



Sheryl Gormley

November 23, 1938 - January 19, 2019

Sheryl Pascal Gormley, 80, of Port Orange. 01/23/1938-01/19/2019. A celebration of her life will be held at her home 4285 Mayfair Lane, Port Orange on Saturday, January 26, 2019, from 1-4 PM. In lieu of flowers or other gifts, please consider making a donation to the Halifax Humane Society in her name.

The following was written by Sheryl Pascal Gormley and was her way of sharing her unique way to express herself as she parted.

Well, the inevitable has happened. I've passed away.

I know, I know, it took me long enough, but these things don't always occur as planned. There were times when I was ready but, being a busy woman, it just didn't work out. Now, after all these years, it's my turn.

This must be the time I'm supposed to sort out my memories. I hope no one is keeping track. I'll surely forget to list some. Very few will be in chronological order. Of course the first thing that matters is my family. My terrific kids. Danny, Laurie, Kelly and Glynne. No carbon copies. Each so different from the others and successfully following along the path that's right for them. Also seven delightful grandchildren. It doesn't stop there. There are seven great-grandchildren, too.

All these years, indeed. It began in Washington, D.C. on January 23, 1938. Yep, that's a long time ago. A different century. Scary, huh? But I didn't struggle through the world-changing things my parents did. Their lives took them from horse-and-buggy transportation to airplanes, to the first man to walk on the moon. And so much more in between. Although I lived through huge progress in almost every phase of society, I certainly had fewer difficulties than they did than they did as kids as I grew up. Now life is totally electronic. Weird communication. Txt. LOL. LMAO. What's next?

I grew up a little tom-boy girl, athletic and full of curiosity and passionate patriotism. The patriotism paid off when I was three or four years old. Our house was on a dirt road in a rural town in North Carolina. There were farms all around. One near us had several cows in the field and an old horse named Baby Doll. The owners would allow my big sister, Gaila, five years older than I was, to climb the split-rail fence and take a ride on Baby Doll. I wanted to do it, too, but was afraid of the cows. They were so big. And so smelly. And made loud noises.

My sister promised the cows wouldn't bother me if I sang God Bless America. Finally, one day she helped me climb the fence and onto Baby Doll's back. I gripped the animal's mane and began to sing at the top of my lungs. Guess what? The cows never noticed I was there. God bless America.

My dad got a government job and we returned to DC to live. Able to read since the age of four, a book would always be kept nearby. Because of that, at the age of five, I entered school as a first-grader rather than being placed into kindergarten. A nature-lover, even in the early days, it was not unusual for me to pack a lunch, grab a book and climb a tree in the back yard to spend the afternoon reading. I haunted the library, taking home as many books as was allowed. With no school in the summertime I was allowed to play outdoors as long as I wanted provided I came in when the street lights came on at dark.

Our family had one car. One radio. One telephone. A land line only - cell phones didn't exist way back then. The number was HObart 3854. No idea why I remember that. There was no television. No computers. No microwaves.

Sunday nights Daddy spent time in the kitchen and popped popcorn in a big frying pan with a dome-shaped lid on it. We had Rock Creek Grape or Orange soda to drink with it as we kids usually lay on the floor and listened to the radio. The first movie I ever saw was Walt Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I was six or seven years old.

I loved music and learned to play piano and violin. I played neither very well. But I could sing. Having a pleasant, powerful voice, I sang in Glee Club, the church choir, a few radio appearances and public events. My mother believed I'd become a professional singer. Sorry. Didn't even think about doing that, although the good voice remained for many years.

Always enjoyed both watching and playing a variety of sports and became a cheerleader. An acrobat. Good at any sport I tried. An avid duckpin bowler, I won a ton of trophies. I even held a record game for quite a few years. The newspaper had more to say about what I was wearing than the game I bowled. My business life included working at a variety of jobs, for a number of diverse companies. Everything from receptionist to CFO.

My first marriage continued through some difficult years and ended in divorce. Later, after twenty-seven years of being in a relationship with Tom I reached the point to try marriage a second time when he sort of proposed by saying it was time he took care of me.

More events than accomplishments occurred over the years. Although there's

nothing I can brag about, much of it brings a smile or makes me wonder how or why some of it happened. Several friends have mentioned that I was such a positive my influence in their life that they changed and became a stronger, more self-confident person. Who knew? Not me, but nice to hear nonetheless. It's always a good feeling to learn you've helped someone.

Marching to my own band - a drummer just wasn't enough - often filled my head with confusion. The fact that I was different, in almost every way, from nearly everyone I knew or met, apparently provoked an inordinate amount of conversation and controversy among others. Even among total strangers - so I've been told. To my final day I never really understood why all this was so. Animals loved me and made me smile; and the unexpected ability to make people laugh has been a sense of satisfaction and a huge delight.

My list of talents (?) seems long to me, but I've been told they exist. From childhood I always leaned toward some form of art. As an adult, I worked with watercolors and acrylics for which I won a few ribbons, some cash and sold quite a few paintings. Sewing brought pleasure. I've designed and stitched more quilts than I can remember and worked with all sort of fabric crafts, and some clothing, including doll clothes. Although creating a butterfly garden, landscaping our yard and planting drought-tolerant flowers, the skill of making a vegetable grow has escaped me. They all wither under my touch.

At least four books have my name as author. As an active member of the Ormond Writers League since 2000, I was president for two years.

So these talents were ordinary. Everyday things most anyone could do. But, for me, whatever they were, they were fun and may have helped me stay sane. All in all a good life, even if nothing remarkable. I'm most proud of my kids. And I apologize to each of them for any time any of you felt picked on, or if I hurt your feelings. If it happened, it certainly wasn't deliberate.

No need to cry. Well, maybe shed a tear or two. After all, I have passed away.

I leave you all: Tom, Gaila, Danny, Laurie, Kelly, Glynne, Randi, Brittani, Michael, Jayme, Robbie, Ryan, Kerry, Bradley, Matthew, Reagan, Reese, Rhett, Zoe and Charlie, to remember the good times, forget the bad and be happy we had time together. Now, at last, insomnia won't shove me out of bed and insist I need to get up after just a couple of hours of sleep. That happened too often. I'd go into my Woman Cave and write, or paint, or read, or work on my craft du jour. I will have a good, solid night's sleep. Every night from now on.

No matter where I am, I'll always love you.

Tribute Wall

DO

“ I'm deeply sorry for your loss. Sheryl was an amazing unique woman who I will never forget. I admired her confidence and her creativity and I appreciate her honesty. Both her honesty and confidence could be intimidating if you were one to take things personally. But I always pondered our many conversations as she had a way of expanding my thinking. And though she struggled with her health and was often not happy about it she made me laugh. Her letter was really cool. Just like her. She's left footprints on many hearts I'm sure. So glad to have met her. ❤️🙏

Doreen - January 23, 2019 at 12:39 PM

CJ

“ I was so enthralled by your mom's last message. I wrote my own obit, too, but it isn't nearly so eloquent, so she has inspired me to go back and add a few flourishes.

Had we met, I know we would have been friends with books and gardening in common along with love of family and friends. I envy her artistic streak.

Having lost my own mom nearly 20 years ago, I promise that the grief will slowly ease and then you will remember the funny stories and her advice and laugh at the memories. She leaves a wonderful legacy.

Christy Jefferson - January 22, 2019 at 08:13 AM