



A great loss has befallen all of us at Ecusta with the passing of Mrs. Elizabeth Straus on May 19, 1949, after a short illness.

All of us who had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Straus have indeed lost a good friend. Her charming personality was felt everywhere, and it was her greatest desire and pleasure to help others. No matter how small or great the task, she performed it willingly and graciously, and she will be greatly missed by the various organizations in the community to which she gave her time unsparingly.

Mrs. Straus was loved and respected by all Ecustans, as well as by the host of friends she made since coming to Brevard; and by the many friends and relatives she had everywhere. A shadow has indeed been cast upon many places by her departure.

Mrs. Straus was an active member of the Brevard Garden Club, and her love of the beauties of nature is evidenced by her home, which is a veritable garden both in summer and winter, where a warm welcome awaited all who came.

Mrs. Straus was 66 years of age. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Ludwig T. Straus, two sons, Walter and Karl, two daughters, Mrs. Arnold Meyerhof and Mrs. Kurt Rice, and four grandchildren.

To the members of the family we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and may the knowledge of the love and esteem with which Mrs. Straus was held help to soften the great blow and sorrow which has come to them.

Saint's are God's flowers, fragrant souls

That His own hand hath planted,  
Not in some far-off heavenly place,  
Or solitude enchanted,

But here and there and everywhere,—

In lonely field, or crowded town,  
God sees a flower when He looks down.

A vow to keep her life alive

In deeds of pure affection,

So that her love shall find in them

A daily resurrection;

A constant prayer that they may wear

Some touch of that supernal light

With which she blossoms in God's sight.

One such I knew,—and had the grace

To thank my God for knowing:

The beauty of her quiet life

Was like a rose in blowing,

So fair and sweet, so all-complete

And all unconscious, as a flower,

That light and fragrance were her dower.

—Henry van Dyke