

Rosanna M. (Stocker) King
November 10, 1861 – November 11, 1929

The Wheatland Times
November 14, 1929

Mrs. L.A. King Passed Away at Her Home Here Armistice Day

Funeral Services Held Wednesday; Burial Made Here

Mrs. L.A. King passed away at her home in the northwest part of Wheatland, Monday, November 11th. Mrs. King had been seriously ill for the past three weeks and had not been in good health for the last year.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church at 2 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Orman C. King preaching the service. Burial was made in the Wheatland cemetery with the Watson Mortuary in charge of arrangements.

Rosanna Stocker was born near Port Washington, Ohio, November 10th, 1861 and was sixty-eight years and one day old at the time of her death. She was converted in early childhood and joined the United Brethren church. After coming to Wheatland she and her husband placed their membership in the Methodist church. To the day of her death she was a consistent Christian. While her strength lasted she was an active member of the Ladies Aid and the Muir W.C.T.U., of which she was one of the charter members, and later a life member.

At the age of 16 she united in marriage to Lewis A. King. To this union were born five children, Mary, Ida, Bertha, Walter and Helen. Four of them were with her at the last. Ida Farnsworth and Walter King of Wheatland, Mrs. Bertha Nordyke of Shenandoah, Iowa and Mrs. Helen Frain of Carson, Iowa, Mrs. Mary Barber of Wessington Springs, S.D., was with her a part of the time during her last illness but could not remain for the funeral. She also leaves 17 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren and a host of friends to mourn her loss.

The Platte County Record
November 14, 1929

MRS. KING PASSES

Mrs. Rosanna King died at her home in Wheatland after a long illness, on Sunday. Mrs. King was in her sixty-ninth year and was born in Ohio. Mr. King died two years ago. Mr. and Mrs. King had lived here for many years and were the class of citizens a community most grieves over parting with. They have done much for the upbuilding of the best interests of the country and their lives and influences will ever be a bright spot in the memories of those with whom they were associated. Mrs. King bore her last long illness with true Christian fortitude and patience.

OBITUARY

Rosanna Stocker was born near Port Washington, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1861, and died at her home in Wheatland, Wyoming, Monday, Nov. 11, 1929, aged sixty-eight years and a day.

She was converted in early childhood and joined the United Brethren church. After coming to Wheatland she and her husband placed their membership in the Methodist church. To the day of her death she was a consistent Christian. While her strength lasted she was an active member of the Ladies Aid and the Muir W.C.T.U. of which she was one of the charter members,

and later a life member. She was a loving and affectionate wife and mother and a kind neighbor, always even to the last trying to do something for every one about her.

At the age of 16 she was united in marriage to Lewis Alvin King. To this union were born five children, Mary, Ida, Bertha, Walter and Helen. Four of them were with her at the last—Mrs. Ida Farnsworth and Walter King, of Wheatland, Mrs. Bertha Nordyke, of Shenandoah, Iowa, and Mrs. Helen Frain, of Carson, Iowa. Mrs. Mary Barber, of Wessington Springs, South Dakota, was with her a part of the time during her last illness but could not remain for the funeral. She also leaves 17 grandchildren and two great grandchildren and a host of friends to mourn her loss.

OUR MOTHER

Our hearts and homes are broken
And home is home no more
Since darling Mother left us—
Left us, yes, forever more.
You have left and we miss you,
Sadly miss you, Mother dear:
In vain we listen for your footsteps.
Still we know you are near.
Had He asked us, Well we know
We should say "Oh spare the blow."
Yes with streaming ears should pray
Lord, we loved her, let her stay.
In love she lived,
In peace she died,
Her life was asked for,
But God denied,
So sleep on dear Mother, thy work is over,
Those tired hands can toil no more.
Sleep in Jesus, Blessed sleep;
From which one never wakes to weep.
For sweetly the stars are beaming
Upon your silent grave;
There sleepeth, without dreaming
The one we loved but could not save.