

## **Nancy J. Starcher**

### **Obituaries**

Posted by: CarolCronin

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### **IN MEMORY OF A GOOD WOMAN**

**Mrs. Nancy J. Starcher**, the subject of this sketch, was born in Gilmer county, now Calhoun, near Arnoldsburg, June 27, 1831, and died at her home on Henry's Fork in Roane county, near Pink post office, September 24, 1918, aged 87 years, 3 months and 27 days.

Her home, in which she was brought up, was one of those good nurseries of young life in which duty and love made daily life vital and essential; so that good sentiments and good deeds distilled good results in her young soul. She possessed a pleasant and loving nature, which gave her an admiration for the good and beautiful. The very things to be seen in nature around her, became dear to her and taught her of God and love.

On Nov. 10, 1853, she married a very worthy man, Mr. Josiah P. Starcher, by who she had nine children. Three of these, Columbus, George B. McClelland and Willie were transplanted when young to the evergreen fields above. Since her death one daughter died, Mrs. Anna Dillon, who possessed the reputation of a true woman. The five living, Mrs. Manda Ellison, Mrs. Luverna King, Mrs. Bell Bissell, Miss Lucy and Mr. John Starcher were king, gentle and loving to their mother. They went with her to the very brink of the cold river that rolls between this and the unseen world, but she passed in under the deep shadow of death with no human hand on which to lean ? trusting in God whose rod and whose staff comforted her.

Her married life was one of confidence and love. She was gentle and considerate to her husband. The influence which she possessed over him arose from the mildness of her manner and the discretion of her conduct. Whilst she was careful to adorn her person with new and clean apparel ? for no woman can preserve affections if she is careless on this point ? she was still more attentive in ornamenting her mind with meekness and peace with cheerfulness and good humor. She lightened the cares and chased away the vexations to which her husband was exposed in his dealings with others by rendering so far as was in her power, his home pleasant. She kept at home. Her employment and pleasures were domestic.

As a mother, she had the courage and stood for rectitude in her children with all her might. She demanded good habits, good manners and good morals as her right at the hands of her children. She exacted respectful conduct towards herself, the helpful hand the ready foot, the obedient muscle that she should be obeyed and tenderly treated by her own.

She believed and taught that it is a great mistake for mothers to become slaves to their half-grown and grown-up children, to work for them while they sleep and play and idle away their time; to wait upon them when they should wait upon their mothers; to give away to them when it is proper for them to give way to their seniors. She believed it is a sad mistake to have children heard first and have the first place and the first service when it is their duty to wait and serve and be second. In the

training of children she believed that mothers are often at fault to the injury of their children. By mothers failing in these things their grown-up young men and women often set them aside, count them old-fashioned, regard them as family drudges and servants and forget their true relation to the family. She labored to hold herself up to the true dignity of her position as heart and life of her home. She did hold her true place as mother and her motherhood has been honored by her family.

Sister Starcher's life of usefulness and honor, her sense of kindness to others and her conscientious discharge of duty leads so surely to heaven's brightest gate as the sunbeam to the bosom of a flower. Her highest aim was to be a true woman, one determined to do right because it is right; willing to accept such measures of present happiness and success as results from obedience to truth. She was careful to see that she had enough little virtues of life, to do the little duties she saw before her and she did not mourn because she was neither a renowned heroine nor a saint.

Life, with her, whether in this world or in any other, is the sum of our attainments, our experiences and our characters. That the course of life is a rugged diagonal between duty and desire; that it lies through true manhood and womanhood; through true fatherhood and motherhood; through true friendship and relationship of all legitimate kinds and of all natural sorts whatever. That it lies through pain and poverty and all earthly discipline; through unswerving trust in God; through patient and self-denying heroism ? she walked therein and she is sure of a prize in the world to which she is gone.

Appropriate religious services were conducted at the family home by the writer, after which her remains were taken to the Wayne cemetery where it was laid to its final resting place.

?Mother, thy spirit has flown,  
I look above ? thy image is there;  
I listen and thy gentle tone is on the air.?

Wellington Lester

*REFERENCE: STARCHER, Nancy Jane (Nichols) (1831-1918)  
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(Submitted by Carol Cronin)*