



Helen A. McCreath

August 2, 1920 - December 26, 2014

Public graveside services for Helen will be on Wednesday, January 7, 2015 at 12:00 p.m. at the Purdum Cemetery, Purdum, Nebraska.

Visitation will be Tuesday, January 6, 2015 from 1:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. with family present from 4-6 p.m. at the Farmer & Son Funeral Home in Geneva.

Memorials are directed to the Fairview Manor or the Purdum Cemetery, % Harsh Mercantile, 84453 Purdum Road, Purdum, NE 69157.

Helen Adela (Zeller) McCreath was born at Bartley, Nebraska on August 2, 1920 to August G. Zeller, and Mary (Jakob) Zeller the youngest of 7 children. She married Lewis Earl McCreath on December 25th, 1939. Two daughters were born to this union: Sandra Cheryl and Susan Carol.

Helen attended school through the 8th grade. She worked at home and for others in the Bartley area until she took a job as a housekeeper with a family who lived in the Sandhills area of Nebraska. It was there, while at a dance, she met her future husband, Lewis.

After their marriage Helen and Lewis moved to Omaha where Lewis attended welding school. After graduation the couple moved to Illinois where Lewis was employed as a welder. In 1943 Helen and Lewis returned to Thedford,

Nebraska where they ranched with his parents and started their family.

In 1954 Helen and Lewis moved to Fairmont, Nebraska where Lewis worked as a building contractor. Helen drew up the house plans for the custom homes Lewis built. Helen also did the interior painting and woodwork finishing on many of the homes.

Over the years Helen had many different jobs; store clerk, making custom drapes and head cook at Fairmont Schools, but her main focus was always taking care of her family and her home.

Helen had many interests and talents. She enjoyed many types of fiber/needle arts, painting, writing poetry and almost anything of a 'crafty' nature that caught her eye and she wanted to try.

Helen and Lewis enjoyed dancing, camping, boating, card and board games. They were members of the Good Sam Club traveling to many Samborees to meet with fellow campers. For 10 years they provided their camper as a support vehicle for the Special Olympics Torch Run. After retirement they enjoyed spending the winter months in the warmer climate of Harlingen, Texas where they had many friends.

Helen's greatest joy was her family: Her children, grandchildren and great grandson.

Helen passed away December 26, 2014 at Fairview Manor, Fairmont, NE. She was laid to rest on January 7, 2015 at Purdum Cemetery in Purdum Nebraska.

Helen was preceded in death by Lewis, her husband of 73 years, her parents and siblings.

She is survived by her children; Sandra Dittbrenner and husband Ken of Denton, Nebraska; Susan Frazier and husband Richard, of Fairmont, Nebraska; Grandchildren: Shawn Frazier, wife Barbi and their son Kellen, of Castle Rock, Colorado; Sheri (Frazier) Kesner and husband Gerry of Lakewood, Colorado.

Tribute Wall

VT

“ My sincere condolences to the family of Helen McCreath. May you find comfort in your loving memories, and in God's promise to soon "swallow up death forever" and "wipe away the tears from all faces." (Isaiah 25;8) With deepest sympathy,

v. thompson - December 28, 2014 at 11:02 PM

JC

Hi my sister just shared a poem about the Sandhills by Helen that I had never seen before. We grew up by Brewster just down the river from Purdum. Did she publish any of her poetry?

SANDHILLS

*I once thought the sandhills were just hills of sand
Until I lived there for awhile and came to love the land.
It's a combination of many things that get a hold on you,
But mostly it's the people there, easy going honest and true.
They have to be the friendliest folks of any you'll ever know.
Hear the dreaded cry of "prairie fire" and they drop everything and go.
They'll lend a hand at branding time and
share your troubles too,
Then meet you Saturday night in town and
"whoop it up" with you.
The rattlesnakes aren't very friendly and the
sandburs stick to your hide,
You may get sand in your gizzard and a
sore on your "saddle side".
But you just have to love this country, and no matter where you roam,
You'll never "get all the sand off your boots" if
you once called the sandhills home.
Helen A. McCreath*

Joanne Ferguson Cavanaugh - October 13, 2024 at 07:11 PM