



# Phyllis Joan Rowland

January 12, 1918 - September 5, 2017

Phyllis Joan Rowland

Jan 11, 1918- Sept. 5, 2017

Phyllis was born at Westside Farm in Horton, Gower, Wales on the Bristol Channel. She was just  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the beach and has always loved the ocean. She and her family moved to Knelston Farm when she was 12 years old. She lived there until she met and married my father, Roy Rowland. They were married in Landew church on Gower after WWII.

Phyllis came to the U.S. on a Liberty Ship with 300 other war brides from South Hampton to New York in 1946. The Defense Department put them in hotels in New York City while they made arrangements for rail transportation. They grouped the ladies according to their destination and put them on trains. Phyllis went from NYC to Sacramento, CA. and then on to Albany, OR where my dad picked her up. She lived in the same house in Corvallis for 70 years and attended the Good Samaritan Episcopal Church. Phyllis loved to play Bridge and other card games. Her love of cards started when she was young playing at whist at church tournaments. She was a regular high point yearly winner at the Corvallis Senior Center.

Phyllis didn't learn to drive until later in life. I remember on my 15th birthday, she woke me up with "Get up, we are going to California this afternoon and you're driving!" She did a lot of traveling with her best friend Ruth Freund, whom she met when they were Cub Scout Den leaders for Ruth's son, Bob, and myself. She would also spend occasional weekends at their cabin at Hoodoo Ski Bowl. She traveled with friends to Hawaii, Florida, Washington D.C., Victoria B.C, Calgary and Iowa. Phyllis did get around!

Phyllis was employed for parts of her life. She worked in a clothing store, Tina's, across 3rd street for the Old Sunnybrook Restaurant. She also worked for the Green Thumb program that visited older people, and helped them with shopping, cleaning, and companionship. She was an avid knitter and made sweaters, socks, and other garments.

She loved to sit and watch sports on T.V. while knitting. This resulted in over 1000 newborn baby caps which were donated to local hospitals.

Phyllis lived in her own home until her early 90's when it became unsafe for her to stay there. She moved to the Corvallis Caring Place. When she fell and broke her hip, she moved to the Mennonite Village until she passed away peacefully in her sleep.

Phyllis is survived by her son, Steve and granddaughter, Ruth.

# Comments

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How do you describe such a life, that gave so much to others?

When I reflect back on my childhood, she was a part of the village that raised me.

She directed me in ways only an objective perspective could do.

She was a joy to play cards with on a rainy afternoon.

Always providing snacks, as we enjoyed the company of wonderful neighbors when it was too wet to be outside.

She had opinions, and was not afraid to share them. Sometimes critical, and sometimes in her wonderful laughter. Though all her opinions, every one of them, deemed true as I matured into adulthood.

She was a committed woman, of high moral character, who gave so much of herself to others, while exploring this thing we call life in the company of friends and neighbors, who were her world.

She raised an exceptional son to be independent and wise, while contributing to her church and community everyday.

Her life had purpose, and it was always those of us closest who could see how she fulfilled her purpose in such ways, that we could not help but love and respect her.

Rest in Peace, Dear Phyllis.

You touched so many of us.

**Tom Tracewell** - January 20, 2018 at 03:05 PM