



Winifred Claire Artig

April 16, 1927 - May 10, 2020

Winifred Claire Artig, 93, of Sumterville, FL, passed away at home Sunday, May 10, 2020. She was a member of First Baptist Church Sumterville. Winifred was a teacher, serving in New Jersey, Virginia and Florida during her career. She enjoyed traveling. In her retirement years she backpacked across New Zealand and Australia. She enjoyed swimming, square dancing, kayaking and bicycling. She lived her life as an environmentalist and as an advocate for civil rights.

She is survived by daughter: Barbara Rose Northcutt (Donald) of Sumterville, FL, son-in-law: Angelo "Chip" Pazienza of Punta Gorda, FL; son-in-law: Fred Panasik (Alcira) of Sebring, FL; grandchildren: Kara Gregory, Holly Farrington, Rebecca Miller, Charles Northcutt, Angelique Michelle Browning, John Jesse Browning; great-grandchildren: Summer, Sydney, Danielle, Michaella, Kayden, Dale, Lana; great-great-grandchildren: Jayson and Emmalyn. She was preceded in death by daughters: April Gail Pazienza and Jean Ann Panasik; parents: Winifred and Charles Pieper; great-granddaughter: Makenzie Moira Main.

In keeping with Winnie's love and respect for nature the family asks that no cut floral arrangements be used to memorialize her. Honor her with a potted plant or seedling.

A service time will be announced shortly after Covid restrictions have been lifted.

Arrangements entrusted to Purcell Funeral Home, Bushnell, Florida.

Tribute Wall

KG

“ Grandma was one of the strongest, funniest, wisest, most outspoken, and most caring people I have ever known. From her, I have learned many valuable lessons on what (and what not) to do. Many times her antics were a little over the top, but she dang sure got her message across. One of the strongest messages I learned from her is not to waste. Its a lesson that has stuck with me and would sure make a great impact on this world if everyone felt that way.

Like I said, sometimes her lessons were over the top, but thats what made them so memorable. When we would visit South Florida, Grandma would often take us girls out with her. On the rare occasion we would get McDonalds, we would often share meals, so as not to waste. Well one of us, either me or Michelle, talked Grandma into getting us each our own All American meal. Needless to say it didnt all get eaten. When Grandma saw that we were wasting that food, she went on to tell us about starving kids around the world and said that wasting that food was like throwing money away. She proceeded to throw every bill she had in her wallet out the window of that old Cadillac. I can assure you it wasnt just singles either!

Another one of my favorite, over the top memories, was at Publix. We loved Breyers ice cream (still do). Grandma told us she would get us one carton. Of course we all wanted a different flavor, so she chose the Neapolitan. While she checked out, we girls were putting our nickels and dimes into the gumball/toy machines at the exit. She finished up and told us to come along, as our ice cream would melt if we didnt get going. We didnt listen. We just kept pumping our coins in the machines. She gave us another warning or two about that expensive ice cream and how it was going to melt, but we still stood at those machines putting in our last few coins. Well, my Grandma couldnt let that ice cream melt and go to waste now could she? She stood up on the bagging table and held that ice cream up in the air and yelled out Free Breyers ice cream! Who wants free Breyers ice cream, chocolate, vanilla, strawberry?. We girls were

listening then! We did not want to waste that ice cream! I talked her down from that table, but I never forgot that experience.

While my memory is not the best, I do have many snippets of good times, swimming in the ocean, cycling on the street and boardwalk, listening to wildly inappropriate jokes, and just listening to Grandmas stories. I also cant forget our card games, kayaking trips, and Grandmas other eccentric antics like showering in the rain or cutting the grass with scissors (though I must admit, I did this once myself). I will always remember my Grandma as the spitfire, vibrant woman she was. The woman who had to show you that she could still run and exercise like a spring chicken. The woman who loved nature and would swim in the ocean for hours. The woman who would do anything for the ones she cared for, even if she had been burned a time or two. She acted tough, but she gave many second chances and sometime thirds. She saw the good in people, but was also very perceptive to the bad. She was a straight shooter, and didnt have time for the bull! Grandma was a pistol, but I wouldnt want her to be any other way!

Kara Gregory - June 27, 2020 at 11:37 AM

CN

“ *My grandma was my biggest fan. She howled me to victory during my T-ball games. She took me hiking, bike riding, and we could always make each other laugh.*

Charles Northcutt - June 14, 2020 at 03:45 PM

VK

“ I have many fond memories of Winifred, Barbara's mom, for whom I've known for over 45 years. When I was in her presence she kept me laughing. Winifred had a deep love for her dear Barbara, grands, and her precious cats. As a teacher, she sought ways to cause each student to experience success in humorous ways. I was honored to have her share her ingenious, extraordinary teaching ideas. During one visit to my classroom, I was particularly impressed with her technique in teaching phonics. She absolutely mesmerized my students with the unique manner which she taught them the sound of the letter "Hh". When Winifred left that day, the /Hh/ sound was forever etched in my students' minds. Winifred was fair to all, compassionate, and unique in every way. I will cherish her memories for years.

Valerie King - May 30, 2020 at 02:50 PM

GK

“ Barbara and Family, I am very sorry for your loss. I'm praying for your peace and comfort.

Glenn King - May 30, 2020 at 02:36 PM

“Where do I begin? Your life showed a dedication to your family, your students, mankind, and the Earth. You operated on an internal moral compass that lives on in your children, your grandchildren, your great grandchildren, and most likely your great, great grandchildren because children live what they learn and learn what they live. You chose the high road everything, leaving a place better than you found it. Each of my children, your grandchildren, possess many of the qualities that embodied you, compassion for others that results in action, a sense of integrity embedded in your daily living, and a love of the Earth with a respect for the environment probably influenced by your reading of *The Good Earth* by Rachel Carson. Your life was far from easy. I remember you screaming, "Please stop asking me for milk. You know I don't have any money." I remember the old car, "Smokey". You had to add a quart of oil at every fill up. We slept in "Old Smokey" parked outside of a church or a store's parking lot because there wasn't enough money for a room. Back then people didn't get chased away. I remember you stepping into a truck and leaving the three of us on the side of the interstate with our disabled vehicle, three flat tires out of five, even the spare was flat because the trucker, Don Madrid, offered to take you to a service station to get two used tires. Then there was the mechanic in Milton, Florida who made repairs to your car and trusted you to pay him when I admired your work ethic. By watching you I learned to persevere. My senior year in high school you delivered the *Miami Herald* before heading off to teach school. Then at five p.m. you headed down to Daddy Dante's Italian restaurant to wash dishes until the establishment closed. It must be in the genes because one of your granddaughters worked three jobs for years to provide for her family. Then there were some embarrassing times. I remember the driver of a vehicle in front of us threw garbage out the window. You stopped and picked it up, followed the car, pulled in behind the vehicle when it stopped it the driveway of a home, raced over to the driver's side window, and knocked. When the window rolled down you handed him his trash and said, "You dropped this". Better yet was when you dragged me down to the police station to show them my hair. I had spent hours at the beauty shop having my

hair done for the prom but the curl did not take no matter how much hairspray the stylist applied. I never did understand what you expected law enforcement to do. You are missed but you live on through your descendants with their values and their antics. I love you mom.

Barbara Northcutt - May 28, 2020 at 01:17 PM

DN

“ *I remember grandma reclining in her chair. Her daughter, Barbara, had her feet propped up on the arm of the chair. Grandma reached over and started rubbing her feet and said, "I love you."*

Donald Northcutt - May 28, 2020 at 11:39 AM

AB

“ *Grandma, it's so hard to believe that you are gone. It's hard to explain exactly what you mean to me. In a world of uncertainty and fear you were always there to wipe away my tears and tickle my back to soothe me. The amount of respect and admiration I have for you goes beyond measure. You definitely did it your way and as silly as you could be I couldn't have asked for a more wonderful grandmother. Please say hello to Mom and Aunt Jean I know that you're having a wonderful card game and I miss you all dearly. Grandma I miss you and I Love You always, Shelly*

Angelique Browning - May 27, 2020 at 04:50 PM