



Nellie Elvira Klipfel

December 13, 1918 - November 8, 2019

Nellie Elvira (Medlock) Klipfel passed away on November 8, 2019, at her home in New Castle, Colorado. She was 100 years old, being one month and 5 days away from her 101st birthday. Nellie was born on December 13, 1918, in Darien, Missouri. Her parents were Henry and Daisy Schafer of Salem, Missouri. She had one brother, Frank Schafer and two sisters, Dorthy Klipfel and Lillian Merritt.

Nellie was married to Donal Medlock on September 10, 1939. They enjoyed life together for 34 years until Donal passed away in November 1973. Nellie remarried to Vester Klipel of Benton, Missouri on July 31, 1976, They were happily married about 26 years before Vester passed away in January 2002.

She is survived by her daughter, Donna Scarlett, son-in-law John Scarlett of New Castle, Colorado and by her granddaughter, Ambra Scarlett, who lives in Adelaide, South Australia. Nellie had a large and loving extended family which includes many nieces and nephews and even great, great, great, nephews and nieces. She loved them all and was well-loved by all.

Nellie had a long, active and happy life. She loved baseball and basketball, especially her St Louis Cardinals and Denver Nuggets. She was an avid fisherwoman and loved being on the lakes around her home all year round. Nellie was often at the Hotsprings Pool where she had many friends. They

could be seen and heard singing together in groups, walking back and forth to the ropes or doing exercises in the hot pool almost every morning for many years.

During her lifetime, Nellie saw many changes. Horses gave way to automobiles, airplanes became a common form of travel and a man even walked on the moon. Through it all Nellie kept her sense of humor and unique perspective on life. She shared many stories and songs with her family and friends. Nellie will be greatly missed.

In Lieu of Flowers, Memorial Contributions may be made in memory of Nellie Klipfel to the Breast Cancer Foundation and left at Wilson Mortuary.

Online Condolences may be entered at www.wilsonmortuary.com

Previous Events

Visitation

NOV **30**. 11:00 AM - 1:00 PM (CT)

Wilson Mortuary - Salem
1000 West Scenic Rivers Blvd.
Post Office Box 45
Salem, MO 65560
(573) 729-5555
<https://www.wilsonmortuary.com/>

Service

NOV **30**. 1:00 PM (CT)

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Tribute Wall

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“ *My Meme (grandmother) was a major part of my life growing up. She lived just 'down the hill' from us and I spent most afternoons with her after school. She read my textbooks out loud to me to help me study and we talked a lot about how much she loved learning and wished she had had the chance for more schooling as she was growing up. She always loved science and social studies best... especially when I was in middle school.*

Meme taught me how to hit a baseball with a ridiculously chunky big red plastic bat and whiffle-ball or tennis ball. That was until I was big enough to hit too hard and bounce it off the side of her house. We had to stop then. She always thought that was really funny. When I was coaching she'd sometimes come up and watch or help me with the kids - she was a real firecracker and would often joke with the kids that 'if I can beat you to first base you're not trying hard enough'. My youngest group of kids were very upset any time Meme couldn't come watch their games because she was their good luck charm and they were afraid they'd lose without her.

If Meme could have fished every day I think she would have. I have 2 favorite fishing memories. One is when we walked across the road and found a way down the bank to fish in the Roaring Fork River. It was incredibly steep - and Meme said 'Let me walk in front so if you fall I can catch you'. The other was one day up on Sweetwater Lake ice fishing. It was incredibly cold and everyone else wanted to go - but not me and my Meme. So they all packed up and Meme and I decided to stay until they were at the truck then we'd go across. When Mom honked the truck horn to let us know that they made it there Meme and I reeled in our lines and grabbed our bag to go. Meme said 'I'll race ya!' and took off running across the ice to the truck. I'm sure she was in her late 70s or 80s for both of those but that wasn't old for her - it was quintessentially Meme. She could do anything.

When I moved down to Australia I didn't get to see Meme nearly as often as I would want. We still talked regularly on the phone and

wrote letters back and forth. I sent her at least one letter a week and she'd keep all her stories saved up and write back to me. I felt like I was still able to talk to her even from a distance (Meme didn't email and didn't care much for computers). I really missed that once she lost her sight and would still send letters or emails to my Mom to read to her.

I was a teacher here in Australia for a long time and my students enjoyed hearing stories of Meme's many adventures. The kids thought she sounded really cool and they wanted to know all about her when we would talk about people that had an influence on us. They thought she sounded so exotic and exciting that they asked if she could be our class mascot - which Meme thought was funny. So even from afar she had an impact on people who heard about her.

That's also clear now in my new job where people always asked about her and wanted to know how she was doing. Many of my friends here never had the chance to meet her but they loved her just the same. They called her a legend and an inspiration.

I could honestly go on here for pages and pages more... these are just the first few memories that came to mind but there are thousands that could have been equally important to include. That's what happens when you love someone like I loved her.

I'll miss my Meme but I know she's just where she'd want to be now and waiting for us all to get there to be with her again.

Ambra Scarlett - November 24, 2019 at 08:16 PM