



Lorna Ann Ford

January 9, 1959 - September 15, 2023

If anyone could fit a Queen size bed into a tiny Mitsubishi convertible, it'd be Lorna Ann Ford---aka Lorna Doone, Mucker, Sissy, Lorna Doone Buggy, Mucks, Sis, Sweet Pea---daughter of Willa O'Quinn and Hugh Wallace. Born January 9, 1959 in Kansas City, Missouri, Lorna departed this world on September 15, 2023, at the age of 64.

Master thrifter, negotiator, garage saler, and bargain hunter, she'd snab an Italian leather Dooney & Bourke purse for .75 cents. "Anything else for sale?" she'd ask Saturday mornings after near-wrecks, stalls, and swerves to follow illegible yard sale signs. Suddenly, you'd find yourself inside a stranger's house who sold their living rooms with no original intent to. Lorna chased the next thrill, the next 'find.' To know Lorna is to have disassembled, reassembled, loaded, rearranged, and unloaded walnut or cherry furniture up and down stair flights. To be around her is to have been strong, literally, as she had a taste for granite and marble.

"Can you read this?" she'd ask, zebra print eyeglasses perched on her nose. "Does it say 357?" She examined jewelry for marks of authenticity while bent over in boxes and bags, searching beyond closing hours. This value-seeking paralleled Lorna's hobby for house hunting. She gravitated toward the abandoned and dilapidated (always peering inside their broken windows). Houses that were inhabitable but heavy with charm and off-the-beaten-path in

ways that only Lorna could find. Infinitely the dreamer, she envisioned spiral staircases even in the rubble. Most often, Lorna's 'finds' were broken but could always be revived. This mentality directly translated to Lorna's life purpose as a nurse.

Lorna caregave in the toughest environments for society's most vulnerable: in long-term acute care facilities, nursing homes, dialysis clinics, and inside homes of brain-injured children. The critically fragile were the authentic, the real, the immensely valuable 'finds' that Lorna devoted her existence to. She pulled triples and worked graveyards for the terminally ill. She was always the patients' favorite. Even in the most severe circumstances, Lorna was playful with a wickedly dark humor that had a vicious bite. Will we ever truly laugh again? She was the blonde, 5'9, hour-glass-busty 'girlfriend' to the dying. She rubbed feet with peppermint oil, danced to Motown in Alzheimer wards, placed orchids in room windows, and administered extra morphine. She was a sensitive empath and healer though her own health was punctuated with wars. To Lorna, everyone of value was worth the immense toils of her own body.

Think of Lorna in these things: chocolate malt whoppers---her last meal, elegant knee-length winter coats, street smart swag, Estee Lauder's Beautiful, Elizabeth Arden's Red Door and White Shoulders, Diet Coke, Italian mobster movies (Frankie and Johnny), 60's/70's rock n' roll, slot machines, the violent tenderness of constant threats that she "oughta knock your damn head off," Nigerian fish stews, cowboy westerns, silk or cotton nightgowns, Haagen Daz Chocolate Peanut Butter ice cream, speeding up and down Smithville gravel roads in a black Fiero to make her daughters' stomachs drop while blasting Nirvana, a good thunderstorm, a masterfully cooked combination fried rice with extra crispies, fancy Eastern-style rugs, animated scary storytelling, '90s grunge. Reminiscing on childhoods and riotous escapades with her sisters, brothers, and life-long friends. Her poetic, singular way of describing people

and the harsh injustices of life with comedic absurdism.

Lorna was ox-strong, blunt, resilient, and a fighter---traits that she somehow balanced with softness, safety, warmth, and extreme comfort for her loved ones. After an almost 9 year battle with lymphoma and brain cancer, Lorna's heaven is a giant country house with a wrap-around porch, a skunky breeze, a horse to simply stare at, a pond full of sunfish or perch, a screen door that perpetually opens and shuts to her puffs of Winston 100s as she sits in a wicker rocker with a cup of coffee that's strong as triple-roasted-gasoline topped with Bailey's, a periwinkle (her favorite color) sunrise, a 300+ point game of Sunday Scrabble, and 75% clearance markdowns.

In a blessed gift of reciprocating the level of care that Lorna provided others, an entourage of nursing staff, family and friends served as collaborative caregivers for Lorna in her final days of hospice at home. Lorna became not the favorite nurse, but the favorite patient. Her head was stroked until she fell asleep. She was read to. Her feet were massaged with lavender oil. She received rosehip facials, 'spiders' on her back, 5-star breakfasts, pre-rolled joints, elephant knick knacks (with trunks thrust up-ward for good luck), a delivered piano at the foot of her bed, factories of Nutter Butters, extra morphine, hot-delivered-home-cooked meals at precisely 11:00-11:15 a.m., a chaplain who played bedroom concerts of Lorna's personally requested Guns 'N Roses and Radiohead, neighbors who dropped off garden tomatoes, gooseberries, lemon balm and ripe peaches. She was sang to sleep with the same songs that she sang to her children: Bette Midler's "The Rose," The Fugees "Killing Me Softly," Sam Cooke's "A Change is Gonna Come," and Sly and the Family Stone's "Que Sera Sera."

We'll remember your tight-gripped hold of our fingers at life's end and pretend it was both your ferocious affection and mistaking our hands for waffles.

You're looking upon us with heavily-eyelashed-hazel-eyes, seeing what's happening in the world today, ringing a bell above the clouds for a cookie.

Lorna was preceded in death by brother, Hugh Wallace (who is likely already pissed off by loading a 400-pound-something for Sis in his truck---we hear furniture legs scraping heaven's floors); sister, Pati Wallace; father, Hugh Wallace Sr.; grandmother, Fern O'Quinn; and nephew, Alex Huber. Eagerly awaiting you in our dreams:

mother, Willa O'Quinn; daughters, Danielle Lea Buchanan and Tiffany Ford; sisters, Cathy Finch, Rena Bowman, Julie Smith, Chanda Clough; brother, Ted Huber; grandchildren, Elizabeth, Victoria, Jennah, and Frankie; the Sheeks; the Lebanon crew; and her teacup chihuahua, Minnie Moo aka. Missus Penny.

In honor of Lorna, please partake in a Long Island Iced Tea, dream steeper, advocate for ADA compliant handicap accessibility, inflame the less fortunate with love, donate to food pantries to ensure food security, promote mental health and addiction awareness, and listen to Chris Cornell's "Say Hello to Heaven" at full volume. We love you with more love than the universe has ever known.

Tribute Wall

CF

“ *I miss you so very much beautiful sis!*

cathy finch - November 06, 2023 at 12:33 PM

CF

“ *Sissy - I sure am going to miss you more than you could ever know, but so glad you are no longer in pain and flying high! Cat*

Cathy Finch - September 18, 2023 at 02:08 PM