



*No more fitting tribute could be recorded than the eulogy by the Reverend David Allan of Bloor Street United Church, for Dr. Ethel Chapman at the funeral service on August 31, 1976. Dr. Chapman was a true friend to Women's Institute members. Her guidance, thoughtfulness and charm will long be remembered by the membership.*

**Dr. Ethel Chapman** was of pioneer stock. And the sturdiness, the common sense, the respect of nature and the land, the qualities of vigorous and honest character, clear as the pioneer streams that flowed swift silver through the Campbellville hills, the thirst for learning, and trust in an underlying providence, all mark like ancient gravestones the procession of that descendancy through her life. We know of her work in the Women's Institute, in journalism, in the United Church, in Bloor Street church, in helping to create the community that lives in Chester Village, her enthusiasm for so many things, her generosity and un-failing courtesy. We remember her determination and her humility; her many abilities and her patience in achieving goals; her love of the land and the people of the land; her great scholarship and her great simplicity; her love of words spoken and written and her mastery of both; her host of friends and their respect and affection for her; her clear picture of life and her serene faith.

I asked Dr. Chapman three weeks ago what in her rich and accomplished life had she prized the most. And she said, without hesitation, the many friends she had made. You are those friends. You were her life's treasure. It has been our privilege.

That same day she told me that she wanted to die; she was worn out from the constant efforts to keep her alive. She spoke to her doctor shortly after I left. She was calm and reasonable. This decision was typical of her dignity and lucid thinking. Last week when I spoke to her again, her mind was still keen and thoughtful, but I could no longer understand her words; so we sat in quietness and silence together for the last time.

Let me read to you from her own writings, a passage from her novel, "God's Green Country". It is a scene within the thoughts of a young boy called Billy. (p. 26-27)

"... He had been at old Mr. Hopkins' funeral when he was quite small and had enjoyed it immensely. It had seemed just like a story to watch the people all moving around so still as if they expected something; to see the black box with its silver handles and the flowers all piled on top—he had wanted his mother to lift him up to see in, but she didn't. Mr. Hopkins' family were all there, fine, rich-looking men and women with their hair beginning to turn grey and children of their own almost grown up. And the people had sung "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want." It was just fine. You could almost see old Mr. Hopkins going down the green pastures with his long staff, just like he came out to salt the sheep, only not so bent over, and maybe with a long gown on like the charts showed at Sunday school. He would likely have found Mrs. Hopkins, who had died two years before, and they would sit under the trees and both be happier than they had been in all their lives. One of the daughters had said, "He never was the same since Ma died," and Bill's faith never questioned the goodness of the angels in taking him to her. Altogether there was nothing sad about it, except that everyone would miss old Mr. Hopkins for a while.

But this funeral to-day would be different. There were children at Brown's—some of them just babies. Mrs. Brown couldn't be much older than his mother. People said she had consumption, and when Billy had called to ask hands to the threshing last fall he had seen her at the pump, and she looked so white and thin she had almost frightened him. When he asked if he could carry the water for her she couldn't answer—just leaned on the pump and coughed and coughed. He had seen her helping her husband plant potatoes once too. She hadn't looked so bad then, but that was a year ago. Well, she would be through now. He had heard his grandmother say once that there were "a thousand things worse than death." Maybe it was true ..."

#### ACWW STAMP STALL

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