

2013 Memorial

It is my privilege to present the memorial for those members of the Lightman community who have died in the past year. Judy Deaver, Cecil Skaggs and Carol Paterson helped me prepare my remarks for this evening.

The morning after last year's holiday party, Jack Stewart and I arrived here to play in the Sunday game. **Charles Cohen** was seated at his usual table reading yet another junky novel. He taught English in the local community college and was a strict grammarian with an abiding love for the language.

I sat beside him and asked, "Charles do you have any idea why there are never any dead birds shown when they do a documentary on the nature channel about penguins?"

Charles put his book aside and replied, "No, why is that?"

"It's because any time a penguin dies all his little friends gather around and using their tiny little beaks, they peck a hole in the ice; and with their tiny little feet and wings, they push their deceased into the hole, and fill the ice back in over it. And then they all circle the new grave and put their little wings over each other's shoulders and sing, 'Freeze a jolly good fellow. Freeze a jolly good fellow.'"

Charles gave me a tired look and went back to his book. He had a fatal heart attack the next day. I've had this on my conscious the entire year and stand before you tonight to confess, I didn't know the pun was loaded.

Lillian Goodman was orphaned at four and grew up in foster homes in the Bronx and Staten Island. She trained as a pilot and enlisted in the Women's Air Service in World War II. It was during this time that she

met her husband and married and moved to Memphis with him after the war. Here she took up duplicate bridge and eventually became a bridge teacher. She traveled extensively and supported many local causes from donating blood to reading books for broadcast. Lillian had a spontaneous joy in life and an honest, unaffected personality that put strangers at ease and endeared her to her many friends.

Diane Ramsey was a newcomer to duplicate bridge, but she fell in love with the game. She took lessons, played several times each week, and worked diligently to increase attendance at newcomer games here at Lightman. Dianne and her good friend, Ruth Owen, attended a number of tournaments and no matter the outcome, Dianne always said they had a good time. She also participated in the mentoring program with longtime friend Cecile Skaggs. In her other life, Dianne was a travel agent and the 2012-2013 president of the Duration Club.

Don Pelts was a barbecue giant in a barbecue town, but his friends and family remember him as a man with a great appetite for life and a generous and fun spirit. He was always a fun guy who made people smile, but he was also very smart and an excellent businessman. This is a direct quote from our local paper.

I would describe Don as a man who had a gift for bringing out the best in people. Above all else, he was a devoted family man. My favorite memory of him was when I ran into him at a trade show at the convention center. Wearing what can charitably be described as an unattractive hairnet, he was having the time of his life behind the counter of the Corky's booth teaching two of his young grandchildren how to work the cash register and make change.

Parkinsons robbed the bridge community of **Charlie Bost**. Our time with him was all too short before the illness kept him from playing. He would have been a good bridge player and an asset to Lightman had providence been only a bit more charitable towards him. The devotion Kathy gave him during his illness demonstrated her tremendous regard for him as a man as well as the deep abiding love they shared.

Evelyn Goddard was one of the numerous silent heroines among us who accept their lot and do the best they can with what they're given. Although she had some health problems, she still managed to play regularly and would stop on the way home to check on one or two family members at local nursing homes.

Every one of these people held a unique spot in our bridge community. We are proud to have known them and will now observe a few moments of silence in their honor.