Genevieve N. Terry Lougee

March 24, 1938 ~ December 24, 2017

Eulogy

I was born in a brown frame home, 664 south third west SLC UT, on March 24, 1938. I was born to Ruth Landis Terry and Victor LeMar Terry. I had two older brothers LeMar and LeVon and two older sisters Naomi and Velma and two younger sisters Virginia and Jennette and my youngest brother Roy. I attended Grant Elementary School.

I was injured by a drunk driver at age six and a half and they said I would never walk again but I did. It was not easy. My brother Levon took me down to the Jordon River and taught me how to swim. We later moved to Hinckley UT and lived there for almost 10 years till the house burned down. And we moved back to SLC. I have lived here ever since.

Jan 6, 1956 I married Verne Elwin Lougee Jr. in the Salt Lake Temple whom I met when I returned to SLC after the house burned down and we lost everything. Verne was from CT so we spent our honeymoon in CT the following summer when school let out. He got a job and worked 12 hours a day, 3 days a week. We traveled 4 days a week up and down the eastern sea board from the Florida Keys to Nova Scotia. So I became acquainted with his family and friends. We lived in a small cabin his mother owned on a resort lake. We got to go to the Hill Cumorrah Pageant. We also had the opportunity to go to a testimony meeting in the sacred grove. So it was a wonderful summer. Our car broke down and we lost the car over a $25 towing charge; so we wound up going back home on the train.

I had three children, Barbara Kay, Karen Ann, and Larry Verne, known as Jakob Verne. My daughter Barbara married David Ray Stephenson and they had 13 children. I have been blessed with 13 grandchildren from my daughter Barbara and her husband David. And 15 Great grandchildren.

Since my husband taught school we generally traveled in the summers. By the time Barbara was in the sixth grade we had traveled to all the 48 contiguous states and had many wonderful experiences. In the summer of 1969 we camped in Redman camp ground. We lived there for six weeks. It was wonderful. Many wonderful experiences.

In 1961, I became very ill and was totally paralyzed and not expected to live. The doctors called it MS but in 1988 when I had my first MRI, they found it had been a catastrophic stroke. Our children were in foster care for almost two years.

My husband had an overly large class, approx. 49. Many of whom spoke little or no English. I was going to university of Utah but had to take the winter quarter off to be available for my daughter Karen who was in a special school and may have to come home. So he asked if I would do some fun art things for his class. So I taught the children how to make various kinds of puppets. I bought all the materials so they could make them. And because his class was so large, I found that 11 of the students spoke little to no English. Most were Tongan, Russian,

German and an American Indian placement student. And one little girl who was severely retarded and could never progress beyond a 1st grade level. She was very artistic and loved and protected by the entire class against bullies. There was an empty class room down the hall and across from my husband so I used it as a class room and taught all subjects to those children on their own. I taught them to make puppets, all kinds of puppets. And they worked together to make puppets and wrote stories and little plays and created puppets to act them out. The script was never the same but they learned English quickly. They performed for our class, my husbands, the whole 5th grade and, eventually, the entire school. It was exciting and fun. The children were learning English very rapidly.

When the principal evaluated the class, which was his responsibility as the class was in his school. I introduced him and then ignored him and taught the class the way I always taught it. The next day, the principle brought the superintendent for the SLC district, I did the same thing, introduced them and then ignored them as I taught the class. At the end of the class period, the superintendent offered me a job working for the SLC school district to teach others to teach the way I was doing it. The children had gone from almost 0 to almost grade level within two months.

So, anyway, I finally went back to school my spring quarter, I stayed to teach with my husband because he needed me because he could not handle all those children. I went to the university and proposed that I get school credit for working. I had to bring in my paperwork and writings each week where they evaluated and the teacher was very pleased with my work. I also had to critique my husband's teaching and my own. I got 5 credits for it. All my students passed at grade level. I am very proud of every one of them.

The following summer when I was working at school my husband had a massive heart attack in the summer. He was out of school for 4 months and they said he could not go back unless he had a full time aide, which they were not willing to provide. I was supposed to start my student teaching in the fall quarter, for early childhood education and elementary education so I would get a dual certificate. It was set up before he had the heart attack so I quit school and went to help him. He taught another ten years after that. I worked full time with him and when he retired, he asked me to retire with him. Which I did and have never regretted it. We had three and a half wonderful years together before his death. When he died, I had no desire to go back and teach school so I did community projects and church callings and substitute callings. When we retired, everyone had all sorts of projects they thought would be good for us to keep us busy.

For almost 10 years my father and I went to the temple once a week. He would come and pick me up around 4 am to go to the temple and then he would drop me off around 330 pm when we got out. We would spend the whole day in the temple. Then the children began to complain (and how could I blame them?) Breakfast would be ready but cold when they got up and lunches were made ahead and in the fridge and grandpa came and dropped me off and they never got to say more than hello. So we talked to the children and my dad and we decided that I would get up an hour earlier and make a full breakfast (eggs, sausage, waffles,Ä¶) and put it in a 250 degree oven before I left to keep it warm so they would have hot food when they woke up. Then instead of just dropping me off, grandpa would spend an hour with the children and everyone was happy.

The Lord was blessed me to be able to do whatever I needed to do, despite the setbacks and problems I have had. My testimony is strong. Even though my health was poor in the later years, I still kept my temple recommend current even when I was no longer able to attend.

Obituary

Genevieve N. Terry Lougee passed peacefully on Dec 24, 2017, after many years of many health challenges. Born Mar 24, 1938 to Ruth G. Landis and Victor L. Terry in SLC, Utah. She married Verne E. Lougee Jan 6, 1956 in the SL Temple. Their children are Barbara , 13 children, 27 GC, Karen, (deceased) Jakob (Larry).

She was especially proud of her children and grandchildren, and she loved all of her many Nieces and Nephews. She loved to laugh and joke around, and tell stories. She loved to teach others of any age and almost any subject. She taught with her husband at Hawthorn Elementary. She has always lit up a room and made friends easily. She was a hard worker. She was a good cook and baker and loved sharing. As an active member of the LDS Faith, prayer and the scriptures and service were important parts of her life. She had a strong testimony of the Gospel and shared it often , even when she could not speak, she wrote it for others to read for her. She knew how to

overcome adversities that others thought to be impossible. She outlived many of the MDs who told her she would not live long, nor ever live on her own again. She sang solos and in several choirs and maintained a joyous happy attitude through her many trials, until strokes and infections interfered with those processes. She will be sorely missed by many.

She is survived by 3 sisters, Velma, Virginia and Jennette and preceded in death by 4 siblings, LeMar, LeVon and Naomi and Roy.

Funeral services will be heldSaturday, December 30, 2017 at11 amat the Larkin Sunset Lawn Mortuary, 2350 East 1300 South, Salt Lake City, Utah. A viewing will be held one hour prior to services. Interment at Larkin Sunset Lawn Cemetery.