

All of their dwellings were places for friends and family to eat, and even stay overnight and

. . . when friends and neighbors were at his home, Bishop Clark often invited them to join in family prayer. The children took turns in these devotions and were eager to do so.¹⁴

The Patriarchal Order in which he was reared was attempted for many years in the homes of Bishop Clark. Sometimes things went astray:

Howard was the family barber. One Sunday morning as Howard was trimming his Father's beard and mustache, ten-year-old LeOra whispered to her brother to snip off the entire beard. Father Clark felt the cropping, calmly walked to the mirror, saw the absence of his thirty-plus years' beard, and said, "Shucks, son, how did you come to shave it all off?"

"Well, LeOra told me to do it."¹²

And LeOra could get away with it; even the Bishop's beard was never replaced.¹²

Other notes of family recollection are:

I recall our parents coming home in a sleigh or wagon before Christmases, bringing many presents. They always wanted their children to have a memorable Christmas. I always wanted to see what was in the closets or packages before Christmas morning.¹³

The affection that he had for his children, grandchildren, or other kinfolk was something to behold. He loved them all and prayed for them on bended knee morning and night; and more often if he felt it necessary.¹¹

Vera was about twenty or so and she had her eye on a beautiful wool suit. She mentioned