

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Saturday, July 08, 2023 from 3~7 pm

Story Women's Club

28 N. Piney Rd.

Story, WY 82832

Please join us for the memory hike tomorrow at Paradise Falls.

"Love ya... Bye!"

We have gathered to celebrate the life of Connie Scigliano. Some might say she died too young. By today's standards, that is true. But Connie packed more life into her 58 years than many people who make it to 100. For Connie's was a life well-lived. Despite the insidious disease that robbed her of body and of her mind, Connie's irrepressible spirit gives us cause to *celebrate* that life.

Connie lived her life with passion. One of those passions was wildlife. During the pursuit of her degree in Wildlife Management, she worked on one of the early Black Footed Ferret survey crews and was fortunate enough to see several of the remaining ferrets in the wild. Later, to the chagrin of her future Mother-in-law, she "ground-up" prairie dogs as part of a ferret nutritional study.

On a tour of Denali National Park, Connie spotted a Wolverine near the road and screamed "Wolverine!" All on the bus (Except her red-faced husband) turned in unison with an annoyed, "Shh!" But the remonstrance did not suppress Connie's enthusiasm when the bus came across a grizzly sow with two cubs, digging out a ground squirrel on the side of the road. "Bear!" she cried, to which the bus load (*Including* her husband) responded with, "Shh!" That was Connie- full of the wonder of wild animals.

All cannot forget her love of Moose. Perhaps because Moose are, like Connie, larger than life. She was always up for a Moose viewing tour and constantly tried to beat her one-day viewing record (17 individuals). One might speculate Connie's captivation ...no, *obsession* with Moose, inspired the popularity of the large cervid. Yes, Connie was the original Moose fashionista.



Another passion was that of creativity. Connie was an accomplished wool felter, creating many beautiful designs. She was a Master Gardener who had a way of putting together a variety of plants into a unified whole that were truly works of art. She dabbled in stained glass, welding, scrapbooking and sewing. Connie was an excellent cook and baker and those who tasted her biscotti or cannoli will surely miss them.

Connie loved to travel. Italy, Iceland, Alaska, Costa Rica, the Galapagos Islands, Hawaii, Africa, Hudson Bay, Germany, Finland, Mexico, Quebec... if it was out there, Connie was eager to see it for herself.

For Connie, the World was a great, big, beautiful place, just waiting to be explored.

Connie's greatest passion was people. She often remarked she had gone to Africa for the wildlife and ended up loving the *people*. Connie was full of life, laughter and love. She lit up a room like a June day, glowing with enthusiasm for living, full of newness... for new places... new experiences... *new people*.

Connie loved spending time with folks. Even toward the end, when she was no longer able to articulate it, she appreciated all the many visits from friends and family. She would ask about the families of her visitors and wanted to keep abreast of "goings on." Connie was so tuned-in to others; when Niels and Jeanette made what was to be their last "Connie Visit" in October of 2022, Connie was able to recognize her "granddaughter" Carla's voice without seeing her.

One should also remember Connie placed dogs and cats in the same category as people. Niki, Luke, Ranger, Jake, Jake the Cat and Rowdy Cat were all dear to her. But she had a special place in her heart for a beast...er...a cute little terrier (Terror-er) named Zeb (Rat Dog). Connie's devotion to a dog that never met a hand he didn't want to bite, was a textbook case of unconditional love.



Connie loved talking on the telephone and she almost always ended a conversation with... "Love ya... Bye!"

We all loved Connie and, unfortunately, it is time for us to say... "Bye!" But we may be comforted by knowing Connie was too busy *living* to fear *dying*. Her's was a life well-lived; Her's was a life to celebrate.

Bruce

Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom

*Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender
gloom:*

*And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the
dead!*

*Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou - who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.*

Lord Byron ~ Hebrew Melodies #8



*Donations in memory of Connie may be made to:
The Hub on Smith- Dementia Care Department
211 Smith Street, Sheridan, WY 82801
or
Campbell County 4-H Council
412 South Gillette Ave., Gillette, WY 82716*

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October 27, 1964 ~ March 03, 2023