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Title: **SPatriarch_pg-26.pdf**
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A biography of Wilford Woodruff Clark told through other people called "Springdale's Patriarch", written by John R. Clark.



Although he took his calling seriously, Bishop Clark did not overlook its humorous side:

"I was married to my first wife, Margaret Wilcox, by Bishop Clark in the ward chapel. A short while later, we encountered him and he said, 'Well, I see you two are still living together. You know you are not married yet.' We were sealed together in the Temple soon after that."

-Joseph S. Phelps, a "nephew" of Bishop Wilford W. Clark, 1960.

"Father was driving to Georgetown with Richard (Dick) Payne, who pulled out a bottle of spirits and took a nip. He offered a drink to Father who took the bottle, leaned out of his window over the side of the auto, raised the bottle to his lips, and let the drink pour out onto the passing road below. Aghast, Dick cried out that his bottle was being wasted. 'By jolly, so it is: the bottle's nearly empty."

- William O. Clark, second son of Wilford, 1963.

"As a teenager, I sang in the Montpelier Ward choir. One evening at Sacrament meeting, I sat in the congregation with my friends instead of in the choir loft. When Bishop Clark stood up, I felt his eyes upon me. After his introduction, he said the opening song would be by the choir and that the invocation would be by Kem Loveday. Following my prayer, Bishop whispered to me, 'Now, Kem, take your seat in the choir.'"

-Kem Loveday, 1962.

"Bishop Clark said he had three kinds of poor in his ward: 'the Lord's poor, the Devil's poor, and the poor devils.'"

-Heber D. Clark, 1960.

"Regrettably, he could not get his nearest neighbor to go to church; this man was Howard Groo."

—Joseph Smith Phelps, a "nephew" of W. W. Clark, was also a half-brother to Howard Groo, 1960. (How? -- married Maggie Phelps, or something??)

"He was a nice man —always went to church, and somehow always got his work done. I never saw him mad, and he would always stop and talk to people on the street. He treated me well, and spoke sternly only when telling me how bad cigarettes were for me."

- John Sorenson, a member of the Montpelier Ward, 1964.