

JULIE KAY JOHNSON STOUT
BORN: DECEMBER 15, 1972 LOGAN UTAH
DIED JULY 19, 2009 WEST VALLEY CITY UTAH
AGE 36

FUNERAL SERVICES THURSDAY JULY 23, 2009 12:00 NOON
HUNTER 9TH WARD 6400 WEST 3500 SOUTH

SERVICES

PRESIDING: President McDaniel

CONDUCTING: Bishop Frank Newton

FAMILY PRAYER: Dave Johnson, Jr.

MUSIC: Dawn Warner (Organ) Syndy Lambert (Conducting)

OPENING SONG:

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord.
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford

(Chorus)

I need thee, oh, I need thee;
Ev'ry hour I need thee!
Oh, bless me now, my Savior;
I come to thee!

I need thee ev'ry hour;
Stay thou nearby.
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.

(Chorus)

I need thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain.
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

(Chorus)

I need thee ev'ry hour,

Most holy One

Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

(Chorus)

INVOCATION: Ben Johnson (brother)

Our dear Heavenly Father, as a group of friends and family, brothers and sisters of the gospel, we come before Thee at this time. We thank Thee for our many blessings. We thank Thee for our families, our spouses, our children, our friends. We thank Thee especially for our Savior, Jesus Christ. For His love and forgiveness, and sacrifice, that allows us to be together forever. We thank Thee for our sister, our mother, our friend, our daughter, our aunt, Julie. Thank you for her example, and her spirit, and our time with her, and her time with us. At this time we ask, Father, that thou would bless the service with the spirit of peace and comfort. Joy, love, and understanding. We pray that thou will give our hearts the knowledge of our Savior. And permanently embed in our minds, our hearts, and our spirit the testimony of the resurrection, and faith and knowledge that we will be with Julie again. That she has just gone ahead of us, that she is with family, she is happy, she is whole. We pray Father for these blessings, in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Amen.

EULOGY: Amber Johnson (sister)

Julie Kay Stout 12/15/1972 ~ 7/19/2009 Julie Kay Johnson Stout, dear wife, mother, sister and friend, passed away from complications related to a brain tumor on July 19, 2009.

Julie is a beautiful person whose sense of humor, charity and goodness never succumbed to the physical trials her body experienced. While her passing is difficult for those that love her, she has left a legacy of love and faith that will never be forgotten.

Julie was born on December 15, 1972 to Susan Petty and Melvin Johnson in Logan, Utah. She is the affectionate wife of Brandon Stout and the proud mother of Hiram (11), Avalon (10) Benjamin (6) and James (23 months). While Julie is a bachelor's degree graduate of Brigham Young University, her most cherished occupation has been as a mother to her darling children. Julie is a graduate of Cyprus High School (1991) and served an honorable LDS mission in Sao Paulo, Brazil (Interlagos). She is survived by her siblings Art, Ben, Amber, Angela, Dave, Jennifer and Aimee Johnson. She is fortunate to have both a father and stepfather who love her dearly, Melvin Johnson (Hallie) of Tyler, Texas; and David Johnson (Jane) of Murray, Utah. She has experienced a joyful reunion with her mother Susan Petty Johnson and her grandparents Julia and Rellis Petty.

Julie's gifts and talents are countless, chief among them are her great pride in her children, her unwavering support and love of her husband, and the powerful testimony she holds of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Julie's family extends particular heartfelt gratitude to Joyce and Mark Stout. Their selfless care for Julie will always be remembered with gratitude. We also thank her hospice nurse, Brenda Christiansen, hospice coordinator, Jackie McKay, KSL TV and Aposhian Gardens.

Funeral services under the direction of Russon Brothers Salt Lake Mortuary are scheduled for July 23rd at 12:00 noon at the Hunter 9th Ward building on 6400 West 3500 South. Friends and family members are invited to a viewing Wednesday, July 22nd from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. Wednesday and from 10:30 to 11:30 a.m. on Thursday at the same location. She will be interred at the West Jordan City Cemetery. Online guest book available at www.russonmortuary.com

I love my sister, Julie, so much. She's such an amazing, strong, powerful woman. She will be dearly missed. I'd like to extend my thanks and appreciation for all the support that we've had from her family, friends, and the community that have made this time a lot easier to bare. Thank you.

SPEAKER: Mark Stout (father-in-law)

Death has but one victory, its power is limited
It can take the body but once!
And thus ends physical pain and sickness

Death is only real to us mortals left behind
To those who have gone ahead
It is a rejoicing of the legions yearning to greet us

Deaths victory is vanquished
It cannot touch our soul!
It cannot hurt our renewed perfected body!

It cannot destroy family relations
Nor can it crush friendships
It has not power to stop love, faith, or hope!

We have the final victory
Reunion! We will all one day be reunited
We shall have eternal life!

that's a poem written by our daughter, AngeLena, not too long ago. She wrote it because of Julie. Before I get too much involved in this, I want to explain something. I am the king of cry. There's only one person I know that was better than me, my dad, and Brandon comes in a close second.

So, you'll probably see, hopefully we can get through our talks and songs.

We like to look at this as a celebration, for an incredible life. What I'd like to do is give a brief history of how Julie first got sick, and how we became involved in helping with the family. We were, Joyce and I, on a business trip. We were on our way back home when we got a call, from our daughter Angie, telling us about Brandon having to take Julie to the hospital. They didn't know what was wrong. We got a call a little while later saying they'd taken an x-ray and there was 'white stuff' on one side of her brain. They didn't know what it was, they called it 'white matter disease'. We hurried home, Brandon was able to bring his kids to our home, where our two daughters happened to be at the time. I rushed up to the hospital, and I believe Art was there, and Ben. They were doing all these tests on Julie, different doctors coming, and as we were sitting there, she asked why we were there. I guess she was more concerned about us, and we said "We're here because of you, Julie".

As we were in the car driving back, Joyce & I never really talked about what needed to be done. But we knew what we had to do. We were a family, and we'd do whatever it took to help Brandon, Julie, and the kids. Our grandchildren.

There were several stages we went through. We considered moving to Orem to be closer to Brandon and Julie. Then we decided we'd try and sell our house, we put it on the market, so we could sell our home and buy a house together. Kind of an interesting story there, too. Because our house wouldn't sell. Now, Brandon kept promising they would move in with us eventually. He said 'before Christmas', that never happened, 'after Christmas', that never happened, but, you know, it was right because when school was out, our house sold. As a matter of fact, we decided to let it go for another couple of days, we were going to take it off the market. We'd make do in our house, although it was a little smaller and didn't have the room that we'd have liked. All of the sudden, it sold. And then we had a problem, because we didn't have a place to move to. But, I remembered a house in the neighborhood, and I called our realtor, and said "Hey, there's a house just down the street" and she said "That's a great house! Why don't you come look at it." It was only one block over, and several houses down from where we were at. So we all went down there one day, with Brandon and Julie, and we walked through it. We just couldn't believe it. It was exactly what we needed.

The thing we got out of this is, the Lord loves us. He will provide the way. And when the time was right, the doors were opened, our house sold, we got another house within days. It was kind of a long process to get the house. When I say long, it didn't take long time wise, but there were some things we had to do to qualify and get it. Actually Brandon was the one that qualified for the loan, and we were able to move in, which gave us the room that we needed, to be able to live together as a family.

Now another reason we decided we wanted to stay where we were at, was because we had an incredible ward where we were at, and had lived for over 30 years. We knew we'd have the support there, but if we moved to Orem there would be people that didn't know us. We had the support there, and we loved our ward. Again, the Lord moves in mysterious ways. Because 2 weeks later, thanks to this man here [pointing at the stake president, chuckles] who divided our wards up. We moved into a whole new ward that didn't have anybody we knew in it. But here's

the thing, blessings, President McDaniel, is that we then had two wards looking after us. The 9th ward took us in, and immediately took care of us. And we still had 20th ward members coming over, offering help and doing whatever they could.

This became a family event, and friends. Both sides of the family, Julie's family, pulled together. They were a tremendous support to us. And our other kids, Angie, Jaron & Amber. We've learned we have to call her Amberleah, that's her real name, because of Julie's sister, Amber. We'd say "Amber did this" and then it was "well, which one?" so, she likes to be called Amberleah, I've *always* called her Amber, so it's kind of tough to remember to call her Amberleah. But they all pulled together, they were there for us in times of real need. To help us through the little bumps that we had.

The thing that amazed me, was the friends that Julie had. People were coming from all over the country, to see her. Now, some of it just happened to be right, she had a mission companion that was originally from Hawaii that was living in Alaska at the time, but she happened to come to Utah to see some family, and she was able to come and see Julie. Christine, who is here with us, drove, I don't know how many miles, 7-800 miles, it was a two-day trip, to be with her. I am reminded Catrina traveled hundreds of miles to be here today. She has another dear friend, that's on her way here, doesn't look like she's going to be able to make it today, but it's just incredible what we saw. Our door became a revolving door. As somebody would come in, another person would be leaving, just rotate in and out. Occasionally they'd show up and say "Are you tired of this?" and we'd say "yeah" but it was for Julie, and we knew it was right for her. Of course, Brandon didn't help, he sent e-mails out all over the place, on facebook, and everywhere he could find. He'd call people and tell them, "Hey, Julie is dying, would you like to come and see her?" It was a real testimony to see those people, come see and pay respect, and say goodbye to her.

I'd like to name a few people, and give thanks. Maybe not people, if I start naming names, it's not good. The main thing is the family. Julie's family, my family, Brandon's friends that he knew in high school that got together and put in our front yard. It was tremendous help to us. KSL did a news story on Julie, and the response from that greatly helped us and gave us some more help. Aposhian Gardens donated a lot of the stuff that was put into our front yard. As I said, there are just too many to mention. Not to mention those we didn't even know existed. We'd open up our door, and there would be something on our porch.

There are many angels among us, one of our beloved prophets said that there are angels, and they minister unto us, but usually He uses the angels who are living here. Julie was one. Some people that influenced thousands, ten thousands, hundred thousand, to a million people, are our prophets. But to show the love that our Father in Heaven and Savior has for us, He also cares about us as an individual. Julie was a master at that. She was the one that could take individuals and just do something ordinary that they would remember. That's why she had friends coming from all over the country.

I asked Christine to share a story she had that kind of illustrates this. In preface to this, another friend Susie, who is unable to be here, had a similar experience. Christine's husband had to cut back his hours because of asthma. So, their income immediately dropped in half. They tried to

sell their house, eventually sold it, and had to move into a small apartment. They were really struggling, they just weren't able to make ends meet. She recalls one night, where she went to bed hungry, and her daughter had nothing to eat that day. I believe Julie was in her life at that time, but then, Julie saw their circumstances, and said, "Hey, don't you know about this? There's a food bank for this." She helped her get signed up on some help she could get, took her to the food bank, and Christine's family was never hungry again.

Now, this next part I'm debating whether or not to tell. For those of you that know Julie, you know she had a unique sense of humor. I'm going to tell a couple of stories that may illustrate this. I was asking my daughter, Angie, last night, I didn't get to ask Amberleah, about some stories they remembered about Julie. This is more about our side, I'm not trying to steal Art's thunder. If we spent time telling Julie-isms, we'd be here all day, so here are just a few.

My wife, Joyce, mentioned when the kids were little, she'd put the babies on her lap and wave their arms around and talk. I can't do it, you'd have to have Joyce do it, but I'll do my best here. She'd flap their arms around and say "It's all about me!" and she take the baby's hands and hit them on their chest "It's all about me!"

Probably the one we laughed the most about is the one I'm a little reluctant to tell. But I'm going to go ahead anyway. You've got to remember this is when Julie was sick, and Joyce was driving her to the hospital 2-3 times a week sometimes to get tests and things. At the time we had a van that would heat up and you'd have to pull over and stop. Joyce was bringing her back from an appointment. They got stuck in traffic and the van heated up, so they were sitting there on the side of the road. Julie said "I have to go to the bathroom" [Joyce said] "Well, Julie we're on the side of the road, there's not much we can do, we just have to sit here." A few minutes later, "I really, really need to go." So Joyce said, "open the door, slide the door open, and go. No one will see you." So she got out and went to the bathroom, climbed back in, and looked at Joyce and said "Did anyone see me?" Now you'd think it would end there. Not with Julie! The next time they were driving down that road, they came close to that spot where she'd had to go to the bathroom and she looked at Joyce and said "I have to go pee." Joyce looked at her and said "What?" and she said "Just Kidding!". Now that's not the end! The next time they drove by there, it was Joyce's turn, she looked at Julie and she said "do you need to go pee?"

Another time, somebody was visiting Julie, she went and got Angie's wedding dress, thinking it was hers, and she was just showing somebody, and saying "look at this, and look at this!" Joyce finally said, "Julie, that's Angie's!" she said "OH!" and had to run off and get her dress and show it.

One that I recall that really stands out. Probably one of Julie's biggest frustrations, Brandon made the comment, when they first got married, and all the way through their married life, he used to love to listen to the radio. But when he got married, Julie would always talk so he'd have to turn the radio off. She was always communicating, in other words, and probably her biggest frustration when she got sick, and after some of the surgeries, she couldn't find the words to say. She didn't know what to say. She'd break down and cry sometimes because she was trying to communicate something, and we didn't know what it was. But she still had her sense of humor. One day she was talking, and trying to explain something to me, and I said "Julie, I'm sorry, I

just don't know what you're saying" and she looked at me, smiled, and said "Neither do I."

Another thing that was mentioned last night when we were talking, Julie wanted, I can't remember the exact circumstances, but she loved turtles. So Joyce looked all around and found a back pack that was a turtle. Julie put it Hiram when he was little, and he'd crawl around, she'd laugh and say "there's my little turtle" Then Avalon came along and she did the same thing, and after a while when they had the fourth child, she said when they'd get older she could say, Hiram, you're a turtle, Avalon, you're a turtle, Benny, you're a turtle, and James, you're a slug.

Now, we were joking last night, I don't know if any of you have played catchphrase. It's a little round thing and it comes up with a word, and it's kind of like password, where you try to give clues so others can guess the word. Julie got this one clue, I believe it was 'hairy legs' and Julie looked at it, looked up and said "Brandon" and Amber here, Amberleah, said "hairy legs!" Now, this went a little further, the next time Julie got it, it was 'hairy chest' so she used the same clue.

This is a time to say goodbye to Julie, what an incredible, incredible person she was. Probably the most touching thing I remember, was these past couple months. When she was virtually incapacitated, and couldn't do anything. Brandon was by her side, every minute. To make sure she had everything she wanted, there was still that frustration when she tried to communicate, and we didn't know what she'd want sometimes. That was the hardest thing on her. But he was there by her side, I've never witnessed that kind of love. I knew they were passionately in love when they got married, and that love carried through their entire marriage.

The other one I need to pay tribute to is my incredible wife, Joyce. She sacrificed just about everything in her life at that time, moving in to take care of Julie. She lived in Orem with Julie and Brandon for nine months, while I was alone in our home, and I'd go down there on the weekends. That was a tough time, but again, it was family. She was there, and at the time, Brandon was working, so Joyce was the primary care giver. She would take Julie to all her appointments, make sure she got all her medication, take care of the kids, feed them, give them everything they needed.

Just a couple of other things, and then we'll do our musical number here. Just to show you, again, of our Heavenly Father's and our Savior's love for individuals. Thursday before she died, I had just gotten home from a trip myself, and the stake president called. He wanted to come and see us. [talking to stake president] If I tell this wrong, you can correct it, but, as I understand it, he was out mowing his lawn. This impression came that he needed to come and see us. So, he came over, talked to us for a little while, and gave each of us a blessing. During one of the blessings, he said, "I don't know who the man was, but there was a man standing over here, while the blessing was being given." Then he said, "I don't have any particular inspiration as to when Julie will be leaving, but, I would recommend that tonight you have each of the kids say a prayer with her." He's been a tremendous support to us. He did some wonderful things for us, and we appreciate that.

One thing I learned, too, is that when Julie says she loves you, she truly means it. That is one thing she did a lot of when she got sick, was she'd tell you that she loved you. I heard it many times. I've taken too much time, I'm sorry, now you guys can cut yours short. [chuckles] Julie

asked me to sing this song, “A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief”. Last night Brandon said “do you want me to sing with you? I wasn’t sure I wanted to, I’m afraid I’d break down” So, this may be one ‘sobby’ song, but we’re going to try and get through it. When I’m done I have one final comment I’d like to make. It came to me as I was practicing the song, and after Julie asked me to do it. A few words from this song, really do apply to her. It doesn’t help that I’ve taken too much time, but we’re singing a song with *seven* verses.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Mark Stout and Brandon Stout singing, Mark Stout playing guitar
A POOR WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF

A poor wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay.
I had not pow’r to ask his name,
Whereto he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love; I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed it brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel’s portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone.
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the suff’rer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running o’er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

‘Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof.
I heard his voice abroad and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest
And laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed and seemed
In Eden’s garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side.
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied.
Wine, oil, refreshment-- he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In pris'n I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn.
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill,
But my free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise.
The tokens in his hands I knew;
The savior stood before mine eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed.
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

Postscript: I'd be lax if I did not say one other thing. Bishop Newton has been an incredible source of strength to us as well. He came over one night, several weeks before Julie passed away, and gave us all a blessing, at that time Julie was still functioning pretty well, and he gave her a blessing. There was something in there that he said, that really got to me. I can't recall the exact words, but basically, he said that Julie had volunteered to offer an incredible sacrifice. To leave her family, and go on to the other side. But the reason she's done that, is because she knew her family would be taken care of. As I was preparing this song, and I've sung it many times for other funerals, but, when I heard that, the words to this song came to me, and I understood. "My friendship's utmost zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die. The flesh was weak; my blood ran chill, But my free spirit cried, "I will!" I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

SPEAKER: Art Johnson (brother)

Several years ago, many years ago, when Julie & I were probably 10 or 11 years old, we decided one time that we would make some french fries. We were staying by ourselves in the apartment part of the time, with Ben and with Amber, so it was the four of us. And we thought it would probably be a good idea to make some french fries, and mom was gone, somewhere, so we

hunted around in the cupboards for something to make french fries with, and we couldn't find any oil. So we finally decided that Karo syrup was an adequate substitute. So we heated up the pan, got it good and boiling, and threw the french fries in there, fully expecting that things would turn out as they should. Well, what we did is we started a grease fire, and when mom got home, she was irritated with the two of us in regard to our thoughtlessness, and how to put things together. But it reflected one of my favorite qualities about my sister. She was willing to give something a go, and even though the recipe wasn't exactly as she thought it might have been, that's one of the many, many qualities I will miss about my dear sister.

You know, she really was a wonderful mix of a lot of different engaging qualities. She was brilliant, she was kind, she was gawky, she was beautiful, she was a little headstrong sometimes, and very determined. But she had a very powerful and very resolute testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. She reminded me of a very wise, but slightly off-kilter bird I guess, that you just couldn't help but want to be around. Like each of you, I felt like I was a better person when I was around her.

She was put in this cruel cage of cancer a couple of summers ago. A cage that seemed to grow smaller and smaller as the months progressed. And this cage kept her from doing all the things that she wanted to do. Whether it was being a mother, or a wife, which she was so good at being. Or finding free bargains or deals somewhere, or telling corny jokes and expecting you to laugh, even though she'd already told you that joke several times before. Even as the cage closed in on Julie the last few months of her life, you could still see certain elements of her personality shining through. She was not about to let you forget that she was still in the room, and that she wanted a say in what was going on. Several weeks ago, she was talking to Emily and I for just a second, and she turned to my wife and said, in that raspy voice "you're lovely" then she turned to me and said "meh" [turning his wrist]. The inference was very clear.

Not too long ago, I spent some time with her on a very lucid day. She was sharp enough to remember some teasing that I had apparently done to her when she was in junior high school. She was very set on reminding me that I was very unkind in this particular occasion. I asked her if she could forgive me for these offenses that I had done to her. She said that she would, conditionally, if I would go out and get her some of her favorite candy bars, she would consider the matter closed. So I went out, quickly purchased the candy bars, and it was a great relief to me that the debt seemed to have been paid. I have some suspicion that she might have been overstating the offense in order to maximize the number of candy bars she got, but I think she was entitled to do that.

Since this happened with Julie, I've often been reminded of a quote from a movie, where a description is offered of a friend's departure. "It will often make me sad, though, [Julie] being gone. I will have to remind myself that some birds aren't meant to be caged, [that's all]. Their feathers are just too bright. And when they fly away, the part of you that knows it was a sin to lock them up, *does* rejoice. Still, the place that you live is that much more drab and empty now that they're gone." [Shawshank Redemption]

There's an old song, called Southern Spiritual that I heard all the time when I lived elsewhere. It simply read:

When the shadows of this life are gone,
I'll fly away
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joy shall never end
I'll fly away

Quoting Each Life that Touches ours for Good:

When such a friend from us departs,
We hold forever in our hearts,
A sweet and hallowed memory,
Bringing us nearer, Lord, to thee.

The reality, though, of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and Julie's eventual resurrection, is one of the most powerful and significant principles of the gospel. We know of those followers of Christ in the old world, and the new world that truly saw and beheld a man that had died, and lives again. We also have the testimony of living prophets in this dispensation, as shared by Joseph Smith "And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of Him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of Him; that He lives!"

I offer my testimony that I know that not only does Christ live, but through Christ, Julie still lives. I assure her friends and family members, that in the days or weeks to come, there will be evidences that Julie may be close, whether it's an unexpected gust of warm wind on a cold winter day, a nonsensical joke that makes you laugh harder than you thought you might, a bargain sale, or yard sale, that reminds you of Julie's thriftiness, or even a cooking recipe that falls a bit short of it's design. There is Julie in these things, and a host of others. More than anything though, traces of Julie can be found in her family members and particularly her dear children. I see, very clearly, Julie's kindness in Hiram, her quiriness and resolution in Avalon, her unbridled joy for life in Benny, and the infectiousness of her smile and laughter in James.

A simple hymn illustrates the principle of resurrection far better than I will be able to than I am able:

Upon the cross, our Savior died,
But, dying, brought new birth
Through resurrection's miracle
To all the sons [and daughters] of earth

Elder Holland spoke masterfully about the resurrection and sacrifice of the Savior and the miracle of the Easter season recently in general conference. He said, "Brothers and sisters, one of the great consolations of the Easter season is that because Jesus walked such a long, lonely path

utterly alone, we do not have to do so. His solitary journey brought great company for our little version of that path- the merciful care of our father in Heaven, the unfailing companionship of this beloved son, the consummate gift of the Holy Ghost, angels in heaven, family members on both sides of the veil, prophets and apostles, teachers, leaders, friends. All of these, and more, have been given as companions for our mortal journey because of the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of His gospel. Trumpeted from the summit of Calvary, is the truth that we will never be left alone nor unaided even if sometimes we may feel that we are.”

The miracle of the resurrection allows each of us the opportunity to meet again with those that we loved. First, in the spirit world, where we will be able to resume our earthly relationships, and then in the first resurrection when those relationships are sealed unto the Lord. I look forward to that day, when I will be able to see my own angel mother and sister, free and void of the physical difficulties and challenges they each shared during the last few months of their lives. I look forward to seeing them restored to their full and natural beauty. Resurrection not only restores hope, but dignity. Not only does it extend it's perpetuity but in perfection. The miracle of resurrection allows for us to truly understand what it means in Malachi to witness the son of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

I look forward to the resurrection of Jesus Christ restoring Julie's natural beautiful countenance, her quick wit, her hair, her laugh, and a smile that encumbered pain and fatigue. I rejoice and look forward, with faith, to the many conversations that we'll have on the other side of the veil, that aren't centered around tumor growth patterns, or funeral arrangements, or anything like that. I look forward to easy and natural conversations that center around better and happier times.

The opportunity, though, for such a reunion is real for each of us. Alma teaches us a very reassuring principle in the 40th chapter of Alma reading from verse 23 “The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul; yea, and every limb and joint shall be restored to it's body; yea, even a hair of the head shall not be lost; but all things shall be restored to their proper and perfect frame.”

Until that time of restoration, though, we should not anticipate that there will always be miracles to spare us from the pain and grief of sorrow that this mortal life shares with us. Such was the path the savior walked, and such is our path as well. On occasion, there are miraculous stories of lives spared, of disease arrested. But most often, life takes it's course and presents us with loss and tragedy. For Abraham and Isaac there was a miracle ram in the bush that saved Isaac's life. But for all of us, the miracle ram is the lamb of God, who served as our proxy and allowed us to come home to our Heavenly Father and to those that we love.

I'd like to close with some thoughts from Elder Bruce R. McConkie who reminded us just before he passed, some time ago now,

“And as pertaining of Jesus Christ, I testify that He is the son of the living God, that was crucified for the sins of this world. He is our Lord and our king. This I know myself, independent of any other person. I am one of his witnesses, and in a coming day, I will feel the nail marks in His hands and in his feet, and I shall wash His feet with my tears. But I shall not know any better than, than I know now, that He is God's almighty son, that He is our savior and redeemer, and that salvation comes in and through the atoning blood, and no other way.

I share with you these things because I know that Julie knew them to be true. That Julie had, and has, a deep and everlasting testimony of Jesus Christ, and the restoration of the gospel. Like you, I will dearly miss my sister, that has now flown away, but I have a concrete help that we will be able to associate with her again and do all the things that we yearn to do in a life beyond this one.

The evening of my mother's viewing, some 13-14 years ago, I had the opportunity to go to a sealing in the temple, and yesterday before Julie's viewing, I had the opportunity to be in the temple with young people from the ward in which I serve. I share with you, brothers and sisters, as I close, that it is in the temples of the Lord that the spirits of the deceased are strongest to be felt. I share with you that I have a great reassurance that I know my mother and sister live because of the feelings and impressions I have received while in the temple of the Lord.

I share my testimony and my love for my sister. My gratitude for a loving Heavenly Father, and for the plan of salvation that allows us to be with those that we love. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Amberleah Stucky (sister-in-law) piano solo

THE SPIRIT OF GOD

Arr. Jason Tonioli (side notes from the arranger)

When I began working on this arrangement, I wanted the song to be pretty, but also portray the emotions and excitement we would feel for the coming of our Savior. In the middle of the song you will hear the melody from Joy to the World. As you move toward the middle and end of the song, I've integrated more of a marching sound, meant to give reference to the fact that the work continues to move forward. On the last verse, I slow down the melody and go into the higher octaves.

For the final verse, I pictured someone who was engaged in the work of the Lord but the time had come to move on to the next phase in their life. The emotions I wanted to portray at the end of the song were of those who were left behind to continue the work.

We live in an exciting time, and our possibilities are endless. Be sure to take advantage of the opportunities you have to learn, grow, develop and enjoy life. However, be sure you make time for those things that are most important in the eternities as well.

SPEAKER: Brandon Stout (husband)

As my dad mentioned earlier I was not planning on singing originally because I wasn't sure I would be able to make. Traditionally my dad and I have sung that song together a few times and I just felt a strong feeling that I should sing with him this time and I believe Julie was encouraging me to do that.

Julie had, I think one reflection of what you often asked I think in different classes to write down in journals, maybe English classes, what you would want people to say about you and then make goals out of that in your life to achieve people saying that about you.

I think one way to know what people would want said about you in your funeral is to pay attention to their favorite compliments. I've given Julie several compliments over the almost thirteen years of our marriage and one of her favorites was that she was one of the most non-violent people I knew. She wanted to find better solutions than to spank the kids. There was always a better way to discipline. That's just one example of her way of being peaceful.

I also told her she was one of the most peaceful people I knew. That's also one of the things we prayed for the most. That was probably the most consistent thing we ever prayed for together, in our couple prayer, was that our family would have peace, that our companionship would have peace. Sometimes we really did need to pray for that.

Some of the last things that Julie said are also a reflection of who she was. Other than words where she asked for help with various things, which were some of the final things she could even say when her vocabulary was almost completely gone, she still had a few words. Sometimes we had to ask for them. Her final prayers didn't make much sense, but there was something consistent in every one of them. She said my name. She named each of her children by name. She mentioned my dad's name and my mom's name, every night until she couldn't say a prayer anymore.

I have many humorous stories I could also share, but at this time I choose at this time to dwell on her spiritual side. One of her most spiritual experiences relates to my favorite book, Jesus the Christ. I want to read a short passage out of here:

“Jesus found a resting place near the stern of the ship and soon fell asleep. A great storm arose; and still He slept. The circumstance is instructive as it evidences at one the reality of the physical attributes of Christ, and the healthy, normal condition of His body. He was subject to fatigue and bodily exhaustion from other causes, as are all men; without food He grew hungry, without drink He thirsted; by labor He became weary. The fact that after a day of strenuous effort He could calmly sleep, even amidst the turmoil of a tempest, indicates an unimpaired nervous system and a good state of health. Nowhere do we find a record of Jesus having been ill. He lived according to the laws of health, yet never allowed the body to rule the spirit; and His daily activities, which were of a kind to make heavy demands on both physical and mental energy, were met with no symptoms of nervous collapse nor of functional disturbance. Sleep after toil is natural and necessary. The day's work done, Jesus slept.

“Meanwhile, the storm increased in fury; the wind rendered the boat unmanageable; waves beat over the side; so much water was shipped that the vessel seemed about to founder. The disciples were terror-stricken; yet through it all Jesus rested peacefully. In their extremity of fear, the disciples awaked Him, crying out, according to the several independent accounts, “Mast, Master, we perish;” “Lord, save us: we perish” and “Master, carest thou not that we perish?” They were abjectly frightened and at least partly forgetful that there was with them One whose voice even death had to obey. Their terrified appeal was not wholly devoid of hope nor barren of faith: Lord, save us” they cried. Calmly He replied to their piteous call, “Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?”

“Then he arose; and out through the darkness of that fearsome night, into the roaring wind over

the storm-lashed sea, went the voice of the Lord as He “rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was great calm.” Turning to the disciples, He asked in tones of gentle yet unmistakable reproof: “Where is your faith?” and “How is it that ye have no faith?” Gratitude for rescue from what but a moment before had seemed impending death was superseded by amazement and fear. “What manner of man is this,” they asked one of another, “that even the wind and the sea obey him?”

“Among the recorded miracles of Christ, none has elicited greater diversity in comment and in attempt at elucidation than has this marvelous control over the forces of nature. Science ventures no explanation. The Lord of earth, air and sea spoke and was obeyed. He it was who, amidst the black chaos of creation’s earliest stages, had commanded with immediate effect – Let there be light; Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters; Let the dry land appear – and as He decreed, so it was. The dominion of the Creator over the created is real and absolute.”

One of the most spiritual memories I have with Julie came at a time early in our marriage. Julie’s mother passed away eight months before we married, and she still had grief to struggle through from that. So, she saw a BYU counselor there, and talked about things. One of the counselors that she saw, told her, and reminded her, that Jesus Christ did not just die for our sins, he also died to take away our pain, and where there is no sin, He can still help remove pain. She challenged Julie to remember several of these hard times, these pains in her life, unresolved issues, maybe with her mom, or other things she wished she could have done. Feelings of guilt, where there was no need for, but nevertheless feelings that she had. She thought about these, didn’t even tell me what many of them were. She would remember something, I think we were driving to Salt Lake from Provo, and she just would cry, and allow the savior to take that pain. It was one of the most spiritual times in my life, to watch Julie go through this experience.

I like to compare that to her life, the feelings that she had were like the storm of the sea, and as she allowed the savior to speak, “Peace, be still” to her soul, so He can do so with you. I also want my children to remember this experience, because there may be times when you will feel pain, because your mother was gone early, but remember, that the savior will fulfill your life. He can remove the pain.

Our relationship began in the temple. I held Julie’s hand for the first time in the temple, our first kiss was that same day. It’s a good thing it wasn’t in the temple. Our relationship wasn’t always perfect. There were times when we struggled. In fact it was probably almost *never* perfect, but it was strong. There were times when we had frequent arguments, and I remember reading to her some statistics, I tried to find statistics that would help to make us feel better. I said “Hey, this one here says frequent arguments aren’t bad, it’s just how long they are. So we’ve just got to keep them short.” She found another one related on the same thing, “Oh, yeah, and it says here that people who argue frequently are more passionate. I like that!”

I think on the side of having shorter arguments, is creative problem solving. That’s one thing that we strived to do together. To solve our problems in some way, that went along with spanking too, although we did spank occasionally, and probably I still will. We found that it’s better to find a creative way to give discipline, and I’ve found that can be more rewarding for them as well as us.

There was a time when both of us were not sure if our relationship would make it, several years ago. That time, for us, was more painful than the past two years have been. But we made it through that, and we were strong. We did that because we sought counseling together, we made changes, we were willing to make changes for the other person. One common excuse I've heard from people is that they don't want to make a change for somebody else, they want to change for them. It has to be within themselves, and in some ways it does, but, that's not an excuse. If you need to improve yourself, then do it for the other person, the person who loves you and is encouraging you to do so, if that's the only reason that you have. Go to counseling, even if it seems like you've gone to counseling too much. Because you will find the peace that you find in your relationship will be worth the struggles that you make to find that peace.

I look forward to the day when the savior will say something that we've read in the scriptures, but He'll say different name, He'll say "Julie, come forth". And Julie and I will be eternal companions together again. People have asked me how it is that I've seemed strong, and it's because I've had so much support from family and friends, and those of you that are here, and more. But even more importantly, it's because I have a foundation on my life. I have built my house on a rock, not just any rock, it's a perfect foundation. That foundation is Jesus Christ. *He* sustains me, and gives me strength, and I know that my family is an eternal family through Him.

I leave you my testimony that Jesus Christ is the son of God, and that He will hear you when you speak to Him. And I leave that testimony with you, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

MUSICAL NUMBER: missionary companions singing in Portuguese: Catrina Wiley Richards, Deirdre Robins Rand, Becky Kirby Nielsen, Lori Yates Zitzman, Deana Foster Palmer, Laurie Carmack Chamberlain, Katherine Storey Bronson, and Leslie Titensor Lloyd.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

(English version)

Lead Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom; Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!

*Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene—
one step enough for me.*

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now, Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will.

Remember not past years.

So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone.

*And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have
loved long since, and lost awhile!*

(Portuguese version)

Brilha, Meiga Luz

Na escuridao, oh, brilha, meiga luz! Guiar-me vem!

Na negra noite brilha e me conduz Guiar-me vem!
Nao peço luz a fim de long ever
Somente luz em cada passo ter.
Em outro tempo nao queria luz Pra me guiar
Nao quis seguir o plano de Jesus Pra me salvar.
Nas trevas nao desejo mais andar
Oh, meu Senhor, oh, vem meus pes guiar!
Guardou-me ate aqui o teu poder E guardara
Teu braco vai-me sempre defender e guiara.
E quando, enfim, a vida terminar
Entes queridos hei de reencontrar.

(English translation version)

Shine, Tender Light
In the darkness, shine, oh tender light! Come guide me!
Shine in the black night and lead me. Come guide me!
I do not ask for light to see afar
Only to have light in each step I take.
In other times I did not want light to guide me
I did not want to follow Jesus' plan to save me.
I no longer desire to walk in darkness.
Oh, my Lord, oh come guide my feet.
Thy power hath protected me until now, and it will guard me still.
Thy arm shall always defend and guide me
And when at last life ends
I will meet dear loved ones again.

CLOSING REMARKS: Bishop Frank Newton

Thank you so much for the messages and thoughts that have been shared today. I'm going to take just a brief couple of minutes. Unfortunately I didn't have the pleasure of knowing Julie before cancer. But it's been helpful to learn a little bit more about her. As Bishop Stout mentioned, about a year ago, the boundary changes were made, and we were blessed to receive about 60 homes into our ward, and there's been a lot of talent and leadership and some great people. I've come to realize also that part of that was an opportunity for service for us. One of the service projects we had not too long after we picked up these new homes, we were able to provide service at Brandon and Julie's and I was grateful for that opportunity.

As we've heard a lot, cancer did take a great toll on Julie, but it did not affect or dampen her spirit or her love of the gospel. She remained strong. When I think of Julie, I think of the scripture in the 4th chapter of Timothy, verse 7, which reads: "I've fought a good fight, I've finished my course, I've kept the faith". And she *was* faithful. Julie never missed attending church, except for the last few weeks when it was just not physically possible for her to do that. While we miss Julie now, we have the promise of seeing her again, and because of the wonderful plan of salvation, Brandon, Julie, Hiram, Avalon, Benjamin, and James will be reunited as a family. Our mortal existence is but a short time and because of the atonement of Jesus Christ all can be healed. I have a testimony of the atonement, I testify of Jesus Christ that showed us the way. He died a physical death and was resurrected, and Julie has also passed on, but she goes to make preparations. We don't know exactly what she is doing, but she may have resumed her activities as a missionary that she started years ago. I'm sure whatever assignment that she was

given she is fulfilling it diligently. I've come to appreciate the atonement very much, and as Brandon mentioned, life is difficult, and can be unfair at times. But our savior has experienced it all, He knows our challenges, our disappointments, our struggles, and He can help us through. I also love the scripture which brings me comfort. From Revelations 21:4 "And God shall wipe away all the tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. For the former things have passed away".

I bear you my testimony that God lives, Jesus is the Christ, and He gave His life for us so that our burdens would be light. Not necessarily removed, but made bearable. I leave you with that in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

CLOSING SONG:

BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN GIVEN MUCH

Because I have been given much, I too must give;
Because of thy great bounty, Lord, each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from thee With ev'ry brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed by thy good care,
I cannot see another's lack and I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread, My roof's safe shelter overhead,
That he too may be comforted.

Because I have been blessed by thy great love, dear Lord,
I'll share thy love again, according to thy word.
I shall give love to those in need; I'll show that love by word and deed;
Thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed.

BENEDICTION: Chris Wilson (aunt)

Our dear, kind and gracious Heavenly Father, we are so thankful for the life of Julie Kay Johnson Stout. We are so thankful for the many ways that she has affected each of us as our paths have crossed. Father, we're so thankful for the loving and kind deeds that were given during her time of illness. To her family, that helped them and Julie get through this tough time of illness that they faced. We're very grateful that she has been released from her diseased body and that she is once again whole, and is Julie as we all know and loved her. We're thankful for the atonement, of our brother Jesus Christ, that allows each of us to be with our loved ones and dear ones again, at the end of our own lives. And to know that once again, we will be with Julie and all those that we love and care about. We ask a special blessing upon her family that has been left behind at this time. We ask that her children will be blessed and to know and feel the love of their mother as they go through their lives and to know that she is with them during their times of need and even when they may not need her, that they may feel her love and her goodness. We ask Thee that all

will be blessed with peace and the knowledge that Julie definitely does live and has gone on. That sorrowing hearts will be comforted. We ask a blessing upon all those that have traveled, whether near or far, that safety will be upon them as they travel back, that all will reach their various destinations safely. We're thankful for all the good, kind decent acts from family, from friends, from church members, and from community that has touched all of our lives. We ask a special blessing at this time upon Brandon, as he fathers the family that he and Julie started, that he will also feel, and be comforted by, the knowledge that Julie is near and aware. We thank thee for Mark & Joyce Stout, for their sacrifice and dedication to their son, to his family, and to Julie, and all the kind acts that they will be rewarded, and all those that have done so much, that they will be rewarded for their goodness. We say this in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

PALLBEARERS: David Johnson, Sr., David Johnson, Jr., Arthur Johnson, Benjamin Johnson, Mark Stout, Jaron Stout, Chris Anderson, Aaron Stucky

HONORARY PALLBEARERS: Hiram Stout, Benjamin Stout, James Stout, Doug Oviatt, Flint Jacobson, Melvin Johnson

INTERMENT: West Jordan City Cemetery

DEDICATION OF GRAVE: David Johnson, Sr (father)