



FRANKE TOBEY JONES

Meet Resident Jane Schuneman

I started my life in Wooster, Ohio, a good midwestern town in farm country. My sister, Judy, was seventeen months older. Our parents were good solid citizens with good values and gave Judy and me a stable environment to grow up in. Our Dad earned a degree in Horticulture at Michigan State and a doctorate degree in Plant Pathology at the Univ. of Wisconsin. He loved his work with plants and trees, and later became the Executive Director of the Nat'l Arborist Association, writing their publications and helping them organize all over the country.

Judy and I both went to college in Wooster. I majored in music and actually started taking violin lessons there when I was five years old. Mr. Dan Parmelle, the violin professor at the college, started a girl and a boy at age five to promote learning an instrument at a young age. I was five so mom took me to the interview and I was qualified. It started a great journey with music in my life.

I met my husband, David LaBerge in college. We dated all through college and right after graduation we were married in the college chapel. We took off for CA in his brother's fancy Buick, heading for Claremont Graduate School. David finished his master's degree and entered the doctoral program at Stanford University. I kept playing my violin and enjoyed the college orchestras. We also had two of our three children at Palo Alto hospital, Arthur in 1953 and Anne in 1955.

We moved to Bloomington, Indiana, for David's first teaching job at Indiana University. I studied violin with a member of the Berkshire String Quartet, and he promoted me to play first chair and the solo, *Laudamus Te*, in the Bach B Minor Mass performance while I was there. I had played it while at the College of Wooster under Robert Shaw so felt highly qualified. Both performances were highlights in my career.

In 1958 we moved to Minneapolis where David taught at the University of Minnesota. We had our third child, Stephen, there in 1958. I was busy with children but was able to play in a Baroque Ensemble at the University and also spent many hours rehearsing and performing in The Fred Sewell String Quartet which was a special group of four players who also enjoyed each other's company.

In 1968 David and I parted. I sold our house, and the three children and I moved to Stillwater, Minnesota, to be close to our friends and school. We met the Schuneman family there. They were going through the tragic event of losing a wife and mother to a brain tumor. Our children, four Schunemans and three LaBerges, all knew each other from school and were close in age. As time went on we loved being together more and more, and Noble and I decided to get married.

Noble had a cow calf operation in North Central, Minnesota near Alexandria. He grew alfalfa, some small crops and lots of hay. We lived on our farm for 27 years.



"It is a delight and privilege to live here at Franke Tobey Jones and be able to enjoy the beautiful surroundings and the wonderful people who work and live here."

After a few years the future of the cattle business wasn't looking good. Noble loved hunting and our land was great for pheasant hunting so we turned the farm into a shooting preserve and game farm, which meant we raised hundreds of pheasants and either sold them or put them in the fields for hunting.

Ten miles from the farm was a Christian Family Camp, Mt. Carmel Ministries. The director's wife was a fine cellist and her mother was a professional pianist, and they spent their summers at Mt. Carmel. They were looking for a violinist to play with them and they found me. This was the beginning of the Mt. Carmel Trio which has lasted for twenty-five years. We played repertoire from Bach to Broadway, arranging much of it ourselves.

My life changed suddenly when Noble died in 2001. I sold the farm. Because of my connection to Mt. Carmel and our Trio, I decided that I should stay at Mt. Carmel, play my violin in the summer and live in Tucson in the winter. The Trio kept playing in both Minnesota and Arizona.

My summers at Mt. Carmel opened up a whole new life for me. I was surrounded by a strong Christian dynamic, and I realized that God's hand was with me all through my diverse life. I can still be thankful for each new day and what it might bring.