



Dorothy Marie Rodgers

December 26, 1932 - August 10, 2017

‘Jesus put a yodel in her soul.’ Dorothy “Marie” Rodgers, 85, saw her Savior face to face on August 9, 2017. There will be no service at this time at the request of the family. A tribute of Marie’s life may be found at www.andersonbethany.com where you may leave memories and expressions of sympathy for her family.

Marie was born on December 26, 1931, in Clarinda, Iowa, to Arthur and Gladys Freemyer. In 1951, she married the love of her life, David ‘Terry’ Rodgers who preceded her in death. If Marie was involved in something, it was with great passion. Her dedication to her Heavenly Father was known by all who knew her, first and foremost. A very close second was her husband, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Marie was a tireless homemaker, even being awarded by the Home Extension Agency as a Master Cook. She spent countless hours volunteering for her church and Cowboy Camp Meetings. Marie will long be remembered for her ‘Yodel.’ She loved to sing, sew, read and feed wild birds.

A small bundle of a woman with so much love to give – whether in her mountain home, to the people of Weed and her church family, or to the many people whose lives she touched over the 85 years she lived on this earth. She was a true reflection of God’s love.

Surviving to cherish and honor Marie’s memory are sons: Layne Rodgers and wife, Ellen, David Rodgers and wife, Vickie; daughter, Jerusha Tucker and husband, Kevin; 8 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren.

Tribute Wall



“ *Dorothy Marie Rodgers*

December 29, 2022 at 05:26 PM



“ *When I became part of the Doyel family in the early 1990's, it was not long before I began hearing stories of the many special times they had shared with the Rodgers clan. Beginning with their early days in the Air Force, Marie and Terry and all the kids occupied a special place in their hearts. I think Mike and Layne could fill a book with their adventures. We re-connected with them as we began to visit NM some years later and I learned why they were such special friends. I was welcomed into the family and after our son, David, was born he considered them to be his grandparents. Both of my folks were gone by then, so it was quite some time before he understood that they were "adopted". How many special days we spent at the little house on the mountain.....I will never forget a ride in the back of the old pickup down the very bumpy, steep driveway on our way to pick apples, laughing all the way! I thought for sure we would lose someone off the back! More recently we hosted Marie by herself whenever we would visit. Her zest for life continued, but was tinged with loneliness for Terry. I take great comfort in knowing they are together again. I cannot begin to explain the impact that both Terry and Marie had on me personally. They will remain forever as role models to me and my family.*

*With love and sympathy,
Lynda Doyel*

Lynda Doyel - September 27, 2017 at 01:52 PM

JT

“ Attempting to share one memory is impossible for me. As far back as I can remember Marie has been in my life, over distance & years. I am especially thankful that I had a wonderful phone visit with her on August 8, 2017. I was meant to call her that day. It was a blessing to hear what a busy & special summer she had.

I love that I was able to live a couple of summers with Marie & Terry while they lived at the Glorieta Conference Center. (1980 & 1981) I worked on the grounds in housekeeping. It was always so nice to be "home" & have delicious meals together in the kitchen prepared by Marie (Rema) There was always a story to share around the table. We went on hikes, trips to Santa Fe & occasionally all the way to Albuquerque (probably for a doctor appt) never a dull moment.

The greatest hospitality extension was given to Bob Tomlinson after we met in Glorieta. He was welcome to visit anytime. Bob proposed to me that first summer. Upon our return the following year he too was treated like family: always accepted and loved. We got to share life together in Marie & Terry's home. In fact Bob was a recipient of a personal hair permanent from Marie. That was a blast. She probably laughed to most that day!

I was treated just like one of their own children. That was a constant in my life. I am thankful for so many things taught to me from the time I was about 3 years old. We got to go camping, hiking, road trips, singing, some crying, and always lots of laughter. A favorite memory was getting Pecos Valley Diamonds together. Remembering brings happiness to my heart.

*Wishing my cousins comfort at this time of loss in our family.
All my love and prayers
Always,
Jeanie Tomlinson*

Jeanie Tomlinson - August 29, 2017 at 12:57 PM

“ Both Marie and Terry, her husband who preceded her to heaven, have been very dear to me for 46 years. They accepted me as one of their own and that involved many nights around a campfire and days of hiking and jokes. So many memories..... just the day after her passing, before I knew of it, I had written up the episode of the man who told the story of his coat being given to him by Billy the Kid. I had questions from my memory, so I planned to get Marie's version when she came to see me again this weekend.

One of my favorite memories of Marie took place in Missouri. She, and Terry, stopped yearly around the beginning of the school year, on their way to the Old Thresher's Meeting. The first year we lived in Missouri, the bus came to pick up my kids for school while we were lounging around the breakfast table. The kids raced out the door and Marie jumped up saying, "I forgot to yodel for them!" She ran out onto the front porch in her short little nightgown and robe, and began yodeling across the large yard to the waiting school bus and all those kids. My girls never forgot it and, in fact, that became a yearly ritual when she visited.

Marie always made me feel so included, but that was part of her magic. She pulled everyone she touched into her circle and made them feel love and acceptance. Her recollection of memories was limitless, and recounting those memories with laughter was one of her many gifts.

I am so thankful I recently had a few days with Marie. In the last few years, she stayed with my mother and I when she went to Nogal Cowboy Camp, and I had accompanied her Saturday and Sunday this year. One day while she was getting ready, I was playing the piano and asked her if she and Terry had had a song they considered 'their song.' She told me there were many, but that "I Want to Stroll Over Heaven With You" was probably the one they liked best. That weekend she had talked often about how sweet her relationship with Jesus had become in these years of being alone, and how she so deeply looked forward to being with Terry again as

they gazed into the face of their Savior, Jesus.

I want to share what I have seen clearer than ever before with Marie's passing. One of my favorite scriptures is Genesis 50:20. Joseph's brothers were scared of what he might do to them when Joseph told them, "Don't be afraid. What the enemy [Satan] meant for evil, God meant for good." With Marie, Satan played his worst card - death - and gloated thinking he had won. But this is the beauty! At the very second that Satan thought his was the victory- that's when God's victory was manifest! That second, Marie was ushered onto Heaven's golden shore, into the waiting arms of Jesus, and now she is Strolling Over Heaven holding Terry's hand for eternity!

Just a couple of days before passing, Marie called me to thank me for a book I had sent. We talked of God's working and she had me sing a song to her - " Four Days Late." The last thing she said to me was, "You know, you are like family - you ARE family and I love you." I will miss you so, Marie, but will see you soon. Thank you for the memories.....

Elaine Park

Elaine Park - August 20, 2017 at 06:17 PM

LR

Thank you, Elaine , for being friends with, and loving my Mother and Pop so much.

My favorite memories of Mother are also of her singing. She sang to me, and taught me so many old children's songs that I still sing to little'uns today, remembering her fondly while I sing.

*Thanks ,
Layne Rodgers. 8/24/2017*

Layne Rodgers - August 24, 2017 at 11:04 PM