

Dec. 9, 1986

I hope that all of us will have some of Grandpa's qualities. He was a quiet, patient man; yet very determined and self-reliant. He held no malice in his heart.

He did not have many years of education, but he had a wealth of knowledge about mankind and nature around him. I can remember many times watching with him the spiders spinning their webs, the doodle bugs making their holes, and the killdeer bird building her nest in the ground with tiny rocks.

Dad touched the hearts of all that knew him well. May he find his "Happy Hunting Ground" and rest in peace. Louise and I loved him dearly.

Isabel Peck

IN MEMORY

Grandpa always impressed me
as a person
uniquely in harmony
with the natural flow of things.

I remember him
as the patient one in my life
who was always there,
in his gentle way,
not judging.

Showing me, over and over again,
as a small child,
how to tie a fisherman's knot
by some distant stream
on some far-away mountain
during midsummer.

Grandpa was also the master craftsman,
fitting together into delicate patterns,
the smallest pieces of colored wood,
with patient hands.
And what's more, I remember,
those delicious berry pies
that he could make.

And now I can only imagine him
in some shimmering, golden meadow,
strolling freely by a sparkling brook
in the greatest of peace.

Terry Abbott 1985

Grampa

If there ever was a man with a nature so gentle,
It was this man who rarely waxed sentimental.
His voice so quiet
His face not a wrinkle
Would encourage you to try it, while in his eyes was a twinkle,
And if you failed,
He would pick you up
As he would a scared little pup,
And let you know of his caring.

If there ever was a man who earned the title of sage,
It was this man who acquired wisdom quietly with age.
Using nature as a teacher
Patience as a guide
Never once becoming a preacher, he would stand by your side,
While you stumbled
While you learned
He never grumbled, but was concerned,
That you be the better for the doing.

If there ever was a man who belonged to us all,
It was this man who would answer everyone's call.
To young men he was "boss"
To all children "Grampa"
His logic never at a loss, his ingenuity kept us in awe,
To out smart a fish
Or create a new toy
It was only his wish, to share in the joy,
Of knowing the pleasure of living.

If there ever was a man who belonged to the land,
It was this man with a spade in his hand.
A dog by his side
A hat on his bald head
And the knowledge inside, that no matter what lay ahead,
It would come
It would go
Like the sun and the snow
And leave him the better for enduring.

Lynne Schmidt 85

Desiderata

Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are a vexation to the spirit. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit, to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labor and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its sham and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Strive to be happy.

A few key words in this reading such as placid, peace, silence, onewith nature--for me typify Lacy Shaffer, Grampa to everyone. I will not use his middle name since he disliked it so. The fact that he was born on Christmas Day meant to me that he was even more special. In his almost 97 years of living he spanned the time that took people from the horse and buggy to walking on the moon, a second visit of Hailey's Comet, and 72 years of marriage to the same woman.

Grampa didn't teach or preach--but shared. I graphically remember in my twelfth year driving the tractor through the rows of grapes trying to negotiate a turn, wiping out the last two vines full of ripe fruit to be picked. I looked at him apprehensively, and he quietly said, "Next time go a little farther and turn a little sharper," and we continued on down what was left of the next row. A simple walk would unfold the mysterious ways of nature, a prediction of the weather, water witching or a story:

Puss went out for an airing one day. Was creeping along in a soft sly way.
When down by the garden wall she found, A turtle a creeping along on the ground.
Puss put up her back and her tail grew big. She spat at the creature and gave him a dig.
Puss says, "Well--I wonder what in the world this creature's about.
I guess it's my duty to try and find out".
So she scratched and she clawed and she scratched with a will.
Till finally the turtle seized her paw from under the shell.
She danced him up here and she danced him down there. It was a comical dance and a comical pair.
Till Puss all of a sudden a misstep she took. That suddenly landed them both in the brook
Ha! Ha! now Puss you are free! For you have landed me just where I wanted to be.
And now let me whisper one word in your ear. Tis best to mind your own business my dear.

As I grew older, I often wondered if he had ever told Gramma that story.

As a child he was left motherless at the age of 4 to Typhoid Fever, lived in a Gardena Orphanage (Saturday was bean day) for 2½ years while his father went to the Klondike to find gold and eventually settled in Bardsdale with a mail-order step-mother at 14. He recounted the years from 16-20 as the best part of his life. His father had bought a ranch east of Fillmore, and Grampa worked 20 acres of apricots with a team basically running the property until its sale

Porterville held no good ranching prospects so he moved back to Fillmore working as a nursery man planting and caring for 20,000 seedling trees, eventually marrying Isabel McGregor. Her 18K gold wedding ring I was married with cost \$5.00

Water coming to the San Fernando Valley enticed the Shaffer family, with one girl child, to move to now what is called Canoga Park in 1919 and live in a small garage house until Grampa finished the big house. Acreage was added slowly of walnuts, alfalfa and grapes as was another daughter. The homestead was sold for a crop of houses in 1955, another house built and continual farming or gardening through last summer. This man always needed something growing to nurture.

I spoke earlier of his favorite time of life. When asked two years ago about the worst time--he very characteristically said, "There was no worst time", even though he was weary and in pain. Just a few days ago in the hospital when badgered with questions by us to test his alertness, the nurse asked him what year it was. He looked at her as if she had lost her mind and said, "It's a bad year,"--his dry sense of humor prevailing.

I have been preparing myself for this day for 12 years, and it is still painfully difficult. We grieve for our loss not for him. Each of us has a way of dealing with the reality of death. I choose to see his death as the dandelion or Grampa's Head, I affectionately named after him, scattered by a gentle wind. Freed from its ties with Earth floating effortlessly. He and father are together again.

Lynne Schmidt

December 9, 1985

*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall
not want. He maketh me to lie
down in green pastures; He leadeth
me beside the still waters. He
restoreth my soul; He leadeth me
in the paths of righteousness for*

This name's sake.

*Olea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I will
fear no evil; for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort
me; Thou preparest a table before
me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil,*

my cup runneth over.

*Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life;
and I will dwell in the house of the*

Lord forever.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

LACY ELMER SHAFFER

BORN

December 25, 1889

Shasta County, California

PASSED AWAY

December 7, 1986

Canoga Park, California

GRAVE - SIDE SERVICE

Tuesday - December 9, 1986 11:00 A.M.

Oakwood Memorial Park

OFFICIATING

FAMILY - OFFICIATING

INTERMENT

OAKWOOD MEMORIAL PARK

CHATSWORTH, CALIFORNIA

DIRECTORS

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