

## MEMORIES OF AUNT LURA

by BARBARA MACPHEE

When we were small she would come up from "the States" bringing a gift for each of the nieces and nephews. We would go sketching with her as she was an artist. This was wonderful, and made us feel very important. She brought each family a small turtle, another time a large sun hat which we could twist and it would go inside itself, and be very small. We went berry picking with her and filled the back trunk of the car with berries, what fun we had, we had gone in the coulee, south of the old farm.

We all rode out to the sheep camp while they were shearing sheep with her so she could paint the activities. It took all day but was a wonderful outing.

Kay phoned at noon. Our dear Aunt Lura Redd died today. She would have been 100 years old this June. She has always been sort of a leader and guiding light to me.

During my own years alone, I often thought of the loneliness which Aunt Lura experienced, and how she filled her time with usefulness and cheerfulness, and extra attention to her nieces and nephews. I would often think that if she could do it, I could.

I took her wonderful book, "The Redd's of Utah" over for Judy to read. It seems that the last few years we have mostly talked about her present condition, not remembering too much about the wonderful mind she had and the extensive genealogical work which she did throughout her life. Also her mission as one of the first "senior lady Missionaries."

She was lots of fun, and always had stories of the old days with the family and about each one of us as we grew up. We would sit around the table and talk for a long time after meals. Of course, part of our interest was that it delayed the doing of the dishes. One time I remember that as we sat, we heard the old truck come up the lane. Mom said, "Here comes your father, and you don't have the cows yet." Dad liked to milk before he came in and cleaned up for supper. Aunt Lura just said, with a twinkle in her eye, "Hike out the front door and get them." We did, and had them home almost before Dad missed them.

A special time, when I was older, was when she came along with me and three young children to New Harmony country and told about the family places, and filled the hours with her stories. She slept out at Zion Canyon along with the rest of us. What a good sport she was.

My only trip to New Harmony would have been almost pointless without her as our guide.

Another time was when she brought Aunt Rose and Aunt Dell to Canada, and let us get acquainted with our great aunts.

My first trip to Waterton at the age of nine was in her car. She hiked along with the cousins to Bertha Lake. Her jokes and pranks as we hiked, made the trail seem shorter and less steep, we also waded in Red Rock creek, and all fell down on the slick rocks.

It was fun to watch her as she unbraided her hair and combed it out. Then to watch her fingers fly as she braided it in almost seconds and pinned it in its coronet on top of her head.

Her paintings were brilliantly colored, and I realize now that she tried all of the different styles of the masters, always wanting to learn more.

She told me of the time when a young man named Boyd K. Packer came to school and gave her a wood carving of a cougar which he had made in the woods for her. She showed me the carving. This young man is a General Authority now.

I remember hearing her at her evening prayer, speaking aloud to her Father in pleading tones. I left the half open door so she could have privacy. When she stayed at my home, even in later years, she was always up and dressed and ready for the day when I would come out of the bedroom.

I went to the genealogical library with her once. She would park the car well down the street at the bottom of the hill so she could get her exercise walking to the Library, have a glass of orange juice and then go to work.

Lura has one painting in the Museum of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in Salt Lake City. It is of Hans Ulrich Bryner holding on to the back of the wagon, as he walked across the Plains, blind. It is a wonderful painting which portrays one of our great ancestors.

There is another painting in the same museum of the Hole In The Rock expedition, by Faulkner K. Collett, our ancestors also went with this expedition.

Lura died 29 March 1991.