

me aside and said, 'I want you to know that I, too, enjoyed your talk. But let us remember that whenever any good is accomplished in a matter such as this, the Lord is to be given the credit for it, not you nor I.'⁹

Altho he took his calling seriously, Bishop Clark did not overlook its humorous side:

I was married to my first wife, Margaret Wilcox, by Bishop Clark, in the Ward Chapel. A short while later we encountered him and he said, 'Well, I see you two still are living together. You know you are not married yet.' We were sealed together in the Temple soon after that.³

As a teenager I sang in the Montpelier Ward Choir. One evening at Sacrament Meeting I sat in the congregation with my friends instead of in the choir loft. When Bishop Clark stood up I felt his eyes upon me. After his introduction he said the opening song would be by the choir and the invocation by Kem Loveday. After the prayer, Bishop whispered to me, 'Now, Kem, take your seat in the choir.'⁶

Bishop Clark said he had three kinds of poor in his ward: 'the Lord's poor, the Devil's poor, and the poor devils.'²

Perhaps one reason that he succeeded as a mediator, good neighbor, and popular churchman was because:

He knew the fundamental tenets of Catholicism and of Protestant sects; likewise he knew the Re-Organized Church. He had the answers and refutations of each. While he was firm in preaching and living the principles of the restored Gospel, I doubt that he ever became