

## **Lois Evans: A Memoir**

By Conner Welty

Lois Evans was born in the fall of 1917 just outside of St. Louis, Missouri. Her childhood was filled with many experiences, and her life was hardly dull. She loves music, and continues to share it. "I grew up with music," Mrs. Evans told us, remembering the events that came with being so involved with music.

She went to a convent, where she learned how to play violin from the nuns there. She remembered the surprise she got at a lesson one morning, when she wasn't performing. Her teacher questioned her about it, and Mrs. Evans confessed that she had skipped breakfast. The nun had laughed to her surprise, and then brought her something to eat.

Mrs. Evans continued with violin through college. She even got the chance to tour with a choir, as a violin soloist, and ended up majoring in it at William Woods University.

It was here that she met her husband, Bert Evans. He was a good looking, well mannered, young man, who Mrs. Evans didn't have trouble liking. At one point, she wanted to go on a date with him, but ran into some problems with the dorm rules. While in college, she had to get permission to leave the dorm room after certain times, but when she found out that she was on the honor role, Mrs. Evans didn't have to worry about missing the date.

Lois and Bert Evans ended up getting married on her parents' 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary, after Bert Evans proposed. "He made our story into a fairy tale... 'And then the prince finally decided to marry her...' he told me, and I said, 'I guess she said yes...'" Mrs. Evans remembered fondly how there wasn't a meal when her husband didn't say, "That was sure a good meal. Thank you."

Mr. Evans was a heavy smoker, and died of emphysema five years ago, after 57 years of marriage. Mrs. Evans smiled sadly when she remembered some of his smoking habits. She told us how he tried quitting by using a nicotine patch, but then while using it, went outside to smoke anyway. Mrs. Evans laughed when she told us what she said next: "Oh, Bert, you're getting a double dose now!"

When we asked Mrs. Evans about her attitude toward death, after hearing about her husband's death, she told us, "Life is like a flower that's been underground for all these years. When death comes, it is as if the flower finally blooms. There is glory in store for us."

Mrs. Evans currently lives in Hover Manor, and is having a wonderful time. She is very active, and loves it there. She still plays the violin, mostly at chapel services and special occasions; she even talks to some of her former students. She plans to stay at Hover Manor, live life to its fullest, surrounded by her friends and

family, and remember all of the great times she has experienced with music, college, and loved ones