



Nadine Marie Wilson



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Nadine Marie Wilson

Nadine Wilson 7/24/1920 – 5/26/2017 Nadine Marie Wilson was my grandmother. When she was born on July 24th in 1920, her parents were going to name her Maxine, but a nurse pleaded, “Oh, don’t name her Maxine! How about Nadine?” and so it went. She was left-handed, and loved to point out that many Jeopardy contestants are also left-handed. She was kind, caring, and funny, and everyone who knew her adored her. There are so many things I can hear and see her doing in my mind— The way she picked up crumbs from the placemat with her fingertip... the way she pronounced bougainvillea and “jalapeno”— jah-LA-pino? Ha-la-peenia? And then she’d usually switch to pig-latin—o-day ou-yay eak-spay ig-pay atin-lay? ...Sometimes she would get the giggles so much that tears would stream from her eyes and she couldn’t get a word out. I remember when I would drop by for a visit, my grandparents would always stop whatever they were doing, and come sit in the living room to talk to me. Grandma would always invite me to stay for dinner—there was always food in the oven, or a pizza in the freezer, or my grandpa could go up and get some chicken from Popeye’s... I’m glad for the times that I stayed and ate with them. I can still see her sitting in that chair in the living room, rocking back slightly and pulling the curtain aside to see what was happening with the neighbors. I also think about the way she hugged me the last time that she recognized me. But most of all, I remember how much she and my grandfather loved each other. They were friends as teenagers. I remember the story of when they were at a party before they were a couple—my grandmother had made some sandwiches that were not popular, and so she ran into the kitchen, crying. My grandpa told me that’s when he knew—he said, “I knew then, that’s my baby!” In 1939, on Christmas Eve, when she was 19 years old, he proposed, and they married 2 months later on Presidents’ Day because it was the only day they could both get off work. They were married for over 70 years until my grandfather passed away—also on Christmas Eve. They were together in a way that we don’t see very often. They respected and cared for each



other like no one else I have ever met. They traveled the globe together, lived through war together, drank coffee every morning together, and experienced everything else together, for better or for worse, no matter what. To think of her is to think of him also. I loved them both so much, and I love the love that they had for each other. As I think of my grandmother and how much I miss her, I am comforted by the fact that she and my grandfather belong together. They have ALWAYS belonged together. My grandma believed with all her heart and looked forward to spending eternity in heaven with my grandpa. And although there may be things that we don't know about the afterlife, one thing is certain— Jack and Deanie are in the same place now. And that is exactly the way it should be.



Tribute Wall

Nadine Marie Wilson



Barry Sherry posted:

What a wonderful tribute to Nadine written by her grandchild. I didn't know her but my grandmother was a States - and we were related on three family lines: States, Rishel(l), and Lowmaster. To my cousin - Rest in Peace. - Barry Sherry

January 24 at 2:55 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Nadine by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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