



Barbara J. Lowell

February 26, 2023

Feb 26th, surrounded by her family after a brief and courageous battle with cancer.

Barb was born in Iowa, where she grew up with her parents Dillon and Dorothy Dawson Lowell, and sister Pat. She was active in music, school activities, and sports, and represented Fairfield High School at Girls State. She graduated from Iowa State Teachers College where she met her future husband. After graduation they married and moved to Rochester NY and she began teaching vocal music.

While raising her three children Barb was busy in the Scottsville community as a Camp fire Girls leader, softball coach, presenting pioneer reenactments, and holding picnics, (which included a scavenger hunt) for each of her children's classes every spring. As her kids got older and busier she began a career in real estate which gave her the flexibility to attend their concerts and games (where you could usually find her knitting in the stands). Once her kids were grown, Barb packed her van and took a cross-country trip, camping and visiting friends along the way. This adventure was a highlight of her life. She then settled in Arizona for about a decade where she made many great friends. While there she organized an annual picnic for Rochester area transplants where hundreds of pounds of zweigles were flown in for the festivities.

As the grandchildren appeared she found the distance too great, and moved back to Rochester. Grammy liked nothing more than being with them jumping in puddles, playing wii or board games, making forts out of blankets, flying to Zork on the swing, and teaching them to save the worms who were stranded on the driveway after the rain.

Barb was the perfect mix of midwest sensibility and fierce individuality. She was deeply interested in world cultures and spirituality, and always championed the underdog. She was a voracious reader and had an extensive vintage book collection of Native American and Women's history.

She loved to work with her hands, and many many friends and family received handmade gifts over the years, including hand stitched quilts and blankets. She loved to try recipes from all over the world. She hugged trees, whistled to the birds who whistled back, foraged for wild grapes and hickory nuts, and was addicted to ice cream. She loved the arts, chocolate, hugs, Letchworth Park, thunderstorms, and corny jokes. For more than half of her life she had the following quote by Eleanor Roosevelt posted where she would

see it every day: "You must do the thing you think you cannot do."

The last year was very difficult for Barb after losing her daughter and then being diagnosed with cancer. She fought hard and kept her sense of humor right up to the end. When realizing that the fight was about over she said "There are so many books I still wanted to read."

Family and friends will celebrate Barb's life at a date to be determined, when it's warm enough for the ice cream truck to come.

Predeceased by daughter Lauri. Missed by daughter Lisa Scott, son Darrell Scott (Lynn), grandchildren Ben, Nik, and Shealei, as well as many friends and family members across the country. Donations to the Ronald McDonald House or the charity of your choice.