



Augustine A. Evans

November 14, 1911 - May 14, 2014

Augustine A. "Gutsy" Evans, 102, of Anderson, passed away on May 14, 2014 at the Millers Merry Manor in Chesterfield, IN. She was born on November 14, 1911 to Joseph and Martha Vozabal in Veseleyville, North Dakota. She taught at St. Malachy's Elementary School in Brownsburg, Indiana, for a number of years and was named one of the "Outstanding Elementary Teachers of America" in 1974. She taught from 1958 until her retirement in 1975.

Augustine is survived by her three children; Gerald and wife Barbara Evans of Strongsville, OH; Richard and wife Nancy Evans of Avon, IN; and Carolyn Lynn and husband Roger Hensley of Anderson, IN. She is also survived by her sister Marcella Barnett of Overland Park, KS, and by many grandchildren and great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her husband, Edward Ray Evans; one son, Edward Lewis Evans; brothers Joseph Clement and Lewis Clement, and sisters Wilemina Grennier, Vivian Damico, and Verona Valenta. The family would like to thank the staff at Miller's Merry Manor in Chesterfield for their devoted care. Visitation will be held Friday, May 16th from 6:00 pm to 8:00 pm at Robert D. Loose Funeral Homes & Crematory, 200 West 53rd St. Anderson, Indiana, with a Rosary service at 7:30 pm. Services will be Saturday, May 17th at 10:00 am at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Anderson with Monsignor Robert Sell officiating. Burial will take place at St. Malachy North cemetery in Brownsburg, IN. Memorial contributions may be made to St. Ambrose Catholic Church or to St. Vincent de Paul Society at 2801 Lincoln St, Anderson, IN.

Tribute Wall

“Augustine Evans aka Grandma I perceived my grandmas as softer, gentler moms. Moms work hard to take care of our needs, but grandmas move to a slower rhythm. I lived with Grandma several times in my life, and she taught me so many things. Some of my earliest memories are of sitting in her garden, where she showed me how to open the pea pods to eat the new peas inside. This kept me busy while she worked, growing the delicious food that she cooked for us. I think of her often as I work in my own garden and wish I could show her what I have done. I remember sitting at the counter with her on bread-baking days, rolling my own tiny ball of dough. I remember learning to crochet at her side over the years. There were so many times when I was frustrated by her rules: instructing me to wash my hands over again every time I touched my face or hair while cooking, and watching her pull out my stitches when she saw a mistake in my crocheting. I didn't realize at the time that she was teaching me to strive for excellence. During my high school days Grandma and I worked at the race track together in the concession stands. I usually slept at her house the night before work and she would make sure I was up and dressed and fed. When the season was very hot she would braid my hair around my head in a European style to help keep me cool. I still haven't mastered that style of braiding. In the days before my wedding Grandma attempted to prepare me with conversations about marriage while she altered my husband's suit. When I was soon pregnant she presented me with handmade maternity dresses. When I was a new mom she stayed with my kids so that I could go to work and then later so I could go to college classes at night. I could breathe easy leaving my babies with her, as I knew she would handle them as the treasures they were. We went to church together on Sundays, each of us minding one of the babies. She showed by her example that one is never too old to try something new. I remember clearly one Thanksgiving after she had quit driving. I invited her to come and stay with us for the holidays, but she was hesitant to allow me to come get her. Imagine my surprise when she called me from the Greyhound station, asking for a ride! She would have been around ninety years old at the time. Prior to that she surprised us with

her announcement that she was going to Europe with a cousin to trace the family tree. I think she covered the greater part of the Bohemian Empire in that trip, scouring local records. The older I got, the more she amazed me. This tiny, capable and determined woman was bilingual, taught in a one-room schoolhouse, raised four kids in a confined space using all those homemaking skills that have almost faded into oblivion, returned to teaching for decades, lost a husband and a son in the space of a few weeks, and went on to new adventures and a long life. She leaves us with quite a legacy and a lot to live up to.

Meg Ann - June 26, 2014 at 12:00 AM

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“*Ms. Gutsy was my mother, Thelma Mills', roommate at Miller's for a couple of months earlier this year. It was an honor to share that time with her, and our entire family extend to yours loving and sincere condolences. May The Lord comfort you all.*

Patty - June 26, 2014 at 12:00 AM

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“*Rest in peace grandma. Christine Evans*

Christine Evans - June 26, 2014 at 12:00 AM