



Carol Delgado

April 1, 2014

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

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“ Memories - I have lots of memories of Carol - especially when we were kids and my Mom and I were visiting in Sioux City, IA during the summer time. Below are a few of those memories.

Carol is my cousin. When we were kids my mom and I used to spend every summer in Sioux City, IA. Sharon, her older sister, Carol, and I, used to play together, laugh together and even get into arguments together. Being an only child, my girl cousins were the closest thing I had to having a sister. Some of the happiest memories I have are of being in Sioux City, playing jacks with golf balls retrieved from the golf course that abutted a cemetery across the street. We also played dress up and house with the Sams girls (JoAnn and her younger sister) who lived next door. Sometimes we would play with Cheryl? Nichols who lived a few doors down.

On Sundays Grandma Brown would pick us all up and take us to the Nazarene church and we were all spit-sha polished in feminine dresses and our best shoes. We were all infused with a good dose of Christianity which stuck with me all my life. Grandma Brown would try to get our parents to come to church with varying degrees of success.

The public library used to close for a month in the summer and Aunt Evie (Mom's sister), Mom and all of us kids - Judy, Sharon, Carol, Denny and I, would go to the library and check out as many books as we could and come home and try to read them all. I don't know if anybody else did but I used to get up early and tiptoe to the stairway where the fan was blowing out hot air and read, read, read! I loved that time because it was quiet and cool in the morning before the hot sun began to bake the upstairs.

And how can I not mention the canning that went on. We all used to love it when the cherries and strawberries were picked and prepped for canning. What a wonderful sweet that delight was as we tasted a few. Later in the summer we used to shuck corn together on the patio out back and we were horrified when we came across a worm!

As adults we drifted apart - her life revolved around her family as did mine. But she used to call me fairly frequently at night and we would talk for hours. I never understood the depths of her pain and now I wonder if she wasn't reaching out for help and we all missed it. Then, one day I realized I hadn't heard from her in a while. I called her and found out that she was sick - with a sickness that would eventually take her life. And now all I have left are the memories.

Donna Jean Wyeth Thibodeau

Donna Jean Wyeth Thibodeau - May 04, 2014 at 11:50 AM