

YORKE

At Chateau Gardens Nursing Home, Parkhill on Saturday, May 30, 1987, Mrs. Helen Augusta (McPherson) Yorke, formerly of Arkona; in her 102nd year. Beloved wife of the late Dennis Cameron Yorke (1939) and dear mother of Mrs. Helen Wilson of Arkona. Predeceased by two daughters Hazel Gault (1972) and Irene Harrington (1984) and two infant sons. Also survived by 10 grandchildren, 27 great-grandchildren and 6 great-great-grandchildren. Resting at the Gilpen Funeral Home, Thedford for service in the chapel on Tuesday, June 2 at 1:30 PM. Interment Arkona Cemetery. Visitation Monday afternoon and evening.

YORKE

Helen Augusta Yorke was born January 12, 1886 and died May 30th, 1987 in her 102nd year at Chateau Gardens nursing home Parkhill. She was formerly of Arkona and the 6th Concession of Warwick, beloved wife of the late Dennis Cameron Yorke (1939). She was the daughter of Gilles and Sarah (Norton) McPherson. Two brothers Gilles J. and George B. McPherson died in 1943 and 1953 respectively.

She is survived by

her daughter Helen Wilson of Arkona, 10 grandchildren, 27 great grandchildren and 6 great-great grandchildren. Daughter Hazel Gault (1972) and Irene Harrington (1984) and two infant sons predeceased her.

Funeral services were held June 2, 1987 in the Gilpin Funeral home Thedford, Rev. James Johanson and Pastor Valorie Skillings officiated. Rev. Eleanore Johanson provided special music.

Pallbearers were Warren Kingsley, James Weaver, George Wynne, Howard Ireland Tom Gault and Dennis Wilson.

Flower bearers were Grant Zavitz and Jim Fuller.

Interment was in Arkona Cemetery.

(Shortly before her death at 101 years, Augusta Yorke was visited by youngster Lauren Harrison who wrote the following verse after the visit. Mrs. Yorke was a longtime resident of Arkona and the poem is printed here at the request of her daughter, Mrs. Helen Wilson of Arkona. Mrs. Yorke's obituary also appears in this issue.)

GUSSY

*There she lay, old, weakened by age,
Her old blue eyes were faded,
Her once soft skin, was wrinkled,
Her once strong bones, were unable to hold her,
There she lay, old, weakened by age.*

*I had just met her for the first time,
But yet how she loved me, her hand was in mine.
She wouldn't let go, for fear I would leave,
She clung to my hand, like trees to the leaves.*

*Her love for life came shining through,
She wished it to go on, Lord with You.
She spoke of love, morals and dreams,
She spoke of death, and passing through streams.*

*She spoke of walking that final mile.
She spoke of walking it with a smile.
The words she spoke came from a soft heart,
I knew with years came tears, as I watched her lips part.*

*I knew that she'd walk with God a long way.
I knew He was in her, in her to stay.
I knew by the words she spoke on that bed,
I knew God would bless her for the life she had led.*

*I felt close to Jesus when I looked in her eyes,
So close to Jesus, Who's Truth and not lies.
The words that came from an old womans mouth,
Came from the eyes of a child, who was ready to shout!*

*"When I die, and cross that river" She smiled,
Her mind drifted over that final mile,
"I hope that Lord will walk up to me, wrap
His arms around me and say:
WELCOME HOME GUSSY!"*

*I had just met her for the first time,
But yet how she loved me, her hand was in mine.
She wouldn't let go for fear I would leave,
She clung to my hand, like trees to the leaves.*

*Gussy my dear, your body is old,
But your soul is a child that's ready to go.
You've nothing to fear of going home,
You've nothing to fear, to Jesus you'll go!*

*I felt close to Jesus, when I looked in her eyes,
So close to Jesus, Who's Truth and not lies.*