



Hedy Carter

August 23, 1919 - October 26, 2005

Hedy Carter -- St. Anne Visitation for Hedy V. Carter, 86, of St. Anne, will be from 9 a.m. Saturday until the 11 a.m. services at the Clancy-Gernon-Houk Funeral Home, St. Anne. Rev. Jim Williams will officiate. Burial will be in Aroma Park Cemetery. Memorials may be made to Animal Welfare. She died Wednesday (Oct, 26, 2005) at her home. Mrs. Carter was retired from Interlake-Acme Steel in Riverdale. She was born Aug. 23, 1919, in Chicago, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pravelek. She married Frank Bella in 1940. She later married Elmer Sperlin in 1965. He died in 1983. She then married Donald Carter in March 1989. He died in 1992. She was a member of the Aroma Park United Methodist Church. She enjoyed animals, quilting, knitting and cooking. Surviving are four sons and three daughters-in-law, Frank and Darlene Bella of Calumet City, Fred Bella of Mexico, Charles "Cheater" and Carol Bella of El Paso, Texas, Joseph and Donna Sperlin of Chicago; two sisters and one brother-in-law, Emma and Bob Albrecht of Harvey, Martha Dykshorn of Missouri; 12 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. Deceased are one brother, John Pavelek; and one sister, Bertha Forbes.

Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the album *Tribute Album*



Clancy-Gernon Funeral Homes - December 07, 2010 at 02:23 PM



“ NULL##imported-begin##Sister Inge##imported-end##

October 27, 2005 at 11:06 AM



“ To the Family of Hedy Carter...

You have our deepest sympathy. Your families will be in our prayers.

Dale & Susan

##imported-begin##Dale & Suasn Stevenson##imported-end##

October 27, 2005 at 11:06 AM



“ This poem was sent to me when my mother died by a friend who is now deceased. I always found solace in the words. I hope you will too.

The snow melts on the mountain and the water runs down to the spring, and the spring in a turbulent fountain, with a song of youth to sing, runs down to the riotous river, and the river flows to the sea, and the water again goes back in rain to the hills where it used to be. And I wonder if life's deep mystery isn't much like the rain and the snow returning through all eternity to the places it used to know.

For life was born on the lofty heights and flows in a laughing stream, to the river below whose onward flow ends in a peaceful dream. And so at last, when our life has passed and the river has run its course, it again goes back, o'er the selfsame track, to the mountain which was its source.

So why prize life or why fearful be? The river ran its allotted span till it reached the silent sea. Then the water harked back to the mountain-top to begin its course once more. so we shall run the course begun till we reach the silent shore.

Then revisit earth in a pure rebirth from the heart of the virgin snow. So don't ask why we live or die, or whither, or when we go or wonder about the mysteries that only God may know.

"The Song of the River" was written by William Randolph Hearst in 1941 at his estate Wynton on the McCloud River in the Northern California foothills of Mount Shasta.##imported-begin##Danielle LaNear##imported-end##

October 27, 2005 at 11:06 AM