

Deborah Summers Norwood

Dear Pauline,

Where do I begin to tell you all of the wonderful memories I have of you and the rest of the Snodgrass family. You have been such an important part of my life and such a fine role model as a mother, teacher, and friend.

Here are a few of my memories...

There are many things I remember about attending nursery school in your home on Eighth Street - making play dough and eating it; marching around the lower level to marching band music with miniature percussion instruments; accidentally catching Heather McIntosh's hair on fire with a cupcake candle and the gentle way you cared for Heather, as well as guilty Debbie; playing in the play kitchen; and putting lots of puzzles together.

You were most patient when I was taking piano lessons. I remember feeling frustrated during several measures of a certain piece, and you gently took me through the measures multiple times until I got it down.

Do you remember backing your car into the brick flowerbed wall to the side of our driveway or a parked car in the street on more than one occasion? You were frustrated, but never did I hear you curse or yell. However, you weren't looking forward to dad finding out since he had just repaired the wall the month before on one of the occasions.

On our many mother/daughter visits to Kansas City, I remember Diane and I were allowed to walk around the vicinity of the Dixon Hotel during the evening while you and mom were at a movie. We'd meet you and mom back at the hotel to tell you about the people we saw, and share our Topsy's popcorn. The following day we'd do some shopping, visit the magic shop in the hotel lobby, see a matinee, and eat at the cafeteria on the plaza.

During high school, it was always a good feeling pulling in the driveway and seeing your car there. You spent many an evening with mom and me while dad was on the road, and I always loved talking with you and mom about events of the day and items in the news. You were and always have been so open-minded.

You have always been a member of our family, and having you along on our family vacation to Montana in 1987 was such fun. We played lots of board and card games, hiked along trails, and sat in hot springs together. A favorite photograph from that trip is one where you and mom are wearing large straw hats and throwing up your arms in laughter while sitting in lawn chairs outside our lodge.

You were so good to our family during dad's illness and after he passed away. The two of you going to Maine and helping Kathleen out in her school was such good therapy for mom following dad's death.

Remember when you and mom came to California to help me out with Weston after I had surgery? I can still remember you crawling along side him as he curiously traveled from room to room.

There were many times I called you when the kids were young to ask your advice, and you always put me at ease. In fact, you usually answered with a chuckle and said, "Whyyyy, do you think that's anything different than you or your mom did?"

Pauline, thank you for all of the love you gave our family, being a dear friend to mom, and being a wonderful role model.

Happy Birthday! I love you!

Debbie Summers Norwood

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