



# Marie Antoinette Ash

SEP 18, 1941 - SEP 16, 2009



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## **Marie Antoinette Ash**

SEP 18, 1941 - SEP 16, 2009

**M**arie Antoinette Brodeur Ash, passed away on Wednesday, September 16, 2009 in a Galveston, TX medical center.

Beloved wife of over 10 years to Donald “Donny” Ash; loving mother to Shannon Stansbury, Wayne Heinrichs and Casey Heinrichs and his wife Heidi and children Hana and Coral; step-mother to Rici Walters and her husband Bubba and their children Meagan and Harley and Traci Mixon and her husband Thomas and their children Wrigley, Sam and Henry. She was preceded in death by her mother, Katherine Powers Brodeur; and her father Romeo Brodeur.

Age 67 years, she was a native of Springfield, MA, a resident of Henderson, NV, and a former resident of Covington/Mandeville, LA for most of her life. She retired as a Registered Nurse with Southeast Louisiana Hospital.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the Celebration of her Life on Monday, September 21, 2009 at 11:00 AM at the Chapel at E.J. Fielding Funeral Home, 2260 West 21st. Ave., Covington, LA 70433.

The gathering of family and friends will begin at 9:00 AM.

Interment will follow in Pinecrest Memorial Gardens.



## Tribute Wall

**Marie Antoinette Ash**

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CA

**Caroline Abreu** posted:

Thinking of you today, my wonderful friend. Your spirit and joy will always be a part of what I remember best, and your loyalty and love along with it. We had many adventures and held hands through some interesting times. I am proud to have known you and called you friend, to have been part of your life and that of your family. You are perpetually loved.

May 31 at 3:00 PM

KB

**Karen Begin** posted:

Toni blessed this world with a warm smile and an endless supply of energy. Her biggest gift to my small piece of the world through her son Shannon is a living testament of her amazing spirit. My sympathy goes out to family and friends.

October 11 at 9:23 AM

SH

**Shannon** posted:

There is a buddhist saying i've always held dear.."Embrace the ten thousand joys and the ten thousand sorrows" When one is at the bottom of a wave they can look up to the top of that wave and easily see how blessed their life truly is. A wise woman recently expressed this to me in this manner..."Our sorrow can only be as great as our happiness has been and this sorrow will only hollow out more space for the happy to fill and live inside of" My mother was a yankee turned southern. She was born in massachusetts and through a series of adventures only life can bring us she ended up spending more of her years in southern louisana than any where else. I remember when i was young she would constantly correct my l's; "No shannon it's l not ah" While she never developed a southern accent, she slowly became a southern woman in spirit, in lifestyle, in food....well, no, not in food. She loved our food but she never really figured out how to cook it. A new england boiler and salter through and through, and always wanted to know if it was hot enough.

September 29 at 4:11 PM



## Tribute Wall

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SH

**Shannon** posted:

She was a woman with an indomitable will; if she disagreed with you it was because you were wrong. She had a gypsy wanderlust soul, a desire to see what was around the next corner, what new marvels lie in wait along the open road. She had a deep burning love for yard sales, swap meets and thrift stores. Always carried this idea of finding magical treasures hidden amongst the castaway items, and anyone who was ever in her home can bare testament to how adept she was at finding them. All of these things she instilled in me. To this day I have a hard time driving by a yard sale. The Japanese have a word "Wabi". It is a word for them that expresses the concept of beauty through imperfection. If you fire ten green vases and one of them ends up with an off color stripe in it that is the beautiful one. It's imperfection sets it apart from the other nine. There is a great line in the poem of Beowulf..."remember me not as a hero, but as a man flawed and imperfect" My mother was a woman like any other who made mistakes and did the best she could. My mother was a woman like no other, unique and beautiful because of her imperfections, her flaws. And I believe this is how we should remember her. This is how we truly honor the woman she was.

September 29 at 4:11 PM

SH

**Shannon** posted:

A traditional Irish Funeral Blessing Death is nothing at all It does not count I have only slipped away into the next room Everything is as it was The old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged Whatever we were to each other we are still Call me by the old familiar name Speak of me in the easy way which you always used Put no sorrow in your tone Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together Play, smile, think of me, pray for me Let my name be ever the household word that it always was Let it be spoken without effort Life means all that it ever meant, It is the same as it ever was There is unbroken continuity Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near, just around the corner All is well, nothing is hurt, nothing is lost One brief moment and all will be as it was before How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again

September 29 at 4:09 PM

ME

**Mary Engel** posted:

I worked with Toni until she retired and moved. We kept in contact for awhile and then our correspondence faded. She was a fair and honest person with a great spirit. I will miss her. My deepest sympathy to Donny and Shannon.

September 21 at 8:05 AM



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ME

**Mary Engel** posted:

I worked with Toni until she retired and moved, we kept in touch via email for awhile and then it faded. I will miss her just knowing she isn't here. My deepest sympathies to Shannon and Donnie. I regret that I am unable to attend her service.

September 21 at 6:55 AM

JG

**Julie Bernard Gomez** posted:

My deepest sympathies to you and your family, Shannon. I know she's going to be greatly missed.

September 20 at 11:48 AM



# **Memories only last if you share them**

Join us in honoring Marie by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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