

MAXINE COOK HARRIS

August 1, 1994

My name is Maxine Cook Harris. My father is Barnes Alma Cook and my mother is Alice Adeline Southam Cook.

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER, BARNES ALMA COOK

One thing that I remember about my Dad that always bothered me. He used to spit his tobacco juice in the corner wood box in the kitchen. I had to clean it up and I didn't like it. I was sure glad after he had his bout with tularemia and undulant fever that every time he tried to chew tobacco again he would get sick. He soon quit the filthy habit.

Dad gave our son Bruce his name and blessing. It was the only baby dad ever blessed. I really had to talk to get him to do it.

I remember that Dad was able to express himself well. When I was in the MIA one night I called on him to give an extemporaneous presentation. He had just read a book about the Mountain Meadow Massacre and talked about that. His presentation impressed me because I have remembered it for a long time.

When I was about 13 or 14 Bernard and I were helping Dad with the hay in the field. After loading the wagon we had to go into a large wash, down the wash a ways and then up the other side to get to the road so we could come home. As we were turning to come out of the wash the wagon tipped over. I flew into the haw trees. Dad landed on the ground on the back of his neck and shoulder. And Bernard just kept driving the horses. I don't remember what happened to the hay. I do remember us bringing Dad back home. He was really hurt. Dad got better. But from then on he had somewhat of a bent back.

As a young girl I used to ride the stacker horse for Dad. There was one over by the barn where Sheldon built his house and one down by our milking barn.

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER, ALICE ADELINE SOUTHAM COOK

I remember my mother standing in the kitchen singing. The song I remember her singing most was "Two Little Orphans." She sang many others also, including "Old Ned." She would sing or whistle all the time.

I also remember going with her before Memorial Day to the cemetery to clean and prepare the graves. On Memorial Day we would go up to the grave yard and stay all day. That is where friends and relatives would come and we would be able to see and visit with them.

Mother always put at least one flower on the grave of her friend Iva Berry and the graves of the Indians.

Iva Berry was mother's best friend. She died when they were about 14 years old. Mother served as one of the pallbearers at her funeral.

I remember as a young girl always having friends at the house. Mother always welcomed them and had food for them to eat with the rest of us.

I remember also that the ladies in town used to come to our house for quilting bees. One night several ladies and I were working with mother on a quilt in the living room. All of a sudden there was a shotgun blast in the kitchen. Needless to say that brought an abrupt halt to all talking. We soon learned that Bernard had been playing around with his shotgun in the kitchen and it had gone off and shot a hole in the kitchen ceiling. For a few seconds it was real scary.

MY BIRTH

When I was born a name had not been decided on. Then a baby gift arrived from Louise and Maxine Sly and mother, after consulting with the rest of the family decided Maxine would be my name. I have always liked it.

I was born Sunday evening, November 29, 1931 in my parents home in Cedar Fort, Utah County, Utah. The attending doctor was Vern Houston. The rest of the family had gone to Sacrament Meeting. They knew they would have a new baby brother or sister when they got home. I weighed 8½ pounds and was 21½ inches long. I was blessed January 3, 1932 by Jacob L Hales.

MY FAMILY

I was born into a family of six older brothers and six older sisters. In order of their birth my brothers and sisters are: Sheldon Barnes Cook, Thayrel Vance Cook, Marion Sherman Cook, Mabel Cook Smith, Edris Cook Karren, Arvilla Cook Taylor, Rulon William Cook, Florence Cook Henke, Donald Southam Cook, Ester Cook (who passed away when she was just a year old), Bernard Henry Cook and Reba Cook Kitchen. My Grandfather William Cook also lived with us until his death November 27, 1934.

MY FIRST MEMORIES

My first memories are of going to where Grandpa Cook sat by the watering trough in the shade of the big poplar trees, trying to keep cool, to tell him supper was ready. I was not quite three years old.

Another early memory is of going to bed in the girls room, where there were two double beds and my crib. We had feather ticks for mattresses and it was real fun to fluff them up nice, then stand on the bed and just lay back into them.

We had no indoor bathroom in our home. We did have water piped into a sink in the corner of the kitchen. We had electricity. The light bulbs hung from the center of the ceiling at the end of an electric cord about 3' long. Our ceilings were about nine feet height.

I had all the childhood diseases, measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, chicken pox and mumps. Before I was two years old, in 1933, I had a real bout with convulsions. During September of that year I had fifteen convulsions, one right after the other. I was taken to the Lehi hospital. There they thought I died several different times. However, I always would come out of it.

SCHOOL MEMORIES

When I was six years old I started school in a two room school in Cedar Fort. I went through the sixth grade there. My favorite teacher in grade school was my third grade teacher, Mae Strasburg. It was tradition in Cedar Fort that on April Fool's day everyone brought a lunch. Then after first recess we would sluff school and go for a hike in the mountains west of town and eat our lunch. The teacher of the three older grades said there would be punishment for anyone who sloughed that year. Miss Strasburg was on our side so she packed a lunch and went with us.

I rode the bus to Lehi for Jr high and High School. For the first while this wasn't fun. I would get car sick. By the time I would get home at night I would be so sick I could hardly hold my head up. However after a week or so I got over it.

I served as eighth grade representative while in Jr High. In High School I served as secretary to my Junior Class and then as school program chairman my senior year. I loved sports and belonged to the girls athletic association where I participated in the posture parade, basketball and softball. I enjoyed playing softball so much that after I was married and had four children I played catch on the Cedar Valley Ward softball team. We took several first place trophies in the Lehi Stake. We also played against several other town teams and the team from the Utah State Training School in American Fork.

I graduated from Seminary in 1949 then took LDS Church History when I was a senior. I graduated from High School in 1950.

CHURCH MEMORIES

I was baptized December 3, 1939 by H Keith Erickson. The baptismal font was in the Seminary Building in Lehi. We had to travel there to get baptized. I remember that the day I was to be baptized my mother didn't feel good so she was going to stay home. She was going to send me

with Mary Anderson. I told her that if she wasn't going to go I wasn't either. She went and I was baptized.

I loved going to Primary, MIA and then to Seminary. I was called as a Sunday School teacher when I was fifteen years old. Since then I have held Church callings in every organization in the ward and was counselor in the Stake Relief Society. In 1990 My husband Cloyd Harris and I were called to the Washington DC South Mission.

I WON CLOYD ON A BET

It was in Seminary that Cloyd Harris caught my eye. I sat by a friend from Cedar Fort. She had her eye on another boy in the class. One day I said to her "I'll bet I can get a date with Cloyd before you can get a date with Earl". The bet was on. I got the date and after two years of dating him Cloyd and I were married. The other girl never did get her date. Since then I have always said I won Cloyd on a bet.

We were married in October 7, 1950, right after we graduated from high school. Bishop Afton D Chamberlain presided. We were sealed to each other and our four children April 29, 1959 in the Salt Lake Temple.

When we were married we had paid cash for a bedroom set and a kitchen set. The only money we had left was a \$1.00 dollar bill my mother had put in a bride shower gift. And we owned no car. Cloyd's dad loaned us his car and we spent our wedding night at my sister Reba's home in American Fork. She and her family were spending the night with my parents in Cedar Fort.

PLACES WE HAVE LIVED

We were going to rent a house in Lehi. However, Dave Calton offered us his home in Cedar Fort (90 N Church Street). We stayed with my parents for two months while we cleaned his house up and got it ready to move in. Since then we have lived in three other homes in Cedar Fort (Hacking home at 95 W Center, Norris home at 90 W 100 N and our present home at 170 E Center). When we moved into our third home at 90 W 100 N Cloyd said the next move would be right out of town. We didn't move out of town on our next move but we did make it to the highway.

OUR FAMILY TODAY

Today we have four children and 10 grandchildren. Our first child, Lewis Cloyd was born May 9, 1951. Sharon was born January 20, 1953. Kent Cook was born January 10, 1955. And Bruce Boyd was born August 19, 1956. Lewis married Toni Lynn Peterson March 7, 1975 and today has three children: Kellie, Shane Lewis, and Lance Dallas. Sharon married Steven J Bell February 11, 1972 and today has three children: Heath Steven, Kenzie and Quinn Bruce. Kent married Necia Fowler May 2nd, 1975 and today they have three children: Tosha, Colby Kent and Skyler Fowler, plus they have Kent's wife's sister's girl, Kassy, living with them.

LEWIS GOES ON A MISSION

We were really excited when our number one son, Lewis, received his mission call. He was called to the California East Mission. We put him on the train to begin serving this mission in August of 1970. On our way home I thought "one of us is not going to be here when he (Lewis) gets home." It was in early December of that same year that our fourth child, our third son Bruce, was diagnosed with acute leukemia.

BRUCE AND LEUKEMIA

In October Bruce was having terrible back aches. He was playing little league football, so we figured that was the cause. We took him to Dr Mark Grant, the chiropractor in American Fork, for treatments. Then in early December he lost all color and was white as a sheet. Dr Grant took blood samples. When Dr Grant called with the results, Bruce was the only one home so he was the one that talked with Dr Grant. When I got home Bruce met me at the door and said, "Dr Grant called and said I have Pernicious Anemia, and its fatal, isn't it?" He had looked it up in the encyclopedia which started out "Pernicious Anemia, this once fatal disease."

An appointment was made with Dr Richards, a blood specialist at the LDS hospital, who made the correct diagnosis, acute leukemia.

We later found out that at the time Dr Richards didn't think Bruce had many days left to live. Because of this he told us they couldn't do any more for him in the hospital than we could at home. He gave Bruce prednisone pills to take, made an appointment for him to come back the next week and sent us home.

It seems that most of the time when anyone says the word cancer other people don't know what to say or how to treat you. Because of this we made the decision to just say Bruce had anemia and he would be treated for that. We made this decision because we wanted him, for the time he had left, to be treated as normal as possible. We later learned that Dr Grant's wife had told several people in American Fork his true condition. I felt like this was a betrayal of a doctor-patient confidentiality.

When we took Bruce for his appointment the next week we found that the prednisone hadn't worked so he was admitted to the LDS hospital in Salt Lake City. The nurses were instructed to give Bruce anything he wanted to eat because the Dr felt that each meal might be the last. Bruce was given a six pint blood transfusion which caused his cancer to go into remission. Because of this Bruce was able to return home for Christmas.

In January Bruce was able to return to school. He had to have his blood check at least every month. When he would get a nose bleed that we couldn't stop we would have to take him to the emergency room where they would give him a transfusion of blood platelet.

We always took Bruce to the LDS hospital where Dr Richards was on staff. There, with all the transfusions he had, Bruce never had any bad side effects from the blood.

Bruce belonged to the Future Farmers of America. In June of 1972 their livestock show was held at Lagoon. He had a pig that had taken a first place trophy at the local livestock show so he had entered it in the big show at Lagoon.

During the first day of the show Bruce and some friends went to the midway. Bruce had never cared much about going on carnival rides so we didn't think much about it. But he ended up riding on the roller coaster. That night he, his friend Neil Christofferson and brother Kent were sleeping outside our trailer. About 3:00 am he came crawling into the trailer. He couldn't walk. He told us he had terrible pains in his stomach. Riding the roller coaster had caused his stomach to hemorrhage. His father immediately took him to the hospital where he remained about a week. I stayed with the others at the stock show. Neil showed his pig for him and it received a purple rosette, the highest place given.

It was all downhill from there for Bruce. By the July 24th he had to walk with crutches. When we took him to the doctor on August 5, 1972 we had to take him in a wheelchair. The doctor told us on that visit that they had done every thing they could for Bruce but nothing was working. They wanted to have him admitted to the University of Utah hospital, under the care of Dr Lahea, who was a leukemia specialist. He was admitted to the University of Utah Hospital and got hepatitis from his first blood transfusion there.

Lewis returned from his mission of August 2, 1972. In his Patriarchal Blessing he had been promised the special gift of healing. We of coarse were hoping that he, with this special gift, could give us a miracle. When he gave Bruce a blessing and couldn't say the words we so wanted to hear we knew that Bruce wouldn't be with us long.

Bruce turned sixteen while in the hospital and was ordained a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood by his father. The nurses at the hospital made a Happy Birthday banner and hung it on the wall with all the cards he had received. He had many friends and relative visit him that day.

His condition worsened and one week later Cloyd and I fasted and prayed for him. We told the Lord that it was our desire that if Bruce couldn't get better and lead somewhat of a normal life, to please relieve him of his suffering.

When Sharon and I went to visit the afternoon of the 25th , we found his lungs were filling with liquid. One had collapsed and they were taking him to surgery to put in drainage tubes.

The next afternoon, as he watched baseball on the television, he told us his vision was blurry and he couldn't see the TV. We called the nurse and soon the room was filled with doctors and equipment. It wasn't long until they told us he had passed away. This was August 26th, 1972, the day after we had fasted and prayed for him.

I WENT TO WORK

When our second child, Sharon, was about 1½ years old I decide I would get a job. I went to work at the Desert Chemical plant as a clerk typist working for the government. Not long after I started working I found out I was pregnant with out third child. After only six month of working there I had to quit. I didn't really like working there because it was mostly sitting and typing. I would rather have been up and moving around.

After our youngest child, Bruce, started school I got a job at Fid's Frostop in American Fork. It didn't pay much but I only had to work during the day while the kids were in school and I could take the summer off.

When Lewis was ready to go on a mission I went to work in the lunch room at the Lehi High School. I made just enough to pay my tithing, keep Lewis on his mission and buy gas. Cloyd told me as long as I went to town every day anyway, I might as well work and pay for my gas. I worked at the High School for nine years. Then I worked at the Sego Lily Elementary in Lehi for nine more years.

CLOYD WAS TRANSFERRED TO CALIFORNIA

I think the hardest thing I ever did was when Cloyd was transferred to the Naval Weapons Center in California. I had lived all my life in Cedar Fort and it was difficult for me to move. We thought we were going to be there for seven years, until Cloyd was old enough to retire. However, we were there just a short time when there was a job opening back in Utah. Unbeknownst to me Cloyd applied and got the job. He said he had barely got me to stop crying when we got the chance to come back to Cedar Fort. We were there five and a half months.

I HAD A HEART ATTACK

I've always been healthy and active. However, on my birthday in November of 1987 I got up in the morning and soon had what I though was a gas pain in my chest. It turned out to be a heart attack. I was in ICU at the American Fork hospital for six days. Then I had an angiogram. The blockage was inside my heart and had made it own by-pass so I didn't need to have an operation.

MAXINE COOK HARRIS

Maxine Cook Harris passed away October 1, 2008 at the Utah Valley Regional Medical Center from complications following surgery. She was born November 29, 1931 in Cedar Fort, Utah and was the 13th child born to Barnes and Alice Cook. She married Cloyd V. Harris on October 7, 1950.

Maxine worked in the school lunch program for many years. She served with her loving companion in the Washington D.C. South Mission. She also served in many ward and stake callings. She loved giving readings and singing sons to the delight of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Maxine was an excellent seamstress and quilter. She enjoyed the outdoors, especially camping with family and friends.

Maxine is survived by her husband, Cloyd, Children: Lewis (Toni) Harris, Sharon (Steve) Bell, Kent (Necia) Harris and she was a wonderful loving grandmother to 10 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren. She will be forever our angel wife, mother and grandmother. Preceded in death by her son Bruce.

Funeral services will be held Monday, October 6, 2008 at 12:00 noon in the Lehi West Stake Center, 1920 North 500 West. Family and friends may call at the church Sunday, October 5, 2008 from 6-8:00 pm. And Monday, 10:45 - 11:45 am. before funeral services. Interment, Lehi City Cemetery. Online guest book at wingmortuary.com.