



## Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

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Life was strenuous for our pioneer  
mothers, and at what sacrifice they  
bought our privileges few can know.

Life today, with its unrest, its  
multiplied problems is far more  
strenuous. We are pioneers too and in a  
far more terrifying and complicated  
world than even <sup>our parents</sup> handed forth to meet,  
in Prairie Schooners. We have got to  
leave a heritage to the mothers  
of tomorrow and we have a far bigger  
~~task~~ <sup>task</sup> than  
did our mothers before us.  
We can no longer do our appointed task  
tucked away in a quiet place - a  
new world is here and so is the new  
woman, and tomorrow will be still  
newer. ~~For~~ We are a part of the  
big developing project of God in the  
world, and we must make ~~our~~  
contribution so that our daughters can  
benefit from our  
efforts.



Before I close I want to pay tribute  
to a wonderful woman, who was  
never a sister herself, but who  
mothered every girl who came under  
her influence — ~~the~~ our beloved  
Merina Sanford. They say she is  
dead, but we cannot realize it.  
Her radiant face remains forever  
in our memory, her rich voice  
calls today as it did so short time  
past urging us and all men to  
stand for God's eternal truth.  
Not while we live who love her,  
Can she die. Not while woman  
loves courage, nobility and gentleness  
will she die, Every one speaks  
the truth more easily, and signs  
with right more quickly, because  
she showed the way. She never  
halted on the cross roads



only one path for her and that  
led straight forward. She  
breathed the air of heaven; yet  
her feet were always on the  
solid ground, for who has faced  
life's sordid problems with unworn  
serene nobility. In the rush  
of her activities there was no lapse  
so great that she could omit  
a word of kindness and the smile  
that warmed a day. Every  
one that met her knew that  
something beautiful had passed  
that way.

No child of her race was today a  
carnation in her memory. But  
hundreds of her spiritual children  
who have <sup>felt</sup> the energy & ardor enthusiasm  
of her righteous convictions will rise



Up and call her blessed.

Now she is gone, but life is richer  
for many hundreds of the mothers  
of tomorrow who will benefit by her  
life's labor. True the mothers of  
tomorrow be noble women because  
you and I have lived. - We, too, are  
pioneers preparing the way for those  
who follow us.

Dear mother in fancy I see you tonight  
In your eyes still is shining that  
mother-love light.

Your toil-worn hands folded,  
Your white head bent low  
You pray as you taught us to pray long ago.  
Add a prayer mother dear, that  
your children may all  
what ever might befall them, be true  
to their call.

Oh mother's o mine, may I be as brave  
for the problems of my day, as you were  
for your pioneer days. May I have the  
spirit of my times as you had the spirit of yours.  
You did your duty - May I do mine.



Maria Sanford is dead, they tell us. Yet so long she dwelt among us a glorified soul that the difference <sup>is</sup> not so great ~~to-day~~. Her radiant face remains forever in our memory; her hands still turn the pages and rest upon the lines she loved so well; her rich voice calls to-day as it did so short time past, urging us and all men to stand for God's eternal truth. Not while we, once her students at the University, live, can she die.

Nor while woman loves courage, nobility, and gentleness will she die. Every one speaks the truth more easily and sides with right more quickly, because she showed the way. She never halted at the crossroads; only one path for her, and that led straight forward. She breathed the airs of heaven, yet her feet were always on the solid ground; for who has faced life's sordid problems with more serene nobility? And in the rush of her activities, there was no haste so great that she could omit a word of kindness and the smile that warmed a day. Every one that met her knew that something beautiful had passed that way.

Fortunate for many outside our state <sup>already</sup> was the day of her release from teaching. The world had found her out; and she answered to its continuous call. Back and forth she hurried across the continent; stopping wherever she might lift forward some worthy project. And yet at what sacrifice she labored, few can know. Night after night during the war, conductors have seen a sweet old lady sitting through the long night, or bent together trying to rest her tired body. And all that she might give more to others and to her country. No soldier endured want more cheerfully than she. And when she stood in Washington and spoke ~~for~~ the flag, her voice uttered the devotion of a life-time, and a nation listened to her words. Now she is dead; but ~~the~~ living words cannot die.

*never*

*The energy + enthusiasm of her ardent + righteous convictions etc (from Gale's paper)*