

Loss of My Sister Carolyn (by Jessie - abridged)

Carolyn Cradock Simpson was born on Jan 11, 1915. The Lord called her Home on July 25, 1919 at four years and seven months of age. She was a chubby, pretty little girl with brown hair cut in a Dutch bon, and which tended to curl softly. Her large blue eyes shown with a bright, sween and loving disposition

It was a warm pleasant summer day in Grand Forks, ND. Each member of the family was occupied with some usual, familiar task. . . . By one o'clock, Daddy had left for the University and classes. Bobby, 9, was mowing the back lawn. Mother was helping him and I was dusting. Mercifully, we all missed seeing the accident.

Carolyn and Robert Hoy, a little neighbor boy who lived across the road often rode their tricycles on his side of the street and down to the Catholic Church on the corner. Three huge stone urns filled with growing flowers stood on the corners of the church building. Carolyn climbed off her tricycle and grasped the rim of an urn so she could see and smell the flowers. The urn toppled over and killed her. Later, it was discovered that one of the large bolts from the base had been missing.

A neighbor nurse and passing motorist rushed her to Deaconess Hospital. Someone told Mother what had happened and as she got ready to leave for the hospital, she asked me to call Dad and tell him "Come to the hospital at once. Carolyn has been hurt badly." I called Daddy. His voice was calm and pleasant but I choked out the words. There was a long pause. His voice, then tense and thoughtful, said "I'll be there at once!" Then, the long wait began.

Finally, Mother and Daddy came home in a taxi. his arm was around her, supporting her as they came in. They gathered us all together and told us that God had taken Carolyn to Heaven to live with Him there. It was shocking and unbelievable, yet they made it sound beautiful.

The undertaker brought Carolyn's body home. She had a black, swollen, ugly bruise on her forehead, but otherwise looked pale and white as if asleep. Mother became hysterical and Daddy half laid her down on the sofa and held her tightly and lovingly with eyes full of tears. I had never seen my mother out of control before. I was frightened.


A close family friend there clasped us close to her. I was thankful for the comfort. Mother wished Carolyn be taken upstairs and laid in her prepared crib in my parent's room. How they slept that night, I do not know.

Sometime later, Carolyn's body was placed in a small white casket. Mother went out into the garden and picked a small, perfect yellow rosebud, washed and dried the leaves, picked off the thorns, and placed it in Carolyn's small right hand. Daddy gathered us in a semi-circle around her casket. He had us hold hands while he spoke to us softly and beautifully

of our strong family circle seeming broken, but not being so. God would take care of her until we were with her again on that perfect day.

Daddy had purchased a Simpson plot at Memorial Park Cemetery and the family returned to the cemetery every day for awhile, and then, less frequently. It was a beautiful spot with a small tree, white spirea, purple iris and pansies. Mother had blue forget-me-nots planted because they reminded her of Carolyn's bright blue eyes.

The shock from our loss was great for all of us. When we sat on our front porch we could see the place where it had happened. Mother would turn her chair so her back was toward it and would go blocks out of the way when she walked to town. The doctor recommended that she get away, so in the fall of 1920, Mother took the three children by train to rent a house in Pasadena, CA for the winter. Daddy joined us in June. By our return, our family was closer and more loving than ever, with a deeper dependence on and faith in God's loving care.

 **Date:** 25 July 1919

 **Place:** Grand Forks, North Dakota, USA