



I REMEMBER WHEN...

Please write or type a brief description of a favorite memory you had with Dorothy that we can include in a memory book to be presented to her during her 90th birthday celebration. The font in the table below is large if you decide to write your memory, please do so with large letters so she can read it easily. Send your story to Nick Warr - 4030 Little River Road - Hendersonville, NC 28739 THANKS!

Written By:

DEE DEE WARR

WAS MARRIED TO RICHARD WARR

Relationship to Dorothy:

SISTER-IN-LAW

Title of Memory:

"ANOTHER NAME FOR DOROTHY"

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):



DENNIS and MARTI LISTED THE MANY NAMES THAT DESCRIBED THE MANY "HATS" WORN BY DOROTHY... * WIFE * MOTHER * SISTER * AUNT * FRIEND * GRANDMA * GREAT-GRANDMA BUT THEY FORGOT ANOTHER PART OF DOROTHY ... ARTIST

SHE HAD A WONDERFUL TALENT, PAINTING BEAUTIFUL, REALISTIC SEASCAPES WITH CRASHING WAVES, SANDY SHORES WITH SEA BIRDS, SEAGULLS PERCHED ON BUOYS, AND ALL SORTS OF NAUTICAL THEMES.

THE WARR SISTERS AND SISTERS-IN-LAW HAD AN ACTIVITY CALLED "SECRET SISTERS". IT WAS TO KEEP THE "SISTERS" CLOSER DURING THE YEAR... REMEMBERING OUR SECRET SISTER ON THEIR BIRTHDAY, ANY OTHER HOLIDAY THAT THEY WANTED TO REMEMBER AND AT CHRISTMAS THEY IDENTIFIED THEMSELVES WITH A CHRISTMAS GIFT. IT WAS A SIMPLE, BUT FUN ACTIVITY.

QUITE A FEW YEARS AGO DOROTHY DREW MY NAME. THAT YEAR MY CHRISTMAS GIFT WAS A LOVELY PAINTING, A SEASCAPE WITH A WEATHERED WOODEN POST WITH A SEAGULL PERCHED ON TOP, WITH WATER SPLASHING AROUND THE POST. THE WATER LOOKED SO REAL YOU COULD ALMOST FEEL THE SEA SPRAY. IT IS A TREASURE!

THANK YOU, AGAIN, DOROTHY

AND HAPPY 90th BIRTHDAY!

LOVE...
Dee Dee



We visited Grandma and Elden in Eugene when Seychelle was 5 months old, then we traveled to Roseburg to visit my foster brother David and his family. This photo was taken at Dave's house. My favorite memory of this visit was seeing grandma interact with baby Seychelle. She really played with her a lot. It was sweet.



Belize's Baptism - Belize was grateful that Grandma and Elden came all the way from Eugene, OR. to be at her baptism.



Grandma, Elden w: Barry's children&grands - This was the same visit to Dave's house. These are some of grandma's grandchildren and great grandchildren including spouses of same.



Grandma & Brenda San Diego Temple. - This was taken at Christmas time in front of the San Diego Temple. It reminds me of the time that grandma and Elden came to be with me when I went through the temple for the first time. Grandma was my escort, which meant that she guided me much during my first time through. Her being so near and dear to me during my conversion to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has strengthened my testimony of the gospel and made my homecoming that much more true.

Ocean view on the way home from SD Temple. - We are so grateful for the times we were able to visit each other even with the distance of me in Southern California and Grandma in Eugene, Oregon.





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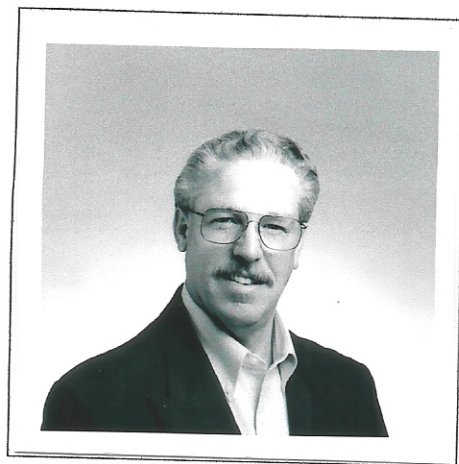
THANKS!

Written By: Nick Warr

Relationship to Dorothy: Most Favorite Son

Title of Memory: Persistence

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):



The most important lesson taught to me by my Mom was by example. It is the lesson of “stick-to-it-iveness” or Persistence.

When Mom and Dad moved to Eugene in 1963, I was in my first year in college at BYU. When I came home that next summer, and saw their beautiful new home for the first time, there was only one flaw: the lawn they had planted in the front yard had grown in completely choked with weeds. Most everyone would have taken one look at that weedy lawn and just ripped it out, started over. Not my Mom! Mom wanted a beautiful lawn, and she could “see” the green grass blades growing despite being outnumbered by weeds. Mom’s plan was to attack those weeds, one at a time, until they were gone.

Throughout that summer, I saw Mom go out to that front lawn, every single day, kneel down, and with a paring knife she dug out every single weed. The weeds were so thick that she could only clean up a section about a foot square every hour that she could spare. Just about anyone else would have given up in despair, but Mom had a plan, and she was committed to it, no matter how long it took.

It took most of the summer, but the end result was a lush, thick, green carpet of grass that enhanced the beauty of our home.

Ever since those days, when I have been confronted with a big job and sometimes doubted my ability to complete the job, I remembered that long summer of 1964; I remembered Mom when she would come back in the house after working the lawn for an hour or more, her hands swollen, red and rough, yet always with a smile on her face, because she knew, she had absolutely no doubt, that she would finish the job, and that the result would be pleasing to her. Thanks, Mom!

I REMEMBER WHEN . . .

Written By: Pamela Warr

Relationship to Dorothy: Daughter-in-law (Nick's wife)

Title of Memory: An artful life.

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):



In 1978, Nick took me to Eugene to meet his Mom & Dad. I didn't know that Nick had commissioned a painting! When we got to the house, there was an easel standing, draped, in the living room. I couldn't have been more surprised or delighted when Joe unveiled the painting with his usual flare for the dramatic! I had recently experienced a spectacular Florida sunrise all by myself and Dorothy had painted it from a snapshot. Twenty-eight years later, this painting hangs over our mantle and is one of my most prized possessions.

Since that first meeting, I have come to love Dorothy for so many things. Not only has she been a loving and thoughtful Mother-in-law, but a wonderful example of how to be a woman living a full and productive life. The ups and downs of her life have not been gentle rolls, but steep and challenging mountains. At the same time, through deep faith and unconditional love, she continues to create a life filled with joy and surprise.

I am so happy that we can come together to celebrate Dorothy's 90th Birthday!
Happy Birthday, Mom!

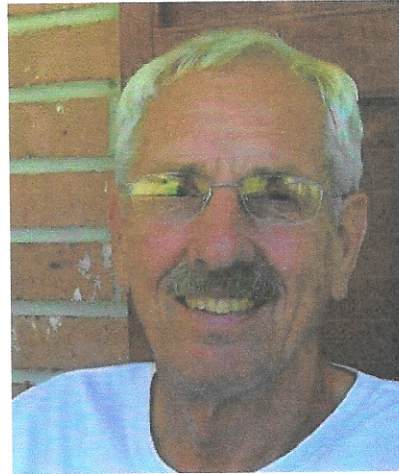
Love from me always,
Pamela

My Memories of Mom

Steve Warr

Son

Wonderful, wonderful smells.



They were not necessarily good smells you understand – but wonderful.

The earliest smell I recall was the best. It was the smell of mother. I really can't remember precisely what she smelled like, but it was good.

Wet, stinking, rotting wood was next. That first year we were in Oregon, 1951 I think, there was an old shed nestled between the house and the old cherry tree with the perfect limb for hanging the swing dad built. The shed was unsightly, dangerous and falling down. The last time its roof sheltered anything was perhaps five or so years before. Now it was worse shelter than being completely out in the open. It was clear that it had to come down before it fell down damaging the house or worse one or more of us brothers. In the spirit of conservation that so pervaded the spirit of our family – waste not, want not, the material of the shed (spongy, wet, pulpous—closer to mud than wood) was to be recycled long before recycling became in vogue. Mom would tear the shed down piece by piece and burn it in the wood stoves—one in the living room to keep us warm and the other in the kitchen to cook on. It seemed like every time she had to get more wood, it

was raining. Wait a minute – it was always raining there. When she came in, her wet hair was plastered against the sides of her head and she was shivering uncontrollably. The smell of the rotting mass was bad outside, but burning inside, it was indescribable. Before long, however, the smell got better. Maybe the nose became accustomed to it or it just became the smell of home, but probably all the water soaked up in it had just evaporated. In the kitchen it became heaven. I may not be able to remember the smell of mother, but the smell of baking bread in that old, iron stove had to be close to it. It was heaven without being there. I clearly remember the smell of that bread. And the taste just out of the oven was worth the worst burned mouth.

There was another smell somewhat later after the wood burning heating stove had been retired in favor of an oil burner. I guess the shed fuel had run out. That oil stove put out some heat! It was the only stove in the main house and early in the evening dad would crank up the heat in it and the family would gather around it and listen to “Our Miss Brooks” or “The Jack Benny Program” on the radio and when it came time to go to bed the upstairs bedrooms would be warm. One early spring day, mom found some beautiful yellow wild flowers and brought them home to liven the place up. They were large and looked like lilies. I was ten, an age when boys are more interested in things that wiggle, than anything like flowers, but even I thought they were nice. When the stove heated up that night, most of the family would have braved the cold rather than the stench of those heated lilies. We later found out the beautiful flowers were named “skunk cabbage.” I guess the smell was bad, but in my memory it was the smell of fun and family.

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Written By: Kathy Warr

Relationship to Dorothy: daughter-in-law (Steve's wife)

Title of Memory: "Other mother"

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):



So often friends gripe about their mother-in-law. I feel sorry for them, because they missed a great opportunity to bond with the other important female in their husband's life, and they also missed experiencing the companionship and wisdom of a woman of their mother's age.

When we moved from Rhode Island to Eugene, Oregon, four years after Steve and I married, I found myself away from everyone familiar to me except Steve and our sons Dan and Ken. We lived with Mom and Dad Warr for three months until we bought a house in the neighborhood. During that time, and the eight and a half years that followed, Mom took me under her wing. She taught me to quilt, took me to Relief Society meetings, and nurtured a strong connection with her that I treasure. She is my "other mother."

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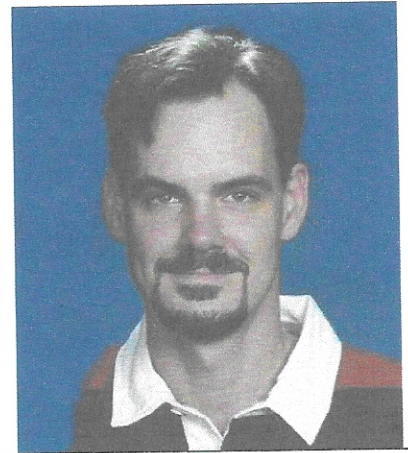
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Written By: Ken Warr

Relationship to Dorothy: Grandson

Title of Memory: Grandma in Eugene

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):



I remember that we used to go to Grandma's house after school sometimes when my mom was substituting. Grandma had a strawberry patch.

I also remember that we helped Grandma put up and take down her art show display a few times. That was fun, but it was even more special later when I realized she had painted all those great paintings.



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Written By: Dan Warr

Relationship to Dorothy: Grandson

Title of Memory: Years of Memories

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):

My favorite memory of Grandma Warr/Allen is really a set of memories. We lived four blocks from her and Grandpa Warr between the time I was three and twelve. Being that close meant we saw each other quite often. She was around for so many events as a kid that it is hard to remember a time when she wasn't there. Some of my favorite memories are camping trips we all took up the cascades or the beach, playing cards and other games (Grandma is a shark at Pounce), and, of course, Christmas time. I was very lucky to have my Grandparents so close for so many years. It's sad that you only appreciate it when you have kids of your own and you want them to see their Grandparents and Great Grandparents all the time. When we moved to Texas, it was a rare and special event to see Grandma. It meant so much to Bobbie and me that Grandma and Elden were able to make it to our wedding and now we are so happy they are both meeting our kids for the first time. But, if I had to narrow it down to just one moment that I will always remember about Grandma Dorothy Warr/Allen, it would have to be the trip Ken and I took with her from Eugene to Loomis, California, Yosemite National Park, and Reno when I was 14 and Ken was 12. What Grandmother would even think



of a multi-hundred mile road trip with two unruly kids? Just to make it even more interesting, the transmission in the Escort gave out just south of Fresno. But we made it and we had a ton of fun. Thanks Grandma, for that and so much more. Happy 90th Birthday and many more!

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Photo

of author

Written By: STAN NAY

Relationship to Dorothy: BROTHER

Title of Memory: EARLY YEARS

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):

I REMEMBER THE EARLIEST THING, OF PACKING INTO OUR 1928 STUDEBAKER FOR OUR SUNDAY TRIP TO GRANDPA'S FARM IN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

ONE BIG OUTING, WAS OUR YEARLY CAMPING TRIP TO SALT CREEK ON THE BEACH. WE CAMPED IN TENTS WITH NEIGHBORS AND RELATIVES (AUNT GRACE AND JOE) DAD WOULD COMUTE ON WEEK ENDS.

THEN THERE WAS THE YEAR WE SQUATED ON THE BANKS OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN TENT HOUSES. DAD WORKED IN THE COLORADO RIVER AQUEDUCT. IT WAS AT CROSS ROADS, CA. BETWEEN FARP AND PARKER DAM. NO WATER, OUR OUT HOUSE WAS SOME BOARDS OVER A HOLE, IN THE FALLOW WEEDS, OUR BATH WAS THE RIVER.

THEN WHEN I GOT OUT OF THE NAVY, I WAS LIVING WITH DOROTHY'S FAMILY IN ALHAMBRA AND WAS BETWEEN JOBS, SO I OFFERED TO PAINT THE HOUSE. I PRINTED THE HOUSE WINDOW RUNNERS AND ALL. COULDN'T OPEN OR CLOSE THE WINDOWS. MY SISTER WAS JUST A LITTLE UP SET.

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Written By: RAYMOND NAY PALMER

Relationship to Dorothy: COUSIN

Title of Memory: I ST LOVE

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen):

IN THE SUMMER OF 1933, WE WERE ON THE RIDGE ROUTE, WORKING ON HIGHWAY AND LIVING IN A TENT CITY. DORTHY MET HER FIRST HUSBAND THERE, WE GOT TO WATCH THE LOVE BLOOM.

THE ROCK PLANT DUG A HOLE BY THE CREEK FOR A WATER SUPPLY, TO WASH THE AGRIGATE FOR THE CONCRETE. ALL OF US KIDS TOOK IT OVER AS OUR SWIMMING POOL. WE HAD A BLAST.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DORTHY

of



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Written By: _____

Relationship to Dorothy: _____

Title of Memory: _____

Here is my Favorite Memory of Dorothy Louise Nay (Warr / Allen): _____



SO SORRY - I WRITE TERRIBLE - !

AM LEGALLY BLIND - I WON'T BE ABLE

^{COME} TO DOROTHY'S PARTY! 90 - WOW, THAT'S GREAT

I LOVE YOU DOROTHY ^{??} HAPPY BIRTHDAY ^{??}

I DON'T REMEMBER TOO MUCH - MY

MEMORY IS GOING. I WAS 10 WHEN

DOROTHY GOT MARRIED! WHEN MY SON

MICHAEL WAS BORN DURING WORLD WAR

II AND MY HUSBAND WAS OVER-SEA AND I

WAS LIVING WITH DOROTHY & JOE IN MY

PARENTS HOUSE ALSO BARRY & STEVEN!

JAN 27, 1944 HE WAS BORN. DOROTHY TOOK

ME TO THE HOSPITAL - WAS MY ONLY VISITOR

2.
IT WAS A C-SECTION SO I WAS THERE 2 WKS,
HE TOOK CARE OF US BOTH WHEN THEY TOOK
US HOME - WHAT A GAL! I THANK HER AGAIN.

IN 1987 OR 88 (I DON'T REMEMBER?

WE GOT TO TAKE A WONDERFUL CRUISE
TOGETHER WITH OUR SISTER MARION
HER SISTER IN LAW MAE AND OUR SISTER
LUCILE AND HER HUSBAND RAY BENNETT.
BOTH OUR HUSBANDS HAD PASSED AWAY - SORRY!
WE - DOROTHY + I ROOMED TOGETHER - WHEN
I WOULD GO IN THE BATHROOM THERE WOULD
BE LIVE CREATURES IN THE SINK! I
^{SEA SNAILS - ECT!}
WOULD SCREAM - SHE WOULD LAUGH!!

WE ALL HAD A WONDERFUL TIME... A
RIP TO REMEMBER FOREVER !!

AFTER WE GOT HOME WE GOT RAY
A TROPHY FROM HIS HAREM!

† HOPE YOU CAN READ THIS
WORDS COULD BE WRONG ALSO!!

WISH I COULD BE THERE!

AUNT MARGIE

I'LL WRITE YOU LATER —

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Written By:

Peggy Warr

Relationship to Dorothy:

Sister-in-law

Title of Memory:

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Photo

of author

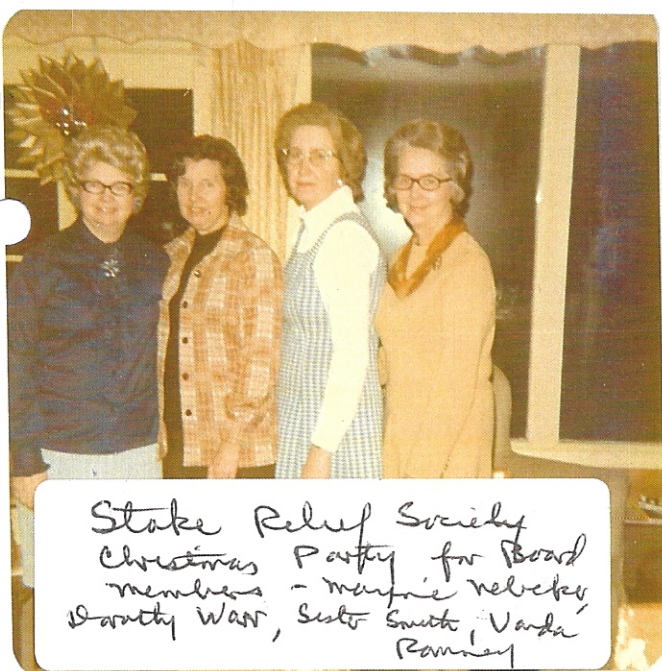
Dorothy!

Happy Birthday! 90th Wow!

Remember when I came to Long Beach to "help" you? you had just given birth to^(*)? I remember trying to make a cake and the spatula got caught in the beaters - actually broke one. I was "scared to death" - but I had to confess, of course, and Joe didn't beat me too hard.

^(*) it must have been Barry, cause

(over)



Stake Relief Society
Christmas Party for Board
members - Marjorie Nebecker,
Dorothy Warr, Sister Smith, Vanda
Romney



Salt Lake City Relief Society
Conference - Marjorie Jones,
Sister Smith, Dorothy Warr,
Marjorie Nebecker



Christmas R.S. Board Luncheon at
Janet Lyons' home - Willa Chaff
Dorothy Warr, Jean Hill, Jane
Christensen, Edith Christensen,
Vanda Romney.

Far Table - Janet Lyons, Marjorie
Jones, Sylvia Smith, Virginia
Bird, Billie Fenn, Dorothy
Johnson, Marjorie Nebecker, Kathy Snow,
Loyce Fayer



Leadership Meeting of Relief Society
Board Members -
Sister Smith, Marjorie Jones, Dorothy
Warr,
Billie Fenn, Kathy Snow, Willa Chaff,
Jean Hill