



Glen Orr

September 2, 1933 - March 6, 2022

Our dad, Glen Orr, was a great husband, father, and grandfather, completely dedicated to his wife for more than 58 years, his six children, and 13 grandchildren. If any of his kids or grandkids needed a shoe tied, help with homework, or their nose wiped, dad was there. This was certainly true with Margaret, Lester, Scott, Cindy, Otto, and Matt, but it was even more evident with his grandkids, who he was lucky enough to spend a lot of time with during his retirement.

Dad had a tremendously clever and dry sense of humor. He might be one of the primary inventors of what is known today as "dad jokes." When he came up with a clever one, you'd never see it coming. His delivery was flat, and his lines were served up without fanfare, so much so that their desired effect – to make his wife, kids, or grandkids laugh – could be delayed as the recipient processed the line. It would be awesome to share an example here, but they don't travel well. They were genuinely in-the-moment jokes that were never as funny when repeated later. Maybe their magic was in the sawdust-dry delivery or the sheer joy in his eyes when he knew he had a good one.

In 1933, Glen Malcom Orr started life as the sixth child born to Nola and Lester Orr. Born in Toole, Utah, he was raised in the tiny town of Stockton, Utah, with two sisters and five brothers. His father was a shepherd who tended flocks of sheep in the mountains of Utah, working 24 hours a day, 7 days a week for months at a time, coming home for only a handful of days each year. Dad shared stories about getting to work with his father. In the

mountains, they slept under the stars, prepared food from a chuck wagon, and, very importantly, where he learned the art of making sourdough hotcakes/flapjacks. Those sourdough flapjacks would become a staple for us Orr kids growing up, eventually becoming sourdough tortillas pressed on his own tortilla press.

With a hunger to go to college, our dad took advantage of the G.I. Bill to fund his degree at The University of Utah. He joined the Marine Corps, boarding a train in Utah to get to basic training and back home before being stationed in San Diego. When he was lucky enough to be granted leave from his duties, he hitchhiked back to Utah to see his mom and family.

During his deployment, dad was a helicopter technician. His orders put him on an aircraft carrier that was the principal ship in Operation Castle, the military's name for the operation testing six different designs for aircraft-deliverable atomic bombs.

Dad was on the helicopter that delivered a nuclear device to the atoll for detonation. Once in place, the team flew back to the carrier a "safe" distance away. The crews of all the ships in the group then gathered on the decks to watch the detonation. Special viewing goggles were passed out to many of the crew members. Those without goggles were told to put their hands over their eyes and peer thru the cracks between their fingers or face away from the blast.

After the military, dad earned a degree in mining engineering from the University of Utah and became the first person in his family to graduate from college. He went to work for a small mining outfit and later married the boss's daughter – our mom.

Mom and Dad then moved north to Idaho, where dad helped engineer new ways to extract and load phosphate payloads. In Montpelier, they would live in the "green house" and later moved into the more-spacious "white house" to accommodate their growing family.

They had five of their six kids in Idaho, where he and mom taught us how to ride bikes, throw baseballs, ice skate, and a million other things. He even tried

to make a skating rink in our backyard once. It turns out that leaving a sprinkler on during freezing weather doesn't make a smooth skating surface but something more akin to a giant ice-bristle scrub brush.

A memory we all share is huddling around the upstairs windows of our home during the snowy, colder than imaginable winters, watching herds of mule deer come down the mountains behind the house to decimate the stack of alfalfa hay behind our house.

Eventually, dad had enough of that cold weather and snow, and he found a way to move us south. That's how we came to live in George West, Texas. Here, the family of seven would move into a two-bedroom trailer a few blocks from the high school. Not long after relocating, our youngest brother, Matt, was born. We lived in town for several years, met some of our lifelong friends, and built the foundations of our lives. Dad's new job was establishing operations to extract Uranium from around Mirando City, Bruni, and later Falls City. After putting in long days of hard work and driving an hour each way to the mines, he coached and encouraged us as we pursued sports, one-act plays, UIL competitions, 4-H, FHA, and FFA. He was also handy with a vacuum and never shied away from folding clothes – even after a 10-hour workday. Likely his most valuable role in the academic careers of us kids was as a math tutor. Algebra, geometry, and trig never seemed easier than when dad sat next to you at the dining table and explained the problem. He encouraged us all to excel in school and did all he could to make sure we could graduate and pursue college or our careers. We will all cherish those one-on-one moments with him.

Never one for crowds, mom and dad finally found the house we all call home. It is south of George West off Mikeska Road – a big house literally at the end of the road. While mom always laughed and said we moved out there so she could yell at us kids without the neighbors complaining, it was actually a place they knew we'd be happiest, where dad could nurture his farming muscles, and where they could instill in us the principles they inherited from their

parents.

Dad always wished he could be more involved in the care of his mother, but her living in Utah made that difficult. True to his character, Dad channeled his worry into caring for others in similar situations with the hope that someone would do the same for his mother. In Idaho, a neighbor who outlived her husband and children shared that her biggest worry was that no one would care enough about her to put flowers on her grave. And even though we had already moved to George West, he made sure that there were flowers at her funeral, and for several years he had flowers put on her grave on the anniversary of her death. There was another woman in George West who shared her dream of having her favorite childhood meal, pigeon. So, dad did the only reasonable thing he could think of - he built a coupe, captured pigeons from where he worked in Falls City, and raised them. Then, just to make her happy, he cooked one for her every Monday. He also took great care of our beloved Granny, mom's mother, who moved in with them in her later years. There was no request or task he would avoid if it made her more comfortable or happier.

It's hard to remember a spring when we didn't have an enormous garden. We picked green beans, okra, corn, and watermelon until our hands were calloused. He grew mammoth pumpkins one year that weighed hundreds of pounds. Always creative, dad painted them white, stacked them, and made snowmen to delight the grandkids. There were a couple of bumper crops along the way. One was watermelons. There were hundreds of melons stored in the barn, and dad ate his weight in them every day. Another year, he grew tomatoes around a "tomato ring" that we had canned and frozen tomatoes of every type, from green tomato jam to spaghetti sauce, for a couple of years. Some might even be in a freezer or a jar on a top shelf somewhere. Undoubtedly his most productive farming project ever.

Dad also had his own business. He created a line of tortillas. First, he made sourdough tortillas based on the hotcake recipe his dad taught him while herding sheep. Later, he developed whole wheat and flour flavors. He set up a

tortilla press, built a grill, and made them by the dozen for people around George West. His mind was always working on business ideas, and he loved to bat them around when us kids.

A trait we are lucky to have gained from dad is a deep respect for our mom and women in general. He would cut us slack on just about anything, but he would never tolerate being disrespectful to our mother or grandmother. He would almost certainly come back from the dead if he heard us talk back to her today.

We also learned to work together on just about any chore around the house. Many nights there were six kids in the kitchen "cleaning," even though it might take us hours to do it right. He believed that at home, everyone worked, and he never made a distinction between girl jobs and boy jobs.

Dad rarely, if ever, lost his patience with us. It didn't seem to matter if he had to tell us 100 times to re-wash a pan, stay up with one of us to rewrite a paper, or even if all six kids were hanging on him and demanding his attention as he walked into the house, after his hour-long drive from work, his patience was never-ending.

We all have personal memories that we are reminded of when we think of Dad. He always had a handkerchief in his pocket and wiped the runny noses of any of his kids and grandkids. He also taught us boys to comb our hair using VO5 to get that perfect swoop we all wore as kids. That smell can never be forgotten.

In his retirement, he also fed deer beside their house. It was not uncommon to be shushed in the late afternoon because there were 6 or 7 bucks outside munching on the corn he spread for them. He laughed and shared that they were the most photographed deer in the world, and judging from the dozens of photos he shared with us during visits, he might be right.

In his final years, dad battled cancer like a champ. He held it at bay for years, but it finally caught up to him. Throughout the fight, he was surrounded by the love of my mom – who slept by his side until his final day – and Margaret's family, who took fantastic care of dad and mom in her home when it became

clear that they needed more help. The rest of the kids and grandkids, while farther away, were always close by in spirit and love, but Margaret, Jeff, Sarah, Ryan, and Jake, and other helpers including Maria, Olivia, and Bridget were there 24/7. Zoom calls over the past couple of years were Heaven sent. Dad and mom could speak directly to his grandkids on those Zoom calls. The ability to continue to see and hear his grandkids was an absolute delight for him.

Our dad and mom raised six loving and happy kids who have passed that caring and love on to their families. We learned from them a commitment to loving one another, living with integrity, and maintaining a solid work ethic. While our father may have left this Earth, he will never leave the hearts of his family or the people lucky enough to know him.

We miss him deeply.

Preceding dad into Heaven were his parents, Nola and Lester Orr, and his siblings Gordon, Lester, Jr., Dewey, Nola Rae, Eugene, and Jay. Still on Earth missing him are his sister, Lela Mae [last name]; his wife, Mary Ellen Orr (Johnson); and his children, Margaret and Jeff Harrod and their kids, Sarah Solis, Ryan Solis, and Jake Solis; Glen (Lester) and Fiona Orr; Scott and Beth Orr and their kids, Tyler, Mason, and Bailey; Cindy and Bernie Seger and their kids, James Scotten, Kyle Scotten, and Maggie Seger; Otto and Elsa Orr and their kids Olivia and Brady; and Matt Orr and his kids, Jordan and Maddie. Services entrusted to Roberson Funeral Home Three Rivers, Texas.

Previous Events

Graveside Service

MAR **10**. 11:00 AM (CT)

St. George Catholic Cemetery
George West, TX 78022

Tribute Wall

SU

“ I well remember Uncle Glen, his quiet manner, & gentle smile. While talking to him in the hallway by Granny's front door, he once told Lil Jacque and I, "you have the same germs (as sisters)". I don't remember what we were specifically talking about...ice cream? I'm thinking of the Orr family. Love you. Sanna

Susanna - March 12, 2022 at 12:03 PM

FM

“ From Robert and Melissa purchased the Lovely One Spathiphyllum Plant for the family of Glen Orr.



From Robert and Melissa - March 09, 2022 at 04:06 PM

JS

“ My dearest Sister and Family,
My heart, my arms, and my prayers are with or around each of you.
I feel your loss as well as mine.
Glen was my "brother" for over 65 years. He was Knollie's friend;
they communicated so well...without words, of course. How much
we loved him, how much Mom and Dad loved him, cannot be put
into words. How happy they are to be hugging him now.
I do so wish I could be there. I hope you all know I would be if I
could.
I love you all. Remember God and I are holding each of you in our
arms.
(Sister and Aunt) Jacque

Jacqueline Sell - March 09, 2022 at 01:06 PM