



335-ARBIT

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TRIBUTE TO EUGENE BURRELL

Good morning, my name is Lois Yellowlees. I am one of three remaining cousins on the Burrell side, Robert Burrell, Larry Elliott and myself. We want to say thank you to all who are in attendance to-day and a special thanks to St. Andrew's Community, Fred Palmer, Dorothy Scholten and all those who have worked tirelessly to care for Eugene and make this event possible to-day.

I am going to attempt to tell a little bit of the story of this wonderful man as it impacted the Burrell side of his life. I realize he has his mother's side, but I was never privileged to meet you.

The summer of 1930 was such a happy summer for my mother who had just turned "7" in June. Her older brother "Henry" 18 years her senior was married to Myrtle McMurray and their farm was next door to Grandma and Grandpa's where Mom and Uncle Gordon lived as well.

Mom would troop across the fields to visit with this wonderful woman who took time to play with her, reading, singing and that summer dressing up the cat in small baby clothes to push it in the pram. Mom had no idea why Myrtle would have those marvelous things, but was thrilled non-the-less.

On December 22, 1930, Myrtle gave birth to a baby boy whom we all knew as "Eugene" Sadly, Myrtle died when Eugene was two weeks old and thus he came to live with my mom, her slightly older brother Gordon and her parents. Needless to say mom was overwhelmed with joy at having a real live doll. Uncle Henry filled with grief found it difficult to accept this precious baby and so life began at Grandma and Grandpa's whom Eugene called Ma and Pa.

Mom and Eugene played together, did chores together and walked the country roads to the one room Ridge Road school house. Toys being in short supply, they made up their own games, but playing catch with rocks was not a good choice and mom hit Eugene in the forehead to the tune of 7 stiches. He carried that mark to his death bed.