

In Memory of Mary Elizabeth Robbins



By Dale A. Robbins

On Sunday, August 10, 2003, my family was saddened to learn of the passing of my stepmother, Mary Elizabeth (Stewart) Robbins, 94, who was residing at the AmeriCare Convalescent Hospital in Westfield, Indiana.

This was the third death of a close family member within only eleven weeks, preceded by the passing of my brother Myron Robbins Jr on May 26th, and my sister Helen Sanders, on July 13th. Mary Elizabeth, was dear and precious, and will be sorely missed by us all. She is survived by her children... and my dad, Myron Robbins Sr, who is a resident of the Sander's Glen Retirement Home in Westfield.

Mary Elizabeth came into our lives during the years after the passing of my mother, Irene Robbins, in 1977. My father, Myron Robbins Sr, who was at the time in his late sixties, took us all by surprise, when he announced that he had met another wonderful lady, Mary Elizabeth Stewart, a widow who had lost her husband some years earlier, and they were planning to get married. Still grieving from the loss of my mother, I initially found it difficult to imagine my dad with a replacement for my

mom... but once we came to understand my dad's need for continued companionship, and after meeting and coming to know Mary Elizabeth, it was easy to love and embrace her as a part of our family.

Mary Elizabeth was one of the most wonderful, gracious people I've ever known, and after having already raised her own family, she stepped into my dad's life in their autumn years, and gave him and our whole family a love and devotion that was truly remarkable. I was so pleased that she could be the grandmaw to my daughter, who was born after her grandmother's (my mother's) death.

My favorite photo of Mary Elizabeth and my dad, is the one shown at the right, which includes my daughter, Angie. The photo was taken in their Baker's Corner home during the late 1980's when Angie was about seven years old. They were both happy, in good health, and in the comfortable surroundings of the little house that they loved, across the street from their church. This is how I will always remember both my dad and Mary Elizabeth.



| Myron Robbins, Jr | Helen Sanders |