

Discourse given by Lon Welch at the funeral of his mother Dora Dean Carruth Welch 15 July 2011 at the LDS ward building Connell, Washinton.

“I would like to tell you a little bit about my multi-talented mother,

She was born into the family of David Jones Carruth and Margaret Elizabeth Mitchell on Halloween night, 1917. She was the 7th child of a family that grew to 10 children, 6 sisters and three brothers. They lived in a small home; I guess by our standard today you could say it was tiny. It was horse and buggy days until her father bought his first model T. She laughed as she told of her father running through the gates while hollering "whoa" at his Model T. As with so many of their time, life could be harsh, I think of how cold the Uinta Basin gets in the winter and a tiny home with no insulation, burr. Her life revolved around the Sheep camps, a sawmill and the little farm where her Dad cussed the black goo that kept getting into his water troughs. Little did he know the potential for that smelly black goo.

As one of the youngest of the family she seems to have endured some pretty harsh teasing. A vivid memory she told of was being trapped under a washtub while one of her siblings beat unmercifully upon it with a stick.

Tragedy befell the family when her 3-year-old brother James William just younger than her died of blood poisoning. She told of how the harsh doctor showed no concern for her frightened, terrified and screaming brothers feelings as he lanced the infection. Throughout her life she was leery of doctors and had a hard time trusting them, preferring the old time remedies of her mother.

Mom was baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS church on September 2nd 1928 at the age of 10, I really don't know much about her life in the teen years, but as she lay in her bed at the rest home I asked who she most wanted to see when she got to the other side? The two she mentioned were her mother and the girl who was her childhood friend.

At the age of 17, in order to get away from a difficult home life she moved to Ontario, Oregon to live with her older brother David Leroy who was always known as Roy and his wife Ella. Those were some of the harsh years of the depression where one took whatever work one could find. In that valley there were a lot of fruit orchards and they needed pickers.

Miles to the north from the little town of Connell, there was a young man who in looking for work went to live with his Aunt Fae and Uncle Alva also in Ontario. While picking fruit he met Roy from Utah. In those days the Saturday night dances were the main entertainment and it was there that the little girl from Utah and the young man from Washington met. They met and hit it off for a love that lasted for 53 years. They were married at Payette Idaho on November 14, 1935. They then moved to Connell, Washington where Norman worked first for his grandfather Robert Lee Olds and then as a mechanic for Dick Flygare at his garage. Their son Norman Leroy was born on December 31, 1936, then Lon Sidney on October 30th, 1938. The next move was to Uniontown where Norman opened a service station just in time for war rations to make it impossible for the business to succeed. The family then moved to Colfax where Norman worked for the Brown & Holder Chevrolet dealer ship as a mechanic. In 1943 the family moved back to Connell where Norman worked for his Uncle Otto Olds on the Olds homestead until a few years latter leasing it and farming on his own.

So the girl from Utah was then a permanent part of the Connell community living on the Olds farm just north of town for the next 45 years. In those first ten years she made many friends

through activities at the school PTA and various lodges such as the Grange. One morning during those early years when I was in the first grade, mom decided we needed a hot breakfast before we left for school, so she fired up the wood cook stove and warmed up the Corn Flakes in the oven. Leroy and I just looked at each other and shook our heads in disbelief. We couldn't see how warm Corn Flakes and cold milk could make a hot meal. And it didn't.

Tragedy struck again during that time period, her younger brother Loren who had survived some of the worst experiences in the Japanese theater was killed in a mining accident near Vernal, UT.

In 1952, she reconnected with her church through the fellowshiping of the Sears family. Soon after Dad, Leroy and I joined the church for the happiest chapter in her life. The family along with Gib & LaVeral Sears traveled to Idaho Falls where on November 12th, 1954 in the Temple of the Lord she was sealed to Norman for time and all eternity and their sons were sealed to them. She opened her home to the youth and adults of the church for parties, dances, early morning seminary, relief society gatherings and activities. She served in many calling in the church, from primary teacher to a dance director with Dad, in the Relief Society and as a Bishop's wife. Whether it was spud nut making for a fundraiser or candle making she went at it full of enthusiasm. One spring she decided that she would learn to play the piano; she bought one and went at it only to find that it just wasn't one of her talents so she took up painting. She did pretty darn well with that effort. I must say that there was a time when she could have taken up racing as she did have a reputation of not letting any grass grow under her 52 white Mercury. She had a friend, Marge Whitely who also had 52 Mercury but hers was black and it was a tossup which of them could get up the road the fastest.

Mom often gave of herself by helping others, she saw to it that her nieces and nephews were given the opportunity to work on the farm; she was probably closest to her brother Roy who lived in Olympia and her sister Leona who lived in Hillsboro, Oregon. One of Mom's talents was her ability to sew, when I was about 6 or 7 she made a dress for her niece, Roy's daughter Marva better known today as (Penny), well that was nice but because I was the same age and size she made me put the darn thing on and model it for her. To add insult to injury she had to take a picture of me and I have to this very day that picture of a very disgusted little boy to prove cruelty to her once proud son.

When her sister Vera and family from Utah needed help she took them in and helped Vera get on her feet and formed a lifelong close bond with them all, but David especially as he became one within our family. When Leroy, David and I left home to seek our fortunes Mom took in foster children giving them loving care. As for her cooking I must say that she always prepared excellent meals for family gatherings and especially for harvest. When we were on the South place meals always arrived on time and hot, a real treat for hungry workers. She also liked to play tricks on unsuspecting members of the crew. For those of you who don't know, a milk strainer is a circular cloth about the size of a pancake and will fit undetected in a pancake. She would fry the milk strainer in their pancake and then laugh as they tried cutting it up.

Her grandchildren remember the after harvest camp out in the front yard and walking from town to the farm for a visit, the runny cream of wheat she made for them they could drink through a straw and playing card games with her into the wee hours. There are many happy memories from over the years.

After Dad passed away she moved to town a house she had inherited from Uncle Otto where she lived for the rest of her life. She rearranged and remodeled that house and worked on it some more until it suited her desires and always kept it sparkling clean. First a stroke then a fall that

broke her hip ended the independence that she so fiercely guarded. When she needed help through these trials an angel of mercy in the form of Romelia Trevino came to our aid and took such good care of Mom and endured the quirks of her personality. A special thanks goes out to Romi.

I would like to quote a scripture, John 5: 24

‘Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.’

So now this mortal journey filled with joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs, the failing and deterioration of the aging body is over, her soul returns to the loving arms of our father in heaven, where peace, understanding and love unfeigned rain. Mortal death is but a return to the place where loves and families reunite in joy to await the resurrection where bodies will be made whole in their perfection. So understanding this, we do not mourn her timely death but know she has passed from death to life and wish her spirit, God speed to her Norman, her loved ones and to that renewed state beyond the trials of this mortal existence.”