



W. Dorene (McDow) Booth

February 18, 1932 - July 4, 2024

W. Dorene (McDow) Booth, age 92, of Cole Camp, passed away July 4, 2024, at the Good Samaritan Care Center in Cole Camp. She was born February 18, 1932, in Barnett, a daughter of the late Charles Edward "C.E." and Osa Lee (Houston) McDow.

Dorene enjoyed playing bingo with the residents at the Good Samaritan Care Center. She also loved to play the piano and accompanied many church services in her lifetime.

She is survived by her children, Rhonda Baynard and husband Kenneth of Negaunee, Michigan, Glenna Booth of Warsaw, Missouri, Brenda Carnahan and husband Greg of Carrollton, Georgia and Darren Booth and wife Marie Joy of Madison, Kansas; grandchildren, Kenneth, Heather, Chani, Shana, Jacob, TakishaJoy, Trisha kian and Stephen; several great-grandchildren and many other relatives and friends. In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by her siblings, Joyce Gayle, Nadine and Charles David McDow.

A graveside service and inurnment will be held at 1:00 p.m., Monday, July 22nd, in the Hopewell Cemetery near Barnett. Memorial contributions are suggested to the Good Samaritan Care Center.

Arrangements are under the direction and care of the Kidwell-Garber Funeral

Home of Versailles.

Cemetery Details

Hopewell Cemetery

19700 Highway C
Barnett, MO 65011

Previous Events

Graveside Service

JUL 22. 1:00 PM (CT)

Hopewell Cemetery
19700 Highway C
Barnett, MO 65011

Tribute Wall

BC

“ I had the privilege to call her my mom. I remember growing up and having 2 sisters, I wore a lot of hand me downs. But Mom one day brought a pair of shoes (new) and gave them to me. Finally a pair of shoes just for me. They were black and had red on one side of the front and gray on the other. I was just so proud of those little shoes. Growing up is not easy for any child. We had good and bad times but, it's the good times that you always remember. So I will end with this, mom I loved you more than you could have ever known. Now you can rest and be with other loved ones.

Brenda Carnahan - August 13, 2024 at 10:22 PM

“ One day, when I was little, grandma and I decided to go down to the local mom n' pop grocery store in my little hometown so that we could pick up some nice cold ice cream--a sweet, chilly treat for a warm sunny day.

As grandma and I descended the stairs leading down to the sidewalk which bordered the main road, I noticed the fun, brightly colored shorts that she was wearing--they were vibrant white, and were festooned with trendy black and pink designs.

"Doesn't your grandma look cool?", she said with a grin.

"Yeah, really cool!"

Grandma's eyes sparkled as she laughed. She took my hand and we continued onward, chit-chatting about what she wanted to do while she was in town, about our pets, about my mom and sister, about school and other such things.

I always looked forward to grandma's visits. Back in those days, I was frequently ill and wasn't treated too kindly at school, so finding out that she was going to be stopping by always made me happy. To me, grandma meant "fun!", and she always arrived with a smile, a hug, and a big bundle of surprises.

As the years passed and I grew up, grandma and I wrote each other letters filled with the news of the day, stories about her childhood, pictures, and gifts.

Now, grandma enjoyed doing crochet, and one day she sent me a lovely afghan that she'd made. In return, I decided to make my first "BIG" needlework project just for her: a hand-knit pillow made of cream-colored fisherman's wool, decorated with textured stitches that I'd not yet dared to try prior, topped with a pretty leaf sculpted from carefully crafted stitches and finished off with a fluffy tassel that I'd made on a special tassel-making device that I'd found in the

deepest darkest reaches of a shelf at A.C. Moore. My hands hurt like mad, afterward, and some of the knits and purls had to be re-knitted and re-purled a time or two to get things looking just so, but it was worth it--grandma loved the gift, and even showed it to her friends. I was over the moon!

Not too long after receiving my gift, grandma suffered from a stroke and it became harder for her to move around and communicate. I kept hoping that she might improve enough to go home at some point, but I eventually had to accept that that might not really be possible. I made sure to keep in contact with grandma and sent her things that I thought she might like in the hope of bringing her a bit of cheer despite feeling quite gloomy, myself.

When I called grandma on her birthday earlier this year, she seemed to be in a lighthearted mood (albeit a little sleepy), and was joking around like she did when I was little. It was a joy to hear her having such a nice time.

As our conversation came to a close, in-between laughs I said "I love you grandma, you're so cool!"

Grandma just chuckled and warmly said "I love you, too, baby. Be good."

A few months later, as the boom and sparkle of July 4th's festivities came to a close and the night was kissed by the last glimmer of light from the waning moon, grandma drifted away gently into the stars.

I'll never forget how Grandma could brush aside the rainclouds on the worst of days and fill that emptiness with sunshine. She was an incredibly awesome (and cool, of course!), witty, and talented lady, and the world will be a little lonelier without her.

To grandma: May your soul be reunited with those who went before, and your heart be filled with comfort, peace, and happiness. Someday we'll meet, again, and you'll have to tell me all about all of

the wonderful adventures you've been having up in heaven

Nighty night, Grandma. Sleep well.

Love,

~Sugarlump

Chani Booth - July 09, 2024 at 09:06 AM