

**Georgia Padgett**  
**December 30, 1885 – January 15, 1903**

**The Wheatland World**  
**January 23, 1903**

**Not Changed, but Glorified**

GRANT, WYO., Jan. 20.

There are many sorrowful hearts in our midst today. We mourn the loss of one who was very dear to all who knew her. So recently was she among us that we can hardly realize she is gone.

Georgia, daughter of W. H. and Josephine Padgett, was born at Laramie, Wyoming, December 30th, 1885, and died January 15th, 1903. She is at rest in the cemetery at Wheatland, Wyoming.

Although her health for several months had not been good, no real danger was apprehended until three days before death. All that medical skill, the tender and loving care of fond parents and the willing hands of many friends could do, was done, but to no avail. God wanted her pure spirit "to make up His jewels," and when her spirit took its flight it seemed to friends like the ceasing exquisite music.

A few weeks before her last illness she told a friend she was not afraid to die. Did she have a premonition of the separation from dear ones so soon to take place? God knows. In every way her life was beautiful and exemplary. The voice we so loved is silent and the bright eyes that once looked upon fond parents and numberless friends are closed. There is a vacant place in our little social circle that she never more will fill. But until the hearts that knew and loved her grow still in death, the memory of Georgia will live.

To the parents, and to one whose home has been with the family since the infancy of the deceased, our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy. The mother especially has been sorely bereaved, for as she watched her only child passing beyond her care word was brought that her mother also had passed peacefully away at the old home in Iowa.

**WHOM GOD LOVES HE CHASTISETH.**

Think of us, dearest one, while o're life's waters  
    We seek the land,  
Missing thy voice, thy touch and the helping  
    Of thy pure hand;  
Till through the storm and tempest softly anchored  
    Just on the other side,  
We find thy dear face looking through death's shadows,  
    Not changed but glorified.

A FRIEND.