



## Irene Felice Dufield

November 8, 1916 - February 21, 2020

Irene Felice Dufield of Owasso, Oklahoma passed away Friday, February 21st, 2020. She was 103.

Private family services.

# Tribute Wall

NM

“ I am honored and blessed to have met this wonderful lady. I loved the twinkling brightness in her eyes and the love in her heart. I left her home feeling inspired by her sweet spirit.

Lynn, Lionel and family, this a great loss, your in my heart and prayers.

Love,  
Nina Murphy

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**Nina Murphy** - March 02, 2020 at 07:55 PM



We have been truly blessed to have been able to know and love Mamaw for all of these years. She was such an inspiration! She was fiercely independent and incredibly resilient. We can recall hearing stories of her stubbornly believing that climbing on the roof was just fine way past the time that even the bravest soul would even consider the task. We spent many a holiday with Manaw and what struck me (Hesther) the most was her quiet, soft-spoken, yet strong demeanor. Her hair and her outfit were always perfect. She was a beautiful lady that will surely be missed greatly by all who knew and loved her. May God richly bless you all with peace, comfort, and strength during your time of loss and always. Love Heather and Kevin Ortis

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**Heather Ortis** - March 03, 2020 at 07:04 PM

JS

“ *What a blessing it was having Aunt Renie in my life! She was an inspiration and example as well as a steady encouragement. Her kind smile and helpful hand meant so much to me for 76 years. One of my earliest memories is of how she defended me as a 2 year old when I led my cousin, Lynn, who was 5 months younger, on a journey out of the yard to look for baby Jesus. (My mother was NOT impressed by the adventure!)*

*I always felt welcome in Aunt Renie's lovely home. She was such a wonderful homemaker and could make every meal delicious. She taught me many things that I use to this day---how to fold a fitted sheet, and how to make gumbo, pralines and candied citron.*

*It made me very happy and I felt that she loved me enough to come to my college graduation and wedding. She was my mother's best friend and a true sister to her. They were a comfort and solace to each other in their 80s and 90s when they were both widowed and had outlived most of their friends.*

*Aunt Renie's keen ability to think for herself and make her own spiritual decisions was one among many of her courageous traits that made a deep impression on me.*

*I am missing you, Aunt Renie, thank you for all that you did in your life, and all that you were to our family.*

*I love you, Joyce Raye*

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**Joyce Singleton Symes** - February 27, 2020 at 06:03 PM

LL

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



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**Lynn Landry** - February 26, 2020 at 08:40 AM

“Irene Felice Guillotte Dufield lived until she was 103. She started life as a Cajun girl in sugar cane country, one of eight children, a sharecropper’s daughter who turned adversity into tempering. With few roads, graduating from Franklin High School meant rowing across Bayou Teche in a pirogue, tying up at the icehouse, regardless of the weather, and walking several miles to school. She could have been bitter; her life often had more rain than shine, but in her it birthed a resilience and fierce pragmatism clearly visible in those who came after her. Her innate curiosity fostered an appreciation of learning and an interest in people and things spiritual. She believed in always doing one’s best and knowing that tomorrow would be better than today.

Her mother died before Irene was ten, so she ran the household instead. After putting her youngest sister through nursing school, she left the bayous for New York City and Boston and San Diego and worked for herself as she waited in those ports in the 30’s and 40’s for her sailor husband to return on leave from World War II. Solo, she traveled between coasts by auto—years before interstate highway systems. After the war, she settled in Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma where she reared her children. In her eighties, she was caught standing on the house roof, sweeping pine needles stuck between the shingles with a broom. Independence wasn’t something she believed; it was who she was.

Irene could grow anything, with roses particularly drawing her affections. Her flowers were big and bright, and she often dried them in silica gel for arrangements and potpourri. Perhaps her greatest talent, though, was as a fiber artist; she wove herself into the fabric around her, filling the homes of those close to her with garments, pictures, doilies, and pillows. Her crocheting and tatting have a unique precision and are easy to distinguish, treasured by those who have them. She taught her arts to many of her three children, seven grandchildren, and twelve great-grandchildren. Irene would speak to anyone and listen to whatever they had to say. Their story was always more important than hers. Well into her nineties, she was famous for staying up all night reading thrillers and having a book hangover the next morning. She would say that

*reading at night was her reward for a day well lived. In a new town, the library was stop number one, where she burrowed in the genealogy section before nabbing a murder mystery on the way out. She was fascinated with crime because she was pure-hearted, the stability of every church event, the first one you called if you needed a volunteer.*

*Her main interest was her family and she remained close to them, especially in her stories of them. Many a time she sat with family on front porch gatherings, catching up on the week's events and recalling memories of the past—often related in Cajun French and Frenchified English. She left to her children a love of family and its history, expressed by an interest in genealogy where she contributed to a book on her husband's family after thirty years of researching the family tree, and documented her own Cajun roots through the Acadian dispersion to south Louisiana.*

*On the day she died, she waited to go until all of her grandchildren had called to say goodbye—even in her passing it was visible how much her family meant.*

*Her wishes were that her remains rest next to her husband in King Cemetery in Hartburg, TX, and with her family in the Franklin Cemetery in Franklin, LA.*

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**Lynn Landry** - February 26, 2020 at 08:38 AM

LL

*"Rene" was a most-spirited lady. She and I liked to discuss current politics, and she was a devoted conservative, watching her favorite cable channel, Fox News, devotedly.*

*She had an informed opinion about most everything, based on a naturally intelligent viewpoint, and her logical way of looking at her world.*

*She loved her loved ones and so enjoyed visiting with family as well as friends. She was always interesting in hearing about the opinions of others, and was reticent to share, too quickly in a conversation, her own take on happenings. You never felt judged by Irene, and I think her acceptance and approval of me, personally, will be what I will cherish during the time I have left on this earth.*

*We had a running joke between us, where I would often tell her that she was my favorite mother-in-law, her adding back to me that she was my only mother-in-law. And would snicker as she said it.*

*I will forever be grateful for her standing up for me when I wanted to date her oldest daughter.*

*I so look eagerly to the day I will see her again, eternally.*

*In the meantime, Rene, take care.*

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**Lionel Landry** - March 01, 2020 at 02:00 AM

CH

*“ I never knew the word “mamaw” before meeting her and now it will only mean one thing to me. I also called her “miss Irene” which I think she got a kick out of hearing from a northern boy. She was tough, strong minded and still very loving and generous. She always seems to take life with an “oh well” attitude and maybe that’s one reason she lived over 103 years. She knew a world where cars telephones we luxury items to seeing a telephone that would spell out the words that were being spoken to her. She was bright and intelligent to the very end and was amazing in so many other ways. She will be missed greatly and remembered. Rest in peace miss Irene.*



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**Charles** - February 25, 2020 at 09:33 PM