

Myra Janelle Loar, Mother of Paula White Cain, Dies at 77; Memorial Service Today

Paula White Cain's mother, Myra Janelle Loar, died Dec. 19. She was 77. Her memorial service was held today, Jan. 15, at 1 p.m. at the FedEx Forum in Memphis, Tennessee.

"As her daughter, the overwhelming love and support I have received from President Trump, his entire family, Vice President Mike Pence, many ministry friends and colleagues has been a great support during the difficult time of losing my mother and best friend," Paula tells *Charisma*.

Loar was born on May 3, 1941, in Water Valley, Mississippi. She worked her way through four colleges and earned two master's degrees.

According to her obituary:

Being a resilient and hard-working woman, she tackled multiple careers in a professional journey that ended with her selling antique goods on eBay, which she called "junking." She was passionate about the Grizzlies, Ole Miss football, literary thrillers and Democratic politics. Never afraid to be the "only" in the midst of "many," Janelle twirled to her own tune all the way to eternity.

Paula posted several updates to her blog about her mother:

My dear mother, Janelle (Mamcap was my nickname for her), went to be with the Lord last month. It is hard to write this right now, but I wanted to include you in my life. Sometimes that means moments of joy and excitement, but sometimes that means moments of pain and mourning. I refer to my life as "this mad love affair with God," but aside from Jesus, last

week I lost the one I call "my best friend."

My "Mamcap" had an aneurysm. It was unexpected, and when we got the news, I caught the first flight I could. I was in California and had to drive to Sacramento, then fly to Charlotte, then to Memphis.

The doctors kept saying she wouldn't make it because her vitals were too bad, but I asked God to please let me be with her. My loved ones who were aware prayed with me. My son Brad flew in—we arrived that morning. My mom was a fighter! She waited for us ... I was able to get a hold of other immediate family, and we were able to be with her. I got to spend precious last moments kissing her and telling her how much I love her, praying with her while Brad was reading Scripture over her. We anointed her, and she was released to be in her Savior's arms.

And again:

The story of my mom is full of ups and downs, love and life, pain and tragedy. It had all those things that all our lives have ... moments. She was a fiery pistol of passion and love. She suffered as all of us have in areas. She was a story of recovery and restoration. She was fantastic. I really am hurting right now, but as my life has always shown—there is always something greater that comes from even these times of tragedy. So in this pain, there is this overwhelming peace and a sense of joy forming. God is going to do something amazing.

I smile even when I think of her passing; this is the bittersweet part—it hurts, and I already miss her more than I ever could have anticipated, but I know she is with Jesus. She was truly a story of God's amazing goodness and restoration power. She was my best friend. She was the one I would crawl up into bed with, even when I was 50 years old. She would hold me, and I could pour out my worries on her. I

would laugh with her. We would bicker and debate about everything from politics to basketball (she was a die-hard Grizzlies fan). But we always smiled and laughed at the end. She was a gift from God. And I cry, knowing without a doubt that she came to have a truly amazing love of Jesus. And He loved her.

Loar is survived by her partner for 20 years, Ronnie Peavehouse; her children, David Mark Furr and Paula; her grandchildren, Bradley Charles Knight, Lauren and Paul Furr and five great-grandchildren.