

PONTIAC BILL POSTER

Sept 18 IN MEMORIAM. 1889

Mrs. Daphne Arnold who was among the early pioneer settlers of Avon, died at her late home, August, 19th, 1889. She was born in Sherman, Fairfield County, Connecticut, April, 10th, 1802, being at the time of her death, 87 years, 4 months and 8 days.

Her strength had been gradually falling with advanced age, though as she often expressed it suffering very little, until the eve of the 17th, of August, about an hour after retiring to rest, began to exclaim, throwing up her hands, "Oh my head, am I going crazy," repeating it, and immediately sank into insensibility, remaining unconscious until Monday the 19th, at 20 minutes after eleven, the moment came for which she had long watched and waited. She was a strong character and persistently superintended her household affairs, in ways which her

strength would allow, until within a few weeks of her death. Her youthfulness, and vivacity, were unusual for one of her age, and she retained her memory, and other faculties of mind, with remarkable clearness up to the very last of her days. She was united in marriage to Miles Riggs, of Connecticut, Sherman Town, and came to Michigan in 1832, choosing their new home one-half mile west of the old Oakland Church. Was left a widow in 1843 and in the fall of 1844 was again married to Thomas Arnold with whom she had lived nearly 45 years, and who still survives her. She was baptized into the fellowship of the Oakland Baptist Church, by Rev. S. Goodman, in the winter of '36, honoring her membership in the parent church, for over a half century, by a consistent christian life.

For several years she had not taken active part in church or society, but when compelled by failing sight, to give up her cherished pleasure of reading, she did so with a composure that (as now recalled) showed a strength and fortitude of character one can but admire.

But she was cheered by the loving attentions of friends and neighbors who kept her well informed of the (to her) outside world. Through the weary years of waiting she was more than resigned, and like a shock of corn fully ripe, she was ready to be gathered home.

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