



Dear Family of Nancy Schaefer,

My name is Liz Pearson, nee Snoddy. I was so sad to hear of Nancy's passing. She was my first childhood friend. And as you can imagine that was quite a while ago. I just was heartbroken to hear that she had passed before my quest to find her was successful.

We lived about 4 houses apart and I spent some really happy times with her. The above photo is the neighborhood girls having a very serious party on the lawn of one of our houses. Left to right: Nancy Schaefer, Liz Snoddy, ? Inshaw, Elaine Hamley and Shirley Kohler. Nancy's mom was so kind to me, taking me to NYC to a Chinese Restaurant (I ordered a turkey sandwich) inviting me to the cottage at Culver Lake (my first and only waterskiing adventure) and to church with the requisite hanky on my head.

As children we used to have what Nancy and I called "pig day" and would eat lunch together and laugh so much milk would come out our noses. Silly stuff, but we thought we were so funny!

My parents would dry cattails (punks) in the attic of our garage and we would use them to keep mosquitoes away. One day Nancy and I got the idea to each light a punk and sit

in the car in the garage and use the rolled down window slot to hold them. We were pretending to be fancy ladies with long cigarettes. Mine fell into the door... lit. We panicked and started pouring water down into the car door. I became nervous about starting a fire and ran down the street to tell my brother. When my mother came home he told on me. It didn't go well. My parents were not talkers, I got a hairbrush to the head. Speedy and sure punishment.

She was given a Thunderbird for her 17th birthday and I talked her into a "road trip" to the shore. She was a mess about it. We drove down, looked at the ocean from the car and drove home. BIG adventure!

She went to a different grade school and as it happens we lost touch. It is one of my heartfelt regrets that we were not able to connect. Reading the obituary I see she had a full and happy life. That really makes me happy.

Thank you for suffering through this bout of nostalgia and learning that she had fans you never even knew about.

Sincerely,

Liz Pearson

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