



Sarah Lawanda Harrison McCuan

December 31, 1919 - June 12, 2020

Sarah McCuan died peacefully in her son's home on Friday, June 12, 2020 after a long battle with heart disease.

She was the fourth of eight children born to Hugh and Myrtle Harrison and is survived by her youngest sister, Alice Harrison Barnhill.

During the depression, when she was sixteen years old, Sarah worked in a glove factory in Metropolis, Illinois. Her major earnings were given to her family to help on their family farm. Throughout her life, Sarah whole heartedly helped her family, neighbors and her church.

Most of her life she was a homemaker, but where ever she lived, she always became an active member of a Bible believing church. Sarah taught Sunday School for fifty-five years to all ages of children. Then later, she taught an adult ladies' class in Florida where she and her husband, John had retired.

She is survived by her son, John Edward McCuan Jr. (Jonlyn); two grandchildren, Doctor John McCuan (Melinda) and Danielle McCuan Sanford (State Senator Paul); six grandchildren, Sarah, Anna, Seth and Leah McCuan, Chase and Ryan Sanford; sister-in-law, Madeline Harrison; five devoted nieces, Verba Cole (Ron), Robin May (Larry), Linda Montgomery (Steve), Sue Smith (Sid) and Judy Hess and one nephew, James Haslam (Cathy).

Graveside service will be on Tuesday, June 16, 2020 at 1:00 PM at Antioch Missionary Baptist Church Cemetery in Rosebud, Illinois. Rev. Frank Galliher will be officiating.

Cemetery Details

Antioch Missionary Baptist Church Cemetery

301 Rosebud Road
Rosebud, IL 62938

Previous Events

Graveside Service

JUN 16. 1:00 PM (CT)

Antioch Missionary Baptist Church Cemetery
301 Rosebud Road
Rosebud, IL 62938

Tribute Wall

TO

“ Once, she was worried that she would never see one of her great-granddaughters again because of some unbelieving boy in Europe. There was a blessing in disguise for her with covid and all the people who thought that the virus spreads by crossing borders; they met.

I did not get to know her, but that's not important. Lovers are not important; they come and go. But family is only one.

Tom - February 09, 2022 at 06:52 AM

JM

“ She Travelled Light Luke 9:3 Take nothing for the road, no walking stick, no traveling bag, no bread, no money, and don't take an extra shirt.

JESUS tells his disciples to travel light " on the road " with HIS ministry. Sarah was not burdened by any possessions. She was not burdened by any possessions. She was not materialistic or greedy in any way. But the way She truly traveled light was she never kept a grudge at the end of every day, She went to bed with a forgiving heart. No matter what the day had held, she said goodnight in a pleasant, loving way holding no anger for any words that had been said. She travelled light. Ephesians 4:26 Don't let the sun go down on your anger. Jonlyn McCuan

Jonlyn McCuan - March 13, 2021 at 01:45 PM

SA

“ 1 file added to the album *Year 100*



Sarah - October 03, 2020 at 01:28 AM

SA

“ 1 file added to the album *Memories Album*



Sarah - October 03, 2020 at 12:46 AM

“ Who was Sarah Lawanda Harrison McCuan?

Sarah lived to be one hundred years old, which meant most all of her past friends were gone. However, she was still making new friends in independent living and at church. I knew her for seventy six years and she lived an exemplary life. When she was a little girl, she had an ear infection and lost part of her hearing. As time progressed into later years, Sarah lost much of her hearing and settled for hearing aids after multiple ear operations. In recent years, Sarah commented that she used to be a "chatter box", but she felt people got tired of being asked to repeat themselves in conversation with her. One of eight children, she loved her family and often talked about her growing up years. I think sometimes they were some of her of happiest years. At age sixteen two major events took place in her life. Sarah left the family farm and went to work in the city while the depression was going on. Most of the money she earned went back to help support her family. Another event took place which was permanent. She trusted JESUS CHRIST as her personal savior and LORD. A process called sanctification took place and lasted for some eighty four years. So what can be said about Sarah and how she lived? Many would say she was sweet, kind, gentle, peaceful and that she had learned to love life. Sarah's life was characterized by being self- denying, self-sacrificing, and a gracious servant to others rather than herself. This unconditional love to others seem to bring about an inner peace and joy that was unshakable for the most part. She was always ready to help and this quality seemed to be embedded in her very soul . Someone told me, " if you can't get along with someone, just stay away from them." Sarah never had to contemplate staying away from anyone for that reason. She would say, " If you can't say something nice about someone, then, don't say anything at all." What would be Sarah,s response if someone mistreated her or said something out of place? She would have been self restrained in her conduct. Sarah was not inclined to be resentful or angry. There would have been no sign of revenge ,holding a grudge, bitterness or pay back. This lady had a patient endurance and forbearance under unpleasant circumstances, with no actions of retaliation. For

seventy six years, I never heard a curse word cross her lips and would be hard pressed to recall her loosing her temper. Some people enjoy arguments; Sarah would side step them. If they tried to argue with her, they would end up with a one way conversation. She did not like to see others argue. Sarah was a peacemaker and liked to see people get along and reconcile their differences. She was about loving, caring, helping, and forgiving others. She made the difference in my life growing up. I tried not to mess up because I knew it would wound that good and pure heart that loved me so much.

In her last days she said, " I want to see JESUS." She left her earthly body behind and her soul entered the portals of heaven to be with " THE ONE " she wanted to see. I thank GOD for honoring me with the best Mother I could have had and the opportunity to see her again.

GOD is love, whoever lives in love dwelleth in GOD, and GOD in them. By

loving others we reflect the nature of GOD. John 4:12b

John McCuan Jr - August 11, 2020 at 11:39 PM

“ Shortly before my grandmother's death, and at the time of my grandmother's death, I was thinking about a particular thing JESUS said. It was this: " In my father's house are many mansions." The translation is perhaps not the greatest, but I think I understand some of the idea of it. A " mansion " here is a "place " to stay and a place, presumably, prepared by a father for someone he wants nearby, a place where that someone fits in and can be at rest, and a place where that someone is loved (and knows it).

I was thinking that during most of my childhood I had some kind of " room " or " place " that was my own. I think that idea - of having my own room or place - was important to my (earthly) father. Those places that were designated for me gave me, I think, some kind of idea of what JESUS was communicating. As I think about my own children, some of whom are going out and finding their own " place " in the world, I would still like to provide them a place nearby me, in my house. On the other hand, I think there is a sense in which no one really can fully experience a place on earth where everything he needs is provided and he experiences the real " place " (mansion) JESUS was talking about. Never the less, there is some real potential for for love among people on earth.

There is something my grandmother said to me many, many times; I guess she really wanted me to know that thing. It was this: " GOD loves you, and grandma loves you." I hope she could sense some love back from me. I suspect she is now experiencing the love JESUS was talking about.

Here is John 14:1-3

Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe in GOD, believe also in me. If it were not so ,I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

JC

“ My Dear, Sweet Aunt Sarah... She was given that name when I was born & brought to my parent's home in Northlake, Illinois (next door to Aunt Sarah & Uncle John)- She was always there for me as a child when needed & always treated us like family- There are so many memories from those times, like when I got her chocolates for Valentines Day & they were chocolate covered grasshoppers & various bugs- she screamed after she ate the first one when she found out what it was but Uncle John liked them- Or the time I brought them colored Easter Eggs for Easter & they weren't quite cooked all the way (at least it was over the kitchen sink)- Those are a couple of funnies but she was always there to talk to me or help if I got hurt- I'll always remember "Buster" their dog too- After we all moved from Northlake, we were able to visit them at their home in Florida once & we always kept in touch throughout the years- My Mom & her spoke last year & said they lived to be so old because of the water in Northlake & living on the creek... I was so lucky to talk to her just a week before she passed & tell her that I loved her (& of course she said the same back to me) She's in my heart from childhood & will always be remembered... God Bless you, Aunt Sarah... John Costanzo in Phoenix, Az.

John Costanzo - July 29, 2020 at 03:23 PM

JM

“ Miss Sarah was such a dear, sweet friend. She had beautiful, sparkling, blue eyes and they would light up when we met at Church!! She will always have a special place in my heart. I loved that little lady!! 😍

Jeanette McGahey - July 13, 2020 at 12:35 PM

“ Sarah was my grandmother, my father's mother. I lived with her when I was about 6 years old, and I remember with fondness that she made lunch for me every day when I came home from school. My grandfather would pick me up in the car at lunch time. Grandma would always make soup for me and a sandwich. The soup was often Campbell's tomato or chicken noodle soup, and the sandwich was usually bologne with lettuce and mustard. There were almost always some fried potatoes as well, and the smell of frying potatoes in a cast iron skillet on a gas stove was a familiar greeting when my grandfather and I arrived for lunch. Certainly, I will always associate that smell with my grandmother and her love for me. After lunch I would walk back to school.

When I was older (maybe 8 or 9) my grandmother fixed a bowl of ice cream for my grandfather and me just about every night. At that time, we would go out for "dinner" at a restaurant just about every day. Usually, it was an all-you-can-eat buffet. She liked to play games like dominoes and aggravation, and of course cards--- rummy. She liked to go shopping at Walmart and the flea market. I always remember her (and I probably always will) when I park in a hot Walmart parking lot or get back in a hot car that has been in the sun.

Here are two stories she liked to tell about when she was young:

When her parents were away, she and her brothers took a notion to ride the pig around the yard. They rode and rode the pig until their parents returned to find the pig was "down in her back." Her father was greatly puzzled as to what was wrong with the pig and called one of his neighbors---a German neighbor I think. The neighbor said, "Hugh, that old sow is down in her back." My great-grandfather rubbed down the sow's back with turpentine and menthol, and it recovered. He never found out what my Grandmother and her brothers had done.

On another occasion when her parents were away she and her

siblings were charged with cleaning the kitchen floor. They put down large quantities of water and (presumably homemade) lye soap and commenced to have a "big time" running, slipping, sliding, and generally playing on the wood floor. When her parents returned, no one was seriously injured, the floor was commendably clean, and her parents never knew the process.

She told me once that by the time she was twenty years old, she had "seen a lot of things in the world." I'm sure she never imagined she would live to be a hundred.

John McCuan III - July 06, 2020 at 08:06 PM

JH

DEAR AUNT SARAH WAS SO SPECIAL AND VERY KIND TO A FAULT. ONE TIME WHILE VISITING AT HER HOUSE IN NORTHLAKE,IL.,ON A SATURDAY, I BROKE A ANTA BLE I WAS STANDING ON WHILE PLAYING PIRATES W/COUSIN JOHNNY AND MY BROTHER, AUNT SARAH NEVER GOT MAD,JUST LAUGHED. I MISS HER SWEET NATURE, HER BEAUTIFUL SMILE AND TALKING WITH HER.. LUV YOU AUNT SARAH,J JUDY..

JUDY HESS - September 01, 2020 at 05:58 PM



“ 2 files added to the album Memories Album



Deerfoot Memorial Funeral Home - June 22, 2020 at 01:38 PM