



Ann Katherine Deming Bloxsom

December 18, 1930 - November 8, 2020

Ann Katherine Deming Bloxsom, beloved mother and grandmother, died peacefully in her sleep at her home, in Katy, TX, in the early evening of November 8, 2020. She was 89. Born at the start of the Great Depression in Fort Worth, Texas, Ann Bloxsom showed strength and kindness throughout her long life, dying at nearly 90 years old after a seven year decline from dementia.

Born in Fort Worth, TX on December 18, 1930, Ann was the only child of Irene Elledge Deming and Harry Leroy Deming.

Ann's early childhood was quite happy, surrounded by dolls and stuffed animals, doted on by her father and mother, both in their mid forties when Ann was born.

Tragically, Ann's father died suddenly in February 1940. Ann's world changed overnight.

Ann and her mother, Irene, moved from Evanston, IL to Houston, TX to be nearer Irene's brothers, Raymond and Vernon Elledge, both well-established Houston attorneys.

Ann, deeply hurt by this early loss, found great solace in books. She thrived in all aspects of learning and teaching, admiring her teachers and loving the classroom.

While a senior at Lamar High School, she met Daniel Edgar Bloxsom, Jr., a sandy-haired, tall, very thin, very intellectual freshman at Rice University.

As she would tell her children later, she knew Dan was the boy for her from the first time they met. He was the only boy who could think about and talk (non-stop) about virtually any subject on earth or beyond. And she was charmed by his bright blue eyes and his ability to wiggle his ears.

Upon graduating from Lamar High School, she spent her freshman college year at Southwestern University in Georgetown, TX.

Finding college life at Southwestern to be all giggling sorority parties and not intellectually challenging, she successfully transferred to Radcliffe College in Cambridge, MA for her

remaining three college years.

In those years at Radcliffe, Ann was truly happy, perhaps for the first time since her father died. Ann outshone Hermione.

Ann would fondly reminisce of her time at Radcliffe, "One day I walked into Weidner Library, and three years later, I walked out. Heaven."

In the summer of 1949, Dan proposed to Ann and in June 1950, they were married in Ithaca, NY, spending the summer together on a driving road trip around NY and New England.

Ann completed her senior year at Radcliffe in married student housing, rather shocking for 1950. When people asked whether she planned to abandon her college studies because she got married, she turned to them in disbelief and said "of *course* I am going back to Radcliffe for my final year. I would never consider dropping out."

Ann's first year of married life became a long distance romance because Dan was not teaching at Harvard or Radcliffe, but at Cornell University, in Ithaca, NY.

In June 1951, after graduating cum laude in European Medieval History, Ann moved with Dan to Tullahoma, TN, where Dan, now a professional physicist, worked at a US Government scientific think tank. Her first two daughters were born in TN: Heloise Irene in April 1954 and Katherine Alexandra in May 1956.

In 1957, Ann and Dan moved to Los Angeles, CA, the heart of the aerospace industry where her husband Daniel started his aerospace company.

In Los Angeles, Ann discovered Hancock Park, a neighborhood of wide streets and stately two story houses with deep front lawns and smooth sidewalks for children to ride trikes and rollerskate. She knew immediately she had found her "forever" home.

There, she expanded her family with three more children, a daughter, Caroline Sarada in April 1960, a son, Alastair Narada in July 1965 and daughter, Iolande Maia in July 1969.

An avid Radcliffe alumna, Ann was active in the Southern California Radcliffe Club, especially enjoying chairing their annual House Tour and interviewing prospective students.

The 1960's were an adventurous time for Ann. When Dan took up the hobbies of catamaran sailing and helicopter flying, Ann matched him, step for step, both in the water and in the sky.

She was very proud of her helicopter pilot license, telling her children later that the final exam was the most difficult she had ever tackled. Ann built her life on the cornerstones of education, excellence, and family.

In 1970, Ann's mother Irene, aged 84 and in frail health, moved to Los Angeles. With determination and compassion, Ann nursed Irene until her death in 1975.

In the 1970's Ann discovered The Ebell Club, forging a thirty-year commitment to the Ebell Club's motto, "I will find a way, or make one."

There, she served on the Board for almost twenty years, chairing the Ebell/Flint Scholarship Program and the Ebell/Rest Cottage Association, also serving as Vice President and President.

As chairperson, she reorganized the investments of both the Scholarship and Rest Cottage stock portfolios, transforming each to achieve a nearly doubling of the annual available proceeds, both for the college students in financial need and struggling LA mothers and children.

Ann very much enjoyed her two-term tenure as President of The Ebell Club, managing everyday issues of building and gardens, leading each tea party wearing a lovely hat and nibbling a dainty sandwich.

Ann was active in the Episcopal Church for most of her adult life; she considered herself "high church" Anglican, preferring Rite One and lots of hymns in her Sunday service, and singing in the choir as an alto. Ann was raised in the Methodist Church, but found that she preferred the Episcopal Church liturgy, and lots of bells and incense. She said many times, "Whatever God is thinking, I'm in favor of." She attended St Mary's in Los Feliz, then St. Nicholas in Encino. She was also in the choir at The Ebell for over twenty years.

She was also an avid gardener and passionate about roses. She had dozens of varieties, and was especially fond of the "old roses" of David Austin. A Hancock Park-based newspaper, The Larchmont Chronicle, wrote a feature article about her with a focus on her garden in 1998, calling her "a woman of Larchmont."

In 2005, Ann and Dan moved from Los Angeles, to live together briefly in La Veta, CO, and then Ann went to Houston where their oldest daughter, Heloise, lived with her family. Before Daniel's death in November 2008, Ann purchased a lovely two-story house in Katy, a Houston suburb. Ann set up her home in Katy, and kindly offered Justin, her grandson, a place to live, so that there would be an able-bodied kindly-disposed young man at her call

24-7. They shared a liking for Tex-Mex food, especially the To-Go-boxes, and would daily stroll together through the park-like setting. Ann would laughingly exclaim, "it's uphill, both ways!" with regard to the flat terrain that she and Justin would walk. Heloise and Walt would visit at times, especially the winters. During these times, Heloise and Ann faithfully walked each day that the weather permitted.

During the latter years of her life, she was a regular parishioner at St Martin's Episcopal church, along with her late cousin Kate Turley. At the end of her life, her family enabled her wish to stay at her home, until her death in November 2020. While her dementia robbed her of many memories, she loved chocolate and her two cats, and retained a deep desire to always try to do right, and to be kind and good, even at the end.

Ann is survived by her five children: Heloise Irene Bloxsom Lynn, Katherine Alexandra Bloxsom-Carter, Caroline Sarada Bloxsom, Alastair Narada Bloxsom and Iolande Maia Bloxsom; and eight grandchildren: Justin Edward Lynn, Everett Peter Lynn, Rexford Elledge Bloxsom-Carter, Nicholas Albert Bloxsom-Carter, Ian Harry Bloxsom Mervel, Conrad Maximillian Bloxsom Somogyi, Athena Theodora Bloxsom Somogyi, and Ashlyn Ai Bloxsom.

Tribute Wall

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“ *Ann had such a lovely heart! On her many neighborhood walks she always had a friendly word and a smile and she was always dressed in style! She carried herself with poise and kindness. It didn't take long after talking with Ann to know that she was a very educated woman who lead a very interesting life. She has been, and will continue to be, missed from our neighborhood.*

Don and Lori Pannell

Lori Pannell - December 18, 2020 at 09:33 AM