

The LORD is my *Shepherd;*
I shall not want.

He maketh me
lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my
soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for His name's sake: Yea though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death.

*I will fear no evil:
for Thou art with me;*

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparast a table before me in the presence of mine enemies

Thou anointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over

Surely goodness & mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house
of the LORD *forever.*
- Psalm 23



Celebrating the Life of

Shannon D. Watkins

March 28, 1964 - July 1, 2022



The Quilt and a Piece of It

Each one of us have memories that tie my mother's life together. Some of those memories are good, some hurtful, some joyful and some sad. But today, I hope that what you take away from this moment is that we all came together for a common interest of how one person and one event can unite so many. As time passes, time may lessen one's pain and make living without my mother easier, but the loss of my mother will also bring difficult times. Each one of us may have different viewpoints on faith and that is all right. My mother's faith was walking the path of the Lord. My mother took great pride in her family. She cherished life's simple moments like time spent on the phone with her sister whether sitting in silence or simultaneously watching a St. Louis Cardinals game. She loved to tell stories of her sister's farm and the many animals she cared for. Her youngest brother was always on her mind. The family bond was important to all of them, but her brother has the spirit to keep them all together. My mother loved watching the kids grow up, Girl Scouts and her job as a carpenter. She, as well as my father, were both artistically blessed. She enjoyed quilting blankets for others, making over 100 blankets in her lifetime. My mother was a positive person who always tried to see the good in life as well as in others. Her mother was like this too, they had an airy lightness to the way they could affect one. My mother's favorite holiday was Christmas. She enjoyed passing out small trinkets to people she met. My mother crossed paths with many during her lifetime and enjoyed sharing one's joys and struggles in conversation to try and help lessen the burden

one may carry. My mother was a loving, compassionate person who took comfort in helping others. I can remember many times I would gift her an item and she would ask if it was alright to pass it on to someone who was having a bad day or would benefit from a kind gesture. My mother was a people pleaser always looking to provide comfort to others. When you think about it, that is what a blanket does. One wraps the blanket around themselves and the blanket provides a feeling of comfort. A quilt is stitched together and that is how my mother treated others, always attempting to weave together small threads, so the strong threads could help the weak threads become stronger. My mother loved to share her gift of crocheting, which she learned from my Gramma Gene who was one of the most righteous women I have ever met. To share these gifts is truly a sign that God is intertwined in all of us. Precious moments are something that will forever bind our generations together. As you read this, please know that you being a part of my mother's life meant just as much to her as her being a part of yours. I know we are all grateful for our time here on earth but will be joyous when we reach the gates of heaven. Take these tears and smiles that you may have when your memories come to you and pass them on so that we all may be the threads that hold the quilt together.

Love Always, Crystal & Family

