

PREFACE:

This letter from Aunt Wilda was copied and sent to me by Peggy Pearl with the following cover note:

Greetings Rick and Barb,

Here is a copy of the letter Aunt Wilda wrote shortly after mom died.

She mentions information that I sent, which I imagine was her obit and also the biography mom had written for the hospital newsletter when they honored her for being the longest serving volunteer.

I hope you all are well. I think of you fondly.

Love, Peggy August 20, 2017

[bracketed text was added by Rick Crall during transcription to WORD.docx, Dec. 2019. Images of the original 7-page letter are included following transcription..]

10/25/2013

Dear Peggy,

Got your letter with all of the info about your mother. It was really interesting and brought memories for me too.

I first met your mother in 1946 shortly after I had met your Uncle Max. [mom's brother] He thought the world of her after all, she was his only sibling.

Max and I got married 2/9/1947 and it didn't take long after that that I got pregnant. Your mother was also pregnant with Cindy [Rose Siri] but about ready to pop.

The time has come. Frank, your dad, was graduating from Purdue and your mother had given birth to Cindy [Cindy was born 6/7/1947.] and I took care of Cindy so your mother and Grammy and brother Dick could go to the graduation. What a day that turned out to be. It all went well but believe me, what an exciting day it was. I thought your mother was pretty brave to trust me with that beautiful baby girl. I had never cared for a newborn before but it certainly prepared me a little for my baby that was due in November.

The father figures in Max and Margaret's lives were Grandad Brown, Uncle Roy Brown and Uncle Clyde Beers. Their father had no interest in his two beautiful children.

Uncle Clyde and Aunt Hazel [sister of Mabel and Roy] had two daughters, Kathleen and Claudine. They all were like one large family.

Uncle Roy had been married and his wife died from Typhoid Fever. He loved her a lot and no one could take her place. He was in World War I and had met an English girl, but I don't think it got very serious. Even after WW II they kept in contact with each other. At Christmas he would send her a subscription to Reader's Digest every year and she would send him a calendar that had pictures of pretty places in England. After a few years all of that ended and it was assumed that she had died.

Grammy called you mother "Maggie Lo" sometimes [her middle name was Lois] and she called Max "Eddie", that was his middle name. I asked her one time why she called him Eddie. Her response to that was "I didn't like the name Max. That's what her husband liked. She wanted to name him Richard and call him Rick. So she got Rick when your big brother was born.

Your dad, after his Purdue graduation, got a job working at GMI in Flint, Michigan and that's where David, you Peggy, Steve and Lori were born.

Occasionally our family along with Grammy and Grandad would go halfway to Flint to Pokagon State Park and spend a fun Sunday together. Of course the Flint family would meet us there.

Even though I have a sister (she's 91) your mother and I were like sisters. Extra special friends.

We loved going to Spoleto music and art festival every year. The music was great and the art was fantastic. We also loved to go shopping together. Just spending time together was fun.

Back to Grammy. She got a job working at a local family owned drugstore. [Schaaf's] She loved taking her grandkids to the soda fountain and fixing them a special ice cream treat.

One day when she was at work she saw this man standing nearby and thought "that looks like my husband". She told Mr. Schaaf, her boss, and asked permission to talk to him. I don't know what their conversation was about but he did tell her that he loved her and always did. She couldn't believe this was happening to her. After he left she called to tell me about it and she was so excited. I was excited for her. I'm sure she had mixed feelings and a lot of memories after that unexpected event.

Your mother reminded me so much of her mother. When we would be visiting in Charleston, I felt like they both were there. I loved them both so much.

Well, Peggy, I have rambled on a lot. I hope you will keep in touch with me and also with Joyce. You are cousins you know and I am still your Aunt Wilda.

With much love for all of you Crall kids

Aunt Wilda.

Today is 10/31/13. I'm still in the rehab center for at least another week. Everyone here is friendly which helps me get through each day.

Richard is struggling through this whole ordeal. I'm so glad I have him.

Love you,

Aunt Wilda

Images of Wilda's original letter follow below.

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Peggy Pearl
11 Clarksville Lane
Goose Creek, SC
29445

CHARLESTON SC 294
AUG 2017 PM 2 L



Rick Crall
10055 SW Wasco Way
Tualatin, OR
97062

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