



Martha Ann Young

May 10, 1937 - November 25, 2020

Martha Ann (M.A.) Estes Young May 10, 1937--November 25, 2020

Growing up in Cape Girardeau, MO, daughter of Dutch and Frankie Estes, her stories often included living above Brinkopf-Howell Funeral Home, long road trips to FL and TX in the summer heat, and many dances and DEB events requiring finery most likely bought from Buckner's where she worked.

Remembering the end of the Depression and WWII, there were stories of rationing, Dutch making \$12/wk, and Frankie crawling out the window onto the hot tar roof gathering clothes off the line to be ironed. Seeing Duke Ellington's big band play across the river was memorable.

A 1955 CHS graduate, it was onto SEMO to be a teacher until age 20 when she married and departed from San Francisco on a freighter ship for a 16 day voyage to Guam to join my Father at the naval base. The sea was described "as blue as Carter blue ink" my entire life. The next two years were spent in a Quonset hut in the village of Agat where the beach was still littered with remnants of WWII artillery on Nimitz Hill. She taught 41 Guamanian 4th graders at a school on the beach with walls that opened to the ocean. Trips to Japan and the Philippines were talked about often. Back in a time when being on the other side of the globe was really being on the other side of the globe there were mostly Air Mail letters and packages, very rare phone calls, and a Western Union telegram to share the loss of her first child.

Returning stateside in 1959 to Alexandria, VA she continued to teach while the Pentagon and military was still part of her life. After moving back to Cape

and Edgewood Dr. from 1960-62 and substituting at Nell Hollcomb, an opportunity to move to NY arrived. The next 20 years were spent in Port Washington and Manhattan raising children and having indelible family experiences. She was an avid reader/writer/poet, active in church, a PTA/Girl Scouts/Brownies Mom and consummate entertainer. The last 5 years she spent working at Weber Jr. High School which was rich with lasting friendships and memories.

Moving back to Cape in 1981 she revived old friendships and made new ones at Parents Without Partners. A lot of time and attention went into organizing and participating in CHS reunions and luncheons over the years. For a while she was a journalist at Hooked on Fishing magazine and also started a literary group at Gibson House. Often you could find her sitting in the shade at Capaha Park reading her Daily Word. Christmas Eve midnight service at La Croix Church was always memorable. Seeing the Aurora Borealis in Alaska, blazing across Bull Shoals Lake under a full moon, a boat ride around Lake Arrowhead or cookie bake weekend in the woods...I could go on and on. Always central in her life were her parents who she dedicated many years of love and devotion to. The many Sunday brunches in St. Genevieve with the whole family gathering were special times.

She spent the last 12 years of her life enduring physical restraints and limitations that eventually brought her to Capetown. Spending most of her days in "her office" striking up relevant conversations, drawing and writing I told her not long ago she was the Kevin Bacon of Cape Girardeau. No matter who came in the door she could always figure out someone they had in common. It was impressive. The friendships she made there with the residents and staff were meaningful and fulfilling. It felt like home to us both.

Through all those chapters she was essentially MA. Impeccably coiffed, a legendary party planner and entertainer, elegant with a quick wit or an obscure historical anecdote, regal and dignified, always at the ready to help a friend in need. Someone you could count on through the good times and the

bad. A reliable woman. For decades she gave her gift of friendship freely with unconditional love to us all. How lucky were we to be in her presence which is now a palpable void.

She is survived by: A daughter Emily Estes Young of St. Louis, MO, daughter Anne Catherine (Robert) Anderson Tarpon Springs, FL, Niece Cathy (Chris) Moore, and son James, St. Louis, MO, Niece Christa (Don) Nichols, St. Louis, MO, and daughters Julia and Jessica, a special sister in law Peggy Estes, St. Louis, MO.

Preceded in death by: Parents, Frankie and Dutch Estes. A brother James Estes. An infant son David Craig. A very much loved grand-dog, Octavia Jade, who is keeping her company and most likely hoping for some cheese. She departed on November 25th, also Dutch's birthday. It felt like he came to get her that day and it did my heart good. Her love for her parents was immense. We know that Heaven's pantry will be infinitely stocked with Diet Coke, iced tea with lemon, Ritz Crackers, Kleenex and mints. May her celestial radio's reception always be loud and clear. We all love you deeply and you will be missed.

My words:

To the staffs of Capetown, Chateau Girardeau, St. Francis, Home Health and Ratliff Care Center: your years of dedication and professionalism do not go unnoticed. From one nurse to another you always had my back. Time after time you saved me from the brink and gave her the mental and physical strength and courage to keep going. More than once it seemed miraculous. It does take a village. Thank you.

To my stalwart friends and family who stuck with me in the trenches all these years, you are my people to the end of time. I will depend on your support as I work through my grief. I am grateful beyond measure.

My trip to see her this past March got cancelled because of pandemic. This year I missed her 83rd birthday and Mother's Day. I didn't get to do her nails,

take her for a ride, have dinner together or go around the Capetown grounds to look at the flowers before the summer sun went down and I headed back to St. Louis. Simple things that don't seem like much all the more missed in 2020.

Mom taught me to be curious about the world, respect humanity, appreciate language, embrace nature, write a thank-you note, fit in anywhere and have a damn good time. Growing up on Derby Rd. was magical because of her. Especially on Christmas morning. I am a sad daughter.

Recently, I found her yearbooks from the 1950s. I contacted the CHS librarian and asked if he would want them for the archives. Before they were dropped off I found 3 very worn, much older ones under hers. They were Frankie's from the mid 1920s. Staring back at me were nearly 100 years of history. Her history. My history. The History.

In the spring a celebration of life will be something to look forward to. We can gather and remember this remarkable woman I am so proud to call my Mother. The unique, the extraordinary and irreplaceable MA, whose beauty, both internal and external, will never be extinguished from our minds.

Tribute Wall

MS

“ I am sorry to hear of the loss of your beautiful Mother, I called Aunt Martha. My heart felt sympathies to Emily and Ann Catherine.
Martha (McDonald) Shreve, cousin

Martha McDonald Shreve - January 02, 2021 at 02:34 PM

CC

“ MA was one of my favorite people from the time I met her when I was 9 years old. She became such an important person to me over the years and I would even, eventually, call her my "faux" grandmother. I will miss my visits with her, her stories, her mints & chocolates and most of all, her love. Coming home to Cape will never be the same without seeing her. All my love MA. You will always be in my heart.

Courtney Cotner - December 17, 2020 at 08:00 PM

LB

“ Always looked forward to seeing Martha at Capetown. Her and Mom were always hanging out and having fun. She always asked about my horses and gave me mints before I left. Going to miss her but now her and Mom can meet at their table in heaven and continue their laughs. Glad I met her and was able to share some conversations with her. She loved her family. Will miss you Martha..... thoughts and prayers to the family. Laura B.

Laura B - December 16, 2020 at 08:09 PM

LE

“ Beautiful tribute to a remarkable woman.
Laura Eppolito

laura eppolito - December 16, 2020 at 05:48 PM

DA

“ 3 files added to the album Martha Ann



Dana - December 16, 2020 at 04:33 PM