

To: Beverly Jean Nicodemus Nicolls, Mom

By Beth Nicolls

You will be remembered as a good mother to us mom, as I have told you before, I wouldn't have picked any one else to be my mother.

You will be remembered as creative, energetic, devoted, active, giving, athletic, musical, quiet, reserved, intelligent, sweet and funny.

Thank you for all the delicious meals, sometimes double meals you made, cause as we all know, Dad doesn't like chicken. Your pies were the best, cherry, peach, apple, banana cream and the many many lemon pies you made for Glen Moore activities. My favorites were your beef stew, spaghetti and meatballs and potato salad. Thanks for the apple crisp, molasses crinkles and Massett popcorn squares and the many varieties of cookies over the years. Whatever you did was always done with ease and excellence.

Just like your sewing. Thank you for teaching me and inspiring me to sew. Whatever you sewed I sewed. Clothes, dolls. You and Lenny Wilson were always up on the latest crafting trends and making such clever items for the Jamison Hospital guild. I can still hear the whirring of the tiny black Singer sewing machine from the laundry room.

Thank you for reading to me at bedtime when I was very young, Little Women and Charlottes web. Charlottes Web is one of the books I brought to read to you, the last time I saw you.

I remember being with you in the basement of the first house, the wicker laundry basket, the smell of bleach and you ironing dad's shirts and handkerchiefs with the big ironing mangle that scared and fascinated me.

I remember making many puzzles with you as you listened to classical music and at times you would get caught up in the music and start singing. In the last years, even though you weren't as proficient as you once were, you would like to sit with someone and a puzzle and Dale would always find a piece for you to put in.

You loved organ music. I know you and your sweet sister Eleace, as you would call her, would play piano duets growing up. You inspired Barb and I to learn some piano as you would play Maleguena, Leibustrum, Rachmoninoff and Blue Danube waltz.

And you were always up to play a game. Parcheesi, scrabble, boggle, rummicube, chinese checkers, cards. I would love to sit around the card table at Lambec to watch you, Lenny Wilson, Barbara Ostrowski, Pattiye Ostrowski, Barb Lowstetter, Bobbie Gibson and so many others play Scrabble.

Athletic and active. You were in for volleyball and very good at tennis and you and dad could easily beat us even in your 60s. You were always on the move and even took to square dancing with the Paws and Taws.



You had her dad's sense of humor. And whether you meant to or not, you made us laugh. One particular time I remember, as we were home from college on Christmas Eve and up late that night, you wanted to stuff our stockings and get to bed, but we were still up so you came down dressed as Santa Claus with a white fluffy toilet seat cover as a beard. Very funny creative and resourceful.

I don't remember you watching TV, as you preferred to read or do crossword puzzles to relax. Which lead to very interesting vocabulary choices in your conversations that enlightened and often amused us with the words she would choose. It even showed as when you told the nurse in the ICU, not that you were too hot, but that it was stifling.

When I was in grade school I remember you putting my hair in pin curls. The last 4 years, you allowed me to comb your hair which I enjoyed as it always had body and wave. I would complement your hair and you would always say that people were always commenting on your hair.

Thank you mom for quietly and uncomplainingly going along with all the family vacations and adventures. I know you preferred to stay near home. White water rafting on the Youghgheny until you lost your shoe. Packing us up, the red cooler with the floating jars of Miracle Whip and packages of Wonder bread and making sure we were clothed and nourished in the wilds of the west or wherever we would roam. And I was right behind you in the now infamous car bail out in Yosemite. I think maybe your favorite vacation was on Sanibel island, picking up shells on the sand, but I don't know that for sure since you never really told me.

Thank you for co hosting so many great get togethers, parties and reunions. The Fridays after Thanksgiving, New Years Eve parties, Memorial day picnics, family reunions, Tri M picnics and get togethers. It may have taken you out of your comfort zone but you were very good at it. I didn't get your talent for cooking but Barb and Bruce certainly did with your signature creativity and excellence.

I miss you mom. I miss the way you would bat your eye lashes, I miss combing your hair, holding your hand, kissing you on the forehead as I could in your last years.

The cardinal that was hiding in my hedges and singing so loudly and sweetly, as I was writing this, with a song I remember only from Clinton Heights, I hope was a messenger from you to say you are now happy and free to sing and to fly.

I love you mom and I miss you but am glad you are finally free.

Laughs from Grandchildren (Recorded by Grandma Nicolls)



Thanksgiving 1958

Kathy at 3 - consistently upset her cup of milk at the table and then calmly said - "But Grandma, it was just an accident!!" Finally Grandma told her from now on - it was no accident - it was plain carelessness!!

Suzy at 5 - gave Grandma an emerald ring and explained "I was going to give this to my teacher, but she's in the hospital and may not get out for awhile, so I thought I'd give it to you!!"

Cheri - Had to wear "dumb old hats" for graduation from Candy Cane School.

August, 1964 **Bruce** and **Dale** on vacation here: Grandma told them their Mother had said they should make their beds each morning. **Dale** (age 7): "But we're on vacation, and you go for a vacation to relax and not do anything!" (Grandma made their beds.)

1963 - **Gary** (6) at Christmas time after gift shopping - "I sure spent a lot of money, but I guess everyone goes broke at Christmas time - but well get rich again at report card time!" (Grandpa gives each one \$1.00 and Gary 25 cents)

1964 - **Gary** 6 - His mother made cookies he didn't like but she told him she wouldn't make more till they were gone, so he suggested giving them to Grandpa for his birthday to get rid of them.

February, 1964 - After giving **Carol** instructions, (put Moody out, do this, that, etc.) after school, she said "Grandma I've got to hand it to you, you sure are efficient!"

March, 1964 - **Gayle** made several trips through **Hank's** room after he'd gone to bed, turning on lights and leaving them on - so the last time back up to her room, she found the bulbs removed and hidden, from all upstairs lamps. **Hank's** a man of few words!

December 25, 1966 - **Gary** (9)- I've been studying the calendar and I've decided every day is a Special day because once it's done, you can never get it back!

August, 1964 - **Gary** 7 - was called in for throwing stones. Dad: "How many times have I told you not to throw stones?" - **Gary**: "Oh! I suppose about a thousand times!"

Barby at 2 1/2 counts to 12-learns from Sesame Street TV.

Barby at 2: Calls Grandma - "Mamma's House"

Barby at 2: Show her a picture of Charlie Brown and she says "Good Grief"

Judy - September 1962 on starting in kindergarten - "We have to be quiet at school - only 1 person talk at a time!"

Dale - he likes "cookie period!" at kindergarten.

Jan persuaded **Carol** to help clean Grandma's house one day remarked to "Grandma" -- "Jan got me into this mess" !!

1961 - **Bruce** 6 years old to Grandma - "Mother says the sun comes up in the West and goes down in the East" Grandma disagreed but he said "Well some people believe one way and some another!"

Beth Ann - "Where's da' corn??" Corn on the cob-left it in kitchen till they ate other food -

Gary - March 20, 1962 - "Grandma if you eat Rice Krispies you're a "gourmet". "Snaggle Puss says so!!! (TV)

August - 1961 **Martha** 18 months - good - pleasant - Likes to carry a purse and something around her neck as a shawl - neat - Doesn't talk yet except to expel Ka-Ka - calls to someone - Bit Carol when C. took powder box from her!

Bobby loves trains

Judy likes to color

November - 1961 - **Bobby** got up at 8:30 A. M. "My dad's still sleeping, he doesn't know it's morning!!" 3 1/2-- years old -



Thanksgiving 1965



November 1966
Rick's 11th Bday



Thanksgiving 1966



Football - Memorial
Day 1969