

November 14, 1901

OBITUARY.

"Roy Heath is dead." These words greeted our citizens last Friday morning. Roy had been a severe sufferer for some time, but still there seemed that there must be some mistake in the announcement. He can not be dead. We can not realize it, and yet he is gone, and this city has lost a young citizen and his parents a good and obedient son. His death has brought grief to many a heart and a gloom to many a brow.

He had been a sufferer with rheumatism for a number of years; but during the last year he was especially afflicted and suffered considerable. They sent him to St. Louis, Mich. for treatment, and employed the best medical skill that could be had. But with all their efforts he gradually grew weaker and weaker until he was called to his rest last Friday.

How mysterious are the councils of death! We regard it as the natural end of a fully completed life. It is natural for the aged to pass away, like the full-blown leaf that has lived through spring and summer and filled the period of its natural existence and falls with the autumn blast; so the old naturally pass away to the realms of the dead. But for the young, the ambitious and promising, how sad, how strange, how unnatural. But so it is in this case. At the morning of life, with a future full of promise, he was summoned to his master.

Roy Eugene Heath was born in Portland, Mich., February 1, 1878. He came with his parents to Groton in 1881, so that nearly his whole life was spent in our city. Every person in town knew him and he was considered one of the model young men of Groton. He was always a very dutiful, obedient and loving son, and all through his life he was very careful not to do anything that would bring grief to the hearts of his parents.

The funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. J. S. Butt. The interment took place in the Groton cemetery. He is at rest. The fierce conflicts of life, the sorrows and disappointments, the pains and the trials which fall to us all, will disturb him no longer. But he is not dead—