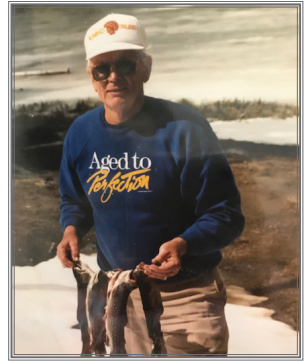
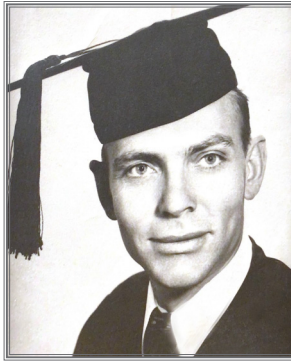


In Remembrance & Gratitude for the life of

Clark L. Cox

September 20, 1927 - May 1, 2022





Pallbearers

Todd Bringham
Anthony Cox
Jon Cox

Mitchell Cox
David Smalley
Brent Willie

Aaron Smalley
Jonathan Jespersen

Honorary Pallbearers

Corey Grove
Tom Scott
Sean Alibrando
Antony Castro Diaz

Darren Child
Nate Moses
Daryl Murdock
Devin Soelberg

Brian Smalley
Patrick Smalley
Chad Thompson



There will not be an escort to the cemetery.
May we encourage you to drive safely and obey all traffic laws.
Thank you, Walker Sanderson Funeral Home

Funeral Services

Saturday, May 14, 2022 12:00 p.m.

Cascade 4th Ward, 1051 East 200 North, Orem, Utah

Conducting: Larry Tucker
Cascade 4th Elders Quorum President

Family Prayer: Clark Eugene Cox

Prelude/Postlude & Accompanist: Mary Corser

Chorister: Kim Willie

Opening Hymn: #249 "Called to Serve"

Invocation: Paul Willie

Eulogy: Douglas Cox

Speaker: Kelly Cox Jay

Speaker: Tamera Jean Smalley

Piano Solo: Mary Corser
"Moonlight Sonata by Beethoven"

Speaker: Marilyn Scott

Speaker: Kim Willie

Closing Remarks: Larry Tucker

Closing Hymn: #86 "How Great Thou Art"

Benediction: Cole Jespersen

Interment: Orem City Cemetery
1520 North 800 East, Orem, Utah

Military Honors: Hill Air Force Honor Guard
Sounding of Taps: Thomas Jay

Dedication of the Grave: Clark Eugene Cox



Come Lay His Books and Papers By

Come, lay his books and papers by,
He shall not need them more;
The ink shall dry upon his pen,
So softly close the door.
His tired head, with locks of white,
And like the winters sun
Hath lain to peaceful rest tonight,
The teacher's work is done.

His work is done; no care tonight
His tranquil rest shall break;
Sweet dreams, and with the morning light,
On other shores he'll wake.
His noble thoughts; his wise appeal,
His works that battles won;
But God doth know the loss we feel,
The teacher's work is done.

We feel it, while we miss the hand
That made us brave to bear;
Perchance in that near touching land
His work did wait him there.
Perchance, when death its change hath wrought,
And this brief race is run,
His voice again shall teach, who thought
The teacher's work is done.

- Annie Pike

