



BLESSED IS THE INFLUENCE  
OF ONE TRUE, LOVING SOUL  
ON ANOTHER.

*Blessed*

Earl Isaac Jacob  
December 12, 1923 ~ October 8, 2019

*In Loving Memory*

*Earl Isaac Jacob*

Born: December 12, 1923 – Hinckley, Utah

Died: October 8, 2019 – Orem, Utah

Son of: Isaac Ellis and Nellie Maud Badger Jacob

Husband of: Louise Omer Jacob

Father of: David (Jeannie, deceased) Jacob, Lewis (Ruby) Jacob,  
Roger (Mary) Jacob, Farrell (Suzanne) Jacob

**PALLBEARERS**

David G. Jacob  
Lewis E. Jacob  
Roger D. Jacob  
Farrell R. Jacob

Bryce Jacob  
Michael Jacob  
Devon Jacob  
Spencer Jacob

**HONORARY PALLBEARERS**

Ted Lott  
Benjamin Jacob  
Kelly Cloward  
Spencer Ferrel  
Tom Hunter  
Matthew Wood

Trevor Wood  
Dave Chapa  
Joseph Jacob  
Gary Cloward  
KC Stanworth  
Bradly C. Jacob

**INTERMENT**

Orem City Cemetery  
1520 North 800 East  
Orem, Utah

*Sundberg- Olpin Mortuary*



## ***Funeral Services***

Presiding. . . . . Bishop Brian Chantry  
Conducting. . . . . President George Usher

Family Prayer. . . . . David G. Jacob (Son)

Organist. . . . . Larry Wursten  
Chorister. . . . . Erlene Lott

Opening Hymn #136. . . . . *"I Know That My Redeemer Lives"*  
Roger Jacob – 1<sup>st</sup> Verse

Invocation. . . . . Devon Jacob (Grandson)

Life Sketch. . . . . David G. Jacob (Son)  
Speaker. . . . . Lorie Cloward (Granddaughter)

Speakers. . . . . Lewis Jacob (Son)  
Devon Jacob (Great-Grandson)  
Lauren Jacob (Great-Granddaughter-in-law)

Speaker. . . . . Erlene Lott/Kathie Hunter (Daughters)  
Speaker. . . . . Roger Jacob (Son)  
Speaker. . . . . Marilyn Wursten (Daughter)  
Speaker. . . . . Ann Pierce (Daughter)  
Speaker. . . . . Farrell Jacob (Son)

Speaker. . . . . President George Usher  
Closing Remarks. . . . . Bishop Brian Chantry

Closing Hymn #152. . . . . *"God Be With You Till We Meet Again"*

Benediction. . . . . Dan Pierce (Friend)

## ***INTERMENT***

Dedicatory Prayer. . . . . Lewis Jacob (Son)

Military Rites. . . . . American Legion Honor Guard

## ***Funeral Services Earl Isaac Jacob***

### **President George Usher:**

Brothers and sisters, I greet you with love and affection. My name is George Usher and I am the Branch President at Summerfield Manor, where my dear friend Earl resided when he passed away. My heart is full this morning, as is yours. Being with you and watching the video has brought back wonderful memories for me. I was Earl and Louise's bishop in the early 80s, when our ward took in State Street to 1200 West and 800 North to 1200 North – that was one big ward! It is a stake or two now. But I have loved this dear brother and his dear wife for many, many years. I am grateful to have been in this position. It is so interesting over the years. I have worked with Earl when he was down at the Bishops Storehouse and I was associated there. Our paths crossed often. I have been in their home and loved this couple. I know that there is great emotion with you as sons and daughters and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. This will be a celebration and it will be a wonderful day, a little cool but the sun is shining and that is all good.

I probably won't say this in my remarks, but I'll say it here, but it certainly would be appropriate in watching the video – this is a very vigorous man, a machinist, a great employee, he had an engineering mind. He built the family home in 1954. He provided for his family and the family has been successful. I laud this dear brother! Benjamin Franklin once quipped that many people miss opportunity because it is dressed in overalls and looks like work. But opportunity did not miss Earl! He took advantage of those opportunities and provided very well for his family. He was born in 1923 and came through the Depression. He has my respect and honor. So it is good to be with you this morning.

Let me just explain a little bit of the process: We will have the family prayer, after which you will be invited to come and say your last goodbyes. At that point we will turn the time over to the mortuary. The casket will then be closed, and I will leave, and then you will follow the casket into the chapel, and then we will start the service.

Again, I am just honored to be here with you to be associated with this dear family. I do know that your dear mother is here – I know that, I feel her presence. Without further adieu, let us begin, and we will ask David G. Jacob, a son, to offer the family prayer.

### **Family Prayer – David G. Jacob (Son):**

Our Kind and Gracious Heavenly Father:

We come before Thee as the posterity of Earl Isaac Jacob and we ask that You will bless us that we will be able to have condolence this day and joy in our heart as he is able to reunite with his beloved wife.

We ask that You will bless each of us that we will be able to keep the close memories that we have of him in our heart and treasure them, because without his influence and his guiding force a lot of the things that we are today we would not be.

Bless us all that we will be able to understand the eternal progression that the sacrifice of Thy Son has provided for us, the plan of salvation and the joys that it can give to each of us.

We thank Thee again, Father, for having known this wonderful spirit son of Yours, that we had the privilege to be part of his posterity.

We say this humbly in the name of Thy Beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.



**President George Usher:**

Brothers and sisters, I greet you with love and affection this morning. My name is George Usher and I am the Branch President at Summerfield Manor, where Earl resided. I am so pleased to be with you and honored. One man can make a difference and Earl Jacob made a difference in people's lives. I think that probably will come out as we go through this memorial service. This is a celebration and I am so pleased for him that he is now with his dear sweet Louise after 12 ½ years that she has passed.

I recognize Bishop Brian Chantry of the Orem, Utah Timpview Stake, 4<sup>th</sup> Ward, Earl's home ward – this is his building, and thank you, Bishop, for being here. We appreciate also the Timpview 4<sup>th</sup> Ward Relief Society sisters for their compassionate service and for others in the ward that helped prepare the building. There is a special spirit here and I have felt it and I am glad and honored to be with you.

The organist today is a good friend, Larry Wursten, and the chorister also a friend, Erlene Lott, and we are pleased for their service as well.

The family prayer was offered earlier by David G. Jacob, a son.

Earl Isaac Jacob, born December 12, 1923, passed away October 8, 2019.

We would like to begin our service this morning by singing the opening hymn #136.

Roger Jacob, a son, will sing the first verse, and after the interlude the congregation will join in. After the opening hymn, the invocation will be offered by Devon Jacob, a grandson.

***"I Know That My Redeemer Lives"***

***Hymn #136***

***First Verse by Roger Jacob (Son)***

*I know that my Redeemer lives,  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead.  
He lives, my ever living head.*

*He lives to bless me with his love,  
He lives to plead for me above  
He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives to bless in time of need.*

*He lives to grant me rich supply  
He lives to guide me with his eye  
He lives to comfort me when faint  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint*

*He lives to silence all my fears  
He lives to wipe away my tears  
He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
He lives all blessings to impart.*

*He lives, my kind, wise heavenly Friend,  
He lives and loves me to the end.  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing  
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.*

*He lives, and grants me daily breath,  
He lives and I shall conquer death  
He lives, my mansion to prepare  
He lives to bring me safely there*

*He lives, all glory to his name!  
He lives, my Savior still the same  
Oh, sweet the joy this sentence gives  
I know that my Redeemer lives!*

*He lives, all glory to his name!  
He lives, my Savior, still the same.  
Oh, sweet the joy this sentence gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives!*

**Invocation – Devon Jacob (Grandson):**

Our Dear Heavenly Father:

We come before Thee today as a congregation, as family and friends to witness this special occasion and to join together.

We are so grateful for the presence of the Holy Ghost, which is here, and for Thy blessing and Thy awareness of each one of us and especially of Earl.

We pray that as the meeting proceeds that we might be inspired and that we might each feel peace that our hearts yearn for, and that we might each feel the witness of the Spirit testifying of Earl's location now and of the truths of the plan of salvation and the truths of eternity.

We are so grateful for Thy Son, Jesus Christ, and the opportunity we have today to remember Him as well and to remember His important part in all of this.

We are so grateful for all of Thy blessings and the help that Thou does offer us.

We say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**President George Usher:**

Thank you.

The pallbearers for today's service are: David G. Jacob, Lewis E. Jacob, Roger D. Jacob, Farrell R. Jacob, Bryce Jacob, Michael Jacob, Devon Jacob, Spencer Jacob. Honorary pallbearers: Ted Lott, Benjamin Jacob, Kelly Cloward, Spencer Ferrel, Tom Hunter, Matthew Wood, Trevor Wood, Dave Chapa, Joseph Jacob, Gary Cloward, KC Stanworth, and Bradly C. Jacob.

I would like to announce the balance of the program, brothers and sisters. The life sketch will be given by David G. Jacob, a son. We will then hear remarks from Lorie Cloward, a



granddaughter; remarks from a son Lewis, and also Devon and Lauren, great-grandson and wife. We will then hear from Erlene Lott and Kathie Hunter, daughters; Roger Jacob, a son; remarks from Marilyn Wursten, a daughter; and Ann Pierce, a daughter. We will go to that point in the program.

### **Life Sketch – David G. Jacob (Son):**

I am the fortunate one, because as I read through my dad's life history, which he wrote so we all knew about him, I got a chance to find out some things about my father that I did not know because my father was awful quiet about some of the parts that had been part of his life.

"In the little Southern Utah town of Hinckley, on a cold winter December day, Isaac Ellis and Nellie Maud Badger Jacob became the surprise parents of twin baby brothers. They were born at the home of their grandparents, Nathan Bradley and Nellie Jane Theobald Badger.

"This is the way I made my entrance into this world, just fifteen minutes ahead of my brother, on December 12, 1923. [He never let his brother not know that he was 15 minutes older than him. Anybody that knows my dad can realize that.]

"Even as tiny babies, we didn't look much alike. I was the thin one, while Verl was round and chubby. As we got older, we led Mother on a very merry-go-round kind of life. Ralph was old enough to think of things to do and Verl and I would follow right along with him from one mischievous escapade to another.

"My grandfather was one of those who thought that there was a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. He chased it up through Canada and down through California. He heard of a real estate deal in Delta, Utah that would make him and his family rich. He bought three farms in Hinckley: one for himself, one for Dan, and one for Uncle Byrun. After a few years of not having much luck farming, Dan and Byrun made a deal trading both of their

farms for one in Provo. They farmed it for a year or so and Byrun went bootlegging [so we do have a little bit of history] and left the farming to Dad and Mother.

"With 13 head of cows, 4 head of horses, and a number of pigs, they were very busy. Mom mowed hay right alongside with Dad on separate mowing machines.

Anybody that knew my mother and dad, knew my mother and dad were more or less joined at the hip – one did not do anything without the other. When tax time came, they were unable to pay the taxes and they lost the farm.

"The family moved to Provo while I was still quite young. We made our home on a second farm on the east side of Provo Airport down by Utah Lake. As youngsters we herded sheep, thinned beets and learned the work necessary to run the farm. Herding the sheep was Verl's and my job from about the time we were five.

"Verl and I attended kindergarten and half of our first grade at Franklin grade school in Provo. We had to walk 2 ½ miles both ways to get to school. Here I met a little blonde-headed girl named Louise. I don't remember her last name, but what a strange coincidence that the girl I was to meet later and make my wife was also a blonde and also named Louise. The first Louise was my first girlfriend, the second Louise my love.

"In my first grade of school, we were forced by circumstances beyond my father's control to move from our home on the shores of Utah Lake. We moved to Orem where my father worked for one of his cousins. I finished my first grade at Lindon



School. The next year we attended Union School in Vineyard. [It is kind of ironic all these boys went to the same grade school – we all attended the old Union Elementary School.] Here I finished out my grade school years.

“One day at school some of the guys were riding their bicycles down the steps. I thought: That looks fun, I said to myself. I guess I’d try it too. I did, but something went wrong and I ended up with a broken arm.

“I liked sports, but my career as a baseball player ended one day when my glove seemed to have a hole in it. The ball was coming straight toward me, a high easy fly. I reached up to make the catch, but the ball went right through my fingers and hit me in the eye, breaking my glasses. This coupled with the fact that, while living in Provo, Verl accidentally broke my nose with a baseball bat convinced me that baseball was not for me. I never paid much attention to the game until much later when my sons started playing Little League. I went to all of their games and enjoyed it very much. [We were some of the few players that were able to say that our dad was at every game we played.]

“I had the usual challenge of diseases, neither being any sicker or less than any other child. I broke both my arms, one as stated previously, the other about a year later.

“I attended junior and high school at the old Lincoln High School in Orem. It was during our high school days that I met my second Louise. Her name was Louise Omer. She stole my heart right from the beginning. Like she knew I was her man, I knew she was my wife. I was attending a trade school in Provo as part of my schooling for five months before I went to Remington Arms. I left school two months before graduation to take a job in Salt Lake. I got an apartment from my Grandmother Jacob on 500 North

and 500 East. I would thumb my way back and forth to Salt Lake. We dated until after graduation, then we were married the day after. We rode the old inner urban train to and from Salt Lake. Louise took a job at Remington Arms and we both rode the bus to and from work. After a while we bought a Ford Coupe. Man, my sweetheart looked good in it!

“I worked at Remington Arms for about a year, then Uncle Sam said, ‘I Need You.’ I did my basic training in Fort Warren, Wyoming and Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Louise was with me in Wyoming and very sick with morning sickness. David was born while I was in Wyoming. I was given leave before going overseas. Louise and David went to California with me. We spent several hours together before I shipped out. It took 35 days to get to the Philippines on a top-heavy ship called the Victory ship. When I was called by Uncle Sam, I wanted the Navy but was turned down because I am colorblind. [Man, my dad did have some experiences with that. As young boys we remember going to Idaho. At the time the lights were reversed, the green was on top and the red was on bottom. My mom was always, “That’s wrong, go – stop.”] What did I do on the way over? I pulled surface watch looking for submarines.

“In Wyoming I went to the machine shop because they needed a machinist. I was put in the Army Engineers in Manila, Philippines. I helped build the headquarters for my unit. Then me and one other gentleman were flown to Mindanao. I finally got to my outfit, a landing craft maintenance unit. I worked in a mobile machine shop. I few months later the war ended in Europe, then right after that the A-bomb was dropped on Japan and the war was over. [This is the part I did not know, the rest of this, because Dad would not talk about his service days.] A few months later the war ended and the A-bomb was dropped on



Japan and the war was over. About a month later, they decided that they were going to invade Japan. We boarded an LST with many other ships and headed for Japan. It is a good thing the war was over, because the invasion was a flop. The landing craft were to land headfirst on the beach, but they were every which way. We set up a camp by a bombed out dry-dock. After a couple of weeks, a bunch of us took a truck and headed to Hiroshima. The closer we got, the more destruction we saw. In a seven mile radius around where the bomb was dropped all that was left was stumps of trees with corrugated steel wrapped around them like wet rags. There was only one building left and it was cement and a steel structure all twisted out of shape. The cement building had all the wood burnt out of it. [The following statement is too graphic and I am not going to go into that, but my dad had seen things there that he would not want to talk about.] We don't want anymore A-bombs!

"I finally had enough points to come home. It took fourteen days because someone came down with a contagious disease and we had to go to Hawaii for vaccines. I finally got to the good old USA through Seattle. I was then shipped to Fort Douglas in Salt Lake to be mustered out. They gave me the opportunity to sign up, but I told them no!!!! [He had about a dozen exclamation marks behind that, because he did not want any way to go back there.] My sweetheart met me there with David.

"I then took a little time off to get back to normal. I went down to Geneva and applied for a job as a machinist. All they had was a labor job so I took it. I went to work in brick storage, unloading bricks from a boxcar. We loaded brick by hand on a roller conveyer that went from the boxcar into a warehouse where someone would take them off. After that, when an open-hearth furnace

was to be rebuilt, we tore out the brick and slag. Then an opening came up for a brick-mason trainee, so I took it. Shortly after that, an opening came up for a machinist apprentice. Boy, did I jump on that! We went to school every Saturday and worked in the machine shop the other four days. I worked there for 32 years. I was selected as the second best machinist in the State of Utah by Governor Rampton."

Then he goes on for quite a ways and talks about all the things that he did for Geneva and the things he designed for them, and the things that he designed for other people that he worked for. My dad had an amazing engineering mind without all the schooling that is required. Most all the boys know all we had to do was call him with a problem and give him a few minutes and he could come up with an answer for us.

"I retired at 62. I had five-bypass surgery in 2002 by a very good female surgeon. Louise and I worked in the Provo Temple for five years until her back got so bad we had to quit. Her health continued to get worse, congestive heart failure caused by the pulmonary hypertension, which caused things in her lungs to close down or get smaller, which caused her heart to beat harder to supply oxygen to her body, which caused fluid in her lungs that killed her on July 15, 2007. I am not the same without her. She is 99 % of my life. I miss her every hour of every day. She is the light of my life.

"After a year I was finally assigned to a service mission at the Bishops Storehouse in Lindon from 2008 to as long as they would have me. I got an extension on my mission in 2011 for 30 days. The lady surgeon who did my five-bypass heart surgery did too good of a job. After nearly nine years at the Bishops Storehouse, I quit my mission.

"The neighbor on the south of me had a garage business and was going to expand but could not expand south, which



was the only way he could because my home stood in the way, so I sold my home to him. I then moved to Treeo Senior Living Center."

My father had a fall at Treeo on September 29<sup>th</sup> causing him to be hospitalized until October 3, where he was moved to Summerfield Assisted Living, where he was until his death at 1:46 a.m. October 8<sup>th</sup>.

I cannot say too much about my father. If it hadn't been for his guidance and the foundation that he set for me when I was a youth, I don't know what kind of a person I could be. He was always there for us. It didn't matter what it was, what we did, he was always there for us. Some of the things that all of us remember is when we got in trouble, it didn't matter what time of day it was, Mom would say, "Wait till your dad gets home." He was the scolder.

Lewis and I, when we were younger and not too bright – they had just poured the asphalt on 1600 North in Orem, They had some extra tar and it was in a ditch. Lewis (thank goodness it wasn't me) was the leader this time and decided it was going to be fun to walk through it in our brand-new church shoes and to chew it. Tar tastes kind of like licorice. When we got home, my mother looked at our shoes and said, "Dad!" He came out and said, "Looks like we need to make a trip to Grandma's house." Grandma's house is just above where the old home was and we lived over closer to 1600.

#### **Lorie Cloward (Granddaughter):**

I'm just going to say I was really lucky where I chose to sit because I got to hear Roger sing the rest of that song. Thank you.

Besides being a great man, Papa was very mechanically inclined. I'm not sure what the number is on how many vehicles he worked on or he built, but two of them

We walked over there all the time. "You know what we're going for?" "Yeah, we're going after the razor strap." My grandfather was an old-time shaver, so he used a razor strap. We got to Grandma's, and my father never touched us, but all the way home he swatted that strap. He never said a word. He didn't have to.

I remember one other incident. Just after I got my first car, which was a 1953 Ford Custom, I asked my dad to paint it, because it was an ugly blue and I wanted it red. Well, he did that, but he painted a white triangle on the back of it. I asked him, "What's that for?" He said, "I will know where you are at all times."

He always made us take care of problems that came up with our vehicles or whatever, because the first time I overheated my car, being a teenager and not being aware of what cold water will do to an engine, I grabbed the hose and put it in there. He said, "You broke it, you're going to learn how to fix it."

My father was a very special man to us. I'm going to miss him, but I know that when he got on the other side the other morning at 1:46, that there was a joyous reunion between him and my mother. My brother just younger than I had the blessed opportunity to be able to hear our father's last breath as he took it when he left us. I thank him for what he has done for me and for all the lives that he has touched. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

were mine. He would not only work on them, but he would teach you in the process. The first car of mine he worked on was when I was around 17. It felt good to be back in the garage and also to be one of the "guys" under the hood. You see, when I lived with them, I was always in the garage with him and the boys. But since I was little,



I could maybe, sometimes, be in the way. They would have me stay on the steps where I would spend the time making grease or sawdust pies, depending on what they were working on. I always liked it when they needed something because that meant a trip to Bradshaws. I have sweet, and I mean very sweet memories, of climbing up on those stools and the clerk pulling the candy dish closer to me.

I would like to share with you one of the times I was most impressed with him. Kelly was gone to a planning conference for a week and on Saturday Grandma called to see how I was faring with him being gone. Boy, did she get an earful! I was tired and it didn't help that when I started doing the laundry the washing machine broke down. I was not sure if I could wait a week with two little kids for Kelly to get back or if I should break down and call a repairman. Her response was, "Let me get your Papa." As I was waiting for him to get to the phone, I was thinking: What can he do? You see, they were in Orem and I was in Dallas. When he came to the phone, he asked what

it was doing. I told him it was draining but it wouldn't spin. He asked me to put the phone by the washer and turn it on so he could listen to it. After it went through the cycles, he asked if I could pull the machine out and remove the back panel. I said, "Of course I can. Didn't you help raise me?" We hung up and I did what he asked me to do. When I called him back, he asked if I had found the broken belt. I laughed and said, "Yes." After purchasing a new one, I called him back. Between several phone calls, the belt was replaced, the machine moved back and laundry day proceeded without a hitch. After that, I knew without a doubt that whenever I needed him, he would always be there, even if we had to do it by phone. Long distance charges might be a little more now.

Over the last twelve years I have really gotten to know Papa as a man, not just as a grandfather. I am really going to miss our talks, lunch dates on his birthday, arguing about which holidays he gets to spend with us. He was and always will be my hero. Thank you.

### **Lewis Jacob (Son):**

My name is Lewis Jacob and I am the second-blessed son of Earl Jacob. You'll notice on the program that I am sharing my time with Devon and Lauren. I'm doing that because I think that is what he wants me to do.

Everybody needs a hero in their life. From birth to now, the centerpiece of my hero list has been my dad. The one thing that he taught me was: Once it's built, anybody who really wants to can fix it. He has always been a very focused man. In his early life his focus was on his family to the detriment of his interaction at church. Mom and Dad were not active in church. David and I would be dropped off at church and then he would go do what he had to do to make sure he could pay the bills. When David was

almost twelve and it was time for him to go into the priesthood, he had a heart-to-heart talk with Dad, and Dad with his tunnel-vision shifted, and he has never changed that second focus. He recognized and reformed his focus, and his focus has always been on family and always been on Christ and always been on the gospel of Jesus Christ. Because of that, I am what I am, in spite of all the things I did in my youth. I'm sure there are not too many people left in the congregation from when I was a teenager, but there were many who said, "They made him a bishop?" Yes, they did, not because of me, but because of the Lord and because of my dad. I leave that with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



### **Lauren Jacob (Great-Granddaughter-in-Law):**

I am Lauren Jacob, I am Earl's great-granddaughter-in-law, but I just call him Grandpa Jacob. Me and my husband have been visiting him since he was close by every week for the last two years or so. As I reflected on what I could say about that experience, I think the metaphor that best describes it is "flakes of gold." As we visited him for an hour or so every week, all of those visits were special and all of those visits felt valuable. They were like little flakes of gold in the perspective of love. As I look now at what I have collected, it has really accumulated into something really valuable and me and my husband are closer.

As we were talking about grandparents and their roles in our life and why they mean so much to us, I was reflecting on how I think grandparents see us a little bit more similarly to how Heavenly Father sees us than maybe anyone else in our lives, because Grandpa Jacob has

been through it all. He has had the uncertainty and he has had the challenges in life. He sees us with our weaknesses and our uncertainty and even though we don't know what we are doing, he just loves us so much. He knew it would work out and he believed in us and he thought we were wonderful.

As we went to visit him every week, we would gain that perspective from him and we believed different and it will be different because we have had the opportunity to spend that time with Grandpa Jacob. He was an incredible man. I love him very much. I am excited to build my family the way that he built his and to have him and Louise as great-great-grandparents and to continue on with that posterity and legacy that they left. I know where he is and I know he is happy. I know this because of Jesus Christ. I say that in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

### **Devon Jacob (Great-Grandson):**

I am Devon Jacob for those of you who don't know me, and I am a great-grandson.

I would like to share a few things I have learned from Grandpa in the time I have known him. The first thing – on his 93<sup>rd</sup> birthday, I asked him if he had any advice for me. He said, "Find yourself a good woman. It will make all the difference in the world if you are happy." That was before I met Lauren, so I can say that I followed that advice.

When we would ask for tips or advice on life, again and again he would say, "Do things together." He would say, "If we couldn't do it together, then we wouldn't do it." He would vocally express his distaste for golf (hopefully none of you are avid golfers). He said, "Why in the heck would I

go hit a ball back and forth when I could be with my wife?"

I also learned that Golden Corral was the best place to eat on planet earth. I tried to take him to other places and we always came back to Golden Corral.

Humor was a really big thing in Grandpa's life. I was impressed that at the end of his life, having been separated from his sweetheart for years, much, much longer than he would have liked, he maintained a positive attitude. He was a really funny guy. One thing that he loved to say when someone would say, "Hey, Grandpa, you are getting pretty old." He would say, "I don't know how pretty, but I sure am old." It just impressed me, the situation he was in and his line to maintain that attitude of humor, and lightness, and positivity, and it is something that I hope always stays with me



as I go through life, because I imagine it wouldn't be easy for me in his situation.

I also learned what it looks like to live a faithful life. He was faithful to his wife. He was faithful to his covenants he made with the Lord. There is one thing when I asked him, "Grandpa, are you afraid to die?" He just told me no, and he didn't even have to think about it. He told me he knew exactly where he was going. He had a good idea of what it was going to be like and he was not afraid.

Above all these things, more than any individual teaching moments, I think the biggest thing I learned from him has come

from the consistent accumulation – kind of like my wife said about specks of gold, over time. It has added a depth of perspective to my own life as I at 23 years old look forward to a lot of experiences that I will get to do. He at 95 looks backwards at a life well-lived. It helps me focus on things that are important, people that are important. It helps me slow down and pace myself. It helps me be easier on myself. Most importantly, I think it helps me understand a little bit better that this life is just one step in our eternal progression. I share those thoughts with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

#### **Erlene Lott and Kathie Hunter (Daughters):**

Hi there, I'm Erlene and I'm the oldest daughter. I'm going to speak for Kathie today and while Kathie is on there last, she is in Arkansas and is not able to be here. We have a joke between us. This day I get the last word, so I am going to read hers first. She is there to celebrate her stepmother's 100<sup>th</sup> birthday and she was very torn to leave, but we do what we have to do and she needs to be there. That is where Grandpa would have wanted her. I am just going to read this from her:

"What an honor and a privilege it has been to be considered a member of the Earl and Louise Jacob family. They have considered me a daughter in every sense of the word. I have had the opportunities the last few weeks to become Dad's *head* nurse and number one chauffer."

I'm going to stop and explain. He had some cancer surgery on his head and we took him to the doctor and she met me and took care of Dad. After that, she bandaged him. So she was not the head-nurse, she was the *head* nurse.

He wanted to buy a little apron and a hat for her and instead we found a little

figurine for her that he knew all about before all this happened and we gave it to her after he was back over at Summerfield. She said:

"As I changed bandages, we talked, we laughed and remembered his wife. What a treat! Such an outpouring of love each time we were together. I will miss him every day, but know he is happy with Mom. Through Christ's sacrifice I know I will see him (them) again. Goodbye for a while, Dad. I love you. Kathie."

What happens here stays here, because she told me she wanted me to read this because she is in Arkansas and she wanted me to read this in a southern accent. So if anybody asks, I did.

A lot of people have asked how I seem to belong to Earl and Louise. I wanted to take a brief minute and explain. They took me and my family under their wings when my mother passed away at the time I met them. It was shortly after my in-laws moved away. That was about 1974. I had four little kids and Louise saw a need. Also my daughter and her granddaughter were the best of friends. So make it a short story,



Shawna asked if she could call her "Grandma." Down the road I asked if I could call her "Mother." Hence, she was "Mom." She appeared on doorsteps when we needed her. She was an angel. After me came Kathie, and then was Marilyn and then Annie. I had been told this but had forgotten until we were sitting around in Dad's room talking. Mom miscarried four babies, four girls. They reminded us that we replaced the four girls that Mom miscarried. That brings chills.

Earl, her beloved husband and our beloved dad, supported her and put up with us.

Mom passed away in 2007. His sons lived away. He was alone and it was our turn to take him in. Dad has come to dinner almost every Sunday for the last twelve years. That has been a delight. You should have seen his eyes light up (all of you who know him know his eyes get big) when I said, "We're having roast."

We will miss his cute sense of humor and his famous phrase, "Why not?" Instead of giving a yes or no answer, it would be,

"Why not?" "Dad, do you want some dessert?" "Why not?" "Should we go sit where it's comfortable?" "Why not?" So we used to laugh about that a lot.

If we asked how he was, he would say, "Just the same old dude." If we asked what we could get him, he would answer, "Just one thing," and point upward, referring to his angel who was up there waiting.

We will miss him terribly. Sundays will be kind of empty for a while, but he is where he belongs. He is where he has wanted to be for a long time. He is happy and we know that there is a terrific reunion going on right now.

One more thing I wanted to quickly mention was Dad was so proud of being a missionary at the Storehouse. He loved it. Thank you for allowing him. He retired his badge and his apron from Storehouse at the young age of 94. That's Dad, dedicated, reliable, and he truly endured to the end.

Dad, we love you. Thanks for so many great memories! I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

### **Roger Jacob (Son):**

In 2008 or 2009, I can't remember which year it was, but the Young Women's theme for that year was: Heroes in the scriptures. As part of the bishopric we were assigned to come up with a hero that we could tell a story about in the fireside at girls camp. I didn't even have to think twice of the individual that was my hero. When I was fourteen years old I was lucky enough to be able to play region ball. Usually you had to be 15 or 16 to be able to do that, but I was able to be called up. In June and July, we practiced a lot because we were going to go on a trip. We were going to play ball and play 46 other teams between Colorado, Arizona, California and Nevada before we

ended up in the northern part of Utah. I practiced really hard because I was the bench sitter at that time and I knew that if I could get into the game, I could prove myself. Well about the 27<sup>th</sup> or 28<sup>th</sup> of July, my dad came home from work and he said, "We are going to California." I was so mad at him! I had practiced, I had earned money to go on this trip and I was just mad at him! So on the 28<sup>th</sup>, we climbed in the car, and Farrell was sitting on one side and I'm sitting on the other side, and it was my mission to torture Farrell the entire trip to punish my parents. I did a real good job at it. Once we got to San Francisco, Mom and Dad went in to see his aunt, and I refused to



go in the house. I sat in the car. Finally Dad came out and he said, "You will come in." So I did. If you know my dad, you know when he says, "You *will*," then you *do*, no ifs, ands or buts. I participated half-heartedly. Then we left and we decided that we were going to go up the coast from San Francisco and then head home from there. On the way, we decided that we were going to go in the ocean and surf and stuff. We got out of the car and we blew up our air mattresses, and as we were walking down the path, Mom and Dad were on the left side and Farrell and I were on the right side and had our air mattresses up. I remember a sign saying, "Beware of undertow." Of course, Mom and Dad didn't see that. Once I got down there, we threw off our clothes really quick, grabbed our air mattresses and went running over and were going to jump in. Farrell wouldn't get in. I didn't understand why he wouldn't get in. I said, "I don't like you anyway, I'm going." So I jumped in and started paddling out. I got out just beyond the break, and I was waiting for this big, big wave to come in, and it was rolling in, and I was like, "Okay, I'm going," and I was paddling as hard as I could. I got on top of it, but I didn't go forward, I went backwards. I thought, "What is going on?" I

kept trying to come in, and trying to come in, and I was going farther and farther out. So then I started to call help for my dad. This is why he is my hero. If you know how our Savior gave His life for us, each one of us in this room, He atoned for our lives, our sins, and everything else we do on this earth. My dad took off his clothes and all he had on was his garments and he jumped in. When he jumped in, I jumped off the air mattress and started swimming. The only problem was I wasn't going anywhere. Unknown to us, on the right side of the beach area, there was a row of rocks just under the surface. As he was coming out, he finally got tired and he stood up and I thought, "What is he standing on?" and I stood up and there was a rock right there. Where it came from, I don't know. We worked our way back. From that day on, no longer is my dad just my dad, he was my hero. He saved my life. He was willing to give up his life for me just like our Savior did.

Today I honor my dad who is a hero to everybody he came in contact with. He always said if you give a promise, you make that promise, you fulfill that promise. I love you, Dad. I will miss you dearly. I do this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

### **Marilyn Wursten (Daughter):**

Dear, dear Louise and Earl Jacob. I think they sensed I needed love. Through their nurturing I learned to become a better person. Dad was shy and I was shy, so many times I apologized, "I don't always know how to show love like the other sisters." The time went on after Mom died, and Larry and I just loved taking him to Chuck-A-Rama and the Golden Corral – we went to both places. I noticed that at Chuck-A-Rama Dad loved the mashed potatoes, the chicken and rice pudding. Oh, how he loved rice

pudding! We just would joke and say that he went right to the rice pudding. But he would say, "It's nothing like Mom's though." And I agreed with him.

I think one of my fondest memories is taking the hot rolls and homemade pies to their house after Mom had died and sitting around the kitchen table and I would ask him about his courtship and about his dear family.

I think one of the most enjoyable things is when he told me he went on a



paper route and it was sunny and he always ended up going to this certain blonde-haired girl's house and she would be sitting out on the step. I'm not even sure if he delivered papers to her, but he was excited to see this blonde-haired girl sitting out on the porch. You could just see the twinkle in his eye when he mentioned anything about Mom.

### **Ann Pierce (Daughter):**

I have so much to say, I don't know where to start. The trouble is it is all from my heart. First of all, I was kind of taken back when Devon said that Golden Corral was the greatest place on earth, because Dad always told us he wanted to go to Chuck-A-Rama. A couple of years ago when we were going to celebrate his birthday, I guess we misunderstood and Dan and I sat at Chuck-A-Rama at this big long table and everybody else was at Golden Corral.

I don't know what I ever did to be honored to be one of their daughters, but I am so grateful. I remember Louise always being the first one on my front porch on my birthdays, or times that were really hard that she was there, and times when they were both there to support me and my family. It was through their kindness that we became so close.

I always remember their matching shirts. They always had to match, and it was so cute.

I remember the Christmas parties that were so fun.

We would ask, "Dad, what can we do for you? Is there anything we can do for you? What would you like to do?" It was like, why did I even ask that, because I knew it was just the one answer. I remember him one time saying that and I said, "You know

I learned some really fun things about Lorie and the boys. But you know, through Mom and Dad, I have become a better person. The Jacobs family, they sure are good huggers and that is what I have always wanted. I think I have had more hugs this week than I have in my whole life. Thank you all for sharing Earl and Louise. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

what? We know what that answer is, but you are stuck with our cooking and you are stuck with us for right now. We aren't in charge." I am so excited for them to never be separated again, never ever.

As I thought about them and what I could say, two things came to my mind. I will just read the chorus of it, I won't read the whole song:

*Have you received His image in your  
countenance?*

*Does the light of Christ shine in your eyes?  
Will He know you when He comes again  
because you shall be like Him?*

*When He sees you, will the Father know His  
child?*

I know that our Heavenly Father and our Savior knows these two wonderful people, and how blessed we are to have had them in our lives and to know that these relationships are forever. I know that when he passed through that veil and when Mom passed through that veil that the Savior said, as in Matthew 25:21:

*"Well done, thou good and faithful  
servant: thou hast been faithful over a few  
things, I will make thee ruler over many  
things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."*

I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



**Farrell Jacob (Son):**

I am Farrell Jacob, I am the youngest son. I am so blessed to be considered his son.

I learned many life lessons at his elbow. I was his helper. If there was anything to be done in the garage, I went with him. I was his tool passer, I was his droplight holder. There were many times I had a perfect view of whatever it was that Dad was doing, and he would say, "Can you

see?" I'd say, "Yes, Dad, I can." He would say, "But I can't," and he would show me how to hold the light.

It is because of him that I know what I know. It is because of him that I am what I am. I can never thank him more, than to say that I love him and he is everything that I want to be. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**President George Usher:**

Perfect.

Bishop, we could have our closing hymn and we could be finished, but I have a few things to say and it won't take long. I have been edified today. I love funerals because we get to know the individual, and I think we really have this morning. I honor this couple and I appreciate so much being here with you again.

Earl Jacob is one of the original members of our Timpview Stake family. We moved into the area in 1978. I have known Earl intimately since 1981. As a member of the Timpview 4<sup>th</sup> Ward, he and his dear Louise lived in the home they built on 1200 West for 50-plus years before her passing as we know 12 ½ years ago. They were a matched pair, always together, inseparable, stalwart, wonderful examples of steadiness, fidelity, and faithful, righteous living. They were friends to all. I will forever cherish their love and abiding friendship.

Losing his dear Louise was devastating to Earl, as has been mentioned. But as hard as it was, he simply carried on and continued their family legacy of good works.

I appreciate Brother and Sister Anderson being here from the Storehouse. Brother Earl gave countless hours of service as a Church Service Missionary at the Lindon Bishops Storehouse. I appreciate his

desire to serve. We do become better, don't we, brothers and sisters, as we serve. Earl did become even better.

My dear friend was a quiet and unassuming man, unpretentious, fierce but fiercely independent, and self-willed and self-reliant. He was always accepting of others in his approach and nonjudgmental in his practice. He was always kind, gentle and Christlike in demeanor and habit. I will miss my good and faithful friend.

I pay tribute to you, Earl's family, as you have cared for your father this last while in a loving and caring way. Truly your love and service to him has been touching and exemplary. Thank you.

Brothers and sisters, we are told in modern day scripture in the Doctrine and Covenants:

*"Blessed are the saints that die unto the Lord, for death shall be sweet unto them, for they shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them."*

If your father could speak to you right now, I am confident he would say that all is well with him. I am sure that those would be the words that he would say. I know that he is happy and contented and has enjoyed the sweet embrace of loved ones beyond the veil. I testify, brothers and sisters, that that is true.



Earl Jacob was a faithful and devoted member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I bear witness to you that through sacred ordinances and because of eternal covenants made in the house of the Lord, the Holy Temple, my dear friend and his eternal companion, Louise, are bound together through the eternities. I pray that same blessing for you, his family, and for all of us. I bear witness that the restored gospel of Jesus Christ answers all the heartfelt questions of the soul. It enlightens us regarding the purpose of our lives here. It teaches us of our premortal and postmortal existence and it provides comfort and solace in times such as this. I have my witness that our Father in Heaven has provided a way for us to return to Him.

*"We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel."*

Through the gospel of Jesus Christ, we know and understand that our lives did not begin with our birth and will not end with our death. We are taught in the Book of Mormon:

*"... that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body, yea, the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life."*

*"And then shall it come to pass, that the spirits of those who are righteous are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise, a state of rest, a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care, and sorrow."*

Brothers and sisters, the spirit world is closer than we realize and tied to us by family lines of many dearly beloved relatives. Just think of it! It is hard to understand in our finite minds – tied to us by family lines of many dearly beloved relatives. My impression is that in the spirit world and the life to come our family units

will be much larger and indeed more grand than you and I can ever know in mortality.

In President Henry B. Eyring's remarks, April 2019 Conference, in part of his talk, "A Home Where the Spirit of the Lord Dwells," he said:

*"You just live worthy of the celestial kingdom, and the family arrangements will be more wonderful than you can imagine."*

I bear witness that that is true.

Modern day scripture teaches:

*"That same sociality which exists among us here will exist among us there, only it will be coupled with eternal glory, which glory we do not now enjoy."*

I bear witness that Jesus Christ is the Only Begotten of the Father, the Savior of all mankind, that through Him and of Him our Father can bring us back into His presence on condition of our repentant hearts and righteous living, that through the Savior's merciful atonement, sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

*"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."*

*"For his purposes fail not, neither are there any who could stay his hand."*

I pray, brothers and sisters, that we may feel in our hearts and understand in our minds how important it is to live the gospel of Jesus Christ and to align our actions to be consistent with our beliefs, for in the end we will be judged not only by our actions, but also by the attitudes and the desires of our hearts. May each of us have a witness that the bands of death have been broken by the resurrected Savior, and though separated from our loved ones through death, we can one day be reunited to share the blessings of eternity within the family unit. May we live and work for that blessing in time and in eternity is my prayer for this family and for all of us, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



Brothers and sisters, we will have a short testimony by Bishop Chantry, after which the closing hymn will be #152, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and the benediction will be offered by Dan Pierce, a

friend, after which the interment will be in the Orem City Cemetery, 1520 North 800 East in Orem, and the dedicatory prayer will be offered by Lewis Jacob.

**Bishop Brian Chantry:**

Thank you for letting me be part of your celebration of a life of Earl. I got here early this morning to meet most of the sons as they sat around eating donuts and chatting about how this used to be their barn and where my house is is where they used to play baseball. It is amazing that Earl would let you play baseball after his experiences.

I loved Earl. We have lived in this ward for about 16 years now and I was privileged to be a part of his being set apart as a Church Service Missionary. I remember Bishop Bell putting his hands on his head and he had a little instruction sheet with how to set Church Service Missionaries apart, and if I remember correctly it was for twelve months. Bishop Bell started setting apart Earl for twelve months and Earl interrupts during that and says, "Eighteen." Bishop Bell said, "Eighteen months." I think to some degree Earl knew he was going to serve a little bit longer than maybe was anticipated originally in that calling. But he served faithfully for years. I think we had to pry his plaque off the wall it had been there for so long.

Earl took time out of his life to teach our youth. I remember one time we went and sat in his living room here on 1200 West, all sitting on the floor and his little

dog jumping up and down on everybody. Earl would talk about his life at Geneva Steel and what he did, and some of the things he came up with, his inventions to help. He was patient as he answered what a record player was, and things like that that our youth didn't understand.

But I think most of all I'll remember Earl when he came into sacrament meeting every Sunday and I'd say, "Earl, how are you doing?" "Good, that's the problem." He loved his sweetheart and he missed her. For me this is what I remember most of Earl.

Brothers and sisters, this is what the Lord intends for us and as imperfect beings, not knowing how to love perfectly, I think Earl and Louise came close. I can't imagine what that reunion was like, but I know it was long awaited for him and what a joyous time that was.

Brothers and sisters, I bear you my witness that God lives, that we are His children and He welcomes His children Home. I bear you my witness that Christ is our Savior. I bear you my witness that, through the covenants that were made, Earl and Louise can be together forever. This is just the start for them. I bear you my witness of these truths, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

***"God Be With You Till We Meet Again"***  
***Hymn #152***

*God be with you, till we meet again;  
By his counsels guide uphold you;  
With his sheep securely fold you;  
God be with you till we meet again.*



*Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.*

*God be with you till we meet again;  
When life's perils thick confound you;  
Put his arms unfailing round you;  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.*

*God be with you till we meet again;  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;  
Smite death's threatening wave before you.  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.*

**Benediction – Dan Pierce (Friend):**

Our Most Loving Father in Heaven:  
We are so grateful as we have gathered here to celebrate the life of Earl Jacob.  
We marvel at the wonderful example that he has set of love and devotion.  
We are reminded that sweet is the peace the gospel brings.  
We are grateful for the solace we feel in Thy plan of happiness, Thy plan of salvation.  
As we have heard wonderful examples of this wonderful man, we are reminded of the example of the Savior of love and devotion.

We pray that as we separate and go our various ways that we will be reminded constantly of the example that we have heard related by family and friends.

We pray that we will always follow the example of the Savior, who through His atoning sacrifice made it possible for families to be together forever and for us to enjoy the blessings of family associations.

We give our thanks and again celebrate the life of a wonderful man.  
We do this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



***INTERMENT***  
***Orem City Cemetery***

**President George Usher:**

Brothers and sisters, welcome to the gravesite. After the dedicatory prayer by Lewis Jacob, a son, we will have a tribute to Earl's military service by a military honor guard and we appreciate them being here.

**Dedicatory Prayer – Lewis Jacob (Son):**

Our Eternal Father:

We come before Thee, in the name of Jesus Christ and through the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood to dedicate and consecrate this site as a sacred site for the final resting place of Earl and Louise Jacob until the time comes when Thou shalt call them forth in glory to return to Thee.

May it be protected from ill and may it be a safe and comfortable resting place for them and may we have an opportunity to come here and remember and rejoice with them.

We dedicate this site in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

**Military Rites – American Legion Honor Guard:**

Playing of "Taps"

Rifle Salute

Presentation of Flag



