



June Barkley

June 17, 1938 - March 15, 2017

Eulogy for June Barkley

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By Michael Barkley

Given at Newberg Christian Church

Newberg, Oregon

March 18, 2017

Thank you all for coming. Your presence here this morning is a blessing and an honor to June. Her life had a loving and caring impact on many, many people. I am Mike Barkley; June's youngest of two sons. My older brother, Steve, from California along with two of his daughters, June's granddaughters, Danni and Lauren are with us here today too. Also, Carole, June's youngest sister who lives in Lafayette is here with her daughter, Lyn, mom's niece from Washington D.C.

Who was June? She was a loving and devoted wife, mom, grandmother, great-grandmother and committed follower of Jesus. Most of all, June... mom...CARED! She cared for people. Two years ago mom moved into my house after living on her own for 15 years. It was a time of need, for both of us. Mom was beginning to need some extra care as she was aging and I was in need of extra comfort and care while I was going through some very difficult times in my life. Before mom moved in with me I'd describe my house as little more than a bachelor pad, lacking personality. It was functional shelter and not much more. When mom moved in, in March 2015...

She – made – my – house...a – home...OUR – home!

I am very thankful to God for the privilege of caring for mom during her final years as she cared for me in much greater ways.

Who was June? She was hard working and dedicated; to work, to church, teaching Sunday school, to friends and family. She never had an idol moment. One prominent impression I have of mom is that she was a doer with a “no-quit” attitude. In the home the decor always matched the season. She had so many Christmas decorations that where she lived before moving in with me, there wasn’t enough room to store it all. It had to be stored at my house!

Every year I dutifully hauled mom’s Christmas decorations to her house after Thanksgiving then dutifully hauled it all back to storage at my house after New Year’s day.

She loved knitting, needlepoint and other arts and crafts. And she could sew like the wind! Growing up almost all our clothes were made by mom! Who does that anymore?

When mom moved to Oregon from California in 2005 she took up the hobby of making beautiful, custom greeting cards. For a few years she assisted in teaching a weekly class at Friend’s View Manor on making greeting cards. But what I remember most about mom’s doer character was how she worked through the grief of losing her husband of 38 years, my dad...Bill, to cancer on February 7, 2000. She couldn’t concentrate on much during this time but she still had to do something...and she did. She knitted dish cloths, seemingly hundreds of them. She told me at the time she couldn’t focus on much more. Knitting dish cloths were simple for her to do and it kept her occupied while she processed her profound loss of the love of her life.

And as her sons, mom expected Steve and me to be doers too. I remember when growing up, Mom always liked our house to be in order (a trait she never strayed from). This included our bedrooms. She wasn’t obsessive but she did have standards. Along with keeping our rooms in relative order, Mom expected us to make our beds every morning. Typical boys as we were, we weren’t always attentive to this. One day, I’d say I was about 7 and Steve 12,

we both bounded out of bed with excitement and enthusiasm to take on the new day. Perhaps I was thinking about what new worms I could dig up out of Dad's garden and who knows what Steve had in mind. Needless to say, we failed to achieve mom's very reasonable expectation that we make our beds after we got up. Well, at least she thought it was reasonable. Me and Steve, we thought otherwise...or more accurately, didn't think at all. We went about our exploits and when we returned home, perhaps it was for lunch, we went in our bedrooms and to our shame we found our neglect had literally been graded by mom. On our beds we found a neatly placed 8 ½ by 11 inch piece of paper on which mom wrote a VERY large letter "F". We had failed! Guilted by this we quickly made our beds and went about the rest of our day. Later we found a new letter grade left of our freshly made beds by mom... This time it was a solid "B". Mom had standards, but she was also forgiving.

Anyone who met mom couldn't escape being drawn by her smile and her accent. I don't know what it is about Americans who just love how British people talk. She was often asked where she was from. Incredibly, one time when a lady asked mom this, mom said, "England". The lady then asked, "Oh, wow, so what language do people speak in England?" Incredulously, mom simply replied, "uh, English." Ironically, when mom returned to England for a visit after living in the US for over 30 years, some friends in England commented how she now had an American accent. Either way, I never heard an accent, neither did Steve; she was just mom to us.

But not "just mom", June was adventurous too. One of the things mom and dad enjoyed was RV camping. We had many wonderful camping vacations while we were growing up. I particularly remember the monthly weekend trips during the summer to a beachside campground in Oceanside, California called Beach Camper Inn. Those were times of joy and adventure for all of us. When dad retired they went on the road for two years full time RVing. But not just recreationally, they joined an organization called Mobile Missionary Assistance Program (MMAP or mappers for short). Mappers are a non-

denominational group of retired Christian RVers. They travel all over the U.S. serving the Lord doing construction projects for Christian organizations such as churches, camps, missions, and orphanages. Generally, the men do construction, renovation and remodeling work while the women focused on support tasks and preparing meals. Mom and dad loved that work and the people they meet and served during that two year period. Some of the pictures we have here of mom were from the time they were ministering on the road with mappers in the mid 90's.

Mom loved Jesus. God worked in a swift and powerful way in my family. As a family we all came to Christ in repentance and faith by God's miraculous leading in separate, yet connected ways in 1986 and 87. Mom's no-quit nature also fueled her passion for Christ. She never strayed and was always ready to give encouragement to others and to pray for them. She had a passion for children. Mom lead children's Sunday school at High Desert Community Church in Hesperia, California for many years. It was her greatest joy helping guide the children in her class to Jesus.

I mentioned earlier about mom's profound loss when dad died 17 years ago. During the beginning of her grieving, mom wrote a brief note and kept it with a framed picture of her and Dad. I believe it was the last formal portrait taken of my parents together. The note to Bill simply says, "Until I see you once again, I'll make my way alone." She didn't mean God had abandoned her. This, I believe, was the voice of grief coming from mom who had just lost her best friend and the love of her life here on earth.

June was a great lady. She was a doer, an adventurer, and wonderful woman of God. We have all been blessed by her love, her caring and her character. She is greatly missed, yet we celebrate her life. She was truly a gift from God. Though alone without intimate companionship during mom's remaining years on this earth, she also knew she was not truly alone.

I'll close with a poem by Helen Steiner Rice that mom kept framed in her bedroom. It reads...

Good Morning God,

You are ushering in another day
Untouched and freshly new
So here I come to ask you God
If you'll renew me too.
Forgive the many errors
That I made yesterday
And let me start again dear God
to walk closer in thy way.
But Father I am well aware
I can't make it on my own
So take my hand and hold it tight
For I can't walk alone.

Mom is in heaven today basking in God's unspeakable joy with Bill, her husband, my dad. Yes, June's day has come to see him once again.
Please leave condolences on this site for June's family.

Previous Events

A Memorial Gathering

MAR 18. 10:00 AM (PT)

Northwest Christian Church
2315 Villa Rd
Newberg, OR 97132
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