

was sixteen, and Necey used to ask me to help do all her housework. She was young and shiftless like I was. That was the last I saw of her. We used to write after I moved to Farmington. She went on to become a nurse at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, and many years later married Wilford Clark. I never knew him.⁴

While she lived on Springdale Farm Aunt Necey's health failed, but she lived long enough to become loved by the boys of Georgetown who came to use Springdale's spring water swimming hole. Almost always she baked biscuits or hot bread and had it buttered and waiting for the youngsters when they were dried and dressed after their freezing swim on summer days.

Her companionship to the Patriarch, short-lived tho it was, provided at least a pleasant memory to those descendants who never knew the first Grandmother Clark. The death of Aunt Necey, as she was known, began the final chapter in the life of Wilford Woodruff Clark: that of Stake Patriarch, missionary for the Church, enthusiastic traveler and temple worker, and symbol of the Gospel in action to Clark and non-Clark alike.

Six weeks after the death of Pernecy in 1943, Apostle Joseph F. Merrill set apart Bishop Clark as Montpelier Stake Patriarch. In this capacity he culminated a lifetime of counseling and inspiration to those who sought his presence. His immediate usefulness as official Patriarch to a stake must have been curtailed, however, for he spent almost half of his remaining years away from his home. But there were always many in his stake who awaited his returns to Springdale to receive their Patriarchal Blessings from him.

With his son, LeGrand, now running the farm, the Patriarch used Springdale as his headquarters to which he reported after his various travels. He had four separate missions to California, several winterings at the St. George (Utah) Temple or the Mesa (Arizona) Temple, nine months living in Honolulu, Hawaii, and several final years living