

## **Lucia Madora Jones**

March 18, 1911 - October 25, 1998

On March 18, 1911 Lucia Madora Duvall was born to Eldridge and Nettie Duvall in Edmonton Canada. Lucia was the third of four children, and the sweet and spunky sister of her three brothers - Charles, Wallace, and Glenn.

Originally from Sheridan, Oregon, the family came to Canada intending to settle in the beautiful wilderness outside of Edmonton. However, after four years in Canada, Lucia's father decided that he did not want to become a Canadian citizen. Thus the family moved back to the United States, initially arriving in Gopher Valley, near Sheridan.

On the train ride back to the United States, a New Year's Eve celebration diverted train official's attention and, consequently, both Lucia, who was now 4 years old, and her two year old brother Glenn got lost in the confusion. Nobody even knew they were on the train and their citizenship was never questioned. These circumstances allowed the children to enter the United States without a birth certificate. Nearly 65 years later Lucia applied for and received her birth certificate. At nearly 70 years of age, Lucia became a registered voter in the United States. The people at the voting precinct were so impressed and excited for Lucia that they gave her an ovation, applauding her tenacity and welcoming her to her voting status.

Shortly after their arrival to Gopher Valley, the family moved closer to the coast and built their homestead on the Nestucca River. They lived there for nearly four years when Lucia's mother died during child-birth. Lucia was eight years old. While Lucia and her brothers had always been close, the year immediately following their mother's death brought the children together as they learned to rely on one another through the cold winter. They were left alone for months at a time while their father worked to support the family. He would return to the homestead to deliver supplies and food.

Lucia became known to her brothers as "Sis". They loved and adored Lucia, and especially loved giving her a hard time. They realized very early on that, while her sweetness made them cherish her, her strength and courage made it easy for them tease and joke with her. They knew she could handle their mischief and found that she could also fire back.

Two stories associated with a swinging bridge illustrate Lucia's ability to "Take it, and dish it out". Lucia's brother Wallace used to tell of the story of when Lucia was walking on the swinging bridge alone, with her brothers at one end. While she walked across the bridge, the boys would shake it vigorously, creating a frightening and challenging obstacle for Lucia. Despite their efforts, however, Lucia got across the bridge and proceeded to give the boys a piece of her mind. Her brothers would go on to tell this story for years to come.

While the boys had their bridge story, Lucia had one of her own. Apparently, her older brother, Charles, actually slipped and fell off the bridge one time. Luckily he caught himself. He was holding onto the bridge with one hand and holding his lunch in the other. When retelling the story, Lucia was amused at how Charles was intent on hanging onto his lunch during the ordeal.

Lucia took on a lot of responsibilities on the home front, but also really enjoyed school. She especially enjoyed reading books. Lucia's brother Wallace would tell how she loved reading so much that she would read whenever she had the opportunity. When Lucia made dinner for the family she would stand on a stool at the stove with her younger brother Glen, and forcibly help Glenn keep to his task of stirring the food by holding onto his hair with one hand, and reading her book with the other.

The next year put Lucia in another household. When she was about nine or ten years old, she went to live with her Aunt Lucia in Portland. She enjoyed going to school in Portland because the curriculum was more challenging for her and the school had a sports program. She was an excellent student. However, her time in Portland lasted only a few years. In the mean time, her father re-married and moved to Sheridan. After she had completed the eighth grade, she returned to Sheridan where she lived with and worked for a banker's family.

Once in Sheridan, it didn't take Lucia long to get involved with the community social events. In fact, while at a community social, it didn't take long for her to meet Lionel Jones. Little did she know that her future husband was literally just around the corner. While wearing a huge cowboy hat which was placed on her head by a "boyfriend wannabe", she ran around the corner and slipped, falling on the slick floor. When she looked up, hoping no one had seen her, there was Lionel. This encounter was the beginning of their courting relationship.

Calling on Lucia with his father's touring Studebaker was great fun for Lionel. He especially remembers occasions when he went to pick up Lucia at the banker's house, and the banker's children she took care of piled in the back of the automobile. Then they all drove off to enjoy the countryside. This was to the amusement of neighboring farmers, who laughed at the thought of the young couple supposedly pretending to have a family.

But they didn't have to pretend for long. They were married and were blessed with three beautiful children - Lorraine, Nolan, and Marilynn. They lived in the Sheridan area during the depression, and made ends meet in whatever way they could. Lucia had always believed that it wasn't what you had, but what you did with what you had that made life comfortable. Lorraine remembers having a very happy childhood. Even in hard economic times, she was the best-dressed child in school. Lucia would take curtains or whatever she had to make her beautiful clothes. Nolan felt the same way as Lorraine. They always had enough food to eat and never fully realized the difficult economic times of the depression. Nolan reminisced on how Lucia was so protective of her chickens that once when a hawk was trying to hunt the chickens, Lucia took out a gun and got rid of that pesky hawk. Marilynn shared how their home was always immaculate, with fresh

picked flower arrangements, and other "homey" touches such as colorful curtains on all of the windows. No matter where they were, it felt like home when Lucia was there, and home would include such places as Sheridan, the Oregon coast, Silverton, and Salem.

In 1950, Lionel and Lucia bought 33 acres of land in West Salem. Grandma's Uncle Russell built their home there, and they lived on the farm for forty years. All of Lucia's grandchildren have fond memories of her working very hard on the farm. She had a great appreciation for nature's beautiful landscape and was a tremendous steward of the land that she enjoyed so thoroughly. They remember Lucia routinely mowing the lawn, a task that typically took eight hours to accomplish.

Visitors appreciated the welcoming beauty and comfort of Lionel and Lucia's farm. Lucia had a knack for hospitality both at church and at home. At the Kingwood Bible Church both Lionel and Lucia were greeters and Lucia made beautiful flower arrangements to decorate the church for special occasions. Through her experience at the church, Lucia became a Christian and her faith in God became an important part of her life.

Lucia's favorite time of the day was in the early morning hours, just as dawn welcomed the new day. She would wake up, make a pot of coffee, and sit at the picture window to watch the sunrise, the birds, and the deer. If others happened to be up, she would share the scenery, a cup of coffee, and conversation with her company. It is no coincidence that the name Lucia is derived from the Latin word "lux", meaning light, and that it was given to young girls who were born at dawn. Her name fit well. Those of us who knew and loved Lucia are grateful for the light and beauty she brought to our lives --- that was her gift to us.