

ANDERSON, Glenmore Ray

Born: May 1, 1919
Died: March 1, 1922
west of Center Point

Viborg Enterprise - March 8, 1922
March 15, 1922

LITTLE BOY FELL INTO WATER TANK AND STRANGLD

Little Three-Year-Old Son of Mr.
and Mrs. Arthur Anderson
Drowned

Last Wednesday evening the little three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anderson, west of Center Point, fell into a water tank and died before help arrived.

It seems that the hired man was watering the horses and the boy was playing around the yard and he asked for a small pail to get some water out of the tank. When the hired man returned with the second team he found the boy in the tank. A doctor was called immediately but all efforts to bring him back to life proved of no avail. The doctor's decision was that he had strangled and died as soon as he got into the water.

The funeral was held from the home last Sunday afternoon, and the remains were laid to rest in the Elim cemetery. The sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved family in this their time of sorrow.

OBITUARY

The community was greatly shocked to hear of the death of Glenmore, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Anderson, Wednesday afternoon, March 1st, 1922.

Glenmore Ray was born May 1st, 1919, and was 2 years and 10 months old and was a very robust, healthy child and while outside playing on Wednesday afternoon he had wandered to the tank, where he met his death by drowning.

Everything was done that could be to save his life by the family and neighbors who came to their assistance, until the doctor arrived, but his little soul had already gone home to Jesus, where he often said he wanted to go.

The funeral services was held at the home and Elim Lutheran church on Sunday afternoon, March 5th. An unusual large gathering of relatives and friends were present. Rev. Nordsletten, of Irene, had charge of the service and spoke many comforting words to the bereaved parents and brother Jerome.

Little Glenmore leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn his loss, although sad at heart they submit to the will of God.

Praise God this hour of sorrow
Shall bring a brighter morrow
I go to Paradise.

My mother dear and father
When round my grave you gather.
Lay me to rest with songs of praise
I was on earth your treasure.
When now I know but pleasure,
Ye weep in bitter woe
Believe, whate'er betideth God's love
in all abideth,
And soon your tears shall cease to
flow.

—Contributed

CARD OF THANKS

We desire hereby to extend our heartfelt thanks to our many neighbors and friends for the kindness and love shown during our sorrowful hours through death of our dear little Glenmore.

We desire furthermore to thank the ones that rendered the songs and for the beautiful flowers that was placed on the casket.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Anderson
Jerome