

Serrelda Jane Wyatt, daughter of John and Rebecca Wyatt, was born in Putnam county, Missouri, October 11, 1863, and passed away in the Englewood hospital, Chicago, Illinois, October 26, 1939, after a lingering illness.

She was united in marriage to John Willet Coons, March 27, 1887. To this union were born five children, three sons and two daughters, U. E. Coons, Chicago, Ill., John Coons, Queen City, Mo., Mrs. Charles Anderson, Chicago, Ill., Mrs. Henry G. Newson, Denver, Colo. Her youngest son, Herschel Coons, passed away in 1918.

Besides the children born of her marriage, she leaves five step-children, two sons and three daughters, Mrs. Wm. Snowbarger, Queen City, Mo., Mrs. Wm. Schupbach, Kirksville, Mo., Mrs. Charles Nelson, Denver, Colo., Ezra Coons, Moberly, Mo., and Ellis Coons, Chicago, Ill.

Three brothers and two sisters having preceded her in death, she leaves one brother, Samuel J. Wyatt, Topeka, Kans., and one sister, Mrs. Nancy Gatlin, Livonia, Mo., to mourn her loss. She also leaves fifteen grand children and fourteen great grand children, several cousins and other relatives and a great many friends.

Although it was not until May 1910 that she, with her husband joined the Primitive Baptist church her religious beliefs from childhood were allied with this religion and after her expression of faith by baptism, she lived a loyal member of this church until her death.

Serrelda Jane Coons was a woman of great courage and a zest for living. It was her belief that God planned all things according to His will and for the best of his followers, even though His ways were often hard to understand. She often remarked "It is not for us to understand but to believe."

She knew the end was coming and approached without fear. During the days of her last illness she assured her relatives and attendants that she had lived a long and useful life, that she had no fear of death and desired that no one grieve for her passing.

Shortly before her death she expressed a desire to go to sleep and not awake. She did. She went to sleep in the afternoon of the 25th in the house that had been prepared for her by the Lord, whose existence she never doubted, and whose presence she could always feel.

It cannot seem that Thou art far,  
Since near at hand the angels are,  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see the waiting stand,  
And white against the evening star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand.

Funeral services in accord with the rites of the Primitive Baptist church, were conducted at the Lutheran church at two o'clock Monday, October 31st, by Elder Clyde Johnson of Stahl, Mo. Interment was in the Germania cemetery.