

Happy 90th Mrs. Richey



That Dreaded Finger!

The Richey Family

Robbie, Genelle and Jane

A Tribute to Mrs. Richey

I hesitate writing this article, one – I'm not a writer, two – after working at *The Blanchard News* forty-six years, this is only my third attempt to write anything, and the third reason is the most important to me, because I'm writing about a woman that did her best to teach me proper English.

On Saturday, the day before Easter, this town honored Mrs. Genelle Richey on her 90th birthday. Now in this day and age a lot of people live to turn 90, but this day was different. This town, this United States, this entire world is in a state unlike no other that any of us have experienced. But despite the closed businesses, the worry of grocery supplies, money to pay bills, missing our families and friends, stress of wondering who will come down with sickness, this town came together for a parade to honor a lady on her birthday. This woman, along with others like Ruth Moore, Donna Stokes, Betty Lewis and many, many more have defied the odds through the years and found a way to not only be a teacher and a mentor, but most of all a friend to so many. They have taught regular typing, shorthand, oral book reports, etc. and now, computers, facebook, facetime, snap chat and the list goes on. They have been timeless.

Their strength and endurance take my breath away and I am personally honored to say they all, along with many more had a huge impact on my life. Saturday the amount of people, young and old, that were lined up at the end of Main Street with signs, floats, balloons, cards and smiles to find something happy and positive to celebrate. Some Blanchard originals and some new people, young and old, just wanted to tell one lady Happy Birthday.

Now I have lived lots of other places in my life, but we always ended up back here. And I will be honest and say I've not always taken up for this town, but on Saturday, I've never been more proud to say I'm from Blanchard.

We have many parades here in our small town, but nothing compares to what I saw on Saturday. My own grandson worked hard on a small trailer for his mother and other graduates, he is 16, and he didn't have Mrs. Richey for a teacher, but his grandpa and grandmother and mother did. He pulled that trailer with pride on Saturday because people like her have instilled values on young people.

My point to all of this is that we can all try and come together to try and weather this storm. It won't be easy, and there will be a lot of loss, and we all need to find a way to get through this loss of life – money – businesses and depression. But for a few brief minutes on Saturday from 3-4 in the afternoon, the day before Easter Sunday, some of my hopes were restored in a small town parade down Main Street waving and greeting Mrs. Richey and each other.

Vickie Eisenhour-Coyle