



Carolyn Alice Misterek

August 16, 1939 - November 12, 2018

Celebration of Life to follow in upcoming new year.

Tribute Wall



“ *Carolyn Alice Misterek*

January 28, 2023 at 02:51 PM

“ It was my privilege to have been the classmate of Carolyn's for 12 years. At Eastham there were two classrooms per grade level, students assigned alphabetically so that she and I were in the very same room for those first six years.

Carolyn was smart and diligent, dependable and always did her best. She had a quiet and even demeanor and temperament that were reassuring to all of us, her classmates. In short, she made us an even better class, one that felt like family, to me, at least, and she strove to be always a good and true friend. In large measure, she and others like her meant that I never made a bad friend there, nor did any of them ever disappoint me.

I was looking at our 9th grade and senior yearbooks, *The Hesperian*, and in junior high Carolyn was in Honor Society, glee club, volleyball and on cheer staff. In high school she continued all through in Honor Society, was in International Relations Club, *Hesperian* staff, the Senior play, and was a princess at the winter prom. Much like the consummate classmate.

A couple of anecdotes from grade school that only she and I shared and perhaps she never remembered them. In 5th grade we had Mrs Richardson for our teacher in that last year of using the old two-story frame structure built in 1892. Carolyn and I would usually be the first ones to finish with our daily math assignments. One day Mrs Richardson called us to her desk and explained that she wanted us to work on math independently, doing every problem of every book assignment, and then get the answer book off her desk and grade our own papers. I think we were a bit competitive, but in the end I beat her by a good month, if my memory isn't a bit ambitious regarding that margin

However, the next year in 6th grade, I think she had her revenge, even though she well may not have been seeking any. At one point, at least, we sat across from one another and we were talking. That year, at least until our teacher, Mr Skow, was called back up in the

Air Force for the Korean War, he was our very first male room teacher, and Carolyn was wondering how old he was. She said she thought she'd go up and ask him. Somehow knowing proper etiquette in this instance, I pleaded her not to, as I had been told it was impolite to ask elders their age. We discussed this somewhat more and then, seemingly with no memory how it came about, she had me going up to Mr Skow and straight forwardly asking, "How old are you, Mr Skow?" Without hesitation, he emphatically said, "Shut up, Dick, and sit down." Totally embarrassed, I sheepishly returned to my seat, and for all these, what, 68 years? I've failed to recall how she pulled that Tom Sawyer maneuver on me, completely switching the tables.

Thanks for the memories and good friendship, Carolyn. You will be missed.

Richard Drumm - January 18, 2019 at 10:17 PM