

## MEMORIALS

*The finest in art, music, literature, architecture, and sculpture portrays the heart throbs of a thousand generations as they sought to memorialize their heroes and loved ones. The Pyramids, Taj Mahal, Rheims, Saint Peter's and Westminster in the Old World; the Washington and Lincoln memorials, the Bok Singing Tower, memorial highways, stadiums and monuments in the New World, all enrich life and remind us that we are heirs of a great past.*

*Not only do we believe in God, and a future life of peace, happiness and beauty surpassing human conception; but we also feel that in remembering these worthy ones we are able to attain new heights and to challenge posterity to even greater accomplishments.*

*Let us remember, therefore, that while we gather to pay our parting tribute and to bring solace and comfort to the sorrowing, we have also come to consecrate ourselves anew to the great unfinished task of creating a better world.*

*Here in the sanctity of love and memory let us seek to sustain the relatives and close friends by the evidencing of faith and hope; to draw a little closer in friendship and understanding; to inspire the bereaved with greater courage for the days ahead; and to paint a memory picture that shall ever remain a source of comfort and strength.*

In Loving Memory of  
John Wilson Hughes

Born  
September 4, 1888  
Crawford Co. Kansas

Passed Away  
November 4, 1970  
Jerico Springs, Mo.

Services  
2:30 P.M. Friday  
November 6, 1970  
Nashville Christian Church

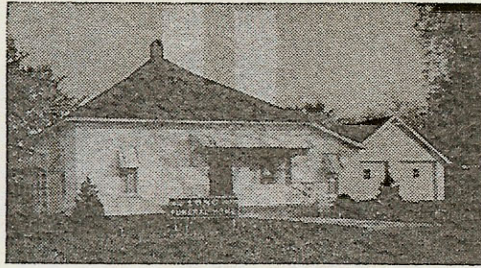
Clergy  
Elder Clyde Bough

Ministry of Music  
Jo Anne Runnels Soloist

### Escorts

Richard D. Hughes	Kenneth Kirby
John R. Hughes	Wm. A. Lamb
Dwight Buerge	Jerry Grant

Interment  
Black Jack Cemetery

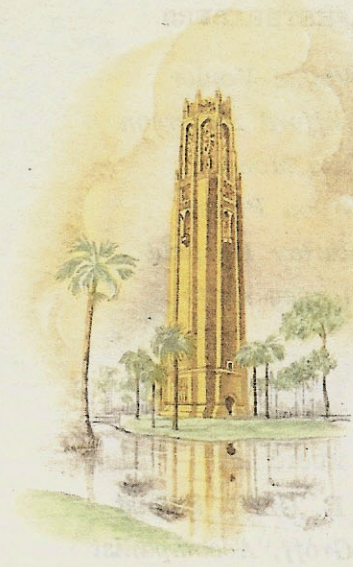


## APPRECIATION

*In behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in thought and deed, and for your attendance at the memorial service.*

## LONG FUNERAL HOME

Jerico Springs, Missouri



## A Living Memorial

THE SINGING TOWER, Lake Wales, Florida, was conceived and built by Edward Bok, whose body now lies entombed beneath this dream of marble. A carillon of sixty-one bells sends forth every evening at sunset, in marvelous tones of sweet melody, hymns of hope and good cheer. It is often called the Taj Mahal of America.

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