



Rosemary Minch

December 26, 1926 - November 19, 2020

Rosemary Minch, born on December 26, 1926, in Elyria, Ohio, passed away on November 19, 2020 in Temecula, California where she resided for 14 years. She was a long-time resident of Glendora, California where she and her husband of 53 years lived after moving from Ohio in 1955. She spent most of married life as a dedicated homemaker and mother until she joined the outside workforce in the 1970/1980s.

She had many hobbies over the years. During her adult life, she enjoyed knitting, crocheting, and sewing. Because of her Catholic upbringing, she then learned how to make rosaries to donate them to Christian organizations. Much of her artistic talent was displayed in painting ceramics, and in her very golden years, she became very enthusiastic about coloring books as a favorite pastime.

One standout joy was her love of cooking. She became quite the chef through the years, feeding many family and friends her fabulous, delicious meals. Perhaps it began in her childhood visiting and working on her grandparents' farm and later expanding her skills by growing and cooking her own vegetables and herbs from her garden.

She was ever fervent and steadfast in her Catholic faith, particularly the SSPX, the Society of Saint Pius X, a society that promotes the traditional Catholic priesthood the celebration of the traditional Latin Mass and sacraments.

Rosemary joins her parents, Paul and Rose, husband, Bill, brother, Jack, and sons, Bill Jr. and Greg in heaven. She is survived by brother, Mike, and sister, Julie, daughters Barbara and Rose Marie, nine grandchildren, eighteen great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.

Graveside service will be held on Thursday, December 10, 2020 at Riverside National Cemetery.

Comments



“ Ah Rosemary, what a gal, taller than me as a kid, mostly always smiling but don't hit her brow-bunch button, she would let you know you did.

Rosemary and sister Marge were two peas in a pod and both were a little older than I was but I wanted to hang out with them (I was about 10-12, and they surely didn't want me hanging with them. So.....one time on the farm, they concocted a plan, "Lets play Cowboys and Indians", so I thought that was the start of fun trio. I said ok and they commenced to seek me (the Indian) out in the weeds. They found me, captured me and tied me to a tree! Then they skipped away to enjoy the day by themselves. My screams brought my Aunt Florence who told me to shut-up you big baby.

Later in life - when Sylvia and I visited Rosemary in California, she told me that she didn't think she was a very pretty teenager and I told her that had I not been a cousin, I found her attractive and would have liked to see where that could have gone.

Bye Rosemary, say hi to Sister Marge, and watch for me, it wont be long.

Cousin Richard

Richard Herman - January 05, 2021 at 10:00 AM



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Rose Fiechter - December 08, 2020 at 05:57 PM