

## Mary Alice Richards

( - 31 Jul 1892)

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**Richards. Mary Alice** the beloved wife of Alfred departed this life at 11:37 Sunday, July 31, 1892, aged 48 years 10 months. Funeral from her late residence, 1123 New Jersey avenue southeast, Tuesday at 9 o'clock a.m. thence to St. Peter's Church where requiem mass will be said for the repose of her soul.

*The Evening Star, August 5, 1892*

### In Memoriam

The lives of men are more widely known than those of women, hence more widely missed. "When this mortal shall have put on immortality." Are they as much missed? Go to the home where the light of a mother's love has become a memory, where the actual mortal presence has passed away forever; how soon you understand that "Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we seek not to be divorced."

The faithful, devoted, sorrowing husband loves to let his heart bleed afresh as he recalls the tender, gentle, loving affection of her who has gone; or, perhaps, he silently longs for the kindred soul, fearing that his sorrow may escape in the naming it. The distressed and grateful children, though some may be fathers and mothers how, make you conscious that a guiding hand has lost its power, but that the guiding spirit shall be a "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night" to lead them and theirs to that brighter land.

Who can estimate the worth of a pure Christian life, especially if it be that of a Christian mother? Ages to come will yield fruit gathered from seed sown today, though her church, her neighbors and a few dear ones only may have known her.

On Sunday, the 31st of July, 1892, Mary Alice (Stewart) Richards, wife of Mr. Alfred Richards of this city, passed from death unto life. The deceased was born September 10, 1843; her years were not measured by days, but by deeds. A devoted member of the Catholic Church, she was not only Catholic in name, but Catholic in spirit. No creed confined her charity, for hers was a charity that turned from her door no human being who craved her aid or sympathy; in His name the suppliant was ministered unto her charity was a boundless love for her fellow-man, and giving was but the smallest of its fruits. Her suffering brought not anguish to her brow, for one who saw her only during her last days said touchingly, "She is lovely in her patient suffering." Her candle burned brightly for all, but shone brightest in her family. Would that thousands of stepmothers could learn from her the secret of that loving Christian patience by which she bound to herself not only her own six children, but the two families of her husband's children (he having been twice previously married) mingled their tears upon her grave and blessed the day that she became to them a mother. We cannot comfort a sorrowing heart for its loss; no human spirit can supply the place of a spirit that has gone, for the living we should mourn.

It has been said that death is like passing southward through the Mount Ceniz tunnel in early spring; you leave the cold, frozen land and enter the darkness only to come forth into the beautiful, warm, flowering Italy.

The transition of this Christian was greater, she left her suffering, pain and care to rejoice in a higher, purer and holier love, for the mantle of the Crucified was upon her, and Death robbed of its terrors was transformed into a winged messenger of light, bearing her spirit to the God who gave it.

Woodville Flemming