

*Celebrating  
a Life*

## **D. Marie Gibbs**

### **BORN**

*November 6, 1930  
Eureka, Missouri*

### **PASSED AWAY**

*January 3, 2020  
Springfield, Missouri*

### **MEMORIAL SERVICE**

*2:00 pm, Saturday  
January 18, 2020*

*Herman H. Lohmeyer Funeral Home*

### **OFFICIATING**

*Pastor Mitchell Fisher*

### **MUSIC**

*Gaylon Vinson*

### **PRIVATE INTERMENT**

*Missouri Veterans Cemetery  
Springfield, Missouri*

*Permanent online condolences, stories and photos may be shared at [www.hhllohmeyer.com](http://www.hhllohmeyer.com)*

*IN LOVING  
Memory*



## **D. Marie Gibbs**

Our family has lost a treasured member in the form of Dolly Marie Gibbs at the age of 89 years. Aunt Rea (as she was lovingly called) was funny, giving, fierce, competitive, loyal and full of faith! She experienced many challenges during a life that spanned 9 decades and crossed a millennial time line. She was a prayer, a reader and die hard Cardinals fan. Her gardens always deserved to be showcased in magazines and she loved to be in or near the water. She was a nature lover and preferred her porches where she could watch the birds come and go and one of her Boston Terriers running about. It was not unusual to find her digging around in other family members yards if she saw a weed to pull or brought over a cutting to share. She was a dedicated wife to her husband, Uncle Paul, of over 50 years whom she joined in heaven. There were always cookies or crackers in the jars on her kitchen cabinets and she was always ready to bring you a cup of coffee while sitting around the table playing dominoes. She always wore a smile and if she didn't well ya better move on quickly. Her home was one of mystery to me as a kid as you never knew what you would find there. Whether it was an old player piano with hundreds of rolls to pedal away the hours on or little boxes of unique treasures, maybe even a pile of coins that she would stick here or there or everywhere. May have been the dozens of chiming, dinging, donging clocks at the top of each hour.

You could always count on her to bring out a picture or two of days gone by or a letter from a cousin or two I rarely knew. She was a historian in her own right, keeping track of those in our family both past and present. Her raucous laugh was undeniably unique and was bound to bring a smile to your face. She was friend to many and nary a stranger she would meet. From California to Florida her younger years fed her wandering heart, but yet she came back to Missouri to where her roots were deep and grew stronger over the decades. Aunt Rea was real and honest and not a pretentious bone in her body, what you saw was what you got and she made no apology for that. I think her home was the first home i spent time in that always offered a lot of reading material in the bathroom for hers and our enjoyment. A novel idea for a kid such as me who loved to read. Like her mother, my Grandma, she would have a tight boney hug (often felt like a wrestling move) whenever you came or went from her presence. Those hugs were blessings bestowed upon us as she watched us all come and go as we got older. I can see her hearty full armed wave as we drove away usually with a flower or weed she grabbed along the way to the driveway.. So I offer my wave to you now Aunt Rea and say see you again someday! You are loved and missed! Lovingly yours from all your nephews and nieces.