



## Mary E. Sharon

July 1, 1942 - February 5, 2019

Mary Elizabeth Sharon was born on July 1, 1942 in Kansas City, Missouri to Mildred Irene Dye-Jones and Luther Calvin Jones. She entered into eternal rest on February 5, 2019 in Tulsa, Oklahoma at the age of 76. Mary was preceded in death by her mother Mildred Irene Dye Jones Kampf, her adoptive parents Irene & Harold Kanute, her brother Joe Kanute, her daughter Christine Renee Cantrell-Pogue and her husband Leo Dorsey (L.D.) Cantrell. Mary is survived by her daughters Teresa Ann Kanute, Kathleen Joyce Cantrell-Farnsworth (Randy Farnsworth); her grandchildren Rachel Elizabeth Pogue, Brandi LaDawn Farnsworth-Edelman (Bryan Edelman) and Nathan Lynn Farnsworth; her great-grandchildren Taylor Curtis Edelman, Tristan Caleb Edelman, Abigail Clair Edelman, Genevieve Noel Farnsworth, Ava Renee Pogue and Lily Marie Goodwin. She also leaves behind many nieces and nephews. Tribute by Kathleen Joyce Cantrell-Farnsworth: First of all, I want to say I loved my mother very much. She was a beautiful woman, a loving mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. She had a great sense of humor and was pretty funny at times. She was always rhyming her words and laughing about it. Her favorite phrases were "A kiss and a peck and a hug around the neck." "And how do you like them apples?" "Don't worry, be happy." and "Is it happy hour yet?" Her favorite joke, which she told everyone, was "Ask a blonde anything and her answer would always be 'I don't know' ... 'I don't know' ... 'I don't know' ... while she was bobbing her head side-to-side on her shoulders. We would do this in unison together, giggling. My mother had a talent and a passion for decorating her home and shopping. Let's don't forget the SHOPPING! LOL. She was a wonderful cook and a true old fashion wife and homemaker. Picture her with big high hair, lots of makeup, beautifully dressed and an apron on in the kitchen and dinner on the table when daddy came home from work. She always kept a clean and tidy house with music to dance to because she loved to dance. She could hear a song and then sit down at the piano and play it perfectly, even though she couldn't read a note of music. She could make friends very easily, but didn't want any friends too close, because people always wanted too much from her....LOL. In her older age, she would adopt anyone who made her feel special and say "I'm your grandma now and they would just fall in love with her. She was very special, although cranky sometimes, and could be a pill, but as she would remind me that by saying "Remember, I'm your favorite pill." She suffered

from depression and anxiety, which is why she became such a loner in her later years. She loved her alone time. I wish I could say she was a happy person all the time, but she wasn't. She lived all of her life grieving her losses. First, as a baby, she had to grieve the loss of her mommy, Mildred Irene Dye Jones, whom she was stolen from and adopted out to her aging adoptive parents who made her feel as if she was never good enough or smart enough. Then came the loss of her own baby, Teresa Ann Kanute, whom she was forced to give up for adoption and was never able to find her, even though she tried very hard for years. Later in life her and my daddy divorced and that was a love story that should have never ended. They loved each other till both of their ends on this earth. She grieved the divorce and would always tell me how much she missed and loved my daddy. She also grieved the loss of my sister, Christine Renee Pogue, in 1995, which almost took my moms' life. She used alcohol to cover the pain and it almost killed her as well. It almost killed our relationship....BUT GOD!!! Forgiveness, grace, mercy and love kept us together. Thank you, Jesus! I just kept pouring God's love out upon her. I prayed fervently for years for her to know the Lord, like I do, and to feel the love of God, like I do. However, she could not. Her heart was so broken. Crushed by life's harsh realities. It took me years and years to convince her that she was loved, loved by me, love by our family, and loved by God. She finally let Jesus into her heart and was baptized. In the end, the last few weeks of her life, one day while laying in her bed, she said, "Kathleen, I've been lying here thinking about my life. I asked myself, what was the happiest moment in my memory and I can't think of a single one that doesn't have a sadness along with it too." That broke my heart. A few days before she passed, we talked again. I said, "Mommy, you know God loves you, right?" She said, "yes." We talked of heaven and who awaited her there. I think she experienced peace. Two days later, while on her death bed, she was so very close to leaving us here. I leaned over her and got close to her face and said, "Mommy, you're getting ready to see Jesus. He's got his arms opened up for you to run into. You're going to be young and beautiful again. You won't have anymore pain and no more sadness. You're going to see daddy. Christine is going to be there waiting for you. You're finally going to meet your mommy face-to-face. Remember, I love you. We all love you. It's okay for you to go now." About 5 minutes later she took her last breath and she was gone. So, I say and share all this, her story, our story, to encourage you not to ever give up on the loved ones who need God's love the most. The unlovable, the unloved, the people hurt so deeply that they can't seem to feel or accept the love of others. Don't give up! Keep loving and sharing God's love. Heaven is in sight. I like to think, in those last moments on earth, that I walked my mommy to heaven's gate, as I kissed her goodbye and told her I love her. Glory to God! Finally, I want the whole world to know that my mother's first given name, before she was adopted, was Kathleen June Jones. I'm very proud and blessed to have been honored with her name, Kathleen. I continue to look for my mother's firstborn daughter, my sister, Teresa Ann Kanute, and hope to connect with her in my

lifetime.Kathleen Joyce Cantrell-Farnsworth