

MARIE BLACK



Marie Black was born May 31, 1914 in Blanding (Grayson), San Juan, Utah to David Patten Black and Theda Kartchner. Married Julian Asa Laws, Jr. October 15, 1936. They had three children: one son and two daughters. Died September 3, 1973 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. Buried in Blanding, San Juan, Utah.

Marie was the first child born to David and Theda Black after they were driven from Old Mexico by the rebels and settled in Blanding. She had four sisters and three brothers. One brother had died in Old Mexico and she would have one more little sister born after her.

Marie grew up and attended school there as a little freckle-faced, left-handed, eager-to-learn pupil. She loved school, loved to learn, to read about places and things, especially the exotic part of life. She liked to write stories and poetry, book reports, and to give readings. She could express Three years later, on December 25, 1946,

herself very well and often won prizes for her compositions. She had a good memory and made the most of every learning experience or situation.

Marie spent a great deal of her younger years on road camps in southern Utah and Colorado as her father was a road contractor and her mother cooked for the work crews.

She always loved nature and the beautiful things of the world.

Marie grew into a good-looking, ambitious, popular girl. She liked nice things and she worked hard to get them. She designed and sewed her own clothes.

Everyone in town was Marie's friend, both the young and the old. She had a lot of boyfriends. She loved to dance. She breathed it, she ate it, she danced to school and then danced home, and she danced as she worked. She said if she ever had a total commitment to any one thing it was dancing.

Marie was fourteen when she met Asa Laws for the first time and she wasn't particular impressed with nor interest in him and laughed when she heard that he had told his friends he was going to marry that pretty girl he had met at the party - the one who had too much lipstick on. It took him eight-and-a-half years to convince her, but he was patient and determined and knew what he wanted.

They had been married about six-and-a-half years, had two children and were expecting their third in three weeks when Asa was killed in a vanadium mill accident.

Marie's life had been a series of frightening shocks and disappointments, and this capped them all. But dependency, emotions, or self pity were a weakness she never allowed herself to have, so she held her head high, made a new life for herself and never gave in.

Marie married Presley A. DuVall. She took

her three children and moved to his ranch in Little Bear, Wyoming. Marie loved the ranch life and worked hard but she had some difficult health problems which made it impossible for her to stay in Wyoming. Presley gave up all he loved and moved with her to Salt Lake in 1950. They had two children: one son and one daughter.

Marie was ill the whole summer of 1973. She had open heart surgery but it was cancer that took her life. Living the gospel was her main goal and her testimony never wavered. When it was her time to go, she was ready.

Marie's testimony of the gospel was active and most precious to her and her happiest knowledge was that God, Our Heavenly Father, lives and her strongest belief was that if we endure enough and keep the commandments we will some day, some way, find the courage and the will-power to overcome.

Marie's son, Dwight, said of her, "She was not perfect and that is why we love her. But she tried to be and that is why God loves her."

Her sister, Dottie Black wrote, "Oh, what fun we had! But sometimes, very seldom, I almost hated her because I was her baby sister - fat, ragged, lazy, and very self-conscious, who sat around in a sulk feeling sorry for myself. I also loved her very much. She was popular, could sing and dance, dress well, even a little ahead of the style. She knew what she wanted, loved nice things, and was willing to put forth whatever it took to be independent and have them."

Marie sang, danced, saw the best in everything and had a good time. She was ambitious, independent and loved her parents and brothers and sisters very deeply and would do anything for them. She

"I am thinking about Heaven. Seems it would be pretty dull and uninteresting if everyone were perfect. It is our little carnal weaknesses and imperfections that makes

wrote, "Few people are blessed with five sisters. To me you are beautiful, each in your own way and I am blessed in more ways than I can say. I have never felt the need to go outside my family for love, help, advice, or entertainment. I am thankful for my wonderful parents who have always set such a good example.

Marie thought a person should excel in anything they did and they should do everything. She was a writer and could express the things she felt. In grade school she wrote a Christmas poem and the teacher said, "This is so good, I am tempted to question it's originality."

Marie's loyalty to her country was made public when she wrote to the newspaper.

AMERICA IS GREAT

"At this Thanksgiving season I wish to go on record as being thankful for my country - this great land of liberty and freedom; prosperous, immense, a leader, a helper, a refuge and blessed by God.

I know America has weaknesses and faults. Her weaknesses - draft dodgers, card burners, flag desecraters, law breakers and dissenters, to whom she gives of her plenty and freedom. Her faults - handing out generously of her goods, strength, knowledge and man power to those who persecute her.

America makes mistakes - made by well-meaning, active, involved dedicated men. She will never have to build an iron curtain, a stone wall or a barbed fence to keep her honorable citizens!

I would rather be a peasant in America than the ruler of any other country on earth. Thank God for America!"

She forever noticed and commented on all the grandeur and beauty of the universe and it's inhabitants and the great blessings they are.

us all different, and variety is certainly the spice of life.

I do not want sameness, even in the weather. I would hate a place that was

always the same. I love a violent storm occasionally and a blistering hot day makes me appreciate the mild ones more.

I wouldn't want things to be green all year; I want to enjoy the miracle of life and growth as spring clamors to be seen and heard after the glorious beauty of snow on a seemingly dead branch.

The song of the meadow lark and the fat greedy robin are doubly sweet in summer, because of the lack of that music with ice and sleet.

I would not mind the flying or crawling insects if I had enough understanding and patience to appreciate their sphere.

Why am I think of Heaven? It just put on a spectacular demonstration of fireworks. Wouldn't it be awful to live above the skies and miss the grandeur of a thunder storm?"

Another time expressing her blessings:

"The diamond studded snow - that I have fallen down in three times this winter;

The life giving sun - that makes me perspire until I am too stinky to associate;

The beautiful flowers - that I am too trashy to tend and cultivate;

The white fleecy clouds - that drift as unaccomplishingly as I;

The black thunder storm that scowls and shrieks- which I often mimic;

The bird in the leafy tree top - whose song makes mine, by comparison, unworthy to sing.

The blue, white capped mountains, that turn to pink in the sun's after glow - and makes me hurt inside with my desire to capture forever inside me the exquisite beauty and peace it portrays;

Makes me know that grand old Mother Nature is part of God and that these things are all my blessings.

The very uneventfulness of my life is another great blessing.

That fact that I have needed no miracle of healing, restoring, or providing, is a greater blessing than such a miracle could ever be.

We live in a land of liberty and what a wonderful thing to be free."