

Families Can Be Together Forever

Brightly ♩ = 80-96

1. I have a fam - 'ly here on earth. They are so good to me.
 2. While I am in my ear - ly years, I'll pre - pare most care - ful - ly,

I want to share my life with them through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 So I can mar - ry in God's tem - ple for e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus
 Fam - lies can be to - geth - er for - ev - er Through heav'n - ly Fa - ther's plan. I
 al - ways want to be with my own fam - i - ly, And the Lord has shown me how I
 can. The Lord has shown me how I can.

Words: Ruth Muir Gardner, 1927-1999. © 1980 IRI
 Music: Vanja Y. Watkins, b. 1938. © 1980 IRI
 See also *Hymns*, no. 300.

Doctrine and Covenants 138:47-48
 Alma 37:35

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Jessica
 Brittain

07.06.1991-06.26.2025

Memorial

Saturday, September 13, 2025 10:30 am
 98 East Canyon Crest Road, Alpine Utah 84004

She Was My Sister

A Memorial for Jesse

written by her sister Candice Brittain

I can still hear the creak of our bedroom door at two in the morning, Jesse padding across the hardwood in her socks, slipping into my bed after a nightmare. The smell of our mother's detergent on sheets we'd kicked into tangles, whispering secrets until dawn crept through our gauze curtains.

That's when I learned the weight of the word sister. Six letters that somehow hold beds across a shared room, inside jokes that make no sense to anyone else, and that look across the dinner table that says did you just hear that too?

Those car rides stretched like small eternities Jesse and me bickering over invisible lines drawn down the center of the backseat, the radio playing songs we'd sing in grudging harmony by mile fifty.

Two kids growing up in the same house, learning the same rules, breaking them in beautifully different ways.

She was my sister.

She held up mirrors I didn't want to look into showed me my seven-year-old self, gap-toothed and convinced that if I just ran fast enough, I could fly. Later, she'd reflect back my teenage cruelty, my young adult selfishness, never flinching from the harder truths. And somehow, in her eyes, I could see who I was becoming, not just who I'd been.

We fought with the passion of people who knew they'd always find their way back. Over her borrowed sweater (the blue one that looked better on me). Over who got the last piece of birthday cake. Over nothing and everything.

But love survives anger.
It outlasts disappointment.
It outlives us.

Years passed. We grew up, moved away, moved back. But the language remained. A single raised eyebrow across a crowded restaurant that meant rescue me from this conversation. The way she'd tap her thumb against her drink when she had something difficult to say. The particular silence that meant I'm here. You don't have to explain.

She was my sister.

I remember Jesse at twenty-two, driving three hours because I'd called crying about nothing important. She arrived with Chinese takeout and terrible jokes, stayed until I laughed, left without making me feel small for needing her. That's who she was. The woman who showed up. Who loved with this fierce, unruly generosity. Who carried other people's pain as if it weighed nothing.

She was my sister.

Which means she shaped the architecture of my heart. My ability to forgive was built in the rubble of our spectacular fights. My capacity to love complicated people was learned in the daily practice of loving her, exactly as she was stubborn and kind, late to everything but never absent when it mattered.

And now. Now she is my sister in a different tense. Death changes the grammar but not the sentence. Instead of making new memories, I tend the garden of the ones we planted. Instead of growing older beside her, I carry her forward her laugh in mine, her stubbornness in my refusal to give up, her loyalty in how I love my own children.

When I catch my reflection now, sometimes I see her eyebrow raised, her mouth curved in that particular smile that meant trouble. She lives in my muscle memory. In the way I hug too long, fight too hard for the people I love, show up even when I don't have it in me.

Goodbye, Jesse.

Thank you for the midnight whispers and the borrowed clothes fights. Thank you for seeing me clearly and choosing to love me anyway. Thank you for teaching me that love doesn't have to be perfect it just has to be persistent.

I will miss you every ordinary Tuesday, every birthday, every moment I want to call and tell you something ridiculous. But I will carry you. In the way I laugh, the way I forgive, the way I refuse to let go of the people who matter. Because once a sister, always a sister.

And that word sister it still holds everything.

Memorial

September 13, 2025

Family Prayer.....*Dan Andersen, Step-Father*

Conducting.....*Bishop David Kono, Cousin*

Musical Selection *"I Know That My Redeemer Lives"*

Violinist: Mary Ann Jones, Pianist: Mary Jackman, Cousins

Invocation.....*Craig Campbell, Uncle*

Speaker.....*Christina Wilson, Sister*

Speaker.....*Andrew Wilson, Brother-in-law*

Musical Selection *"Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing"*

Vocalist: Camille Barlow, Pianist: Sherrol Danielson

Speaker*Dean Brittain, Brother*

Speaker.....*Burgandy Brittain, Sister-in-law*

Speaker.....*Candice Brittain, Sister*

Musical Selection..... *"Clair de Lune"*

Performed by: Connor Brown, Cousin

Speaker.....*Candice Andersen, Mother*

Closing Remarks.....*Bishop David Kono, Cousin*

Closing Hymn..... *"Families Can be Together Forever"*

Chorister: Sonya Stucki, Aunt

First verse: Family, Second verse: Congregation

Benediction.....*Randall Stucki, Uncle*

Refreshments served following the service, all welcome