

**Obits for Joseph Franklin Willard (s/o William)**  
**(22 Feb 1855 to 21 Feb 1926)**

Fairfield Recorder, Fairfield Texas

Friday, February 26, 1926

**DEATH OF AN OLD RESIDENT**

Mr. Frank WILLARD died at his home at Ward Praire last Sunday after a three or four days illness of pneumonia. His body was interred in the Lake Chapel Cemertery the following day. Eld. H. L. MCKISSICK conducting services.

A large number of friends and relatives from different places were present. Mr. WILLARD would have 71 years old the day following his death. He had been a resident of Freestone County 56 years, all but three years of which being spent in the Ward Praire community. He was a man of exceptional fine qualities and no better citizen lived in the county. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and four daughters and other relatives.

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Fairfield Recorder, Fairfield Texas

Friday, Apr. 2, 1926

**IN MEMORY OF MR. FRANK WILLARD**

On Monday evening, Feb. 22, 1926, the mortal remains of Mr. Frank WILLARD were laid to rest beneath a bank of beautiful flowers in the Llake Chapel Cemetery. Funeral services conducted by Eld. H. L. MCKISSICK. He passed away Sunday evening surrounded by his loving family and was conseious that death was drawing near. Had he lived one more day he would have been 71 years old. He leaves, besides a wife, five children. Two sons, Nelse and Douglas of Ward Praire and three daughters, Mrs. Ben PHILIPS of Ward Praire, Mrs. Joe HOBBS of Frost, and Mrs. Virgie ROBERTSON of Dallas. Besides these he leaves a number of other relatives and friends to mourn his death. The writer had known him hardly a year, but feeling the ache in her own heart, deeply sympathized with all to whom he was so dear.

Weep not dear ones, There will in time come into your life a sweet memory as the years go by. Time will help heal the wound. His memory will become a divinity, recollection of his sweet life, will in time gild the clouds of your shadowed life like the tents of a setting sun. When your heart seems almost crushed with this burden of sorrow, think of the happiness that is his. Think how much our sorrow and suffering he has spared, he is now a treasure in a better world. The gate there which he passed to peace and joy unspeakable is left open so that in due time we may follow. He can not come back to you, but you can go to him. Let this be your consolation and strive to enter in. His spirit to pure for this duel mortal strife, has flown to it's father, the giver of life. Yet weep not as those who sorrow in vein, for in mansion's of rest you shall meet again and to his friends and loved ones, my sympathy I extend as ask that god may bless you, till life it's self shall end.

R. A.