

*Madire*

R. Trombacco

# Dad and Mom



Annie Roundtree  
(Nadine's mother)



Eugene Roundtree  
(Nadine's father)

## REMEMBERING NADINE "Molie" R. TROMBACCO

by Mrs. Torrie Spatcher-Woods

"Thank you."

It's funny how we take for granted these words. Giving thanks, being thankful, grateful, and considerate. Our mother was ALWAYS thankful, grateful, and considerate. Nadine R. Trombacco rarely had the opportunity to use the words THANK YOU!

We will tell you why!

Our mother was born September 26, 1950. She was a rambunctious child, born to her proud parents Eugene and Annie Roundtree. She had one sister – Wille Jean Miller – and one brother – Eugene "Duney" Roundtree.

OUR mother was literally born in their apartment in Griffin Park, located in the Old Heritage Parramore Projects. She loved to skate on I-4 while it was being built, double Dutch jump rope, and was an all-around tomboy who had GOOD FUN.

She would spend much of her childhood fighting for what was right. She fought boys for her sister, and girls for her brother. She developed a reputation of "Nadine is crazy," and "Nadine don't play." Our grandfather she absolutely adored, her mother she loved dearly, and would spend her life providing the "best of the best" for them.

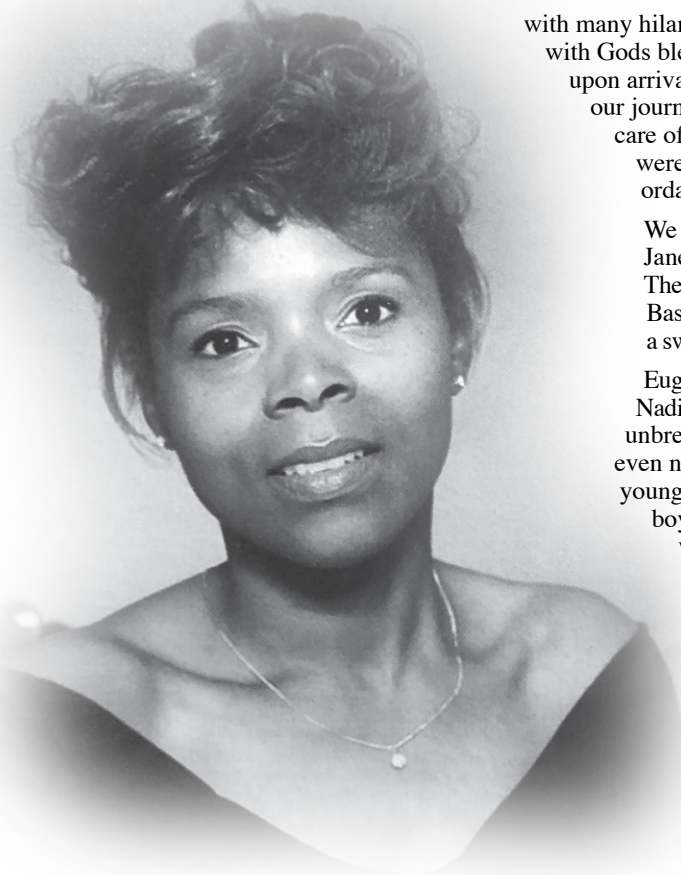
Our mother went to cosmetology school and learned how to do hair. She did White hair as well as Black's. Learning to do a White person's perm made her stand out. She wanted to provide for her parents and allow them to rest and live a comfortable life. Our mother wanted to do so many things for her parents, but a flame was ignited in her when Disney broke ground and built a theme park in Orlando. She began working at Disney and entered into a WORLD of possibilities. Disney World is where we believe she saw how bright her future was.

Nadine worked in a boutique full of one-of-a-kind pieces. She loved dreaming in the store, playing dress up, and really enjoying herself at work. In these moments, her calling started knocking, and she started answering. At this time, Nadine was married, and had two children, but for whatever reason, her current life didn't align with the seed God had planted in her! Although her family was very important to her, she knew God was working.

Nadine had a Godmother named Mrs. Idela Douglas. She truly was the fairytale of a woman long before Cinderella. Nadine blessed us with Mrs. Idela and Evelyn Williams as our God parents. Mrs. Idela along with her children would receive us as her own. Troy, Don, Willie, Gail and Charles became extended brothers and sisters. Evelyn, Roosevelt, "Waddy," and Cassandra Williams would do the same.

Raquel and I would be showered by the two families for years to come. They would look after Nadine's children as directed by the Lord. Walking in faith, moving with pure and unfiltered intent, Nadine offered one last bid to the life she started and requested it continue far away from her beloved family! Emanuel H. Spatcher, our dad, would say no to the move and didn't follow. Nevertheless, with courageous purpose, she packed up her two kids, Raquel, and me Torrie, headed to California.

We arrived in California in 1976. We drove from Florida to California



with many hilarious stories, and some tears, but mostly with Gods blessings in tow. We didn't know a soul upon arrival. Not one person. But GOD! Along our journey GOD sent amazing people to take care of us and provide the sense of family we were lacking! Family bonds were already ordained and promised.

We met amazing people like Gene and Jane Basham. Jane worked with our mom. They were truly Lucy and Ethel. The Basham's home was the first we saw with a swimming pool.

Eugene Hanna and his family would be Nadine's greatest joy. We became an unbreakable family committed to each other even now. Eugene was that father figure two young girls needed in their lives. Sharing his boys, Eugene, Xavier, Brandon, and Bylan with us, always felt natural and real.

We had family dinners, beach days and went to all the boys sporting events. Wanting more family to join the fun, our mom would call back to Florida and encourage other family to come join us in California.

We hosted many family members from Florida, and Nadine always insisted they move to California.

Troy, Gail, Ted, and Rasheed Douglas, children and God-children of Mrs. Idela Douglas would be the only

family that truly believed she found the best life and the most incredible possibilities.

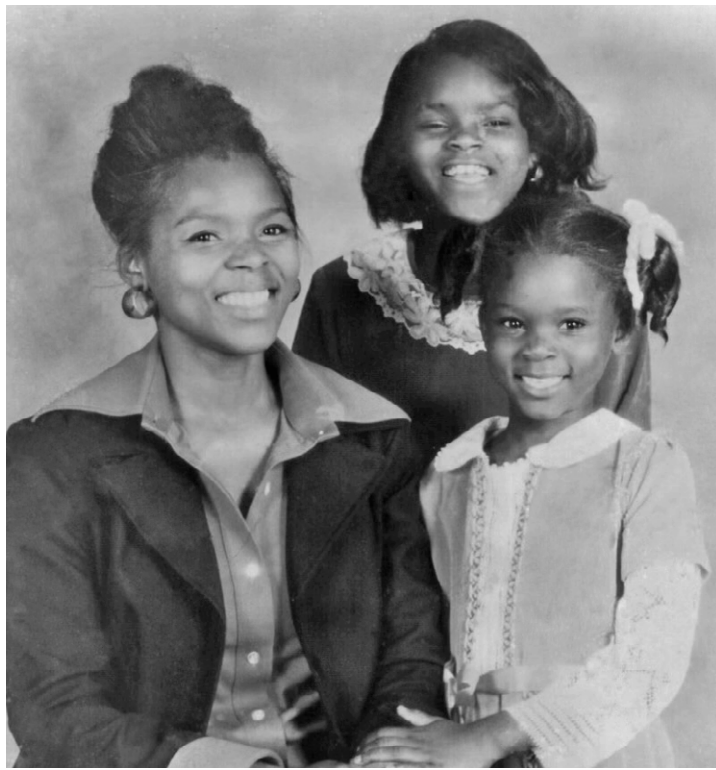
Nadine always shared everything she had and everything she learned. It was really simple—she wanted everyone to have an amazing life. So, in true Nadine fashion, when she was done with California, she rallied the troops to come back home to Florida. How funny is it that Nadine had this much influence – everyone who left and went to California are all back in Florida. That's Nadine, her influence was so pure and powerful!

Nadine would make herself available for known and unknown treasures that California had to offer. Most of our drives were up the coast. Our mom used to take us to Michael Jackson's house. We would sit outside the gates waiting to see him. We'd go to The Hills and Calabasas, California. As a child Torrie's personal favorite was Big Bear Lake, Aspen, and Palm Springs California. Our mother taught us to be adventurous, fearless, and demanding.

We would drive up the coast of California only to discover hidden treasures and memorable GOOD FUN. Never having a plan, we'd stop on the side of the road and play in the snow. We'd stop at places where we would see children playing in what looked like a resort, having no money to join, we slide down the same mountains for free! My mother was never afraid her children would get eaten up by a grizzly bear, wild animals, or potentially kidnapped. She loved the Lord and always trusted God to protect her family.

Raquel and I both share another favorite memory, which is when we would go to the mountains. We would leave our cabin and walk the creek and run into gorgeous waterfalls and jumping Salmon. Never saw a grizzly, I guess it was possible. We were Nadine's kids so we were covered.

Raquel's favorite is when we would drive to Yucaipa, California



to the apple orchards. The smell was *heavenly* as we entered the little town. We picked apples, ate everything apple, and had a good time. Raquel's all-time favorite was going to the mountains. One time we stumbled upon a cable car that takes you some where upwards of 5,000 feet up a mountain. We begged could we go? Our mother with full confidence said 'sure, but I'm not going with you. This would start Raquel and I on a path of independence and trust. She bought two tickets and sent us up this mountain by ourselves. The only instructions she gave was, "go see what's up there, I'll be here when you come down!"

It was at this point on my sister Raquel always protected me! When we arrived up the mountain, it was gorgeous. It looked like Whooville. Christmas Carolers, Christmas trees, a village and all sorts of things. Because we were taught to be considerate, we strolled around for a while and came back down to our mother. The experience left me, Torrie wondering "what's really out there in this world."

Our mother bought us everything first. We were the first to wear Jordache Jeans, Gloria Vanderbilt, and most of all we had an ATARI 2600! We had Members Only jackets, and Michael Jackson Thriller jackets. We had Janet Jackson hair, and Raquel would rock her look in true style. Everything our mom did for us was with full intent to teach, provide wisdom, and demand we live in good purpose and share what we had. She never missed a moment to teach. Everything we had was too much.

When she made hotdogs it was a chili dog; when she made spaghetti it wasn't spaghetti—it was stewed for hours with different versions of

cuts of beef and sausage. She dressed us up in blue and pink everything. Head to toe with big old clacka bows and ribbons!

We got a new bed, it was two twin-size beds, big old canopy, bed skirt, ruffles, shams and curtains! It all matched. Raquel blue, me pink. I don't think we knew we were middle income because my mother never did anything middle income. We'd go to Costco for dinner and get a big old slice of pizza for a dollar and a soda \$.50. The whole meal was \$4.50 for 3 people.

She always made us believe we had more during our childhood. The Lord dispatched his angels around her friends, and other families shared their wealth with us. It came in the form of experiences, family fun with others, and simple things like dinner at their huge, nice houses. We often went to Laker games, sitting courtside right behind the players, just a few rows up. We went to see the Dodgers, Angels and a host of other sporting teams.

Most evenings we would go to the beach. Our mother's friend had a beach house. We would go in the evenings, or most days in the summer. We used to like to scare my mom because she couldn't swim. We would climb these jagged rocks and act like we couldn't hear her calling us. We'd laugh and be sure to know, we were in big trouble. We'd go out in the water, never afraid of sharks, rip currents, or anything. My mother's warnings would yield a bit of revenge. One day, my sister and I went so far out into the ocean my mother looked like an ant! We were laughing because if we could barely see her, she most certainly couldn't see us. We laughed and laughed until.....

Raquel, stepped on a rock.....my goodness, she picked this rock up and low and behold it was a gigantic CLAM! It started opening and we started screaming and running all the way back to our mom on top of the water like Peter should have done; we didn't look down. We didn't look nor did we waiver—that was it for us going out that far.

That was one cool thing about our mom—if it could kill you and you survived, to be thankful and grateful should be what you claimed. In my mind, it also set a tone of protection and real understanding of who my sister was for me. My sister stepped into big sister role. I was so thankful because I was a scrawny kid with zero backbone.

I began to embrace this dynamic personality my sister had and used it to my advantage. In school, although it wasn't hard to figure out who my sister was, I made sure everyone knew, including the softball coach. Back then, sensitivity to your child's feelings didn't exist. They allowed me on the Junior softball team without trying out, because my sister was on varsity. They assumed I was as good as she was! My goodness my first game I struck out 6 times! The coach came and told me, "You suck, go to the Rec Center and play there—they allow anyone to play!"

I told my mother what this mean lady said. She said, "Well, walk up there because I don't have time to be taking you up there every day, and you suck." That was my first introduction to disappointment and my mother's way of teaching me to be independent, receive criticism, and not be so sensitive.

Her advice was "get better and don't allow a no to be a no." I learned that failure was an opportunity to try again. Both my sister and I started playing at the Rec. My sister would hit the ball out the park and all I could do is barely bunt, but, I COULD steal bases! My



mother encouraged me to try other sports and not walk in Raquel's shadow, to create my own path and do something only I could do. I started playing volleyball, got hit in the face daily; tennis, couldn't hold a racquet; track, slow as a turtle, but I learned to jump a hurdle. (Most days almost killing myself.) Raquel would join the track team throwing the shot out out the ring, of course.

I tried one last sport, basketball! And THAT was my thing. I went on to play JV and Varsity all through middle school. We'd be undefeated and won two championships. It was awesome! Sadly, my mom was a single mother—she rarely saw us play. But she'd enjoy the stories and would be proud from just hearing about it.

I think that was another lesson taught by our mom. People may or may not show up. She might be one of those people. It's how you receive disappointment, move on, press on, and continue to build.

Forming our personalities of courage and strength would help mom's kids throughout their life. Raquel always supporting and strong, and Torrie always trying, and figuring it out.

### **Tribute from Taiya Monique Powe (granddaughter)**

You're never prepared for someone who had such a major impact on your life to leave you. The mark you've left is much greater. You taught me how to be compassionate, kind, and FIERCE to know and love God. I can only wish to be half of the woman you were. I couldn't help but question "Why?" Until I heard the pastor talk about purpose.



Once your purpose is fulfilled there's no reason for you to be here any longer. Well, I had a MILLION reasons why I still needed you to stay; but you did your part as one of God's disciples, and He saw that you were tired and needed your rest. Sleep in heavenly peace. I love you endlessly.

### **Tribute from the Marklands**

Seventeen years ago, you walked into our lives like an angel in disguise. From that moment, we were family. You became mom and grandma to The 5 Marklands. We have so many memories of your love displayed to each of us in so many. We will forever cherish your love deep in our hearts forever....Mike and Debi Markland

### **Tribute from Jamari Moss**

We would like to thank Grandma Molie for all that she has done for our family over the years and for helping us in our time of need. She was a bright light that shined in the darkness and a light that will forever shine in our hearts. Thank you for being a kind soul in this world and for spreading joy into our lives. We love you and will never stop holding you in our hearts.

### **Tribute from your Sister Friend, Cynthia Warren**

Nadine had an Indomitable Spirit. I loved her and admired her because she never gave up and never admitted that she was defeated! Rest in Peace, Nadine, from your Sister Friend, Cynthia Warren.

### **Tribute from William "Donnie" Johnson (nephew)**

Who would know that this was our last precious moment we had to spend together? Out of all our times together, Auntie, this one right here.....I will keep near and dear to my heart. Love, and missing you.

Your favorite Nephew, (You didn't think I knew, I overheard you).....William "Donnie" Johnson

PS: I love you more!!!!



### **Tribute from Alexa Moss**

I never had any doubts about who Grandma Molie was. It was impossible not to feel her warmth and how much she cared for others from the first time I met her and beyond.

She wanted nothing but the best for me and my younger brother, and her love for my mother was beautiful and something I will never forget. I will be eternally grateful for the outpouring of love she showed me. A love that made me feel like I was a member of her family. A presence like hers is rare, and she will be missed and cherished.

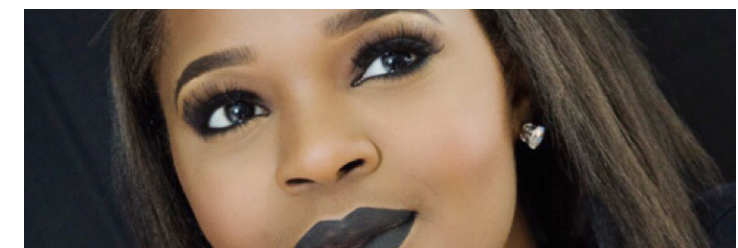
### **Tribute from Eravia Edwards (granddaughter)**

Hey, my sweet lady, I never imagined I would be sending you my love in heaven. You have taught me so many beautiful things. I have so many wonderful memories and I am so very grateful to have had you as mine.

You always tell us that we are special and we can do anything we put our minds to. I'm going to miss helping you with all your electronics. I am going to miss baking with you and learning new ways to be creative. I will miss my random messages of love you send me. I saved all your voice messages so I can hear your sweet voice when I am in doubt. I couldn't have asked for a better Grandma.

You showed me there is life beyond the ordinary and I can't wait to keep exploring it. I don't want you to worry, I will be fine. I know you're ecstatic you get to hang and pray with the Almighty Himself. I hope He is everything you ever imagined.

Tell the family I said 'hi' and I hope they are taking good care of you. I hope you have made them proud with your selflessness and kind heart. So many people love you and are glad to have been on your prayer list. You are a part of me, and I will live everyday with the values and lessons you have given me. I love you with all my heart, Eravia.



Yucaipa, California Apple Orchards



Jesus Christ is the Mediator, the  
Connection, the Bridge between God and us.  
*"For there is one God and one Mediator who can  
reconcile God and humanity—the man Christ Jesus."*

– 1 Timothy 2:5

*"Yet we have this assurance: Those who belong to God will live; their bodies will  
rise again! Those who sleep in the earth will rise up and sing for joy!" – Isaiah 26:19*



**Tribute from Ericka Edwards (granddaughter)**

“You know what’s most magical about this woman who is the matriarch to this family? She never wasted a minute of her time spent with us. Not just the family—anyone she ever gave the pleasure of her presence to you must know every minute of her presence was valuable. My grandmother ONLY spoke wisdom. She didn’t gossip, she didn’t downgrade, downplay, or any of that nonsense a person could be sucked into. Not my Molie.

I find peace in knowing I’m not missing any bit of guidance. My Molie prepared us for the world...every interaction we had has always been preparation, and foundational to who I am. I will miss her, no doubt, but she is with me as she has always been. I still hear her when I cook, when I drive, when I create, when someone speaks negativity—I hear my grandmother tell me *“don’t pay it no mind.”*

Accepting you are not here physically will forever be one of the hardest things I’ve ever had to do. But I am YOUR first granddaughter, and mother to your FIRST great granddaughter.

We are going to be alright with strength and wisdom we’ve inherited from you....this too shall pass. I look forward to the direction my life will take on, now that you’re an ancestor.

I know you were welcomed with music, excitement, and open arms by our other loved ones. Missing you today and everyday, Molie. I love you.”

**Tribute from Valerie Winsett (friend)**

God blessed me when He sent Molie into my life. You have been such a great friend; you’ll always be in my heart. Love, Valerie

**Tribute from Tina Madden (niece)**

My Auntie Nadine was a beautiful person inside and out. Always willing to help anyone with no questions asked. She will be truly missed.

**Tribute from Fallon (niece)**

“Auntie, where do I start? You were my safe haven, my cheerleader, my rock. In the most weary of times your voice was enough to force me to keep going.

I remember hanging out in bed, watching HTV, you, Aniyah and I decompressing, rejuvenating, and just being present. I will never forget the wisdom you imparted in that brusque tone of yours. I heard you. Thank you for being you. Thank you for loving us, for the prayers, for the words of wisdom. I will always love you. Tell our family I love them and miss them.” Love always, Fallon.

**WORDS OF WISDOM FOR Ericka Nadine Edwards (granddaughter)**

While growing up, our mother seemed to attract a bunch of kids. Everywhere we went she’d be correcting or chastising other people’s children. You’ve seen me do this as well. Raquel and I were always so embarrassed and so tired of Mommy not minding her own business!

My goodness. We used to get in so much trouble making noise while playing our game. My sister and I realized we were the most popular of our friends, so at 8 to 10 years old, we created a business. We would set up our Atari video game in our living room and hosts tournaments and battles, charging \$.25 per game. The rule was, you can keep playing as long as you were winning.

I would manage the time they played, how much we made and my sister would collect the money. She was the enforcer. I guess she was the original bouncer. I know because if you woke my momma up, we were facing a spanking and my sister would kick you to sleep! She managed their tantrums of defeat, settled all arguments, and was the boss of this business.

We had one little Vietnamese boy in our house so long our mom started keeping him and his sister for their mom and there began Molie’s love for a gang of kids! She was the black woman in Orange County California with a car full of Black, White, Mexican, and Vietnamese children. We used to pile up in her Toyota, no seatbelt, and about TEN kids headed to the beach!

We played a role we never knew until now—it would set the tone for a lifestyle for you Ericka, a career, a passion. Our mom somehow slept through our in-home daycare, ran by two small children. We stopped getting in trouble for all the kids being in the house, and she allowed us to have as many kids that could fit in the house.

Business, smarts, protection, fairness and providing! Taking care of, teaching, nurturing, and always having a bunch of CHILDREN around her, this is the part of Molie that you are.

Ericka, accept your birth right and lineage created by Molie.

I was pregnant, tired and went back to California to be with my mom to have you. I missed her dearly and becoming a new mom, I wanted to be around her. There was a lot of tension between my mother and me, but God had a different plan.

In the same duplex my sister and I basically had a whole daycare ran by us and approved by my mother—Ericka, you were born there. Me, Doug, and my mom were home one morning, and Ericka, you decided you wanted to see the place we started our first business, the place my sister and I created so much mischief and the place that would cement our mother as a grandmother and attending physician as she helped me deliver you at home.

Ericka, we are incredibly proud of you and your walk in your path, already created and protected by the Lord. There is no accident that you were born in the house where Molie basically ran an unauthorized daycare with transport services in tow.

When you worked at Primrose in Lake Nona, one of your duties was transporting children. Currently, as a Director Owner-operator at La Petite Academy, spending your days nurturing children, and their parents, is a great joy.... confirming God’s plan is always at work.



**Jason Woods (son-in-love)**

It’s funny how God orchestrates your life, you become hard-headed, don’t follow the path blessed and covered, yet, SOMEHOW He reconnects you with your future. I say all this to connect God’s will and timing.

Johnnie and Patricia Woods use to live behind Nadine and Emmanuel Spatcher, our parents when we were in Orlando. Patricia’s brother, Abe Gallon, would marry our dad’s sister, Lorene Gallon. Johnnie and Patricia would go on in life and raise 3 children – Johnnie, Jada, and Jason.

Throughout life, the couple would send their son Jason to visit her brother in Orlando. As ships pass through the night, Jason and I never met. Always missing each other by a summer, school break or what have you. Somehow God always fixed it so I would meet his siblings and developed a relationship that has lasted a lifetime. Jason and I have been at many family functions and never met, but God!

In 2010, God would make sure we met and stayed connected for life. In 2013 we were married and blended a family that was already blended. My mom was a fierce-praying woman, she has prayed us through some of the most difficult times in our marriage. Her prayers have dried up may tears and given us Jason’s two children, Harlie and Jordan.



I say all this to say timing, favor, grace, and mercy is EVERYTHING. In my darkest hours, when I could not function with the threat of losing my mom, Jason you showed up for me. Had it not been for you I would not have heard her last words, I would not have spoken my last words! I thank you with everything in me. My life is full, but not complete! Thank you for allowing my mom to be at peace and transition with pride!

On behalf of my family and especially my mother, her last words were THANK YOU!

**Raquel Deneen Spatcher (daughter)**

Our mother would take us everywhere and my sister would always put her arm in front of me to be sure to go after she checked it out. I remember being in the car and my mom having to slam on breaks. They both would use an arm to make sure I didn’t go flying out the car. This is how I knew for sure, our Mom and Raquel were my protection.

We went to Universal Studios and saw Frankenstein. As usual, our mom allowed us to roam a theme park at around 8 years old with no supervision from her. My mercy!

Frankenstein was huge and I was so scared. He kept coming towards us using his hands to further intimidate and scare us. I kept screaming, he kept coming and backed us up to a cliff. My sister roared like nobody’s business. Yelling at him. She threatened, she warned, we had a mother that will come settle this. Raquel got us out of there and I thought WOW, she crazy, too! Jesus, I was scared!

Raquel, this is who you are. You are a protector of this family, the eldest child who often hates the role of being the first, the strongest, but everyone knows the baddest of this clan. You are the child Molie created to be the most stoic, fierce, strong, passionate, ready, and bold. At 6-8 years old, our cousins all recognized, “I need Raquel.”

Remember Donnie wouldn’t go see his daddy whom he had never met unless you went! Your presence was defined and shaped. Baby, you have won and will continue to win! You can’t apologize for being the person in this family who would fight a rabid dog to protect us all. You give and accept wounds that take time to heal for this family.

Mommy thanks you, and I thank you!!



**Tribute from Raquel Spatcher (daughter)**

When you lose someone, it’s not a loss; it can be a lesson. It could bring family members together who’ve been apart for various reasons. It can release the pain of the person who’s gone home to glory!

There’s always good and bad memories, but through all the sadness and pain, we must forgive! Forgiveness is powerful, and it’s always best to have power, rather than to have hatred toward someone and give them power over you!

God has given my Mom her wings, and called her home to teach the other angels a lot of crafts. Love you!...Raquel

## Terrence Jabarah Akeem Powe (grandson)

Our Mother was always fascinated there were not many boys/men in this family. Every time someone got pregnant, she would say, “ugh, another girl!” My mother wanted so badly for someone to be like her father, in his likeness, and possess his kind heart and demeanor. Then she received her own personal favorite boy attached to her for life—Terrence Jabarah Akeem Powe. Terrence, Molie, your mom and I are SO proud of you. You have done everything we have asked of you. Even when you don’t want to, it’s a “yes, ma’am” and you keep it moving! You receive advice you don’t understand, you are patient when you’re in a hurry, and you are so kind when you should be angry, and always very loyal.



We are proud of your character because it is true to being a Roundtree. Your lineage from a Roundtree’s perspective is spot on. They were all handsome men of integrity. They were men of very humble beginnings, had very little but were RICH! Loyal, nice, loving, soft-spoken, and compassionate men. You haven’t missed one part of who you are, and who you will be. You don’t have to worry for any reason what your purpose is. Molie now has the ability to finish what she started in your life. Her angelic spirit is here to continue guiding you. She can steer your heart, silently whisper

to you, ask God to DISPATCH His ANGELS around you the same as she did in life, but with more help from the LORD.

You have a weapon so powerful with her being your personal angel. Never forget she’s here for you in the form of wisdom and guidance. Molie thoughtfully taught you to pray with purpose and real intent. You were raised to be specific when speaking to the Lord.

If you allow your mind to create limitations for you, you will be limited. In this passage of life, Molie will have the ability to disturb your soul, and stun you back off any crooked path you follow. You have to live your life with intent and secure obtainable goals, no people watching or dreaming about what you want, feet that take action are commanded, demanded, and expected of you. There isn’t a problem you can’t solve, or a place you can’t go. You just need to always be sure to stop, ASK for wisdom and guidance.

This doesn’t mean to ask a friend ... continue to ask God. Pray and ask God to continue to allow the connection you have with your Molie. Tell the Lord you need to feel her spirit and you will listen to every order He commands over your life.

Yes, it is incredibly sad Molie is gone. However, she would want you to be grateful! ‘Be grateful’ seeds have been planted in you that have yet to sprout. They are growing roots as we speak and waiting for a place you will claim as the foundation of where those roots go. Never forget you are that powerful; YOU decide what happens in your life. No one else. Be proud you are Molie’s only grandson, the man she adored and poured so much into. Be thankful, grateful and love your life with specific intent, and God WILL cover your life with the powerful blood of Jesus!

Lyra is watching all of us. Lyra deserves to live the life Molie seeded in all of us. It is clear to me what Molie’s purpose was. She finally was able to be the grandmother and great grandmother she was meant to be. Stay humble and committed and God shall follow you, providing you with grace, favor and mercy. You are the strength of this family. The role Molie wanted you to understand as being a man. Surrender!

## Taiya Monique Powe (granddaughter)

It should only take one time to be a first-time mom of one. It took Raquel one time to have two times the glory. She birthed two children at once to create a title of mother for herself. Taiya Monique Powe and Terrence Jabari Akeem Powe were born August 27, 1993.

My goodness, this would set Molie off to obsessively help. The rest of Molie’s personality split between two people.

Taiya being the oldest twin would be the inner Nadine child. Being stubborn in Taiya’s world translates to STANDARDS, UNWAVERING, and COMMITTED.

Taiya you know when to fight, and you know when to walk away. (Well, kinda on the walk away part, in school, she wouldn’t walk away, now as a mature adult, she can let you have that one!)

In school, you were fighting girls, literally beating up boys, and cursing like a sailor. Your sweet exterior is really a weapon, one never knows what to expect.

Molie being a grandparent, should not, nor did she encourage violence, but she was tickled when you would get into trouble in school. “Finally, someone with some backbone!” she would say. I would always say, “Excuse me, my kids have backbone!” Molie would say, “Where? They’re too prissy and sure to get beat up.” LOL

Every time Taiya would get into trouble Molie would reminisce on her heyday of ‘lining them up.’ She couldn’t help but laugh when you would get suspended for fighting a boy in school over Terrence. We got used to being called to pick you up from school or camp.

Taiya, we knew you were Raquel’s child and Molie’s grandchild – you were bound to slap a few people! Remember you slapped a fellow camper for licking your ear or fighting a bully? You ARE Molie’s child.

The best parts of you come from who you are now! The cosmologist, fashionista, visionary, poet, artist, loyal friend, loving daughter, beloved sister, awesome cousin, and amazing niece is who you are! Your best role for sure, GRANDDAUGHTER. Molie poured greatness into you that you must share! You owe it yourself to see your work on full stage and display! Show up for yourself, there is no doubt here that Molie’s adolescent stories are a reflection of you.

There is no doubt, you are the living version of what she dreamed back in 1976. You have followed her path minus the children. You haven’t missed a beat and deserve so much more. You were committed to Molie and your relationship with her. She absolutely adored spending time with you. Watching the younger version of herself in you. She can see herself in you. Molie was so proud you returned to hair. She enjoyed doing hair and loved to create.



You pour so much creativity into showering your clients with beauty, being a sensitive ear to all their stores and request for advice. You are a huge part of their day, providing a wealth of wisdom during each session. There is no doubt: you are sharing wisdom and delivering more than a pretty hair doo. Please continue to create, be creative and spontaneous. Molie’s adventurous spirit, explorer who traveled and saw the world from her own eyes, touched you with these flames. Bold, confident, and a purposeful woman you shall be.



## Eravia Symone Edwards (granddaughter)

Our mom and Doug, soon after Ericka’s birth, moved back to Florida. My mother, fulfilling her deeds in California and financially being ready to return, came back to Florida a married woman. Mrs. Nadine Trombacco. Doug and I would see each other every day. He was my lunch buddy and co-worker.

But I had a secret, it was an ERAVIA! I went 9 months protecting my fantasy of being a mother again a secret. I knew my mom would be disappointed I was having a baby so soon after having Ericka, but I didn’t care. I just kept it a secret and continued to build a life. Doug, not too observant, heard it from my mom who didn’t see me daily.

I had a beautiful baby girl named Eravia Symone Edwards. I always loved the fact I kept you to myself! Sorry Doug, you can’t hold butter and I knew you’d tell!

Doug would side hustle jobs like H&R Block just waiting to resume his position with the post office. I mention so because these parallels in life keep coming. Doug’s mother worked for the IRS, he worked for H&R Block, and Eravia “Ray Ray” is a Tax accountant and bookkeeper. She’s also an Esthetician, Bail Agent, and....“my baby.”

Eravia, understand this! You are many things. The most important part of you lie in the talents, wisdom and time Molie has poured into you! There is no mistake where you are and are supposed to be! As you read these stories, you can go back in Molie’s life and pick out your talents and apply them to your life.

You are efficient, talented, ready, knowledgeable, courageous, profound, and ready for all things. You must apply the principles in life poured in you by Molie, and build. When you build, then favor, grace, and mercy shall follow.

Not all you want to do is for you to do, only what God has ordained and blessed shall you be successful in. If you move in this world with God’s blessings, you cannot fail.

I’m so thankful for all your failures. Most people are discouraged by failing. You fail and your next plan is always better than the last. Molie loved your determination, your skillful balance in life, and your adventurous nature.

Molie has always said, “Failure is an opportunity to try again!” You will never have it all, no one does. What you WILL have is a lifetime of lessons learned, because you’re always trying, always building, and always discovering. Words are important. You can say I failed, or you can say, “I have a NEW OPPORTUNITY!” Keep creating your NEXT opportunity.

## Lyra Cole Xavier (great granddaughter)

Raquel, Torrie, Ericka, Eravia, Taiya and Terrence, it is Lyra who will lead this family in ALL of Molie’s likeness. Lyra has every part of Molie.

Lyra, when you were born, Molie didn’t have a struggle in this world. She was living her blessed life on her land and producing for her children and her children’s children. She had specific intent for all of us. That intent was fed to you one day at a time. Her life lessons and teachings have come to life in you.

At 1 year old, you were already talking and bypassing all the kids in daycare. As a baby you started taking care of babies. Little Miss Lyra walking around every classroom in the daycare, doing what she wanted. Exploring and touching everything. The calls we received about you were sweet and kind. You may be the only one of us who hasn’t fought anyone!

You received all of her personalities and talents. From farming, sewing, cooking, nurturing spirit, zest for life, explorer ... you are an all-around amazing kid. You have the gift to produce, create and make others smile. You are super considerate and always thinking of others. Your will to be sympathetic to others, help others, and provide for others are all a part of Molie’s personality. There is no mistake you love the things you love; and enjoy the things you enjoy.

Molie would be so proud of your garden, your love for animals, your loyalty and connection to people. You’re always problem solving at school, (maybe not that one) ...you do better in school than Molie. Everyone wants to be your friend. It’s so funny how your approach to tense moments at school leaves you with a new friend. Classmates of Molie left with a black eye. LOL

Thank you for being so super kind. Please don’t be sad. Know that Molie is your Angel, too, and is still here to teach and guide you all the days of your life. She will never leave your side. You can call on the Lord and ask Him to allow you to feel her presence.

Pay attention to the soft whispers and the simple feelings of peace you may feel. That’s Molie comforting you. We know it’s not easy, but we are all here to protect your innocence and support your growth. We will be here to cheer you on with any and all of the many choices you have in life.



# Douglas John Trombacco

(Molie's loving husband / our dad)

Terrence asked, "I wonder what Doug said to Molie to land her as his wife." No one-liner, nothing catchy, but mentioning the Lord at first sight was your best move.

"I love the Lord" bumper sticker landed you the most incredible woman we all have ever met. Doug, we all would like to thank you for providing our mom with the life she always wanted. Thank you for supporting her dreams, wildest dreams for sure, but never wavering no matter what she wanted to do. We all are here for you and love you dearly.

## Family Appreciation

You all have been living witnesses of our mom's serving the Lord. She gave tirelessly to all of us. We say she never had to say thank you because Nadine always simply showed up. She showed up in our lives unapologetically, without an invite.

She gave when you couldn't pay, she gave when people needed food, she gave in times she didn't have. She's accepted defeat and called it a win. Molie never believed she lost even when she gave to others and they gave her nothing in return.

Doug's bride, our mother, grandmother, great grandmother has met God's eternal promise for her future. The Lord has stepped in and claimed His child.

We reluctantly let her go, knowing it's God's will. We are grateful for her life, and proud of her work as a disciple. So on behalf of Nadine Roundtree Trombacco, our Molie, we say  
**THANK YOU!**

*Let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven.*

– Matthew 5:16



## FROM DOUG

Nadine, my bride of 30+ years, I adored you from the first time I laid eyes on you. I felt my duty was to love you, protect you, and to let you be free to enjoy your life. I was very proud of how strong you were. There are no words to describe the loss I feel. I'll always love you, Nadine.

– Forever yours, Doug



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