

As my thoughts are of family
 this Holiday season,
 I felt to write and tell you the reason.
 I think of my blessings over all these
 years
 I will tell you now they bring many
 tears
 Of gladness and proud feelings
 For each one of you
 And abundance of love
 Raining down from above.
 As the blessings pour down
 And each year they are doing,
 My heart is so full
 As more babies arriving.
 We as family all know
 A special spirit that we love,
 Looks out for us daily
 Knowing that he's thought of,
 Who knew when we married
 And often kneeling to pray
 That our blessing would abound
 With special children this day.
 How well you have all done
 In this life as you've strived
 We are blessed for each one,
 And have not been deprived.
 I will Love you always,

Mom, & Grandma.

Yes, a very proud mother,
 And why shouldn't she be?
 With nine living children
 Who are a credit to her.
 Although they are scattered around,
 Some far away, and others near,
 The mother never doubts their loyalty,
 No, she never fears.
 There is *Lucy*, the eldest,
 With her perpetual smile.
 Who has never let her down--
 Not even for a while.
 And next there is *Howard*,
 Whose ambition put him through
 Both High School and college--
 Yet to her faithful and true.
 Next comes *William* the third,
 Who fought in World War II.
 And came back with flying colors
 And a bride that's true blue.
 Son *George* is still in college
 For his last and final year;
 Then he'll come out a professor,
 And bring his family lots of cheer.
LeGrand is a Scout Master,
 Down California way;
 Is also active in the church.
 A morale builder, so to say.
Gordon and *Lee* are both on Missions,
 Preaching without purse or script,
 And they'll come home much wiser boys
 And be glad they took that trip.
Nola, a blonde, with a bright, sweet smile,
 And a heart that is made of gold,
 Is loved by everyone who meets her,
 And a pet in the Forsyth fold.
 And last, but not least,
 Is my baby *Monta Rae*,
 Who I will surely miss
 After her wedding day.
 And now they ask which one I'd choose,
 Which one from all the rest--
 So let me tell you here and now--
 I love them all the best.

By, *LeGrand Forsyth* - written in 1950.

In Loving Memory of



Monta Rae Forsyth Jeppson

November 25, 1932– August 20, 2025



In Loving Memory Of
Monta Rae Forsyth Jeppson

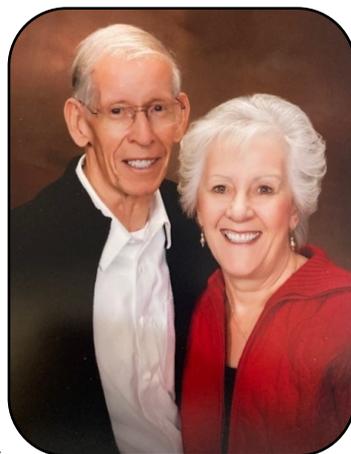
November 25, 1932– August 20, 2025

Pallbearers

Cory Starley	Calvin Wight
Joshua Starley	Bill Ansah-Dawson
Ryan Wight	Jack Ansah-Dawson
Justin Wight	Vander Eldon Wight
Jessica Payne	Robert Starley

Honorary Pallbearers

Brian Quinn	Allen Gillman
Jeremy Forsyth	Greg Rauch



Interment

East Lawn Cemetery

4800 Timpview Dr, Provo, Utah

Dedicatory Prayer.....Justin Wight (Grandson)
 Funeral Piper..... Vera Hamilton Forsyth
 Luncheon..... Red Church, 50 South 800 East, Orem, Utah

Funeral Services

Saturday, August 30, 2025 - 12:00 p.m.

Wheeler & Sundberg Funeral Homes

495 South State Street, Orem, Utah

ConductingBishop Giras
 Family Prayer..... Ryan Wight (Grandson)
 Organist..... Jane Ann Messenger
 Chorister Karen Richmond (Daughter)
 Invocation..... Pam Starley (Daughter)
 Life Sketch..... KayLynn Payne (Granddaughter)
 Musical Number ByLauren Billings

“Mother Call Her Blessed”

Accompanist: Jane Ann Messenger

SpeakerCory Starley (Grandson)
 Speaker Cindy Wight (Daughter)
 SpeakerMindy Lies (Granddaughter)
 Speaker..... Justin Wight (Grandson)
 Closing Remarks Bishop Giras
 Closing Hymn#86

“How Great Thou Art”

Benediction Alisa Ansah-Dawson (Granddaughter)