

# The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers

Seventy Years Walking Up and Down on God's Earth





# The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers

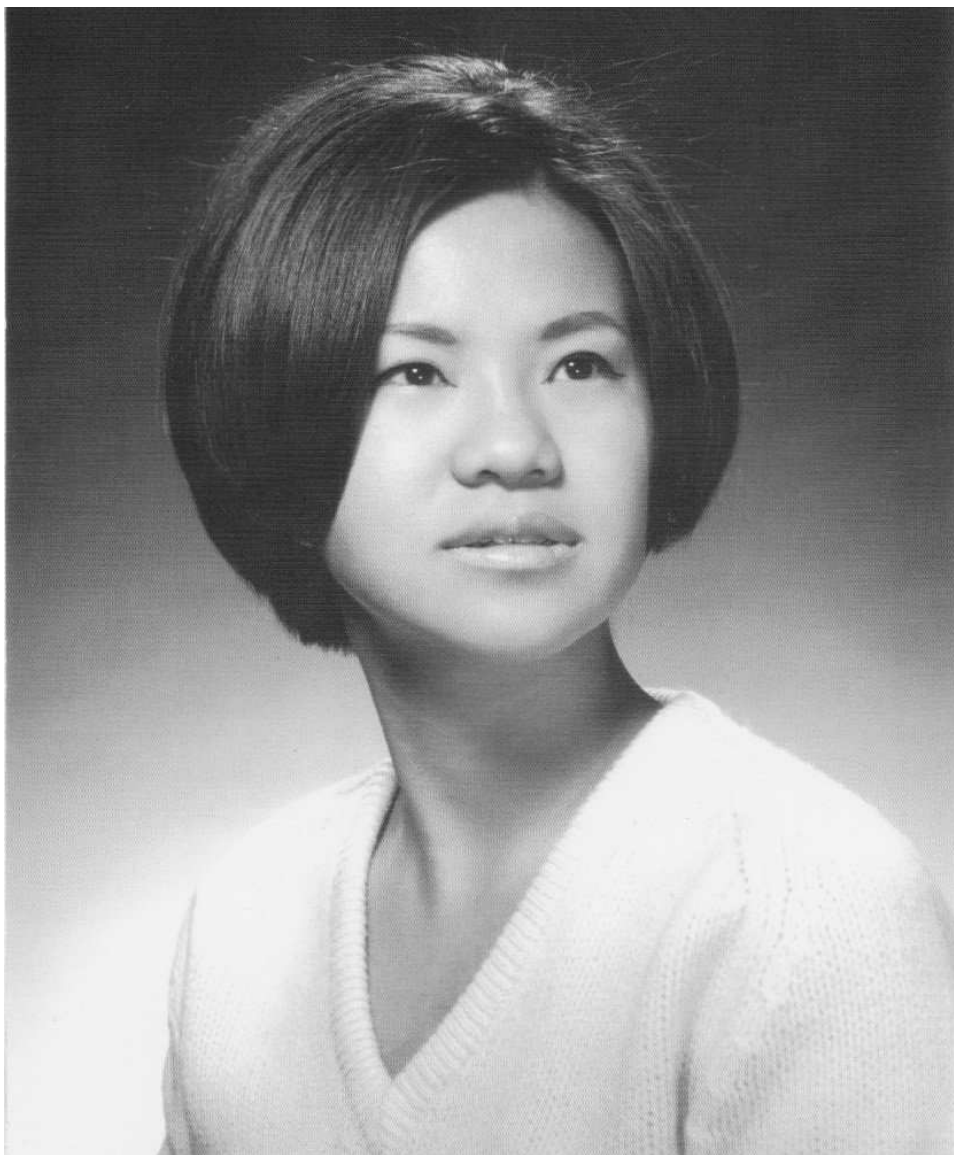
Seventy Years Walking Up and Down on God's Earth

“I could not, at any age, be content to take my place by the fireside and simply look on. Life was meant to be lived. Curiosity must be kept alive. One must never, for whatever reason, turn her back on life.”

~Eleanor Roosevelt







One of the most courageous things you can do is identify yourself, know who you are, what you believe in, and where you want to go.

~Sheila Murray Bethel









The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers



Los Angeles, October 1971



Cross Country Roadtrip, August 1974



Los Angeles, August 1976



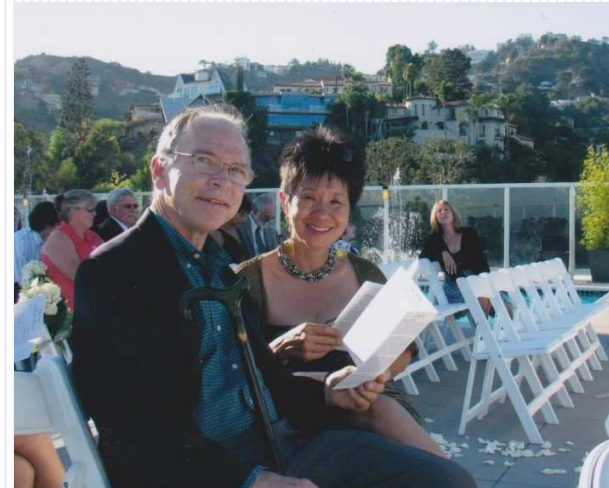
Marda  
Two is the number  
that we have chosen  
to ladder up tall walls.

~Wardie





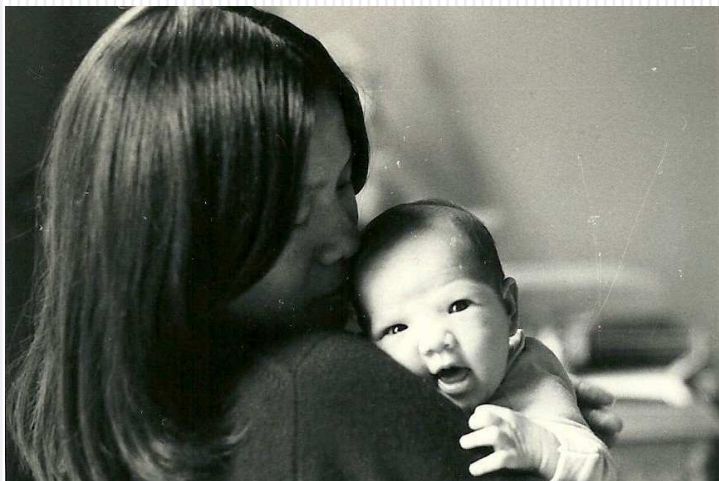
I sustain myself with the love of family.  
~Maya Angelou







The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers



Oakland, 1976



Los Angeles, 1977



Oakland, 1976



Yosemite, March 1979



## Alaina Lee Stothers

Mom,

Thank you for being a model of strength, a voice of reasoning thought, an appreciator of created beauty. From you I've learned how to love artistic creativity and how to spend all day in an art museum, how to negotiate the world of day-to-day errands, how to keep in touch with and visit old friends. From you I've learned the sense of making a good to-do list, and also the joy of crossing all those things off the list. You have challenged me constantly in this life, and because of this, I have learned how to be unapologetically myself. You have instilled in me a love of learning which led to my current career as an educator. You have quietly praised all my achievements. Thank you for raising and supporting me.

Happy 70th mom! Here's to many more years together.

Love,

your Alaina Lee

*The most beautiful word on the lips of mankind is the word "Mother," and the most beautiful call is the call of "My mother." It is a word full of hope and love, a sweet and kind word coming from the depths of the heart. The mother is everything – she is our consolation in sorrow, our hope in misery, and our strength in weakness. She is the source of love, mercy, sympathy, and forgiveness....*

*Everything in nature bespeaks the mother. The sun is the mother of earth and gives it its nourishment of heart; it never leaves the universe at night until it has put the earth to sleep to the song of the sea and the hymn of birds and brooks. And this earth is the mother of trees and flowers. It produces them, nurses them, and weans them. The trees and flowers become kind mothers of their great fruits and seeds. And the mother, the prototype of all existence, is the eternal spirit, full of beauty and love.*

*Kahlil Gibran*



The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers



Jerem and Conor's Wedding, August 2010



Jerem's Baptism, August 1979



## Jerem and Conor



My mom has been a huge part of molding me into who I am today. Her mentoring and love throughout my childhood gave me the foundation of how I mentor and coach today. Throughout the years we had fantastic trips to Hawaii, Alaska, British Columbia, China, Ireland, and London, to name a few. Mom and I have always thought alike, acted alike, and argued alike. Her drive in her professional career fuels me everyday, as I seek success in my own business. Thanks for being there in times of need and times of joy.

Happy 70th birthday! Here's to many more.

Love you.

Jerem



Dear Marda,

Here's a photo from our hike up Cavehill, Belfast in January of 2013.

This was the first time we'd really ever done something adventurous, just the two of us. We persevered through freezing rain and biting wind, and when we got to the top, our faces numb and flushed, we snapped a selfie and proclaimed, 'We made it!'

Love,

Conor

The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers



Los Angeles, November 1953



Los Angeles, 1954



Los Angeles, 1954



Fall 1973



## Vidda Brough

What a blessing it is to have a big sister.

My early memories of riding our scooters down to the end of 8th Avenue; she was always the leader and faster.

We played school, and she was always the teacher.

She sewed dresses from Vogue patterns, with French seams, while I used McCalls and Simplicity.

She took me to parties and always checked to see if I was having a good time.

Later, she got me a job at Seventeen Magazine in New York City, so I could spend the summer with her. We loved the fruit tarts, stepping over the "bums" between the snow doors, nurturing her Venus Flytrap, beating off a purse snatcher, and visiting Stu and Roz in Queens.

Marda hitch-hiked through Europe, and the next year I did too.

Recently, Marda insisted on celebrating a birthday. We met in New York City...a treasured memory... delayed suitcase, coffee at Zabar's every morning, walking through Central Park, Circleline cruise around Manhattan, Mama Mia, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, museums, dinner at Mario Batali's Lupa, Chinatown, and a very unique but convenient hotel.

I am blessed to have Marda as my sister. We have many more adventures to experience.

Happy birthday. I love you.

Vidda





## Bruce and Branden Brough



I admire Marda because she listens to her own drummer. She has existed without television most of her life. She has owned, built, and designed, in most cases still building, several different kinds of dwellings. She is artistic, creative, and adventurous. She is a work in progress. Her faith is strong. She is like fine wine-getting better all the time.

Happy birthday,  
Bruce



Aunt Marda,

As I sit on the doorstep of parenthood, I find myself reflecting on my own upbringing. Not surprisingly I've taken stock of what things I would like to incorporate into my own family and gained a deeper appreciation for what I had as a child. I certainly was a lucky kid and this started with the loving community of people that surrounded me.

On your 70th birthday, I would like to take this time to thank you for sharing your time and experiences with me. Whether during the chaos of the holidays or the quiet of a thoughtful discussion at your home, having family nearby - both physically and emotionally - has provided the comfort, guidance and confidence that I hope to provide for my daughter. Thank you for your open arms, familiar smile and generous heart. Today, and everyday, we celebrate you and your role in each of our lives. Happy Birthday!

Branden



The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers



"I wish I had a baby brother." January 1950



"I'm glad he has that toy away from my face." 1955



Quons with extended family and friends, around 1979.



My First Family.



## Marv and Eileen Quon



Marda,  
Congratulations and best wishes on your 70th birthday. It is hard for me to know all of the ways you have blessed my life. I will mention a few ways, but I know that loving acts are sometimes unseen. As the first born, you had to be a pioneer. You traveled as I had not considered, and led me to enjoy the pleasures of travel. You pushed for our teenage freedoms, something every teenager faces, but made easier for me as you paved the way. I often asked for your opinion, and I benefited from your perspectives gained from experience. My personality has followed your positive, optimistic, can-do perspective, and this has been a valuable asset for my entire life. Most importantly, you have been an example to me to love God, to set my life to be more like Christ, and trust God when in doubt, because He is faithful.

Love,  
Marv



Dear Marda,  
Happy 70th Birthday!  
I want to share one of my earlier memories of our times together. The word "Pioneer" comes to mind. According to Webster's Dictionary, one of the definitions states: "one who is first or among the earliest in any field of inquiry, enterprise, or progress." In my early years as a part of the Quon family, I noticed how you often would not let "the norm" be your standard; whether it was in a challenging work environment or as you tackled projects with tenacity. Because of your encouragement after starting our family, you gave me the "courage" to change the expected full time position in my years in the fashion industry. Since that time, I've continued to take small steps in pushing the boundaries. Thanks for those early examples!

Much love,  
Eileen





## Daniel and Nathan Quon



For children, some careers have more social acceptance. Careers that promote stability. We love children to make art, but generally speaking, society sees it as a less grounded vocational path once these children are older. I can remember even when I was younger than eight, Auntie Marda sharing my interests in art, helping me explore this curiosity, and sharing things she had discovered and nudged me to explore. She saw something emerging in me and she helped it flourish.

Auntie Marda is fascinating - and I see more layers now that I am older. She is a pragmatic person, yet at the same time, she is idealistic and a visionary. Her vision is expressed through her deep value of art, faith, and community. What I enjoy seeing is how she merges all three together in her life and bolsters it among other friends and family sojourners who share in its pursuits. My life is richer to have this example. My life is richer because of the gift of having her as family.

Happy birthday Auntie Marda.  
Love, Daniel



One of my fondest memories of Auntie Marda was when I had the chance to visit her and Uncle Ward in Ireland. I was studying abroad in Cambridge at the time, and she invited me over to spend a weekend. It must truly be a Quon trait to pack in a vacation, because from the moment she picked me up from the airport, there wasn't a dull moment! We enjoyed touring the city, driving up and down the coast, and spending time at their church. Outside of strictly family gatherings, this was the first time I had hung out with Auntie Marda, and I was so blessed by her hospitality and generosity.

Happy birthday Auntie Marda.

Nathan



May 1982



Kindergarten



1st Grade





## Shari Nishi



6th Avenue School, May 1956



Jr. High Graduation 1958

Dear Marda,

Seventy is a magical milestone in our lives. We have accomplished so many things, raised our families, and are now enjoying retirement. It makes you realize that there is still much more left in life to do. I am so sad that I cannot make it to your 70th birthday celebration. I am looking forward to celebrating both of our birthdays at the Circle of Friends reunion in Las Vegas this September.

What a blessing to have your friendship which started in Kindergarten and has continued for 65 years. Hard to believe that it has been that long. I am sure that my head is filled with many wonderful memories, but my memory isn't as good as yours. I found some old pictures. One from Mrs. Appleton's class, when you and I were sitting next to each other. Back in those days, we wore dresses to school. I have a picture of Mrs. Upton's class, Mrs. McIntyre's class and Mr. Brent's class. It seems that you are hiding your face in the pictures that I took when we were at Foshay. I have a nice picture of Carolyn, Yoshiko, you and I when we were all dressed up for graduation from Foshay. Do you remember when Patsy Woody wanted to learn how to play MahJong. Patsy and I came to your parent's house and your mother taught Patsy how to play MahJong. What a fun time.

Our Circle of Friends group started meeting for lunch with eight of us at Tin Sing in 2002 and now has grown to over 30 friends. It was so nice that we were able to stay in touch while you and Ward were in Belfast. Reminiscing about old times keeps us young.

Wishing you a wonderful 70th Birthday and fabulous year.

Lots of Love,  
Shari



SIXTH AVENUE  
SCHOOL

LOS ANGELES  
MAY 1955  
MR GRAY  
GRADE 5



## Candace (Miyamaoto) Oshita

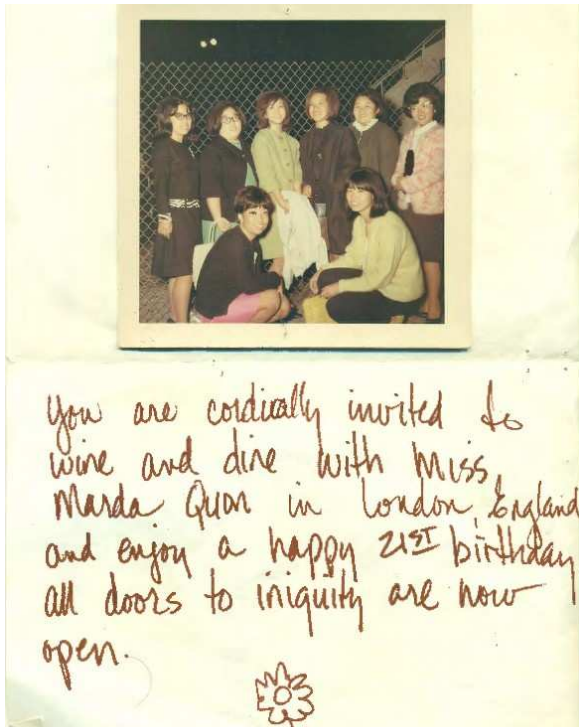
How can I share about someone I've known off & on for 65 years?

Here are some fond memories:

1. Met Marda in 1st grade at 6th Ave. School. Seems Marda, Connie (Ray), and I were in most classes together from 1st to 6th grade!
2. In Junior High, Marda dragged Yoshiko (Nakaguchi) and me to her youth group. We sort of drifted apart as she had many boyfriends (and I didn't) during Jr/Sr High.
3. Reconnected as I attended UCLA with her briefly, but Marda dragged me to Europe in 1966 (where we celebrated my 21st birthday) - what an adventure!
4. We were busy finishing school, careers, marriage and families keeping in touch with annual Christmas cards until, as empty nesters, Shari (Furuto/Nishi) started getting all our classmates together with her "Circle of Friends" gatherings (Marda would fly in and join us, even from Ireland!)
5. Isn't God amazing (yes, Marda prayed me to Christ) that we are celebrating our 70th birthdays this year together! She has always been my straight forward, creative and caring friend - I'm blessed to be a part of her exciting life!

With all my love,

Candace (Miyamaoto) Oshita







## Tuey Lee

Marda,  
Best friends.

For much of our adult life we have been best friends. That's what I call a gift one receives in life. I think of all the things we've done together, thoughts and feelings we shared of what mattered to us then, and post-college. Come to think of it, we were at UCLA together part of the time.

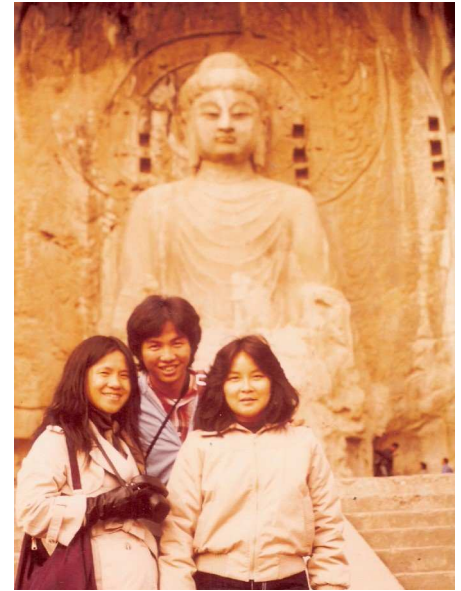
Thanks for the privilege of being the maid of honor at your wedding, and for whispering to me during the ceremony, to tell people to stop stepping on your bridal train as they came up to take communion. Thanks for the honor of naming me as Alaina's god-mother and giving her my name (Lee).

Being traveling partners has been one giant great experience after another. All the places are too numerous to list, but I especially treasure going to Switzerland with you in the 70's to meet Francis Schaeffer face-to-face at L'Abri. What an intellectual theologian he was! I also need to mention our 1980 trip to China with your parents. I remember the people wearing the blue Mao outfits, no new construction in the country to speak of.

Most important, we have shared faith in Christ and are Christian sisters. We have been richly blessed over and over by God. Our journey continues, does it not?

Happy 70th Birthday to you!

With lots of love,  
Tuey



## Jean Woodruff

Dear Marda,

It doesn't seem possible we met over 50 years ago! Thankfully, the Lord led us to UCLA and Alpha Delta Chi, because we became life long "sisters" there. When packing for my Montana move, I came across a lengthy letter you wrote to me when preparing to pass the Sorority President's gavel over to me. It was indicative of who you are today - thoughtful, a good communicator, dedicated to the Lord, grounded in prayer, always open to learning in new surroundings, and using your extrovert personality to connect others. It was fun to be your roommate and see firsthand your creativity and artistic talent. Your design projects were often turned in before finals so you volunteered to cook dinner - yummo! I'm sure our grades were better because of your delicious contributions!

Though we have never lived close geographically, we did manage to visit throughout the years. Our Santa Barbara house, where you designed T-shirts for everyone, your Oakland house and the black church, the Berkeley Hills house, which was up on jacks and shook whenever anyone was on the stairs, Burke Center, VA, when you were presenting to the Pentagon - did you come twice?- and at your present home. I was always sad that I had to cancel my Ireland trip. Now it's time for you to come to Montana!

May the Lord bless you abundantly at this milestone of 70 years! May your personal beauty and artistic creations continue to reflect your Creator as each year ahead unfolds.

I am enclosing a picture of 4 "sisters" at Matthew and Mary Beth's wedding, January 1998: you, Diana Gold Trautwein, Joan Brizendine Mosley, and me, Jean Trautwein Woodruff.

Blessings & Hugs!! Happy Birthday!!

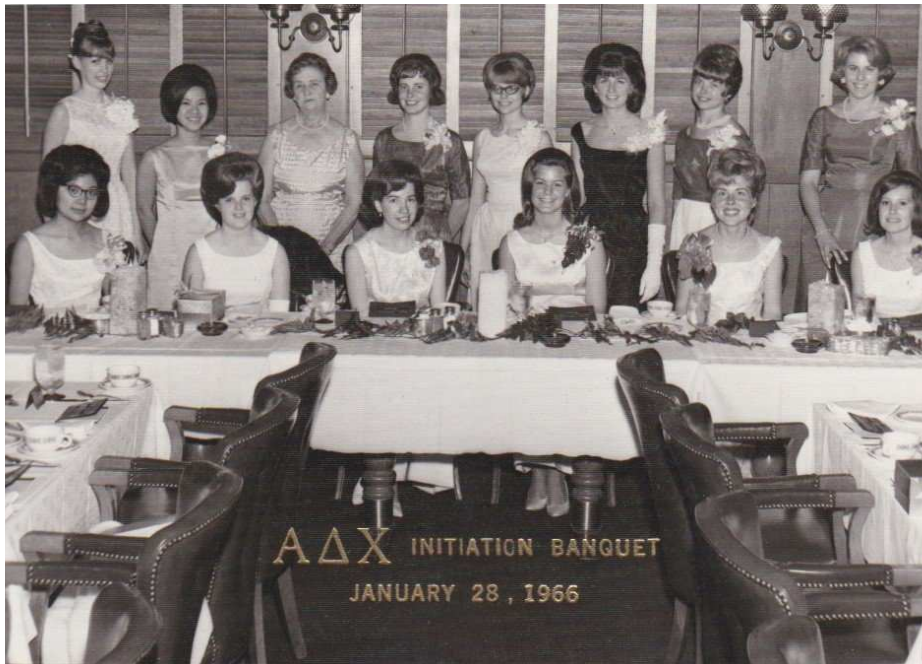
Jean





## Lori Haynes

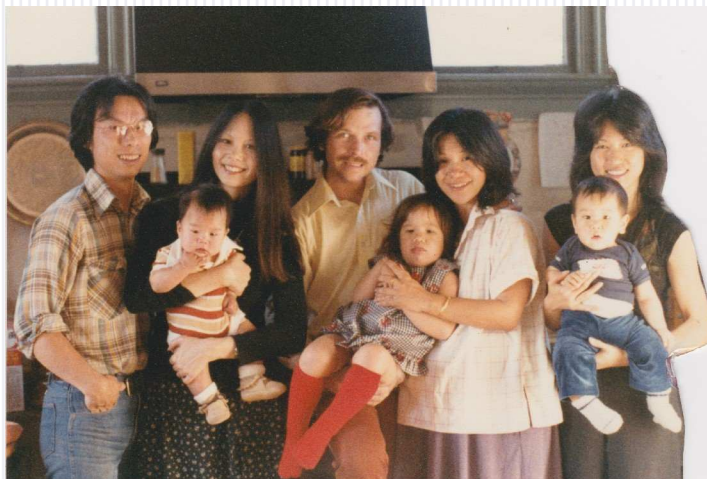
Even though Marda and I were in the same Christian sorority, Alpha Delta Chi, we only overlapped for a semester. It was not until about 10 years ago that we re-connected. We were invited to their first Berkeley home up on a hill and enjoyed a delicious sushi dinner. Then after that, we would visit often when she and Ward travelled south to the Los Angeles area. Our home in the mountains was on the way to LA, so we had the honor of having them stay overnight and share experiences with us. We fondly remember their wish to become missionaries to Northern Ireland and all the preparation to do so. It has been a pleasure to hear of all their adventures in Ireland over the past years. We are sending our best wishes and our love on your 70th birthday, Marda! God Bless you and Love in Christ,  
Jim and Lori



The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers



Los Angeles, October 1070



Oakland, 1979



Cedar Rose Park, 1981



## Joyce Chan

Of all the people I personally know who are seventy and have lived an interesting life, you, Marda, have to be on the top of my list! Maybe it is intelligence, interest, energy, involvement that has kept you going all these years, and to think, I only know the chapters of your life that have touched mine!

I met you almost fifty years ago when you finished college and moved to San Francisco to scope out jobs in Northern California. You were rooming with Dee and Jeanie in the apartment near Kenny's parents' home. Even then, I thought it was gutsy to move to San Francisco on your own.

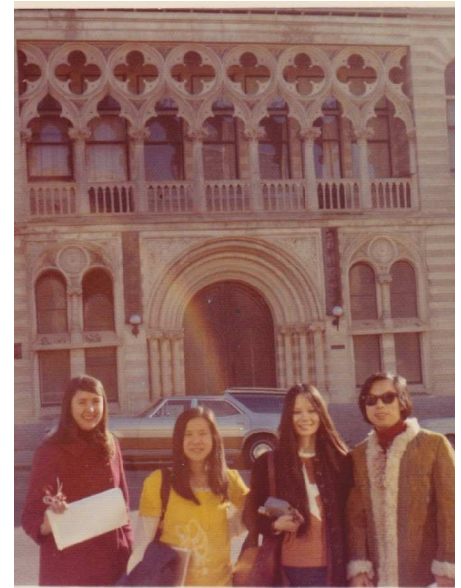
After Kenny and I eloped and moved to Jackson Heights, Queens, you pulled up stake, and we would get together at my place, or in that wonderful brownstone home you shared in NYC. I see the New York experience as a rich tapestry full of friends involved in art, dance, music, some still there but no longer waiting for a spot in an orchestra. You left New York before we did, but first traveling to Europe before returning to San Francisco. (Do you remember, you brought me coffee and candy from Paris, and said you ran into Ron, who was taking his vacation from Vogue, at the Louvre.)

I think I have always admired your attitude about your houses -- nothing was outside the realm of possibilities. I loved the grand old Victorian in the sketchy part of Oakland, then the house in a beautiful area of Berkeley that was slipping apart, I only heard about the Julia Morgan house that you were trying to buy for your sorority, and the former office building that you wanted to reconvert back into a house, your house. I see it tied to your work on Treasure Island, that degree from Stanford and then passing that grueling architect exam -- mighty achievements, I must add!

Ireland and those years living abroad must have enriched your life with new challenges, experiences and lifelong friends. I loved reading your newsletters, how you both were such an instrumental part of the activities of the village and church, and how you still managed to bring art and poetry into the experience.

Finally, I want to say that I was there on two of the happiest days of Marda and Ward as a couple. Kenny and I and Randy and Sharon were with you on that first date during which you met. It was dark, and we just walked around San Francisco, then we went to Dee's for dinner. I could tell you were both smitten! In the summer, you brought Ward to NYC to meet your friends and hang out at the old haunts, and then on Kenny's twenty-eighth birthday, 10-10-71, you married Ward in your church in Los Angeles. What a joyful occasion that wedding, so individual and lovingly handcrafted -- your rings, the wedding garb, the ceremony, the reception with potluck dishes. The guests followed suit, I made mugs and I remember Sharon stayed up all night crocheting an afghan, but not completing it before the ceremony. As for the two of you, it was a match made in heaven and still is! So, Happy Birthday Marda, you are a doer, and it has kept you seventy years young. It's been wonderful sharing your journey!

~Joyce





## Vicki Chikami

Wishing you the best of everything on this special birthday. Like I said before, you have joined the club!!! We have known each other forever. It seems that even if a long period of time goes by, when we finally get together, it's so natural. I always feel a closeness to you. Good health, happiness and joy! Happy birthday dear Marda!  
Love, Vicki

## DI Golton



At the CCBF conference in Hume Lake in the 70's.....it's the first time I met Marda, Tuey and Jean Long and I thought, "what kind of names are Marda and Tuey!?" And Randy Lee skateboarded through the women's dorm in the evening...I thought all those people in LA must be a little off!

When Marda first came up to SF to look for a job, she stayed in my apartment on Pacific Avenue for what I thought would be a few days and turned into a couple of weeks until she got settled. It was fun getting to know her better...

I also led the singing at Ward and Marda's wedding in LA...it was so long ago, I can't remember the Song!

Both Ward and Marda were so kind to host my daughter, Julie, in Belfast when she was trekking her way through Europe ALONE! So glad she was able to meet some friendly faces from Home.

Looking forward to celebrating another decade of God's amazing grace and faithfulness to you, Marda.

Blessings with Love,  
DI, Bob, Mark and Julie



# Del and Helen Owyong

Boys at Adams Blvd Church  
Front row, left to right:  
Moon Lee (Tuey's brother)  
Warren Yee (Andrea, Sandra, Nani's brother)  
Warren Lee (Priscilla, Virginia, Cheryl's brother)  
Gary Woo (Eddie, Winifred's brother, married Harriet Wong)  
Moe Lee (also Tuey's brother)  
Back row:  
Ray Lew  
Eddie Woo (married June Woo, David and Helen's sister)  
Michael Jung  
Barton Choy (Reese Choy's brother)  
Brian Hing (lives in Sugar Land TX, married Jackie, Daisy's sister)  
Gary Chan  
Ron Chin (pastor, lives in San Leandro, CA)  
Richard Yook (sister Cynthia Yook)  
Adelbert Owyong (married Helen Woo, David's sister)  
Bill Woo (sister Betty Woo)



Marda and I first met in 9th grade Sunday school at Chinese Presbyterian. Perhaps it was a bit earlier. There was little question that she was a standout leader and knew her own mind. I never had to guess what Marda thought, and we became good friends. Although college, graduate studies, and work found us in very different places, our friendship has been valuable and lasting if not geographically close. Seeing her desire and determination to live out her beliefs was always an encouragement. Now, over 55-years later, it is a joy to still call her and Ward "good friends."

Here are two photos of Marda and Ward (with Alaina) during their visit to see us in Albuquerque in the Spring of 1978. The boy in the photo is Eric. My, times have changed!

Have a blessed celebration,  
Del

I don't remember when I first met Marda, as she was always there in Sunday School. I do remember slumber parties in her home first on 7th Avenue, and then in the back converted garage in the Verdun house. Marda was always the creative artsy one, who had ideas for parties, decorations, as well as a leader. She once introduced us to Hawaiian "poi" at a slumber party. She was always the "thinker", and didn't accept status quo. One thing about Marda, she always had lots of friends wherever she went.

One really special memory is when she sewed a beautiful black crepe dress with lace inlay and a black bow in front. She and Tuey and a few gals came to my dorm and surprised me for my 21st birthday. They had made plans to have dinner at "Robaires", a French restaurant where I ate my first escargot. She was so special to make that dress, and fit perfectly for our special night out.

She will remember our crazy episode in San Francisco on a cold rainy weekend where we slept in the sorority house.

Actually, we are looking forward to spending more time with Marda and Ward during our week at Forest Home this August. We hope to do a little birthday celebrating then, as some of us will be missing the event in Berkeley.

We do love both Marda and Ward, and we send our fondest birthday wishes,  
Helen



The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers





## Suzan Miller

To say that Marda and I have a long background together is an understatement. It's longer than many of you reading this will have lived. Upon reflection of her long life, however, I am humbled to discover that many of Marda's friends go back to high school if not earlier. In our generation where the average length of stay is only 7 years, this is a pretty remarkable statistic.

It was back in the mid-'70s when we met. And how did we meet? Why in a carpool, of course. [And the younger generation thinks they've invented the carpool. Hah.] There were five of us crammed into a small car going to the WESTDIVNAVFAC offices in San Bruno, CA. One of the five of us had a big car, a coveted big car as it turns out. We could sit, turn our heads, and actually breathe in the big car, not so much in the small cars. The big Buick belonged to Mr. Promptoff, a Russian working as a U.S. government employee who did not like to drive and was therefore willing to participate where the driving was shared. However, as he had some girth about him, he did not like being crammed into the back seat of one of our small cars either. Often he agreed to drive more than once a week. That left more time for the ladies to focus on the debate of the day, as it turns out. In the mid- 1970s only 2% of the architects were women. In our car share alone, we were three women architects. This alone tipped the scales. Perhaps more telling, we three women had strong views about the profession that we wanted to debate. They included issues such as equal-pay-for-equal-work, sexual harassment, career advancement, and....well, you start to get the picture. At the time the two men in the car, Mr. Promptoff and Ed, were happy to share their views. They didn't stand a chance. Later, after his retirement, Mr. Promptoff admitted to Marda that those years had been some of the most interesting ones he'd experienced. Who knew?

Soft-spoken, but with a will of iron, this civilian architect rose thru several branches of the military, including the Navy, the Coast Guard, and the Army Corps. Still unusual for a woman to reach GS-15.

Fast forward several years from our lively carpool, and I'm actually a roommate of Marda and Ward's on Filbert Street. Alaina is six, and Jerem is a baby. I don't remember the house being noisy, but I do remember a lot of great dinners put on by Marda. In hindsight, where did she find the time, much less the energy, to throw these parties?

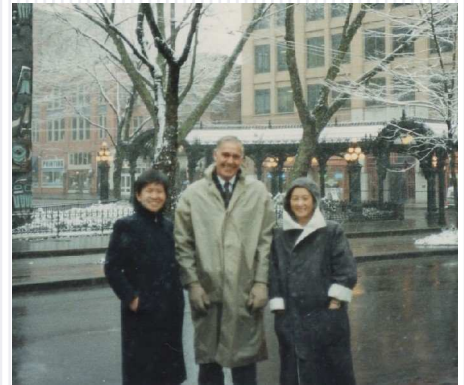
That carpool era solidified one of my longest and strongest friendships with any person, much less colleague. Marda and Ward were present at my wedding. Our families went skiing together. They visited us in Hawaii. We visited them in Belfast. I was there when Marda started the first OWA retreat at Westerbeke: a tradition which has extended nearly thirty years. We three went to Ho'olohe Pono (to listen intently). The list is long.

We've remained friends because she is a good listener, trustworthy, and adventurous. Her faith guides her life, but she does not impose it on others. To quote another friend of mine: "I think about the people I love with more depth than ever before. It's like the world is in fast motion and slow motion at the same time.... Every detail in our lives appears important. It's as if today could be my last day on earth, and I have to know it with more intensity and appreciation than ever before."

Marda, you've reached an age where the obituary in the local paper will indicate that you led a full life. That's quite amazing. What we do with each day becomes more important. We don't know how many we have left. But I do promise you, Marda, that I will be a part of whatever days God grants you until the end. Some way some how!

Thank you for the memories, to misquote Bob Hope.  
Aloha nui loa, Suzan







## Larry, Mary Ann, and Cynthia Wight

On our back packing trip to Lake Tenaya, we chose a scenic destination, that didn't require a long hike. Ward built a barricade/early warning system surrounding their tent in case of bears, which didn't leave any apparent exit if they needed to escape in the pitch dark or dash out in the middle of the night to chase off marauding marmots.

Marda hiked up the trail for her main objective - a sun tan. After Ward spotted a bear in the boulders high above Marda's perch, he was torn between honoring her perfect bronzing and sweeping her back to safety. I don't recall if the air was chilly or hot at that elevation, but Marda was not dressed for the duration. To Ward's great relief, she soon returned to the campsite, looked at the rest of us, and said, "What?"

Other photos included are

Jerem's BHS graduation and Marda's Stanford MBA commencement

Cynthia's 1 year-old birthday party

Dave, Yung-Ling, and Marda in Seattle

Marda's birthday at Gayle's car-pool party

Marda and Ed(?) in Gayle's kitchen at car pool party

Larry, Mary Ann, and Cynthia



The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers





## Phyllis Mo Wong



The stories are as follows;

- First met Marda @ FACE conference at Hume Lake near Fresno when we were 16; my impression of her was "she is so sophisticated"
- She has a soft voice
- We had babies together & got married same year
- We were roommates in San Francisco at the Leavenworth apartment and the house on Highland
- She was always very generous with her time; had many good times chatting and enjoying meals together; a great cook & hostess
- We've been friends for over 40 years

There are many more memories but I am not very good at writing; better at talking about our memories.

Best of luck,  
Phyllis

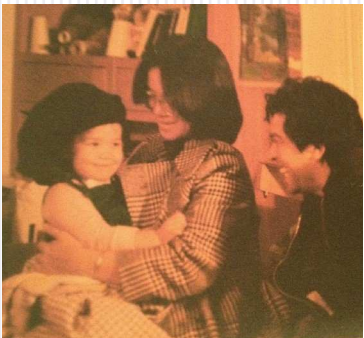
## Carolyn Gibson



These blurry snaps from my wedding, capture just one of the countless moments when your life and mine have been woven together. The fabric of our friendship is an amazing work of textures and patterns—glorious and indestructible and precious beyond description. Wishing you the joy of your day, Marda, with my gratitude for the creativity and courage and compassion that you have so generously shared with me for over 50 years.

Carolyn

The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers





## Jana Putnam

Memories galore.

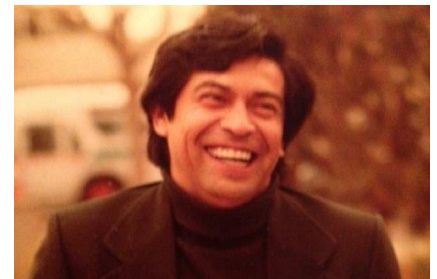
Marda, remember driving down to the Mexico border to pick up your MG that Sonny had built for you. (Isn't that his name???) I think that was the time you saw the lambs and called them goats!! We laughed all the way down. Then there was the trip to the Oregon coast when we stayed in an old lighthouse. On the way up, we stayed with friends who lived in the middle of the gorgeous and mysterious redwoods. Coming back through Mendocino, you took such good care of me after the mishap between the MG and a mountain. I inconsiderately had a tiny concussion and almost worried you to death for a few hours. You called Ted, and he connected us with a friend whose wife was a nurse. I woke up in the hospital and lived in a little Airstream on their land for a week until you came back for me. You handled everything with your amazing competence.

There are way too many stories to tell! From when we met, when Ted brought me with him to your church group, through you Kathie and Phyllis living in the Haight, to our all moving to Nob Hill next to the fire station. Then to Highland, in the Mission, then you were moving to the brownstone in NYC, where mother and I visited you and learned to tie-dye. We had so many parties and adventures. Ward came on the scene, when we were on Highland, and your heart was taken forever.

You've visited Memphis and charmed my parents, and your LA family have always treated me like a member too. There is no one I'll ever feel as close to, Marda, as you. There is so much more to say, Marda. Roberto would be there if he could and Ted & Liz would be there too. Kathie and Phyllis will be there I hope along with John and Brace. I know there will be a day when all of us can be together again including Alaina, Jerem, and Conor.

I'll always love you,

Jana







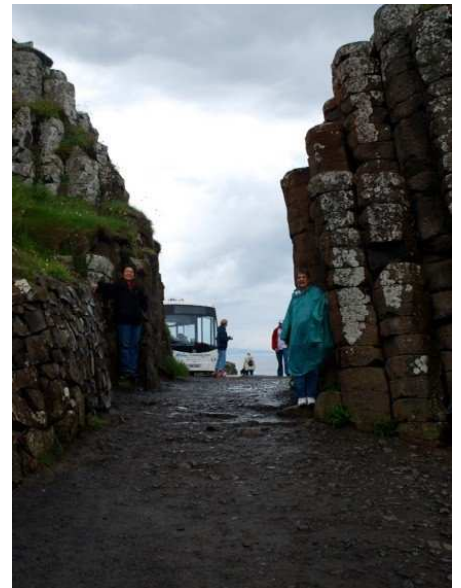
## Larry Hatfield

My first memory of Marda was meeting in Menlo Park at a L'Abri meeting in John Hoyte's home. It must have been 1969 or 1970. It was early days of Silicon Valley. I remember hearing of some friend of John's who was working on something called a "personal computer". Arlene and I drove there every Friday for some time when we first moved to Berkeley. We didn't know anyone in Berkeley and somehow had learned of the L'Abri group. I guess we connected because we were from Berkeley. But I recall that this Marda Quon, did not fit my stereotype of a Chinese woman. Not that I had any great experience knowing many Chinese women, but I certainly noted her leadership skill, her take-charge fearless manner.

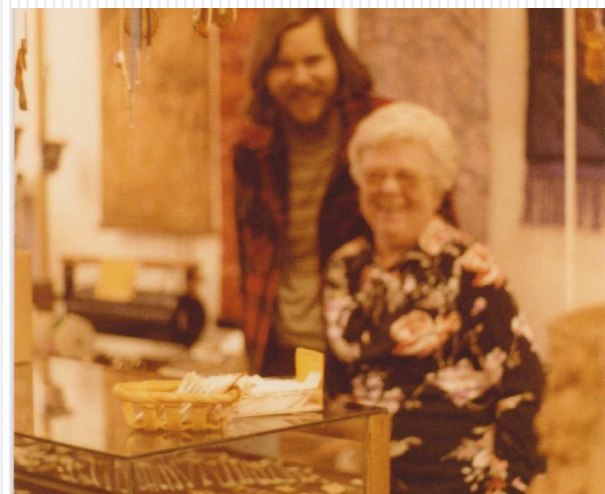
I think it must have been through Marda that we met Larry and Mary Anne Wight. She got us all involved in starting FOLKS ART Store on Piedmont Ave. We started Obadiah, a group of Christians in the arts. This has been a long and valued friendship, sometimes interrupted by times of busyness with family or work. But we seem to reconnect without any loss of that friendship, joy and respect.

Larry Hatfield

Note: John Hoyte was an interesting character. While at Cambridge Univ. He managed to get the London Zoo to loan him an Elephant to retrace the journey of Hannibal over the Alps. He is now living in Oregon and is married to the Poet, Luci Shaw.









## Beth Beatty

Little did we know when we were corralling Alaina and Josh, taking them to  
Mustard Seed Preschool and sharing play dates, all the winds that would buffet you,  
Marda, a sturdy oak, in years to come:  
Challenges of remodeling two homes  
The worries of parenting teenagers  
The heartbreak of Ward's illnesses

You held firm and strong in the face of mighty winds  
And weren't we blessed in the swirl?  
Creating and opening Folks' Art  
Weaving, building, and creating art  
Seeing our children blossom  
Hosting folks in your lovely homes  
You and Ward answering a call to Ireland  
And the Troubles there  
And then hosting us and many others who came to see you –  
You are a gracious and fun tour guide!

So here you are picking up your lives in Berkeley and at CAPC as you bless us all!  
We are glad to have you back! And all the while, never wavering in your love and  
commitment to the Lord and to His Church!  
So, dear Marda,  
I will always admire your focus and dedication, your strength and perseverance in  
the face of Troubles, your gifts of hospitality and reaching out to others. You,  
indeed, are a Mighty Oak!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!  
Much love,  
Beth Beatty



## Lynne Zickerman

In September 2008, Marda and I made a foray into the Guinness Brewery of Dublin, Ireland! It was of course so fun! We toured around the old building and the new stainless steel vats of very dark and tasty Ale! We were surrounded by many enthusiastic visitors who also enjoyed the lively ambiance and jolly presence of the Brew Baristas, who gleefully handed out 20 oz glasses of the deep rich brew we'd heard so much about.

Marda and I couldn't find a seat in the four story Brew and Visitor building until we went all the way to the 4th floor. We got a seat by the wall-sized windows looking out over Dublin and greeted many others who came to our table, joining us in their appreciation of a real Guinness Stout. We laughed and joked our way through many hours, sure that we would never forget everyone's lively travel stories. It was a fun afternoon spent in anticipation of our trip to Belfast where we'd see Marda and Ward's home in the Shankil area.

We ventured out the next day, to Marda's narrow and well upholstered three story home in Belfast, where I was treated to warm and cozy Irish hospitality as Marda and Ward stood "alongside" city natives who had hosted them in their volunteer efforts. They were in the midst of a lovely outreach, warmly appreciated by church members and neighbors. I got to hear Ward's poem about the Gospels, which was the subject of the season as he led the evening service.

Marda made Ceramics in Belfast from porcelain, I believe. They are soft and flowing and also appear very light. She worked in the studio of a Belfast friend and took pleasure in being creative as she always has. Her pieces have a light touch reminding me of wave forms which functionally become containers. Marda constantly employs her energies toward creative projects like the Newsletter with pictures of locals and visitors alike. I trust she is continuing her porcelain production now that she's home in Berkeley. Waiting to see what comes up for her next. I'm sending many happy regards for her birthday of March 24, 2015.

Marda took me to an Historic Folkway Village where old ways were replicated, and we talked to candle makers, ceramists and forgers welding at their iron works. It was a precious time filled with the two of us joining eager actors bringing alive the beautiful white stucco buildings, walkways and grassy hills of the past. Since 70% of Americans including my family, share Celtic heritage, it was truly a homecoming adventure. Marda's warm and inviting hospitality offered generously and immediately, made a wonderful holiday for me, which I'll always remember and be grateful for. Hearing of Marda and Ward's adventures each month in Belfast was topped only by the gift of sharing their welcoming hospitality in person from the very moment I was in their company. I thank them again now, and wish Marda a very Happy Birthday and New Year of Love, expansion and giving adventure.

With lots of love,  
Lynne Zickerman





## Wendy Bertrand

Dear Marda,

I treasure our long friendship from early 1973  
at WestDiv to OWA events, visits to Gasquet, & especially  
being women peers in the architectural profession.

We have had much in common, including staying in touch  
and the joy of weaving.

This 2001 summer photo of us among friends  
should bring back wonderful memories.

With my warmest thoughts, enjoy your special day.

Wendy (Bertrand, one of several Wendy friends)  
March 21, 2015



## Dave and Karen Keller

Quiet,  
full of exuberance,  
ready to joy,  
quick to smile,  
delighting in adventure.

Practical,  
yet making each meeting something very special.

She and Ward together,  
a team.

A friend who's there for her friends with kindly wisdom  
gently offered,  
faith in life,

in their life having meaning and purpose.

Creating---so much that delights and that opens doors,  
makes connections,

pictures Grace.

Grace with warm laughter.

Blessed to be your friend,  
David and Karen Keller



1981



1974



# Jack Bookwalter

I met Marda in 1971 when we were both hired at same time to work at West Div in San Bruno (I think the full title was Western Division Naval Facilities Engineering Command). She had background in Architecture and mine was in Planning. There were a number of new folks all hired at once and they sent us all down to Naval installation at Pt. Hueneme for week-long training course. While there, I learned the horrible news that a good friend of mine had, tragically taken his own life after killing his brother. Marda and I were sharing a rental car to go on some mission or other that day, and I couldn't not help telling her what had happened, even though I didn't know her very well at that point. I'll never forget the kindness and caring in the way she handled it. I don't remember the exact words she used, but I remember they were the exactly right things to have said in exactly the right tone. Of course, this then led to other deeper discussions about life, philosophy, religion, psychology, and similarities and differences of our respective backgrounds. At the end of our hour-long ride, I felt like I had had a thorough and completely successful therapy session! And though I had just lost a good friend, I had made a new one! -- all in the same day. Luckily, she didn't dismiss me as someone who had "too much drama" in their life. She would eventually learn that I was a very steady low-drama person who had merely had the misfortune to suffer through a tragedy (though I think she probably sensed that from the beginning). Was it merely an accident of nature that Marda was chosen to accompany me in that rental car that day?

Well needless to say, my friendship with Marda could only get lighter in tone after all that. I remember her at work always being quick to laugh, always seeing the humor in something, no matter how deep she was involved in a project. I remember she was always very nice and kind toward everyone, and perhaps unusual for a military organization, to treat everyone with great respect, no matter their "rank". She and Ward were living in Bernal Heights at the time and sometimes we carpooled to Westdiv. I also carpooled sometimes with Terry Rier who is still one of my closest friends. Its amazing how many good friendships start as car conversations of one sort or another. Terry, his wife Judy, and I visited Ward and Marda in Belfast three years ago. I think we all sort of felt like we were 20-something again -- in cheerful attitude if not physically.

I also remember the weekend "work parties" we had when Ward and Marda bought the wonderful Victorian house on Filbert St. It was a great house though required LOTS of work. I remember Dean Wolf and Ward jacking up the Italianate Bay in the front of the house, like they were changing some huge truck tire. I remember the wonderful soups and lunches prepared by Marda and Suzan Swabacker (I can be bribed to do most anything for a good meal). But most of all, I remember painting, and painting, and painting. There was something so satisfying about it all. It was artistic in a way and it was like instant gratification. You could see right away the results of your labor. It was then and there that I decided that I too would buy a Victorian house and revel in the joy of fixing it up. I had to wait many years for it, but at age 50 when I moved to Portland, I finally did it. I don't think I will do it again (its sooo much work) but glad to have had the experience.

And I remember Alaina being born when they lived on Filbert. I remember Marda had a "red egg and ginger party" after the birth. I remember Marda serving thousand-year-old eggs. And as much as I LOVE most all Chinese foods, I couldn't say much for the thousand year old eggs. Some time in the 70s, Ward and Marda and myself and my friend Lynn took this grand adventure of a cruise ship to Victoria and then train trip across Canada. That was before the age of the current crop of cruise ships like Princess and Viking. The ship we were on was a throwback to a different era. The epitome of art deco luxury. Of course, our two-bunk-bed accommodations were more like steerage, but still, we got to hobnob with all the glitterati on deck.

I moved to Seattle shortly after that but eventually moved back to Sonoma County. I remember visiting Ward and Marda when they moved into their Berkeley house on Corona Court. And I remember them visiting me a few times, when I lived on the Russian River. Once when Jerem was a toddler, we all went to Calistoga for "treatment". I felt like a limp noodle afterward, but oh, did I feel good the next day. I moved to Portland in 1996 and saw Ward and Marda only occasionally when I was visiting Bay Area, though I do remember Marda in Portland on Coast Guard business once. I proudly showed her my mostly-restored Victorian house, and telling her that my inspiration for this was from those early days of work crews on Filbert St.

In more recent years I stayed with Ward and Marda in Belfast. In fact, I was there three times, I believe some sort of record. I treasured each visit. It was great to reconnect and seeing the very purposeful life they were living in Belfast. I enjoyed seeing and learning about their adopted city and especially enjoyed meeting their friends and associates. Marda especially, knows the ins and outs of Belfast and was a delight as a tour guide.

How fortunate we all have been to know her and have her as our friend.

Jack Bookwalter

## Kathleen Cruise

As I reflect on the 40 years of personal and professional friendship, I am struck by all the wonderfully fond memories I have and the complete absence of any recollection of discord. Marda is always positive, resourceful, energetic, effective and fun! She is a treasured friend, a trusted advisor, a valued adventure buddy and an inspiration to all who know her. She enriches my life whether we are exploring the far corners of the globe (Ecuador, Ireland, Turkey, etc.) or in our kitchens.

HAPPY 70th Marda. The fun continues.

~Kathleen





## Ken Burns

I first met Marda in Kansas City, where I was facilitating a two-week leadership seminar. My first memory of Marda can best be described in the quote “Carpe Diem,” for Marda immediately “seized the day.” I was the “teacher” and Marda, the “student,” but it did not take long in our journey for the roles to reverse themselves. I became the “student,” and Marda, the “teacher.” I think I can best summarize this by a poem I once read by Shoebox HMC.

“I saw a cloud, Marda saw the sky behind it. I saw rain, and Marda saw a chance for things to grow. I saw a windy day, and Marda saw a place to play. I saw darkness, and Marda saw the beginning of a dream.”

Another way I could describe Marda is with the Greek word “Sophrosyne” or “soundness of mind.” The ability to know and choose the good and to recognize and avoid evil. Albeit she never gave up on me. Simply put Marda is a good person. I know, because I checked Webster’s Dictionary for “good person” and sure enough, there was the name Marda.

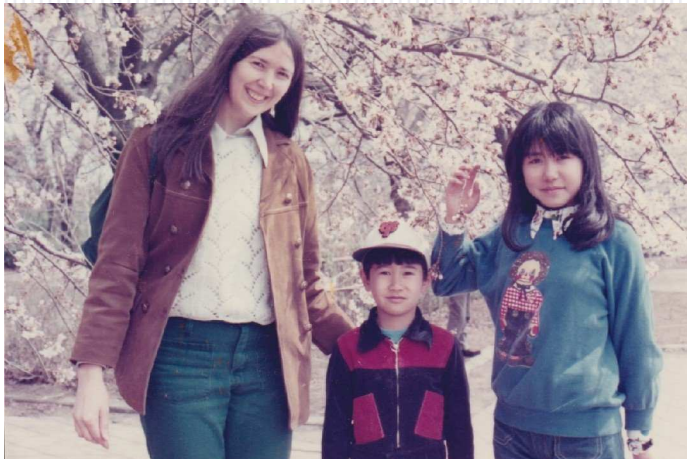
That leads me to yet another descriptor I have for my friend, Marda, “Agape,” selfless concern for others!!!! That describes Marda. I don’t think anyone will dispute that statement!!! And if they do, then they will have me to deal with.

One of the subjects we have dealt with over the years of our relationship is that of counseling. One of the things most students ask is “Who needs counseling? Our relationship is better off than most.” “Oh Lord, it’s hard to be humble when you’re perfect in every way,” sings Mac Davis, and it unquestionably requires the humility to seek counseling or in any other meaningful way to admit that “things are not working out.” Marda always seeks feedback to find better ways to improve self. Just one of the many reasons for me to admire Marda.

I could go on and on but will end simply by saying that I am a much better person for having Marda come into my life!! I have only loved four women in my life. The first was my Mother, the one who gave me life. The second is my daughter although our relationship is rocky at best. The third is Beth, my darling sweetheart wife. The fourth is Marda, who has taught me more than I could ever repay.

Ken Burns

The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers



Japan, 1976



1978



Amsterdam, July 1989



## Woody and Louise Wood



Marda may remember these event better than I--being younger. I was renting a room on the east side, which I shared with Marda when she came for her NYC architectural experience. We had long talks about religious and world issues, and she was almost the only one who could thereby get me to realize what my thoughts actually were. We went to Broadway Presbyterian Church in the Columbia University area, which hosted Francis Schaefer, a powerful voice for reasoned Christianity in the ferment of the 1960's. Marda's insights from her La'Brea experience were valuable to me.

The only photo I remember is of Marda on a winter trip to Vermont. She was wearing a fur coat while inspecting the maple syrup collecting taps.

Our paths crossed on many occasions, since Marda is good at keeping in touch with people. She visited Woody and I in Tokyo while she was pregnant with Alaina. The Japanese would direct their questions at Marda, thinking she knew the language, even though Woody was the one who answered in Japanese.

I think the biggest impression I had of Marda was how she shared her life and home with Woody and I when we first came to CA in 2001 with all our stuff. Marda's hospitality and cooking are exceptional.

Love,  
Louise

## Roger and Inge Henderson



Once upon a time there was a unique person with a unique name, Marda Quon Stothers. As her name already suggests she combines many different gifts, talents and hats. Shortly after getting to know her and Ward, when the Filbert Street house was still under construction, I remember being quite amazed at a party they'd thrown. Marda managed to get some delicious food item into everyone's hands before they could notice they were in a construction zone--making us all feel very comfortable, at ease and happy.

Her interest in business was topped only by her interest in art, architecture, the Christian faith, and everyone she met. Marda has always had a way of making you feel important and valuable, known and loved. If being overly ambitious is a sin, I suppose she is a great sinner and perhaps a challenge to live with sometimes. But there is a lot to do and to get done in this life and if you forgot that, just try to keep up with this four-score-&-thirty-year-old. I pity you Ward, that is, whenever I am not envying you!

It has been a privilege knowing you Marda. Many happy returns of your birthday and the joy of having you as a friend and you and Ward as trusted counselors.

Roger and Inge Henderson

The Times We Shared With Marda Quon Stothers





## Shirley and Steve Easton



The Golden (but not blonde) Girls  
January 2015

We're all turning 70 years old!! Mary Ann introduced us back in the 80's I think. Now we are reunited here in Berkeley, so there will be many other milestones as we "age in place" and "with God's grace".

Your Corona Court house amazed us, because it was nestled up high and your kitchen was way up top where you created that wonderful seafood paella in your IKEA kitchen. We heard many courageous stories of ministries and travels, and you inspired us to combine our work with missions every chance we got.

You hired Jeremy in his first "real summer job" at the Coast Guard. He really loved it, and you trained him well. Work experience, thank you! Of course, we remember our visit to Belfast, when you shared your favorite places, even introducing your friends.

Having you as our tour guide made a huge difference in appreciating the story and struggles of Ireland. Thanks for your friendship shared in the Lord.

Retreats? We love you and thank God for your friendship.

Shirley and Steve

## Jan and Byron Brown

Byron and I met Marda via email, because of our mutual friend, Shirley Easton. For all the years that our paths must have crossed with many shared friends in and around Berkeley, it was in Belfast that we actually met Marda and Ward during Easter week of 2012.

Our daughter's marriage in Kinsale, Ireland, was what brought us to Europe. We had no plans to travel to Northern Ireland, but thanks to Shirley's introduction and Marda's welcoming invitation to visit Belfast and to witness the spectacular fireworks and opening of the new Titanic Exhibit, we took the train from Dublin to Belfast. Marda and Ward graciously picked us up at the train station and we stayed in a nearby hotel. We saw the fireworks and then we managed to get tickets to the opening exhibit that the four of us enjoyed. Our two day scheduled stay, was not nearly enough as Marda (with Ward a willing participant) made sure we fully experienced Belfast. It was a difficult time for Ward and Marda, as their church affiliation was in transition. On Easter Sunday, we all attended their new church home of Townsend Presbyterian Church. It was one of our most memorable Easter Sundays thanks to Marda and Ward's introduction to Rev. Jack Lamb who gave us a private personalized C. S. Lewis tour of Belfast.

At Marda's encouragement, our visit to Belfast was extended to include the Antrim Coast of Northern Ireland from the Giants Causeway to the Downhill Beach House, a hostel run by Ward and Marda's friends William and McCall. We were thrilled to follow Marda's lead as she took us here, there, and everywhere, including a surprise visit with Pastor Donna Quigley on the way to Derry. What an unforgettable pilgrimage. We are forever indebted to Marda for opening our eyes and hearts to the treasures and beauty of Northern Ireland.

Happy Birthday Marda! We look forward to the next adventure with you and Ward now back home. May God bless you as He blessed us with your warm hospitality.

Love,  
Jan and Byron







## Corrinne Hauger Blabon



One word added for each decade of Marda's life

- 1-Can
- 2- Can do
- 3- We can do
- 4- We can do well
- 5- We can do well now
- 6- We can do well now together
- 7-We can do well now creatively together!

Marda,

When I think of the essence of you, the phrase I like to describe you is that you are a "can do" person. I have enjoyed partnering with you to plan parties such as Bill Kellogg's 50th and several church social functions. You like to get others on the team, you are energetic, ready to try something new that may have a bit of risk and add your creative touch. I have many fond memories of bible study and other fun events with you and your family. I congratulate you on your 70th year!

Love and blessings,  
Corrinne

## Anne Marie Adams



Dearest Marda,

Thank you for being my friend. Life's journey is deeper and richer because of you.

~Anne Marie

"Many women do noble things,  
but you surpass them all."

Charm is deceptive, and beauty is fleeting;  
but a woman who fears the Lord is to be praised.  
Honor her for all that her hands have done,  
and let her works bring her praise at the city gate."

Proverbs 31:29-31







## On Friendship

*Kahlil Gibran*

Your friend is your needs answered.  
She is your field which you sow with love and reap with  
thanksgiving.  
And she is your board and your fireside.  
For you come to her with your hunger, and you seek her for peace.

When your friend speaks her mind you fear not the "nay" in your  
own mind, nor do you withhold the "ay."  
And when she is silent your heart ceases not to listen to her heart;  
For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all  
expectations are born and shared, with joy that is unacclaimed.  
When you part from your friend, you grieve not;  
For that which you love most in her may be clearer in her absence,  
as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.  
And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the  
spirit.  
For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is  
not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

And let your best be for your friend.  
If she must know the ebb of your tide, let her know its flood also.  
For what is your friend that you should seek her with hours to kill?  
Seek her always with hours to live.  
For it is hers to fill your need, but not your emptiness.  
And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and  
sharing of pleasures.  
For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is  
refreshed.