



Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff

MAY 11, 1928 - JAN 22, 2019



Scan to Visit

Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 5
Media	Page 8



Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff

MAY 11, 1928 - JAN 22, 2019

Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff passed away peacefully on January 22, 2019. She was 90 years old. She was born on May 11, 1928, in Birmingham, Alabama. She was born to Henry Cushing Jackson and Gladys Mary Johnson, the sixth of ten children, six brothers and three sisters. Born just before the Great Depression, their family lost everything, thus they moved to Indiana when mom was three, then to Kingfisher, Oklahoma. There they stayed until mom was 13, and then moved to Glendale, California. Mother hated winter, so California suited her just fine. She finished high school at Glendale High, attended Glendale City College. This was fortunate for us her children, for she met our Father there. They met at a band class, Dad played the string bass, and tuba. Mom was the drummer. In later years when she was teaching her youngest to play the drums, her comment was: "You will not be a drummer, they just make noise. You will be a percussionist, they make music!" Mom was also the drum majorette for her school. She loved music, both she and dad. They made sure there was always music in the home. Dad and Mom loved to share the story, that their first date was 13 hours long. Their school band was to go to a game in another city, and they took a bus. It was several hours to and from. They sat in the back together so they could snuggle and kiss." Dad knew he wanted mom, she knew at first sight. As the years have born out, they were meant for each other. They loved to dance as well, on their first dance together, the song, "Moonlight Serenade" was the first they danced too. For dad, she fit perfectly, mom agreed. They dated for two years, as both sets of parents said they were too young. So, when they both turned 19, they got married in the Presbyterian Church in Glendale, CA on April 30, 1948. Later they were sealed in the Mesa, Arizona Temple, on March 21, 1951. Maryanne and Woody became the parents to six children; Lynn Earl Cluff (Joene), Curt Dana Cluff (Diana), Rex Aaron Cluff (Julie), Terry Gayleen Cluff (Van Johnston), Ken Alden Cluff (Frankie), and Eric Reid Cluff (Joan). They had two more who died after birth, Traci



Obituary

Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff

MAY 11, 1928 - JAN 22, 2019

Lanae Cluff and Mark Andrew Cluff.

Mom became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, not long after she was married. She had a strong testimony that never wavered. She held many different callings, but music was her favorite. She sang in choirs and directed others, both adult and children. One of her most challenging was a Stake Camp director in California. She wasn't overly fond of camping, but she believed in the program. So, she did her utmost to dedicate herself to help the young women in the program to become certified. We spent every summer going camping in order to find suitable camp sites, both for the young women and young men. Dad was involved in the scouting program at the time. We as children thought it all a grand adventure, but mom and dad took it seriously. As they also took seriously the raising of their six children. We always knew mom loved us and cared about us as individuals and as a group. We always had her support and Dads. We didn't always know how much of a sacrifice they made for us, but we learned as we grew up. She hoed a long and tough road, but in the end, we served her. We love you Mom, till we meet again, rest in Peace.

A graveside service will be held at 12 noon, Saturday, February 2, 2018 at the Springville-Evergreen Cemetery, Springville, Utah, with a luncheon to follow at the church.

Our family would like to express tremendous gratitude to Canyon Hospice and their amazing staff who helped us to care for mom the last year of her life - especially, Karley, Tom and Shelley. They were so very loving and caring to our mother. Thank you so very much.



Tribute Wall

Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff

MAY 11, 1928 - JAN 22, 2019

EC

Ecluff60 Cluff shared an album called **Memories Album**.



April 28 at 10:39 AM

RC

Rex Cluff posted:

My mother, Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff was and is what a mother should be. She was devoted to her husband, her children, her faith and family. She sacrificed herself for the sake of her family more times than I can count. She always made sure that we had a good meals to nourish us even though we may not have liked them all the time. From mother, I learned to love for she was the embodiment of love. She was converted to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through the teachings of my father and others in the church who befriended her and showed her the example of what Latter-day Saints were expected to be. She served in many capacities in the Church on top of her constant devotion to her family. Mom would play with her children and show them her love by the way she interacted with them. I remember how she entertained us when we moved and the house was not yet set up. She would create games to keep us busy when there was a break in what ever else needed to be done. Mom showed her love by all the things she did to smooth over rough spots, interpersonal in nature, that Dad often left behind. Dad taught us to work but his interpersonal skills were not well refined. Mom covered for him and in that way again showed her love for him and for us. She was Christlike in that showed love for all around her. I don't think she ever harbored bad feelings or grudges against anybody. She was well liked at her places of employment, which were numerous. Clients would comment on her cheerful voice over the phone. Mom was very spiritual in nature. She felt the presence of family and friends after they had passed away. We were caring for our scoutmaster's baby while they vacationed in Mexico. They had an accident and the mother died. Mom felt her presence in the bedroom and stated that she knew that the mother had come to say goodbye to her baby. She was present when her father passed away and knew that her mother had come to bring her father home to the spirit world. She dreamed of future events and her homecoming to Heavenly Father was a glorious event, of that I am sure. Mom held the family together and I hope our memory of her will continue to hold us together as the years go by. Farewell, Mother, until we meet again. Love, Rex

January 25 at 9:03 AM



Tribute Wall

Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff

MAY 11, 1928 - JAN 22, 2019

CC

Curt Cluff posted:

The following is excerpted (and edited to complete the thoughts) from a talk I gave on Mother's Day, 2017. Mom always had what Sister Julie Beck, former First Counselor in the Young Women General Presidency, called a "Mother Heart". I, however, did not always show that I appreciated it. For example, I was not a hugger, didn't like to be hugged and kissed by my mother. But I did need to know that I was loved and that my good actions were appreciated. When I was about 4 years old, I woke one morning and dressed myself before leaving the bedroom, Rex and Lynn were sitting on Mom's lap. When she came in, she praised me for getting myself dressed without being prompted. That's all I needed from her, and I beamed with pride. Mom made sure I was encouraged to succeed in school and music, especially encouraging my playing the piano. She first became my first piano teacher. She then got me some good piano teachers. Until recently, she would always ask how I was using this talent, and I was pleased to tell her that I was the accompanist for Priesthood and on occasion the ward organist. She wanted to make sure I was using it, not ignoring it. I always knew she loved me, though I didn't always appreciate it. When I was twelve years old, the softball team I was on was practicing in the pasture right behind our house where I could see them through the window. It was a very hot day and she was concerned about my health and would not let me practice with them. I was not happy with her concern then, but I learned to love it later in life. When I was 13, I was sick enough to stay home from school. Mom had to go clean up the house just purchased on Starboard Street in Garden Grove to get ready for us to move. She took me with her and I brought my bottle caps to shoot them across the room while waiting for her. After she finished doing what she had to do, Mom sat down on the other side of the living room and started shooting the bottle caps back at me. I think she enjoyed cheering me up more than snipping the bottle caps across the room. She wasn't perfect, but she cared and always wanted to help. My senior year in High School, I had to write a term paper. I spent a week finishing it and was typing the final copy on a typewriter. Mom was better at typing, and agreed to finish it for me. When I took it to school, I noticed she had "corrected" some of my grammar and taken a few editorial liberties with the paper. They were marked by the teacher along with my own mistakes. I never told Mom because I did not want her to feel I didn't appreciate the help, not criticize her because she was not perfect.

January 25 at 9:03 AM



Tribute Wall

Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff

MAY 11, 1928 - JAN 22, 2019

CC

Curt Cluff posted:

The following is excerpted (and edited to complete the thoughts) from a talk I gave on Mother's Day, 2017. Mom always had what Sister Julie Beck, former First Counselor in the Young Women General Presidency, called a "Mother Heart". I, however, did not always show that I appreciated it. For example, I was not a hugger, didn't like to be hugged and kissed by my mother. But I did need to know that I was loved and that my good actions were appreciated. When I was about 4 years old, I woke one morning and dressed myself before leaving the bedroom, Rex and Lynn were sitting on Mom's lap. When she came in, she praised me for getting myself dressed without being prompted. That's all I needed from her, and I beamed with pride. Mom made sure I was encouraged to succeed in school and music, especially encouraging my playing the piano. She first became my first piano teacher. She then got me some good piano teachers. Until recently, she would always ask how I was using this talent, and I was pleased to tell her that I was the accompanist for Priesthood and on occasion the ward organist. She wanted to make sure I was using it, not ignoring it. I always knew she loved me, though I didn't always appreciate it. When I was twelve years old, the softball team I was on was practicing in the pasture right behind our house where I could see them through the window. It was a very hot day and she was concerned about my health and would not let me practice with them. I was not happy with her concern then, but I learned to love it later in life. When I was 13, I was sick enough to stay home from school. Mom had to go clean up the house just purchased on Starboard Street in Garden Grove to get ready for us to move. She took me with her and I brought my bottle caps to shoot them across the room while waiting for her. After she finished doing what she had to do, Mom sat down on the other side of the living room and started shooting the bottle caps back at me. I think she enjoyed cheering me up more than snipping the bottle caps across the room. She wasn't perfect, but she cared and always wanted to help. My senior year in High School, I had to write a term paper. I spent a week finishing it and was typing the final copy on a typewriter. Mom was better at typing, and agreed to finish it for me. When I took it to school, I noticed she had "corrected" some of my grammar and taken a few editorial liberties with the paper. They were marked by the teacher along with my own mistakes. I never told Mom because I did not want her to feel I didn't appreciate the help, not criticize her because she was not perfect. Curt Cluff

January 25 at 9:03 AM

TJ

Terry Johnston posted:

My mother was an excellent seamstress, she made most of her own clothes as a young woman. I remember sitting at her knee, so to speak, watching her sew, and she would teach me during those times, of how to do things. I am so glad she did, it came in very handy when I needed it most. She also made wedding dresses. I shall always cherish what she did for me. We made an Easter dress every year, so we could be alike. How I loved it, and I miss being able to do it again. I love you Mom. Till we meet again.

January 25 at 9:03 AM



Media

Maryanne Pearl Jackson Cluff

MAY 11, 1928 - JAN 22, 2019



Ecluff60 Cluff shared a photo to the **Memories Album** album.

April 28 at 10:39 AM



50th Anniversary Photo 1998



Memories only last if you share them

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



Scan to Visit