

Memories my Aunt Kay and Uncle Hank gave me-----

I know I have spoken to you many times about the times we shared together, but I want to send this to your family, who already know how giving you were, so they could know some more about you

My first memories are of Orchard Mesa and walking or riding my bike across the canal to your house. You had a dutch door in the kitchen and I thought that door was so cool. Who can figure what a kid will remember? And the car with the little rumble seat. I think that's what it was called. I thought it was so very cool to ride in that car. And when I would spend the night, Kay Lynn and I would sneak to the refrigerator to get a snack. Know what we got? Milk and lettuce leaves. You had the best milk. I don't know why. I can't even remember milk, but at your house it was the best milk. Gary being the tease he always was, and still is, incessantly teased me and called me "Beans." Where did he come up with that anyway? I remember everyone playing canasta together, and I learned to play by watching each one of you, going from person to person to see what the next card should be. And then you moved to California.

And then we moved to California. I think the first Xmas we were there, a box arrived and it had presents and the best present of all, a box of delectable goodies you had made. Candies of every kind and cookies and of course, your famous fudge. The gifts meant nothing in comparison to that box of goodies. And you sent them for years. And then I remember getting on the train and taking what seemed, an interminable amount of time to get to Sacramento. We'd take uncle Hank to work each morning, and pick him up every evening. You always changed your clothes, put on your make up and curled your hair to meet him. We worked in the garden on the weekend and the yard, and you and Uncle Hank sat at the kitchen table and tallied every single dime or penny you spent in an accounting journal. I was amazed at the accuracy of this undertaking. We would clean, clean, clean during the day. You taught me how to wash windows with vinegar and water and newspaper. You taught me how to fold a contour sheet just right. To this day I use this technique and never get it quite as good as you did it. You had the knack. Kay Lynn had her wonderful Thunderbird and she'd drive me around on the weekend to do things with her friends and I felt so "big" being with my big cousin. I always came home with a cache of clothes you two had managed to buy me. Gary would go away on his military weekends. And then come back and be the same ole tease again he was before. For lunch you would make me peanut butter and apple jelly sandwiches and whip them together. It was to die for! The best peanut butter sandwich on earth. And you introduced me to Crest toothpaste. Later on, we'd go up to see you for Thanksgiving or Xmas. Uncle Hank and Leo were like twins. We'd all laugh for days. And occasionally you'd take your teeth out and when you were laughing, you'd cover your mouth so your gums didn't show. I always thought that was so funny. The meals your prepared and the freezer full of food were unbelievable. One of the best cooks I have ever known. Those were the best of times. And even in your later years, you made and sent that box of goodies to us.

I still have the two afghans you crocheted me years ago and they are on display daily. I am going to give Chance's baby the afghan you crocheted for him when he was born. I

would never have given that away. That will be your legacy. Crocheting and food with me. The two that Paige have were amazing in that you did that at an age that most people can't even see, let alone have the nimble fingers to do something like that. I will treasure them.

If you would have been a millionaire and gave me millions, it would not have compared to the memories you gave me. I was so fortunate to have not one, but two aunts who wanted to be with me and share their life with me. Each being very different people, and each giving me different gifts. Now I have my loving mother still with us to continue to share my life with.

I know you are now with Uncle Hank, Aunt Naomi, your brothers and grandma and grandpa. And most of all your loving and cherished grandson Deanie. I know how special he was to you and how much you missed him. May you be with all of them and with God in peace now.

Thanks for the memories, Auntie Kay.

Your loving niece,

Gaye.