

[Alice M. Epling](#)

Obituaries

Posted by: Webmaster

Posted on : 2007/10/28 4:50:42

Alice M. Epling was born August 26th 1870. Departed this life July 25th, 1927, aged 57 years 10 month and 29 days. She was the daughter of Henry Clay and Eliza Boggs. She was born in the state of Ky. and came to this state while quite young and remained here till the time of her death. She was the wife of F. J. Epling. She leaves to mourn their loss, a husband and five daughters. Mrs. Eupha Ferrell, Mrs. Lepha McMillan, Mrs. Eurah McMillan, Mrs. Stacle Niday, of Otto, W. Va. and Ocie Ferrell of Wheeling and one son Fred who has preceded her in death six years ago. She professed faith in Christ about 30 years ago and was baptized by Rev. W. H. Dougherty, and united with the Banner A. C. Church which she was member till about 8 years ago, when she united with the Otto A. C. Church, by letter, which she was a member at the time of her death. She was Supt. of the Otto Sunday School when called by the enemy death. She will be sadly missed in the home, the church, the Sunday school, and the community in which she lived, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. She was laid to rest in the Home Cemetery by the side of her son Fred, to await the morning of the resurrection, when she will come forth, crowned with immortal faith never to die her home church in the presence again. Her funeral was preached in of a large concourse of people, by her pastor, the writer.

Isa. 25-8. He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces. Sad indeed it was to hear the last farewell, and to see the many tears of sorrow from the eyes of the broken hearted.

Farewell dear but not forever
There will be a glorious dawn
We shall meet to part no never
On the resurrection morn
Tho. thy darling from lies sleeping
In the cold silent tomb
Thou shall have a glorious waking
When the blessed Lord doth come
Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to sleep
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes
Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep
Weep not that her race is run
God grant we may rest as calmly
When our work like hers is done

'Till then we yield with gladness Our Mother to Him to keep
And rejoice in sweet assurance
He giveth his loved one sleep

Herbert Spencer

(Submitted by Evelyn Bissell Starcher)