



Dorothy Schooley Taylor

August 10, 1920 - May 26, 2014

Dorothy Schooley Taylor, 93, of Carthage, MO, passed away Monday, May 26, after a long illness. She was born on August 10, 1920, in Pittsburg, KS, to the late Fay and Floyd Schooley. Dorothy graduated from Carl Junction High School and attended Joplin Business College. On June 8, 1941, she married Claude B. Taylor Jr. She was an avid bridge player, loved to travel and always enjoyed sharing a glass of wine with family and friends. Dorothy was preceded in death by her parents Fay and Floyd, her husband Claude, her sister Dorene Woods, an infant son Clayton and Son Bryan (Skip). Survivors include 3 daughters Marcia Ray of Rolla, MO, Betsy Taylor and partner Mary, Eureka Springs, AR, and Cindy Morrison and husband Gid of West Planes, MO; a daughter-in-law, Pam Loyd Taylor Borland and husband Gary of Carthage, MO; 12 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. The family would like to thank all of the staff of St Luke's for their kindness and compassion to Dot and for sharing in our lives for the past 8 yrs. Graveside services will be held 10:30 a.m. Friday May 30, 2014 at Park Cemetery, Carthage, MO. Visitation will be held from 5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. Friday May 30, 2014 at Ulmer Funeral Home, Carthage, MO. Contributions may be made to Grace Episcopal Church in Care of Ulmer Funeral Home. Online condolences may be made at www.ulmerfh.com.

Tribute Wall

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“ You were Gigi to me. I remember the initials on your necklace and that I knew your first name but not your full name. For a long while I thought you were just Dotty until someone corrected me. I wasn't a child who asked questions, so I didn't even know your maiden name, or much about your life. But I remember your shoes- so pretty and though my feet were small, your's were even smaller. I remember the smell of your lipsticks and the sight of handmade soaps in your bathroom. Coke in the garage, fresca in the fridge, sherbert in the freezer. I remember you taking me and another sibling to mini golf with one of our aunts. Teaching us to shuffle cards, play go-fish. I remember Gigi that you were quiet, and so it felt more important to listen when you spoke. I remember you drank red wine sometimes and had a sense of humor that we only got to enjoy if we were lucky enough. I remember you as quiet. And Funny. I remember I thought of you as beautiful. I still think of the way the sun felt coming in through the windows of your house, especially onto the day bed. I still love the way the blue shag of that dining room carpet felt under my bare feet and legs when the siblings and I would play with the old toys you kept in a closet by a door we never used. Did you ever use that door? I remember the way the garage and the inside of your car smelled. I remember the story of you playing an entire afternoon of bridge rather than going to the hospital for a broken arm, because "you don't miss bridge." I remember you as tough. Small like me, smaller somehow. But in other ways I remember you as being taller, much taller.

I wish I remembered more, that I knew more about you. I wish I knew to ask questions- I wish I'd annoyed you with my curiosity and asked you back then all the things I want to know now. But I know you were one tough, funny, fabulous person. And I am glad for the things I know, for what I remember about you. Love and miss you Gigi.

Kathryn - July 09, 2025 at 08:03 PM