

Margaret Frances Holmes Donald – Fannie

DOB: 05/29/1897
DOD: 05/23/1982
Interred: Antioch Cemetery, Carthage, Tx
Born: Texas
Father: John B Donald Sr.
Mother: Francis Jane Davis



Spouse: Charles Holman Donald
DOB: 06/30/1892
DOD: 01/25/1941
Married:
Children: None

Remembrances by Patricia Donald Mims:

What is to be said about "Aunt Fannie"? She was remarkable! She was the wife of my grandfather's brother Charlie. She was a widow. I never met Uncle Charlie. He was a soldier in World War II and passed away shortly after returning home. Unfortunately she and Charlie never had their own children and she never remarried. But she treated me as if I were her own.

She was the quintessential lady. We frequently spent summers at her home during the late 1960's and early 1970's. In October of 1968, I memorized the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States in her recliner while we visited Carthage to help with funeral arrangements for John B Donald Jr – my grandfather. I watched the Neil Armstrong take the first step on the moon sitting in that same recliner in her front room while we were visiting Carthage for summer vacation in July 1969. She had a lovely home at 210 Gaston Street in Carthage, Texas which holds many found memories for me.

As a young child she seemed ancient to me. And I guess she was, since in 1960 she was already sixty three years old when I was born. She was born before the turn of the century in a generation when everything was used and reused and used again. She saved bread ties, and bread bags, and rubber bands. She didn't lack for money, but she took in ironing for a little extra spending money. She told me once that one of her ironing clients had complained that she ironed more wrinkles into the clothes than they had before she started. I can remember being furious that anyone would treat my beloved Aunt with such disrespect.

July 13, 2006

Prepared by:
Patricia Donald Mims

John B Donald, Sr

She had a maid named Francis who did her cooking and cleaning when I was a child. Chicken was on nearly every menu – Chicken and Dumplings, Fried Chicken or some other kind of chicken. Sweet Potato Pie was her specialty. I was well into my teens before I would consent to eat pumpkin pie all. I wanted Aunt Fannies Sweet Potato Pie or nothing – thank you so much! To this day I have a low tolerance for chicken though. And oddly enough she never allowed the maid to cut up the chickens. She would cut them and then the maid would cook them. She was very particular about the chicken being cut up properly!

She regularly purchased a new Oldsmobile Delta 88 – and I don't believe she ever pumped gas into that vehicle herself. But in those day's few people did because full service stations were still on every corner and no lady would ever do something like that.

She was a big woman. She was not fat, but she was very tall – approaching six feet I would guess. She had her clothes made by hand and always wore dresses of the style of the picture above. She was always beautifully coifed and dressed daily. I never saw her in slacks – ever. I do remember she always wore black shoes – old style with a slight heel and laces. As a child I thought her shoes were very funny indeed. She loved to laugh and have a good time, but was very capable of corralling unruly kids if the need arose.

She had beautiful things in her house. I remember her collection of lady head vases that were on her coffee table. As a child I loved to touch them and look at them. I thought they were so beautiful! She had lovely furniture, and I had hours of fun sitting at the dressing tables with accompanied her bed room suites and combing my hair and primping in the huge dressing mirrors.

She was a regular member of the First Baptist Church of Carthage, Texas. She always sat on the last pew on the left in the isle seat as you entered the back door of the sanctuary. I attended many Sunday's and was privileged to sit with her and grow up with memories of being in church with her. Funny, but I do remember that she never sang during the song part of the service. I don't really know why.

Two of my greatest treasures are an antique kitchen clock that she gave to me at birth. It sat in my room as a child and it graces the mantel of my family room today. I also have a small, blue child's tea set that was a gift from her. It was well played with and love and

John B Donald, Sr

today occupies a position of honor in my formal living room in the curio cabinet with several other treasures. I am also fortunate enough to have the dining table over which we shared so many meals. Each day as my family eats dinner on this table the memories that rest on it are more precious. I loved my Aunt and shared meals with her over this table, and now my friends and family share meals with me on the same table. What a blessing!

I do remember she adored me and I adored her. One of the hardest visits I ever made was to her nursing home in July 1980 while on my honeymoon. She didn't recognize me and it broke my heart. She had a picture of me in her room from some years before and she couldn't understand that the more mature young woman standing before her was the same as the little girl in the picture. Her mind had been clouded by age. But I still loved her anyway and was very happy that my new husband had at least gotten to see this wonderful woman once before she passed away.

Fortunately, I have precious memories of this beautiful, graceful and stately woman who loved me dearly, and taught me so much about being a lady.