

Eulogy for LaRue Macfarlane

By Virginia Macfarlane Thorley Olds

Aunt LaRue was such a cute little individual and I thoroughly enjoyed my association with her especially in these last few years as we visited. Her mind was alert and she never lost her sense of humor.

[As I would visit with Aunt LaRue we would have such an enjoyable time. In those last few years her mind was alert and she never lost her sense of humor. As we visited in later years several times she mentioned that she would like me to speak at her funeral.]

I am thankful for the opportunity the family has given me to express my love and appreciation for their sweet kind mother, LaRue Macfarlane.

Aunt LaRue's life can be summed up in one word -service-. As was stated in her patriarchal blessing. "Thy life shall be spared and be a blessing unto many both old and young both friends and strangers. Thy teachings will bear fruit that will gladden thy heart all thy days. Therefore, keep thyself in preparation for service, acknowledging the hand of the Lord in his kindness unto thee and thou shalt be blessed in body and in mind and be preserved in health, in virtue and in honor."

Larue Quayle Macfarlane was born the second child of John Freeman Quayle and Margaret Ellen Hunter Quayle having his sister Kathleen, two years older and a brother John William 14 years younger.

Her home for the first five years of life was on the Montpelier Canyon Road near the gristmill there w[h]ere her father worked milling wheat. When she was about five her father bought a wheat farm south of Montpelier and they moved down the Canyon Road to another home.

She attended Washington Elementary School. And as a young girl she was a little mischievous. At recess she liked to wade in the ditch in her shoes and socks and then had to sit in school the rest of the day, all wet. One day, desiring to leave school early she and some friends help the old wood stove smoke up the classroom so that the class was excused to go home early. In her youth she helped with farm work, she would feed the chickens and then gather the eggs and sell them at the store in town. She loved to ride horses and always helped on the farm. She helped her father homestead a piece of property by staying on the property living in a sheep wagon by herself for a month.

After graduating from Montpelier High School, her first job was a dry goods store, which lasted only two months. Her next job was working part-time at the telephone company. She worked in the evening from 6 to 10 PM and as a bookkeeper for the farmers equity company. During the day until she got permanent employment with the telephone company. She worked for the telephone company for three years, two as an operator and one year as assistant chief

operator. It was during this time that LaRue and three other girls in the office decided they didn't want to just say "number please" all their lives.

One of the girls in the office had osteomyelitis in her foot and discussed with the other girls what a noble career nursing was. This helped LaRue and three other girls in the office decide to go into nursing. LaRue saved her money and in January, 1924, at the age of 21, she entered nurses training at LDS hospital in Salt Lake City.

After only being in nurses training for six months. LaRue's mother passed away, June 24, 1924 in Idaho. She took a six week leave of absence to go home to help. Returning to school she finished her training on February 10, 1927, but had to wait to graduate and help in May 1927 and take her state board examination in June. LaRue had made a friend in training, LaRue Clark, from St. George, Utah. She talked her into going down to Cedar City, Utah to work at the Iron County Hospital where LaRue Clark's uncle Dr. Macfarlane lived. LaRue joined the nursing staff at the Iron County Hospital in Cedar City June 5, 1927.

Along with her hospital work LaRue met and dated several young man but her favorite was Clair Macfarlane. During their courting Clair and LaRue, Wallace and Guenever and Clair's and Wallace's mother drove to Salt Lake to visit their sister Vera. On the way back they had car trouble so LaRue called the hospital in Cedar to tell them she would be late. Dr. Mac and the nurses at the hospital decided they would like to play a prank on them, so they got into their cars and went out to meet Clair and LaRue, when they met them, they tied tin cans on the back of Claire's and LaRue's car and chevered them all the way back to Cedar City.

About this time Clair and LaRue became engaged and Clair was ready to get married, but LaRue had already promised a friend that she would go to California with her and work in a hospital there. After LaRue had been in California for about a month she called up Clair and said, "bring your mother and your best suit and meet me in St. George and we will get married". He did and they were married.

Aunt LaRue came into my life right after I was born. My mother was very ill and Aunt LaRue and Uncle Clair took her into their home where Aunt LaRue took care of my mother until her death two and ½ months later. I have been very grateful to her for her loving tender care to my mother. I was then raised by Aunt Bell Armstrong but was not forgotten by my mother's family, Clair, Wallace and Chauncey, and their wives, and Vera and Uncle Howard. I remember very nearly every Saturday Aunt Bell would send me down to Beiderman's Meat Market where Uncle Clair worked, with \$0.25 to buy a little meat for Sunday but I always came home with what I know now it was much more than \$0.25 worth of meat. I remember every fall Uncle Clair would butcher our pig for us and make that delicious sausage.

Every fall Aunt LaRue would come over with a little dress she wanted me to try on. She said she was giving the dress to a little girl about my size and wanted to see how it would look. It took several years before I realized the little dress I tried on in the fall was the same dress I got for Christmas.

I was still living with Aunt Belle when she was very ill with cancer and needed surgery. Aunt LaRue and Uncle Clair took me to live with them for a few days. I was so excited because I thought they had such a lovely home and I was also excited to be with Richard and Margielee. It was here I learned the greatest lesson Aunt LaRue could teach me and that was her faith in prayer. I slept in a bed with Aunt LaRue and one night I awoke to see Aunt LaRue down on her knees praying to her father in heaven to bless and help Aunt Bell. Now, this had a great impact on me as a child because I knew Aunt Bell said her prayers and I had been taught to pray but I didn't know other adults said personal prayers until I saw Aunt LaRue.

I would like the grandchildren to know that your grandmother had great faith in her heavenly father and in the power of prayer and she prayed all her life for guidance from her Heavenly Father. She taught Richard and Margielee the importance of prayer in their lives, also concerning prayer. Aunt LaRue told the story as a girl of 17 she almost lost her life while helping her father clear land. She was riding on one of the horses of a team pulling a harrow to drag tumbleweeds as tall as a man. One of the horses in the team was spooked, bolted and tried to break loose. In the struggle the cinch on her saddle loosened, her saddle slid to the side of the horse between the team causing her to fall off the horse between the team and then under the harrow. Luckily the harrow teeth were turned to the back. She was dragged quite a ways but she recalled how fervently she prayed that she would be protected and her life spared, and her prayer was answered. However, she did receive several bruises, cuts and scrapes and wore a large scar on her back the rest of her life where one of the harrow teeth had dug in. The only medication they had on the farm to help was mentholatum which they put on cuts.

She also related the story of when she was working at the hospital and was the only nurse on duty as nearly everyone in town had gone to the arena downtown where a boxing match was being held. Aunt LaRue was taking care of a woman in labor and a man who had pierced his foot with a pitchfork. At this time a man who had fallen off a horse was brought into the hospital. He was exhibiting very violent behavior and it was all she and the man with the hurt foot could do to control him. She was very frightened and as she prayed for help the situation was brought under control. Prayer was her comfort throughout her life and she had a firm testimony of the power of prayer.

After 40 years Aunt LaRue retired from the hospital where she had served as superintendent of nurses, business manager, x-ray technician and as an anesthetist. At the time of her retirement in 1967 Dan Valentine wrote in the Salt Lake Tribune.

A dedicated nurse is just about the most valuable citizen a community can have and today's Valentine goes to a truly dedicated nurse LaRue Quayle Macfarlane. A registered nurse for 40 years (graduate of LDS Hospital), Mrs. Macfarlane has retired. But her memory lingers on. For years nurse Macfarlane was on call night and day in Iron County. She lives in Cedar City, and has helped hundred and hundreds of people

back to health again as a nurse at Iron County Hospital and Valley View Medical Center.

A wonderful nurse, a splendid woman, a fine citizen and her birthday is Thursday, April 6. A Valentine to you, nurse Macfarlane.

As I said, Aunt LaRue's life was a life of service to those with whom she served in the hospital and her friends and family. She made trips every day to help her friend down the street. She took my mother into her home to nurse and care for her. She cared for her mother-in-law until her death. She brought her own father into her home for care. And she made many trips to Aunt Bell's to bath and give her shots when she was dying from cancer. And I'm sure Aunt LaRue cared for many others that we are not aware of. Perhaps the greatest service Aunt LaRue performed was caring for her own dear husband. She gave up all her outside interests so that she could be with Uncle Clair night and day. She was always by his side and as the months went on and became bedridden she spent the entire day caring for him. She made sure he was always clean and the bed was clean and he was as comfortable as possible. She worked so hard finding foods he could swallow. And even though he didn't recognize her and couldn't speak, she continued to lovingly take care of him. When Uncle Clair was so ill I would go sometimes to maybe cheer Aunt LaRue up but I was always the one who came away feeling good.

Yes, LaRue Macfarlane was a grand lady and she certainly lived up to the promise given in her patriarchal blessing given in 1924. "Many will also look to thee with blessings upon thy head because of thy deeds of kindness because of thy works of true charity. Thou shalt stand, as it were, an angel of mercy in the midst of those who are in need".

May the Lord bless and comfort Richard, Sarah, Margielee and the grandchildren with great memories of a wonderful mother and grandmother. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.