



Lucille M. Webb

June 21, 1920 - July 25, 2022

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

MM

“ I remember my Grandma Lu the way she was when I was a small child.

She was always cheerful, something small children appreciate. She was sunny, warm, and very nice to me. She never failed to have chewing gum in her purse, and she always shared. She loved the color purple (literally the color, not the 1985 movie of that name, although she may have liked that as well). She was warm and open, and free with hugs. She made some nice desserts, and always cooked up a wonderful Thanksgiving feast. I especially liked her green beans, which is high praise coming from someone who doesn't like a lot of vegetables. Bacon does wonders for green beans, as it does for many things.

One day Grandma Lu took my sister and me to ride a horse. I do not remember how old we were, but we were not yet teenagers. It was a yellow or cream-colored animal; I think its name may have been "Honey." This ride consisted of me on the horse, Karen either in front or behind me, and Grandma Lu leading it by the bridle. We started somewhere near the bottom of the hill atop which sat Grandma and Grandpa's house. Grandma slowly and calmly began walking the horse up the hill along Fitzpatrick Road, towards the house. It would have been a simple five or seven-minute walk, had a noisy garbage truck not suddenly appeared from around the corner behind us.

The horse freaked out, and kicked Grandma Lu in the head. Karen and I were bucked off almost immediately, and tumbled to the ground. The horse ran off down the hill and stopped at the bottom.

I am sure there were tears. But Grandma, despite some bleeding and possibly a momentary loss of consciousness, quickly recovered. I don't remember the details, but this was many years before cell phones were available, so help could not be instantly

summoned. Somehow all of us made it to the house. Neither child had been hurt, and Grandma's bruised and cut head wasn't too serious. The details are fuzzy after all these years, but what stayed with me was how "not a big deal" she managed to make the whole thing seem. As kids, seeing her remain calm, we also apparently decided it was not a big deal. She had a cool head in a crisis, and was determined to care for her charges and see them safely home.

I remember a lot of other stories about Grandma; they are mostly in that same vein. Warm, giving, fond of children, and calm and responsible when things got difficult.

I miss her greatly.

-Marc Missire (grandson)

Marc Missire - December 21, 2022 at 07:47 PM