

On September, 17, 2009, Sarah Ruth McMinn Walker's grandson Alan Kearl shared memories about her with his siblings in an e-mail message:

Happy Birthday!?! Number 113!?! Thinking about her on the way to work today, I had so many memories:

- her chuckle
- watching her slather on cold cream or Vaseline or something every night
- seeing her hips sway as she and aunt Ethel took their nightly walk around Capri Park
- hearing her talk about wringing the necks of the chickens as she grew up
- hearing stories of her being the one that kept the insurance business afloat during the Depression
- thinking of her opening her home to so many family members who lived with her for years
- thinking of her being on top of the news -- every night at 10PM!

She was a great woman and I have so many good memories of her!

Alan

On September 27, 2009, her grandson Gary Kearl responded with some of his memories via an e-mail message:

She was always "Grandmother" whereas Grandmother Kearl was "Granny." I suppose that was a little kid's way of distinguishing older family members. I can remember when I was finally tall enough to look down at her (which was not all that tall) and I remember squeezing her and picking her up as she laughed. I always loved to go to her kitchen on Michigan Ave as soon as we arrived and drink water from the tin cup (It tasted so much better than KY water). She treated us like royalty when we came, we always made the rounds: Hoogle Zoo, Bingham Copper mine, Temple Square, Lagoon, and her old 54 Chevy was so quiet and the seat covers were so soft. It seemed like a Cadillac. She had a sandbox in the garage full of cool sand toys and white sand (not brown river sand like in KY). There was no cat or dog poop in it. We turned on her sprinkler with the special fork and ate wonderful food in her kitchen nook. Her fruit cellar smelled like apples. She had the big TV and the cool clock (that Edward got). There was a cool gully across the street that we played in. It had exotic desert plants and bugs. We never went to a Mormon church when we visited; we always went to her church. They had nasty little white pellets for bread and yummy grape juice for the water.

We have a lot great forbearers. We will probably be amazed when we meet all of them on the other side.

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