

Struggling For Light: A Disciple's Tale

by LeGrand Fry - October 9, 2002

I was walking down the path of life,
with blue skies up ahead;

my soul was free, my step was light, all
fear inside was dead.

I came across a river deep, and swam
from side to side;

I walked up to a cliff so tall and,
climbed to the other side.

I did these deeds with all my might,
my strength seemed never-ending;
there were no cracks in my foundation,
my will was never bending.

When suddenly all light was gone, in
an instant I was blind;

I stumbled along until I fell down,
and left faith and hope behind.

I shuddered in that cold, dark place,
I screamed and cried for aid;

my shoulders sagged and my head
bowed, when no helping hands ever
came.

I cried a river of salty tears as wide,
and deep as eternity;

my hollow heart shriveled up and died,
as I tried to return to me.

Huddling in an endless night, my fate
seemed crystal clear;

I was to spend the rest of my days,
forever banned from the Light so dear.

I had been taught by voices not a few,
that Christ would never leave;

but to my surprise I felt cut off,
and was left: alone to sob and grieve.

The worst part of the whole thing was,
the emptiness inside;

throw hate and pain and death at me,

and they are nothing, with Jesus by my side.

But cut me off from Light and Truth, leave me
shivering in the dark;

and there's no way in heaven or on Earth for me,
to kindle the smallest spark.

My step was no longer light,

My soul no longer strong;

I was left alone to fight this fight, painful and
bitter and long.

And to this day I long for Light, for Christ to
rescue me;

But I've been told He may not come, I may suf-
fer endlessly.

I may not ever understand, why in darkness I
must lie;

but all I want is Christ's pure hand,
to raise me once I die.

And so I grit my teeth and wait, for an end to it
all;

and whether it comes soon or late, I'll struggle
with my all.

The one thing that I long for most, is to kneel at
His feet;

to have my heart open to His love, to bathe in
its light and heat.

I'm the least of his disciples now, though I once
thought I was strong; but this dark part in the
tale of my life, has taught me I was wrong.

And so I kneel before the Lord, and
acknowledge that I'm weak;

my prayers to Heaven for help and Light, may
be answered as I speak.

But if they're not, I know Christ's still there, He
never leaves me on my own;

so I'll do my very best to build my house, on
Christ, my Rock, my Stone.

In Loving Memory



LeGrand William Fry

October 20, 1981 ~ February 11, 2025

In Loving Memory of
LeGrand William Fry

October 20, 1981 – February 11, 2025

Pallbearers

Ezra Fry Nathan Rich
Josiah Fry David Wiseman
Nathan Fry Jason Jones
Derek Fry Seth Ollerton

Honorary Pallbearers

Joseph Fry Dale Fry



Interment

Historical Springville Cemetery
Springville, Utah



Dedicatory Prayer..... Derek Fry (Brother)

Funeral Services

Saturday, February 22, 2025 - 11:00 a.m.
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints Chapel
1965 Canyon Road Springville, Utah

Conducting Bishop Spencer Harman
Family Prayer..... John M Dietz (Father-in-law)
Organist..... Catherine Rich
Chorister Heather Wiseman

Opening Hymn.....#293
“Each Life That Touches Ours for Good ”

Invocation..... Rosanne Dietz (Mother-in-law)
Life Sketch Nathan Fry(Brother)
Musical Number Jason Jones, Nathan Rich, & David Wiseman
(Friends)

“It Is Well with My Soul”
Accompanist Catherine Rich (Friend)

Speaker Derek Fry (Brother)
Speaker Dana Wiseman(Friend)
Musical Number Imogen Weight (Niece)

“Ashokan Farewell”
Family Memories Stephanie Larsen (Sister-in-law)
Closing Remarks Bishop Harman
Closing Hymn #124

“Be Still My Soul”
Benediction Brandon Dietz (Brother-in-law)