

## *Memories of Badger Carney*

Such a quiet distinguished man.

More than once, when visiting the Carney garden Badger treated us to a glass of wine, then another, then another. He kept insisting. He was the most generous host I've ever met. And I miss him.

When I think of Badger, I remember a tall, kind, true Southern Gentleman. He was so helpful and generous, and boy, could he grow beautiful irises. I miss him very much.

How he could slay me with his quirky humor. Glint in his eye, hands folded...looking innocent but he was a true mess! One is lucky in life to have a friend as dear as Badger.

One of my favorite judging partners. Badger and I judge many shows together. He would always look down (from the top of the iris) and I had to look underneath. A wonderful friend and a great gardener. We will miss him in Region 7

The soft smile that radiated from the warm, soft spoken Badger was a special kind of welcome, as were the twinkling eyes. He was a wonderful host, providing an environment where his iris friends could share wine and laughter. How could you not love him? And his devotion to his wife and all of us who love iris.

We'll miss visiting Badger's and Carol Ann's garden with their many irises and Guinea hens.

He had a boyish grin. He was always pleasant. He was the only Badger I ever met and had a better disposition than the furry ones no doubt.

## *Memories of Gale Maynard*

I miss his warm smile and his sweet manner. He was easy to talk to and nice. We smoked cigarettes outside the motel in Dickson, TN and I ate mulberries from the weeping trees. We talked while they had a board meeting. He was always helpful and happy

We miss you tonight at Henry Horton. Not the same

Gale was special to me from the second I met him. I learned many lessons to apply to my life from Gale. He was the truest, pure man I had the pleasure of loving. Thanks Nancy for sharing him with this extended family of iris lovers. And thanks for the letter I sent to him. I am proud of you and your strength.

A dear friend and a great iris lover. A willing worker at all iris events. He was always ready to prepare our coffee at the Region 7 meetings. He loved his family and was always talking about the grandchildren. He will be missed in Region 7.

Gale was a true Southern Gentleman. I was raised on a farm and my favorite memories of Gale involves talking about farming. He was nice to everyone and so helpful when he saw someone in need. I will miss him.

I'm sure everyone will miss Gale at the coffee counter—his smiling face to greet everyone and friendly manner making everyone feel welcome.

Gale was my stalwart coffee guru! There were so many times when his help in setting up and his wonderful husbandry of the coffee corner added so much to the social give and take of our group. Not to mention kept me from a frazzled breakdown and instead provided many warm moments.

## *Memories of Grace Parkhill*

Grace was a gracious, beautiful lady. When she walked into a room, that room instantly became a better place and a place in which I wanted to be.

Grace was everything implied by her name. She was so charming, so welcoming, so warm that everyone privileged to know and interact with her loved her. She has been and will be missed among the iris lovers of Region 7.

My favorite memory of Ms. Grace is setting in a gazebo and talking with her during a garden tour. She was such an intelligent, amazing woman who had done so much in her life for others. To me, she will always be who comes to mind as a gracious Southern Lady. I loved her and miss her. Love and prayers to you Mr. Tom.

What a wonderful lady. Her name suited her well. A very graceful and friendly lady loved by all. She loved iris and was a very helpful mate for Mr. Ton in his hybridizing. She will be missed by all of us in Region 7

Miss Grace exemplified everything Southern, kind and intelligent. I never knew another human whose name was more perfect!

Grace was gracious elegant and kind. A kindred heart about rocks. I was lucky enough to visit with her in the iris garden in the yard beside their house. Mary Wolfe and I talked with her. She found out that I liked rocks so she went in the house and brought me a blue mason jar of rocks. I entered some of the arrow heads from that jar in the fair and won a blue ribbon. She was always smiling and a very pleasant. I think about her when I see those rocks and remember her that day.

## *Memories of James Van Hook*

I remember James did not know how to whisper! He would get in the back of the room with Badger. I always thought he was gonna get Badger in trouble with Carol Ann! ☺ I wonder if they get into trouble for talking in Heaven?!?!?!?

James was always smiling and such a pleasure to be around, enjoying taking to Gale. Gale thought a lot of him. Really missed seeing him here and missed you, too, Lessie. Love and prayers to the family.

James and Lessie were always together always sharing their knowledge and love of iris. I remember with clarity the judge's training at their lovely hillside garden in southern Kentucky and their enthusiasm. I treasure my last visit with them at the last spring's meeting. We will miss James in the region for the support he gave so willingly.

James, a dear friend and great gardener. One of my favorite memories of James was the iris "Got Milk". Some of you will remember the white iris. This was one of his favorite and he wanted to share it with everyone. We will miss James in Region 7

James sure knew how to grow and show irises! I miss him at our Region 7 meetings. He was helpful and kind.

Visiting the Van Hook garden was always a treat, but dangerous—saying anything nice about an iris would bring about James' insistence to dig up part of it for you. He was always generous with plants and tips for growing them well.

## *Memories of Claire Honkanen*

Claire was dedicated to the iris and encouraging young people in the AIS. While Youth Chair I was made aware of her efforts to encourage our youth members to participate in the Clark Cosgrove essay contest, and one of our Region 7 placed in the contest. That was a very happy time for that youth and for Claire. I remember her call and the joy she expressed when she told me the good news.

The one thing I remember about Claire—She loved to talk. She was a very interesting person and had been involved in iris for a long time. She came to Region 7 for “I can’t remember when”. She was an officer in AIS at one time and very instrumental in starting the Chattanooga club.

I remember at a Fall regional auction bidding against Claire for an unusually beautiful vase. I bid. Claire bid. I bid again....Someone came over and whispered to me the following words “Debbie, you do know Claire is very wealthy. I mean the wealth where NO AMOUNT matters! I quit bidding. Claire laughed and said she would “will” it to me. She was a wise woman of inspiration.

Claire’s knowledge of irises was amazing. I enjoyed seeing her smiling face and happy spirits at Region 7 meetings.

## *Memories of Chuck Winters*

Chuck was the smiling “welcome wagon” at all our iris region functions. I loved when he helped with the auctions and iris bingo. Being in his garden was also a joy to see his enthusiasm. He also made sure we all got to order from the club sale in Memphis by e-mailing the plant list. His not being there anymore leaves such a vacancy in our midst and our hearts. He is truly missed.

As editor, photographer, actioner, gardener and host, Chuck contributed to the atmosphere of fun and professionalism of so many regional events.

The smiles that he and Caroline brought into a room lit smiles on others faces.

The WTIS garden was so lovely and well maintained because of his dedication and his love of iris. That love even extended to hybridizing.

He will be missed.

What can I say, he was always so upbeat, happy, fun.

My grandmother always said God takes his bouquet from all ages. Our loss that he was plucked so early. He was a great guy. I don't think bingo and the auction will ever be the same. He had great enthusiasm and energy.

You could just look at him and see the boy in his smile and his eyes.

He is loved and will always be missed.

Oh my! What can we say about Chuck? He was a vital part of Region 7. Chuck was never a stranger no matter who he met, you left like you knew Chuck forever. He took me under his wing at the first WTIS iris show I thought I was ready to enter. He was a great friend and will be forever remembered and missed.

I was interested when I learned that Chuck is Charles Douglas. My 16-month-old grandson is Charles Douglas White-same monogram.

I met Chuck at the 2002 AIS convention. I entered the iris show and I will never forget Chuck's smile and friendliness as he presented me with the awards I had won that day.

I miss him at Regional meetings. His kindness and energy was uplifting and admired. My admiration runs deeper than I ever show on the outside.

Love to you, Caroline. You mean more to me than I express.

## *Memories of Mary Wolfe*

For years of my friendship with the Wolfes it was Carl and Mary! And they were a powerhouse couple contributing to JAIS and the Region on so many levels. Finding new members and greeting the public were jobs that used their social skills to great advantage.

After Carl died Mary became a traveling companion of the girls of JAIS. None of us will forget our trip to Victoria and Mary's battered but beloved suitcase—and the tribute she wrote to it for the Irisarian.

I will miss her.

Her husband Carl invited me to the iris sale in Jackson to come to the iris meetings at the RIFA building in Jackson.

Later Mary became a mother to all of us. She got us to do designs at our show. She got me to go to my first iris convention in Austin, Texas. Mary was a trooper she had a heart attack and still flew to Austin.

Whenever we were on an iris trip sometimes she was my navigator, always a friend, mother and always a life advisor to all of us girls.

She is truly missed by all. I last talked to her on the birthday. In her heart, she was always young.

She was loving, caring, funny and a wonderful person.

Ms. Mary will be fondly remembered. She and Mr. Carl was the reason we joined the iris society. Her love not only for the flower itself but also for the people was infectious to others. She was a fabulous travel companion and roommate at Henry Horton. Her articles in the Irisarian often left us laughing and remembering our trips with love and laughter. She was loved and will be missed greatly.

I was in Jackson Area Iris Society with Mary for many years. I was fortunate to visit Mary and Carl's garden in the early 2000's. I have never felt more welcome than in Mary and Carl's garden that day. I even went home with some plants. So very generous.

She was fun to travel with and I'll never forget her sweetness. I miss her so much.