



Merrill Stanger

February 9, 1948 - July 19, 2020

Viewing for Merrill Stanger at 9:30am

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/82271623247>

Graveside Service for Merrill Stanger at 11:00am

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/82015489950>

Tribute Wall



“ *Merrill Stanger*

October 05, 2023 at 07:49 PM



“ *I met him at college. He was a quiet man. When he spoke at the pulpit his voice was very soft. You could hear a pin drop. I do not think I have ever met a more perfect man.*

Susan Mullen Pelton - December 12, 2020 at 07:35 PM

CK

“ He was my first companion, a model of dedication, faith, and integrity. I've copied below one of many stories that came out of our time together, this one retold by Marvin Payne.

THE GRIT by Marvin Payne, 2/14/69

These days have been rich in the relation of missionary experience. Elder Konold is a masterful teller of tales. Over the President's table he told about when he and Elder Stanger (his first companion and favorite protagonist) were teaching a group of young people. The group leader must have been a central figure in the social whirl of these kids, because more and more people rolled in as the discussion progressed. At one stage, the early-Elvis prototype made his gritty appearance. Overlaid in leather – the medallions of the hood hierarchy jangling on his shoulders, he wore a tight T-shirt that stretched horizontally over his stocky frame, crowned withal by a duck-tailed, greased-fall of a sleeked hair. The guy was supposed to be tough. Throughout the discussion, he apparently decorated the atmosphere with the cheapest and vainest of comments, dipping occasionally into the sewer of his mind for just the right expression of vulgar ignorance—and all in the presence of the august Stanger—not seldom referred to as the Spiritual Hercules of the mission. In the course of the discussion (about the time when Elder Konold was reckoning they'd have to fist and foot their way out of there) the grit reached for one of a stack of Joseph Smith pamphlets by Elder Stanger's side, who calmly told him that he couldn't have one yet, and then transferred the stack to the side opposite. The grit persisted, cheeky and annoyed, in asking—demanding—a pamphlet, finally challenging Elder Stanger to tell him why he couldn't have his way. Said Stanger, “It's like in the Bible, where it says not to cast your pearls before swine,” (Here President sat back and laughed in hearty marveling bursts). The grit immediately bristled and shot back his offense-born query, “D'ye think yer callin' me swine?” And in the calm that characterizes Elder Stanger's delivery: “Well, I'm not casting any pearls.” The would-be assassin retreated, flushed in a deprecating wave of deserved laughter.

Afterwards, Elders Konold and Stanger were fully prepared for the worst condition in which they might find their bicycles, for the same had stood in real jeopardy since Elder Stanger put the grit down, for he and his mates had withdrawn, and were present only in idle epithets through the windows. Indeed, as expected, the tires were flat, and immediately a coolly applied course of action ensued. The bike pumps flashed, and the tires rose, as the grit and his henchmen rolled out of the driveway in their chariot of doom. The still afternoon was suddenly shocked with the clank of a large automobile wheel assuming a prone position, leaving the ragged axle gleaming awkwardly in the afternoon. The elders rode off quietly, leaving behind a scene of poetic justice faintly reminiscent of Sodom.

Clifford Konold - July 27, 2020 at 11:33 AM

JO

“ *I loved Elder Stanger. We all did in the Australia West Mission. Actually he was a legend. Humble but spiritually powerful. We thought he could walk on water. We will all miss this his unique quiet manners.*

John Oblad - July 27, 2020 at 05:32 AM

CD

“ *Merrill and I were in the mission together and served in Perth and Adelaide together. Such a hard working missionary and humble man. His leaving is our loss and heavens gain.*

Cary Dalton - July 27, 2020 at 02:27 AM