



## Here She Comes

Anonymous

I am standing on the seashore. A ship spreads her sails to the morning breeze and starts for the ocean I stand watching until she fades on the horizon, and someone at my sides says, "She is gone!" Gone where? The loss of sight is in me, not in her. Just at the moment when someone says, "She is gone," there are others who are watching her coming. Other voices take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

**Betty Jane Larrington Boulding**, daughter of John and Lucy Larrington, wife of Robert Owen Boulding, was born August 9, 1928 in Gettysburg, South Dakota, passed away on January 30, 2018 in Laguna Niguel, California.

Betty attended Gettysburg High School where she was active in many school groups. On August 1, 1947, Betty married Robert Boulding in Pierre, South Dakota. In 1952, they moved to Long Beach, California, where they resided for twenty-seven years raising their four children. In 1979, Betty and Robert moved to Lake Forest, California. Betty lived in Lake Forest for thirty-nine years. She was active in the Lake Forest Garden Club, as well as the Costa Del Sol Women's Golf Group.

Betty is survived by her sister, Mary (Derald) Hanson of Gettysburg; her daughters: Barbara (Richard) Hernandez and Rebecca Shepherd; sons: Ronald and Robert Boulding; six grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; sister-in-law, Margaret Larrington; and brother-in-law, Sherman Rausch.

Preceded in death by her parents; husband; brothers: Leo, Howard and John Jr. Larrington; infant brother, Max; and one sister, Oletha Rausch.

Services will be held 2:00 p.m., Friday, February 23, 2018 at the Luce Funeral Home, Gettysburg, with Pastor Jeff Adel presiding. Burial will follow in the Gettysburg Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers, donations to the American Heart Association are suggested.

## ***The Rose Still Grows Beyond the Wall***

By A.L. Frink

*Near a shady wall a rose once grew,  
budded and blossomed in God's free light,  
Watered and fed by morning dew,  
shedding its sweetness day and night,  
As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,  
slowly rising to loftier weight,  
It came to a crevice in the wall,  
through which there shone a beam of light.  
Onward it crept with added strength  
with never a thought of fear or pride.  
It followed the light through the crevice's length  
and unfolded itself on the other side.  
The light, the dew, the broadening view  
were found the same as they were before;  
And it lost itself in beauties new,  
breathing its fragrance more and more.  
Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,  
and make our courage faint or fall?  
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive:  
The rose still grows beyond the wall.  
Scattering fragrance far and wide,  
just as it did in days of yore,  
Just as it did on the other side,  
just as it will for evermore.*



Gettysburg, South Dakota  
[www.familyfuneralhome.net](http://www.familyfuneralhome.net)

