

Hettie B. Applegate

Occupant Name: Hettie B. Applegate

Location: Section C

Date of Birth: 2/14/1856

Date of Death: 10/22/1878

Date of Burial: 1878

Veteran: No

Multiple Occupants: No

Comment:

No legible headstone at site

Mrs. Hettie B. Banks.

Hettie Benton Applegate, daughter of Eli D. and Sarah E. Applegate, was born in Brownstown, Indiana, February 14, 1856. She was converted in her fourteenth year and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she continued a faithful member until death. She was married to Walter Banks May 1st, 1878. At forty-five minutes past two o'clock in the morning of October 22d, 1878, she quietly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, at the age of 22 years, 8 months and 8 days. She was a true friend, a kind sister, an affectionate daughter, a loving, devoted wife, and a faithful Christian. She could truly say, "I know that my redeemer liveth."

The morning before her death, when it was thought, by all present, that she was just about to pass away, she joined with her Pastor and a few others in singing "The home of the soul," and stanzas of several other hymns. And while all around were weeping she sang alone the lines,

"I would not live always; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

She afterwards remarked that that was a favorite hymn with her, and requested that it should be sung at her funeral. One sitting by her said, "Hettie, is there any sting in death?" She answered, "O, no, none at all. It's sweet. Death's sweet."

And truly there was an atmosphere of heaven about that dying bed. She declared that the grave has no victory, and told every one that came about her to meet her in heaven. She called her friends about her and kissed them all farewell save one brother—Elmer—who was sick in another room, unable to be brought in, and of whom she said, "Tell him I send him a kiss and want him to be a good boy, and it will not be long till he meets me." She gave her hand to her minister and said, "Farewell, I want you to meet me in a better land," and "I want you to tell the young women of Brownstown, for me, to prepare for death." She was perfectly conscious to the very last and gave full directions as to how she desired to be buried. "I want you to bury me," she said, "just as I was married, except my hat."

In her religious life she was not demonstrative, but quiet, steady, faithful. Her married life was brief, but sweet and beautiful. In life her husband was a joy to her; in death her heart ran out after him. She said, "I want you to persuade my husband—" when her voice failed her, but her meaning was, persuade him to be a Christian. The persons present could declare with the Psalmist, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

But Hettie is gone—a brief life is ended—no, no, not ended—a grand and glorious life is just begun. She can not return to us, but we can go to her.

B. F. O.