Evelyn, baby
ter of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Park
Brownsville, passed away on Sa
urday afternoon after an illness of
only two days. She was only eight
months old and was in the best of
health until Thursday, when she
developed pneumonia. Besides her
bereaved parents she leaves her
brother and sister, Douglas and
Betty Park. The funeral was held
on Monday afternoon at the late
residence, Rev. E. A. Poulter con-
ducted the service. During the
service a choir of young girls sang
very sweetly, "Safe In The Arms
of Jesus," and the hymns "He
Leadeth Me" and "Face to Face"
were sung with Mrs. O. C. Smith
as pianist. The floral tributes were
numerous and beautiful. Richard
Baxter, Maurice Pratt, Jack Ker
and Arthur Woolley were the
pallbearers. Interment was in the
family plot in the Tillsonburg
Cemetery.

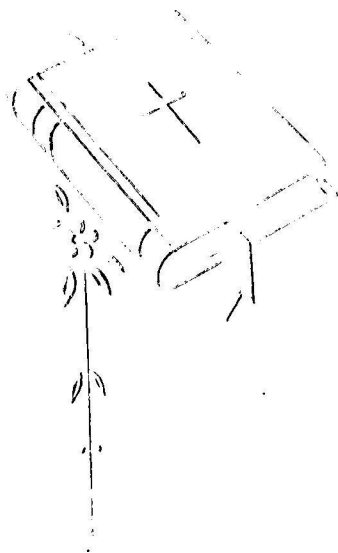


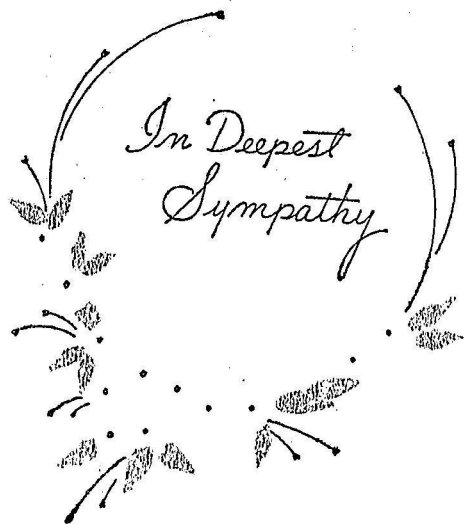
Sincere
Sympathy



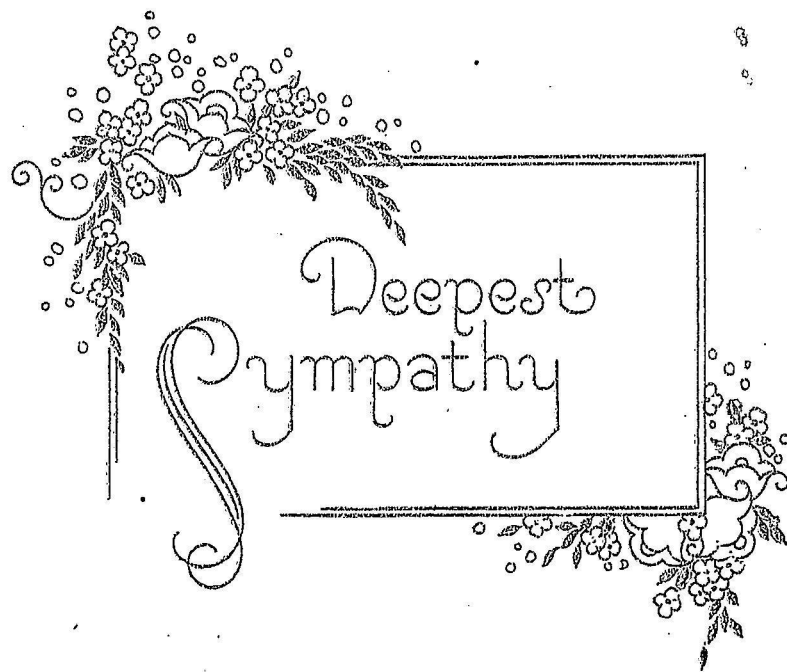
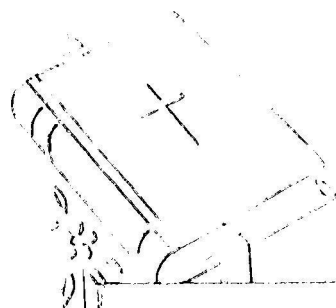


With
Deepest Sympathy





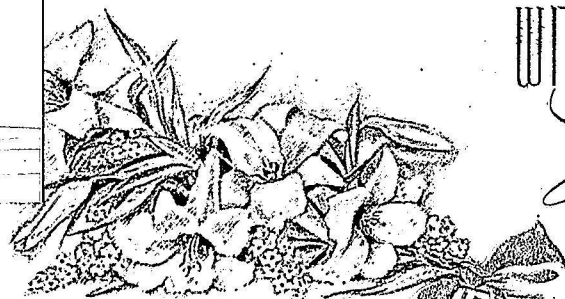
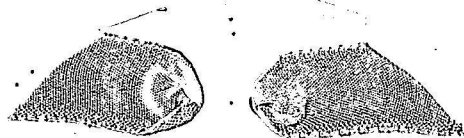
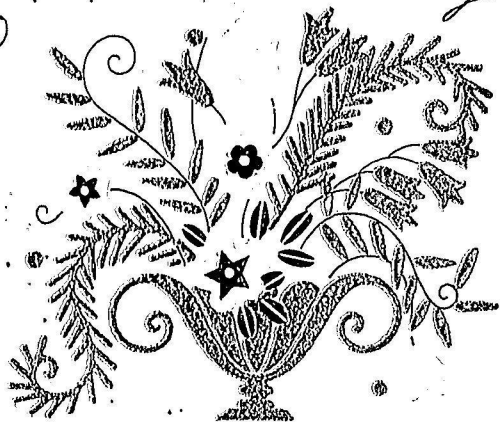
With
Deepest Sympathy





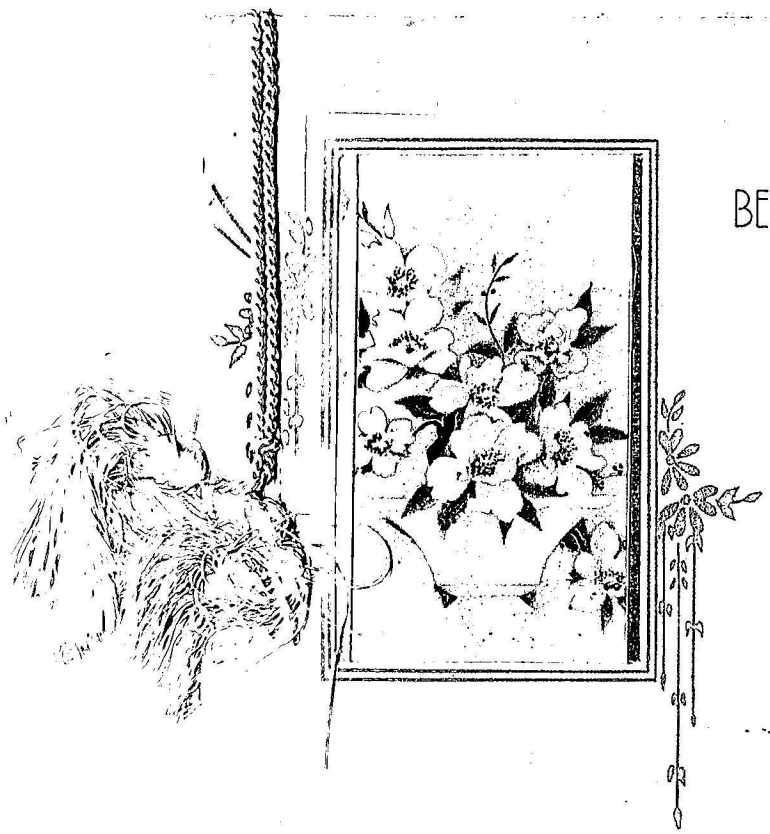
IN DEEPEST
SYMPATHY

With Sympathy



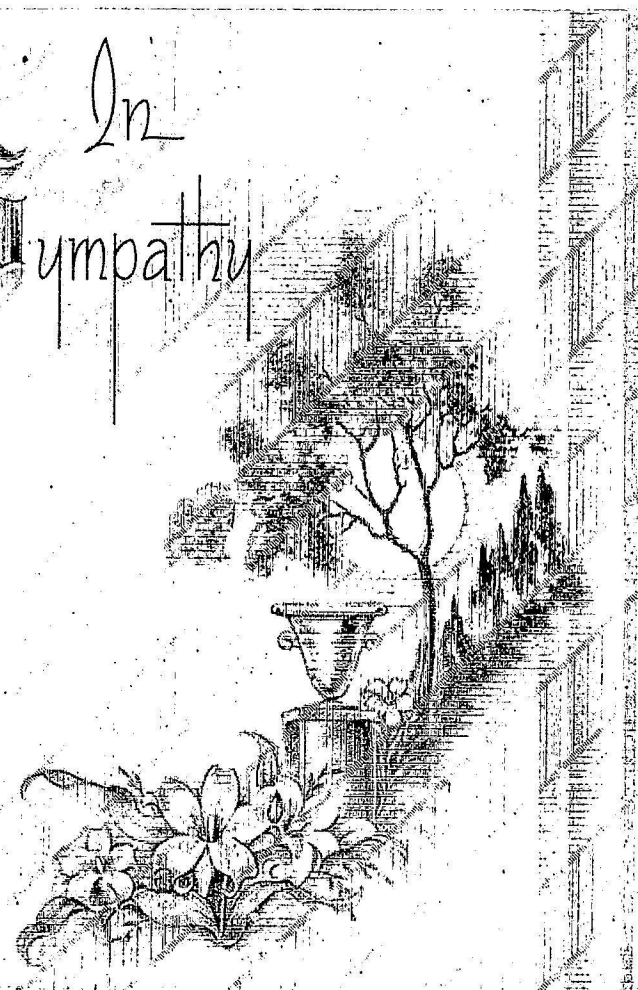
WITH
Sympathy



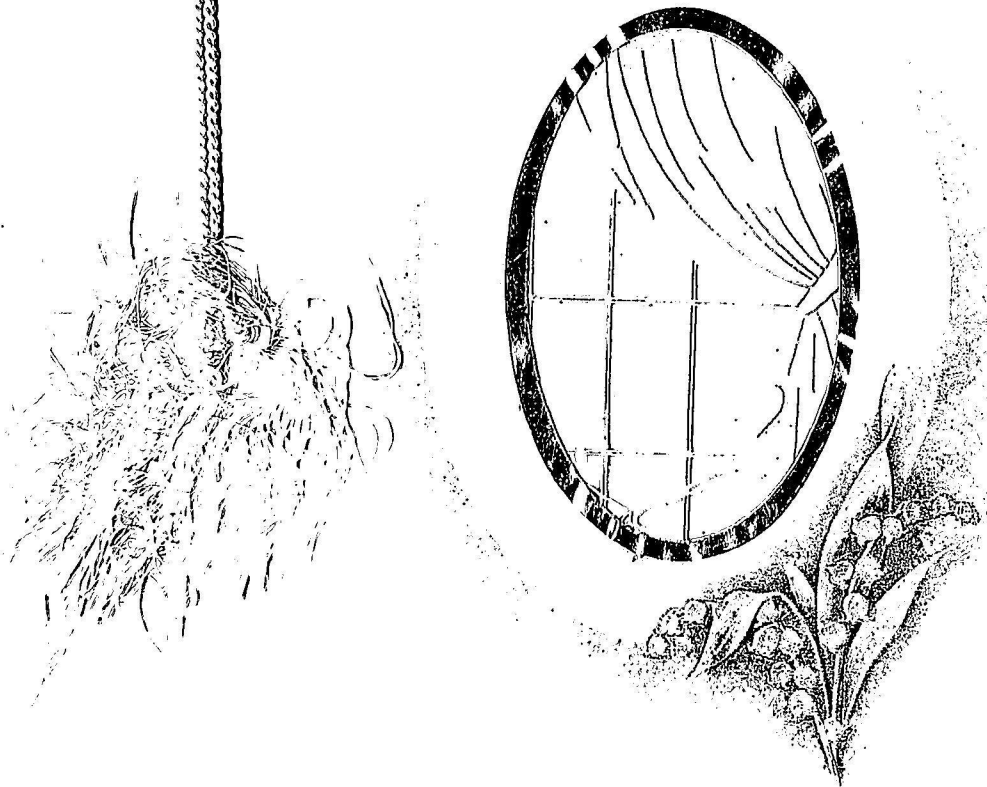


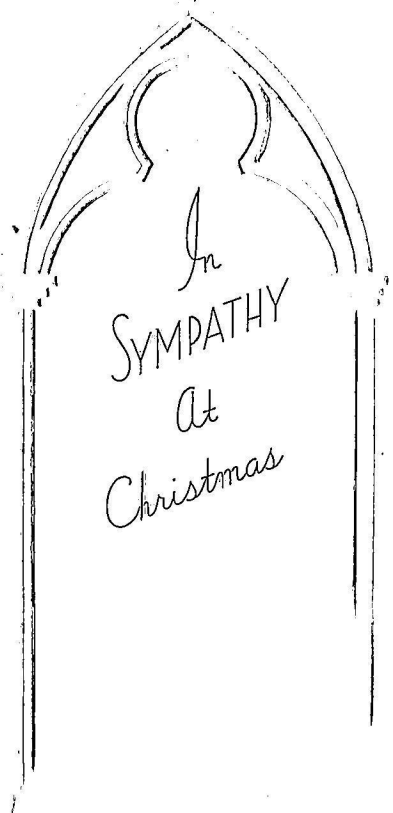
BEAUTIFUL
ISLE
of Somewhere

In
Sympathy



Although The Curtain Falls

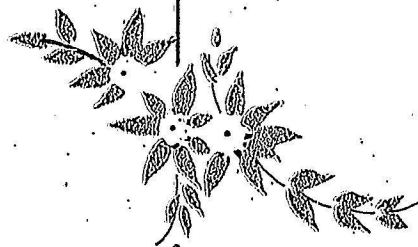




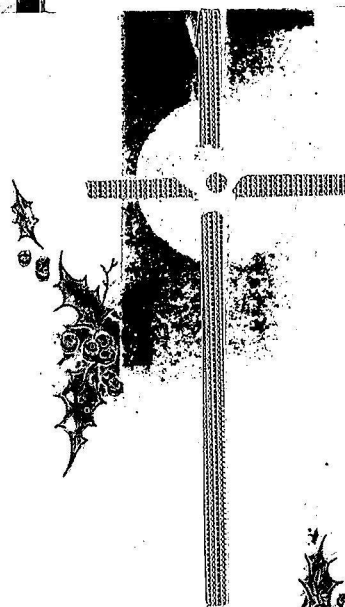
In
SYMPATHY
At
Christmas



In
Your Hour
of Sorrow



Season's
Greetings



A Christmas
Prayer





*With Sympathy
at Christmas Time*



Sympathy at Christmastide



PEACE AT CHRISTMAS



GOD UNDERSTANDETH

JOB 28:23

God understandeth thy trouble and care,
Sees when the burden seems grievous to bear;
God understandeth when false grows a friend—
He, and He only, is true to the end.

God understandeth each thought of thy heart:
Knows why and wherefore the sudden tears start;
Feels, oh! so keenly, thy trouble and grief,
Longing intensely to give thee relief.

Cast thyself, then, on His wonderful love,
He will uphold thee with strength from above;
Yield Him thyself, He will do all the rest,
God understandeth, and God knoweth best.

M. Colley

The last to see "Little Winsome"

—as she lay in her tiny casket in the bay window
of our beautiful made-over front room.

Mrs. Andrew Baxter
Mrs. John Hopkins
Mrs. Norman Corbett
Aunt Effie, Vera and Stanley Park
Uncle Ezra Park
Mr. Andrew Baxter
Duncan, Berta, and Jean Campbell
Mrs. Emma McAllister
Mrs. George Clarke and Flossie
Mrs. Nelson Boyer
Mrs. Claude Whitcroft
Louise King
Ruth Honsberger, later Muriel
and Keta
Mr. and Mrs. George Smith
Mrs. Knowles, Ralph and Ray
Mrs. Alva Thompson
Clara and Austin Mills
Mrs. James Clarke

Mrs. Charlie Hall
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence
Honsberger |
Mrs. Ker
Mr. and Mrs. Victor Woolley
and Max
Uncle Steve and Aunt Edith
Hugh, Alta, and Betty
McDonald
Ruth Spring and her mother
Isabel Monteith
Mrs. Poulter
"Ruddy" Sinclair
Mr. and Mrs. Barnhardt
Arthur and Jean Williamson
Gladys Jacob
Erna Johnson
Mildred Green
Lloyd and Shirley Moore
Mrs. Herb McClintock
Mrs. Will King
Mrs. Ida Long
Mr. Ed. Mills

Uncle Will and Aunt Addie Park
Uncle Clifford
Grandfather, Grandmother Leonard
Aunt Evelyn and Aunt Alice Leonard
Grandpa Park
Uncle Montie and Aunt Lena Park
Uncle Earl and Aunt Clara Finch
Uncle Lorne and Aunt Mina[?] Marshman
Uncle Kal Pattison
Ethel Armstrong
Uncle Wesley[?] Leonard

and many others who were present
at the funeral. December 5th, 1938.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Park wish to thank all those who by prayer and kindly sympathy and in many other ways have helped in our time of sorrow. Little Winnifred has been a joy and blessing throughout the few short months of her life with us, and her memory will continue precious. We should like to dedicate this poem to our little daughter.

Little sweetheart, sleep in peace,
Our dear love will never cease.
When at last, some gladder day,
Our souls too shall break away.
From earth's sweet bonds, what joy
to rise
And look again into thine eyes
In the world where spirits truly
blend!

Ah then!

To what wondrous beauty grown
Shall we find our precious one!
Little sweetheart, sleep in peace,
Our dear love will never cease.

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