

Lorraine Brader Life Story

This is a time for reflection; reflection on the life that we celebrate today, reflection on the meaning of life we are living, and reflection on the legacy of those who have gone on and those of us who remain.

We can ask ourselves, is it a legacy of faith, of love for the Savior and of service to others or is it a legacy of another kind?

The life we are honoring today began on April 23, 1919 in the small town of Kanarrville in southern Utah. At 10:00 pm Blaine Pollock entered this world, followed fifteen minutes later by Lorraine, the 12th of fourteen children to be born to Ellenor Matilda Davis Pollock, 42, and Samuel Lorenzo Pollock, 46.

Blaine turned out to be a sickly baby, so Lorraine for a time was nurtured and cared for by Mildred, her older sister who was 17 years old and pregnant with her first child. As a result, she developed a close bond with Mildred.

Upon her return home, Lorraine grew up surrounded by her siblings and parents on a farm about 8 miles south of town, but spent the winters in town surrounded by her cousins, as just about everyone in the small town was related. They lived in poverty, but Lorraine had fond memories of her childhood. Six of her siblings were still home as she grew up and she recalls that they slept three to a bed in a house with only two bedrooms.

They had many pets, including her favorite horse, Blossom, and cats, dogs, goats, sheep and, for a short time, a rescued coyote.

She remembered giving a bouquet of wildflowers to her mother on Mother's Day when she was eight years old.

Her mother read to the children often. Lorraine's favorite childhood book was Sleeping Beauty. She also loved to hear Indian stories, especially as told by her Grandfather Pollock. She had a hiding place under a currant bush where she imagined she was a beautiful princess.

She played baseball, kick the can, races of various kinds, swimming in a pond above the house and One Old Cat, a ball game in which a batter hits a ball and then tries to run from home base to first base and back without being put out by the other players.

They were poor, but happy and she enjoyed her childhood.

But life is full of changes and the great depression was upon them. The family couldn't afford to keep her in school nearby, but to the Pollock family receiving an education was a priority, so she was sent in her mid teens to live with her sister in Ventura California.

There she finished high school and attended Ventura Junior College with a focus on business. While there she also worked part time as a nanny and housekeeper. She did well in school.

It is clear from her scrap book that she had a great time in California. Her scrap book is full of ticket stubs, party napkins and other mementos of the life she was leading and the many friendships she formed. She attended dances, plays, musical productions, days at the beach and church and school activities. It looked like she was on her way to becoming a California Girl, but that was not to be.

During the summer of 1939 she returned home to southern Utah and before the summer was over she married J M Williams from Hurricane. Her college dreams ended, but she soon embarked on the next stage of her life as wife and mother.

She soon gave birth to Jack and within two years Gerald and Blaine and her vision changed. The steno machine from her business school remained in the basement, but her attention was turned toward giving her boys the care and nurturing they deserved. With an alcoholic husband, it was sometimes difficult, but she was a devoted mother, reading virtually every day to her boys, baking them fresh bread and other goodies, and encouraging them to succeed.

The family travelled about, first to Seattle Washington, where Dad built airplanes for the war effort, then back to Hurricane, then to Texas to work on his Brother's farm, then to Willcox and to Tucson. Then it was back to Hurricane for a couple of years followed by a return to Tucson, where they remained until Jack and Gerald finished high school and began their college educations.

Tragedy came in Hurricane when little Blain suddenly took ill when eight years old and passed away from kidney failure. Lorraine often cried about that.

During these years her constant love and devotion kept the family together. She got a job in the Sunnyside School Cafeteria and became cafeteria manager. Her earnings kept us going when Dad was not providing for our needs. She became an officer in the School Cafeteria Workers Association and attended several conventions.

I will be eternally grateful, that in her poverty, she somehow squeezed out enough money to help me serve a mission. The people we baptized in Germany were likewise blessed by her sacrifice. That mission got me started on the path I've taken in life.

When Dad took his own life after a long struggle with alcoholism, she struggled on. She remarried twice, first to William Shriner, then to Louis Brader. Both husbands died within a few years and she was again left alone.

But then she had a rebirth. Gerald and I had moved on in our careers so she decided to move to Thatcher to be close to at least one of us in her later years.

She became involved in all kinds of service in the community. She served in the Relief Society, much of the time as a compassionate service leader. She gave rides to many of the older sisters when they needed to go to the doctor, grocery shopping or to the Temple in Mesa. She was there when they needed her. She was an officer in the Safford Women's club and a member of a book club. She was a devoted visiting teacher. In 1994 she was elected to serve as a precinct committeeman in the Democratic Party. She flowered and thrived during those years.

She travelled a lot. To Hawaii, to Scotland as a companion to a teen aged nephew, and to many places in the United States.

She had her grandchildren children over to her apartment almost every day and taught them to cook and bake. She walked them to school and took them out to lunch. Once, when they were acting up at the restaurant, she got in her car and drove home, leaving them to walk home, which was about a mile away. During the summer she went to Utah to visit Gerald and his family.

That lasted until about 2000, when declining physical and mental health began to take their toll and she began to lose her independence. She was often frustrated and unhappy that she required assistance with housecleaning and other tasks. She fell and injured herself several times and became forgetful and unable to take care of her basic needs. The last eight months she developed a wound on her heel that resisted treatment and caused more or less constant pain.

She resented the fact that she required help with bathing and other basic functions of life and was sometimes depressed. Some people said she was feisty, others said she was grumpy.

During the last few weeks she appeared to have accepted her condition. She seemed to be at peace, speaking about her earlier life and the many things she had done and enjoyed. Then she stopped eating regularly and peacefully left this life.

She had a long and eventful life and did much good.

In closing I'd like to read a tribute given to her by Marlene Sparks, her Relief Society President, at her 89th birthday party in 1998.

"Dear Lorraine, You are my idol. I have watched you do so many wonderful things for so many people. You love everyone - the young, old, rich, poor, secure and insecure. Great shall be your reward. love you lots!" Marlene Sparks

May we remember her goodness, and may we also love everyone is my prayer. I know that the Savior loves us and pray that we may trust in his grace at this time of loss and strive to follow him as we reflect on Mom's life and our own legacy. May god bless us in our striving to follow the Savior.