



# Pricilla Farrar

NOV 29, 1933 - APR 16, 2013



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## **Pricilla Farrar**

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**P**ricilla Farrar, 79, passed away April 16, 2013. She was born November 29, 1933 in Fort Fairfield, Maine to the late Theodore and Edna (Deveau) McClay. She came to Lee County in 2012 from Hodgdon, Maine. She was a member of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Houlton, Maine and St. Cecelia's Catholic Church in Fort Myers, Florida. She was very involved with the bereavement group with St. Mary's Catholic Charities. Pricilla enjoyed collecting antiques, painting vehicles, sewing, gardening, cooking, attending auctions and once owned a tailoring shop. Mrs. Farrar was a teacher for most of her career and began in a one room school house. In addition to her parents, she is preceded in death by her husband George in 2003; great-grandchildren, Alexis and Theodore in 2012. Left to cherish her memory are her sons, George Farrar Jr. and his wife Brenda of Amity, Maine and Kenneth Raymond Farrar of Davie, Florida; daughters, Katherine Rakowski and her husband Joe of Fort Myers, Florida and Diana Hutchinson and her husband Alan of Queensbury, New York; sisters, Evangeline Perona of Cleveland, Ohio and Barbara O'Donnell of Houlton, Maine; grandchildren, Kathleen, Thomas, Lewis, Courtney, Travis, Amber, Joseph, Alyssa, Allison, Aaron Marie, Alan and Jenny; and several great-grandchildren. There will be a graveside service on Saturday, May 11, 2013 at 1:30 PM Hodgdon Cemetery in Hodgdon, Maine. Immediately following the committal, there will be a gathering for friends and family at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Houlton, Maine. Memorial contributions may be made Hope Hospice at [www.hopehospice.org](http://www.hopehospice.org). Condolences may be left online at [www.fortmyersmemorial.com](http://www.fortmyersmemorial.com).



## Tribute Wall

**Pricilla Farrar**

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**Diana Farrar Hutchinson** posted:

My mom was beautiful, ever smiling and kind.

April 22 at 11:43 AM



**Diana Farrar Hutchinson** posted:

For my dearest mother, Never shall I forget you love, beauty and strength. Diana  
A Mother's Love A Mother's love is something that no one can explain, It is made of deep devotion and of sacrifice and pain, It is endless and unselfish and enduring come what may For nothing can destroy it or take that love away . . . It is patient and forgiving when all others are forsaking, And it never fails or falters even though the heart is breaking . . . It believes beyond believing when the world around condemns, And it glows with all the beauty of the rarest, brightest gems . . . It is far beyond defining, it defies all explanation, And it still remains a secret like the mysteries of creation . . . A many splendored miracle man cannot understand And another wondrous evidence of God's tender guiding hand. written by Helen Steiner Rice

April 22 at 10:41 AM



AN

**Aaron Marie Nicholson** posted:

On my gram's memorial website page, there is a section where you can leave a special note or memory. I have looked at this section and pondered for hours now. What to write, what to write, keeps repeating over and over in my mind. For almost 36 years this woman has left me with so many memories, all happy, all ones that I can laugh and smile about; it is hard to choose just one. My mother told me to pick the one closest to my heart and that is where I am stuck. They are all equally as close. Do I write about her driving, which scared the ever lasting lights out of me, and Nick and I laugh about and joke about often? Gram could not drive and do ANYTHING else at the same time. It was a good thing that she lived in the middle of nowhere Maine, as we used to joke that they would put out a news broadcast to the public letting them know that she was on the road. I once commented to her about how she was in the middle of the road, and she responded by telling me she was using the yellow line to guide her way. She would get talking while she drove and would point out where people lived or used to live, past events that happened in these locations that she was driving by, and before you knew it the car was riding the edge of the road in the dirt. Do I write about her talking about her being a teacher? She LOVED being a teacher. She was not a push over and was proud of it. Behind that hard exterior of a teacher was also a kind hearted woman who behind the scenes would reach out to any kid who came into her classroom with needs. She kept a box filled with toothbrushes, toothpaste, deodorant, soap, shampoo, conditioner, and always lunch money or little snacks. She would spend her lunch hours and recess times working with a student who "just didn't get it", or she would grade all their homework before the end of the day so that they could make corrections that day and receive help before going home. When she taught in the one room school house, she would bring bottles of water from home, and heat it over the fireplace so the children could wash their hands before lunch or snack, then she would take the left over water to clean the school room and outhouses. She would tell stories of about her students always with love, without ever revealing who they were, when they would do something that would make her laugh. One story, she told so often it is ingrained in my very heart. She knew that children sometime find a need to "show off" for their peers. So, she put up a divider in her classroom next to her supply closet. In her supply closet she would also hang her coat. One day a student ended up behind the divider. At the end of the day when my grandmother went to get her coat, she had found that this young gentleman had taken a stapler out of the supplies and had stapled completely around her coat, like a chalk outline around a crime scene. She would laugh so hard tears would roll down her cheeks. I wish I knew the identity of this young man , who is probably older than myself, just to thank him for bringing that laughter into her life. Do I tell of her love to always have her hand on someone? As most of you know, I am not really a touchier. Gram was, to my ever annoyance, and what I wouldn't give to have her next to me right now with her hand on my leg. She would do that, put her hand on your leg or shoulder, and rub her fingers back and forth slowly. I don't even think she knew she was doing it. She would stand so close next to you, looking over your shoulder, you would feel like you had a new growth coming out of your back. She had no idea of personal space, she was just filled with such love to be near you, that she would. Do I tell the story of her as a collector? She collected EVERYTHING. If it was a deal, she had to have it. One year for Halloween, they were having a sale at the super market on ice cream sandwiches by the box. She got it in her mind that it would be such a great Halloween treat for the kids that she bought 6 boxes, brought them out to the car, then thought she would need mo



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AN

April 17 at 1:20 PM

JM

**Justin March** posted:

Lit a candle in memory of Pricilla Farrar

April 18 at 4:31 AM

NN

**Nick Nicholson** posted:

I will Never forget the time Pricilla bought a box of ice cream sandwiches at Hannaford to give to the trick or treaters, but they were melting on the way home so she ate the ENTIRE BOX! She later went to the store with a cooler, purchased more, but only had two kids all Halloween, so she was giving them boxes of ice cream. Pricilla was more full of life than people half her age. She had more piss and vinegar than me! Her antics will be missed and the world is a sadder place without her in it. With love Nick

April 17 at 1:20 PM



## **Memories only last if you share them**

Join us in honoring Pricilla by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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