

OBITUARY

Of Mrs. Sarah Hibbs, who passed away at the home of her son, J. V. Mustard, Sunday, March 15th. Her maiden name was Sarah Jones. She was born January 30, 1827, so at the time of her demise she was 81 years, 1 month and 15 days old. She was twice married, and was the fond mother of eleven children; six sons and five daughters. Her first marriage took place in 1845 to J. V. Mustard. Seven children were born to this union; five sons and two daughters. On June 16th, 1859, he died and left her with a house full of small children; but being brave and industrious, she managed to keep the wolf from the door.

She remarried in 1863, a prosperous and well-to-do farmer of this place by the name of Samuel Hibbs. Four children came to them, three daughters and one son. Of the eleven children only four sons survive. They are T. J. Mustard, of Pike county; L. B. and J. V. Mustard and Mack Hibbs, of Garden township. The dead are as follows: Fernando, Andrew, Seloma and Martha Mustard and Louella, Alice and Osie Hibbs. Two brothers and two sisters are left and a host of friends to mourn her loss. Andrew Jones, of Otway, is a brother. He arrived at the cemetery just in time to take the last sad look at the still form of his much beloved sister before the grave encompassed all that was mortal of her.

Our hearts are sad without her, and she is greatly missed, but why would we wish to call her back to this unfriendly world. She has got the rest she so often called for through her afflictions.

She was a benevolent housewife, a lovable companion, a kind and affectionate mother. Her calls for rest will linger long in the minds of many. But lo, and behold, sweet rest came at last. When the hand of the clock pointed directly at 7 Sunday morning the Savior smiled a sweet smile, and said: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and are heavy laden. I will give you rest."

Now children, let me say to you, think not of your mother dead, but as living; not as a flower that has withered and fallen by the wayside, but as one that is transplanted and touched by the hand of divinity, is blooming in richer colors and sweeter shades than those of earth. She is not lost to you who are found to Christ; not taken from you, but merely gone before. Like a star she has vanished from your sight merely to shine brighter in another and far sereener clime. God hold you patient and uncomplaining, and help you to bear the weight of the cross. This noble spirit is not dead but sweetly sleeping in Jesus. For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, "Even so them which also sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

Her remains were interred in the Mustard cemetery beside those of her first husband.

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