



Arline Beryl Roby Lawrence

September 9, 1923 - May 7, 2020

Arline Beryl Roby Lawrence was born in Berkeley, California in September 9, 1923 and passed away peacefully at the age of 96 on May 7, 2020 of a short illness with dementia. Arline's husband, Whitney Elmore Lawrence; parents, Cecil and Elaine Roby; guardian, Metta Brooks; and sister Metta Marie Roby are predeceased. Arline and Whitney met while taking voice lessons at The Westbrae Community Church and were married there on June 11, 1944 by Dr. Laurance L. Cross (former Mayor of Berkeley). Together they had four children: Cynthia Phillips (John), Kerry Watty (Garrett), Mark Lawrence (Roxanne), and Julia Ladrech (Andre); 6 grandchildren: Kimberly, Michael, and Daniel Phillips (Maye), Wyatt Watty (Alex) and Amanda Hoffman (Robert) and Brett Ladrech (Jessica), Tyler Nelson (Jodie), (Robert Hoffman); 5 great-grandchildren: Indigo Phillips, Hannah and Evan Watty, and Mikala and Trevor Hoffman.

Arline was a proud participant of Camp Fire Girls and was a graduate of Berkeley High School, Berkeley, California in 1942, and was published in the Manuscript, a Magazine of Prose and Verse Published by the Manuscript Club of Berkeley High School, received a Scholarship in Art for her fashion designs to the College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland. Just out of high school she worked on the "Loose Lips Sink Ships" project, as well as the Moore Drydock Shipyards. She was further educated at McKinley Business School in Berkeley and attended classes at Diablo Valley College in Pleasant Hill,

California.

Arline is a published writer and poet internationally and nationally. Three published books are preserved at the State of California Library in The California Room in Sacramento, as well as The Bancroft Library in Berkeley, the John F. Kennedy University in Orinda and the Berkeley Historical Society in Berkeley: "Poppy Seeds", 1978; "Big Foot Country", 1987; "Marilyn Monroe, My Last Marquee", 1993; and "Echoes of Jack London", 2014. Her memberships include: National Penwomen, Washington, D. C.; California Writers Club-Berkeley Branch; California Federation of Chaparral Poets; Ina Coolbrith Circle; and Thursday Creative Writing Class in Paradise. She taught poetry at Hoopa High on the Hupa Reservation, Blue Lake Union School District and Humboldt State University. She was secretary for two critique groups: Penwomen Federation and Cal Writers. She and her husband, Whitney, enjoyed being active with the Redbud Theater in Salyer, California.

She and her late husband were active members at: First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, Christ Lutheran Church in El Cerrito, North Congregational Church in Berkeley, Lafayette-Orinda Presbyterian Church, Willow Creek Bible Church, Church of the Mountains in Hoopa and Craig Memorial Congregational Church in Paradise, California. She enjoyed learning how to play the handbells and created wall hangings for special occasions.

Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, a date for a Memorial Service or Celebration of Life will be planned later.

In Lieu of flowers, the family suggests contributing: California Writers Club-Berkeley Branch

Tribute Wall

“ I'm an artist, and so is my Grandma Arline. She's my artistic foundation. Half the books in my art library are gifts from her. Books like *Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain*, and many how-to guides on drawing comics, painting, graphic design, and so many more. She made sure to check in with me and tell me to keep at it and say "I know you'll be great!". As I got older, I loved sharing with her about new artists I'd discover and admire and she'd educate me about her favorites like Mucha and Monet. We knew, at any family gathering, we would have our sit-down time together, talking about art with each other.

She had the undeniable presence of a graceful poet and would hold court as such. She had that way about her. When she was talking, it was your time to listen ... with a respect that was never questioned ... but she never had to tell you that, you just knew it, with love and respect.

The first few memories that pop in my head:

The time I had just won a local miniature figurine paint contest and she called a few minutes after I heard the news and I was so happy to share the news with her

"Gram! I won first place in youth division and Grand Champion!"

"Oh how wonderful! I'm so proud of you!"

I can still feel her smile over the phone.

The time I was watching the movie "Gremlins" at home, alone one afternoon ... and the power went out. I was glad night had not yet fallen, but it was just about sunset, so I lit some candles and ... I forget why, but she and Grandpa Whit showed up with some items for my parents. But I ran out the door to greet them before they even got to the door ... maybe before they were out of the car and exclaimed that I was never happier to see them come over for a visit! Grandpa laughed and probably let out a "garsh" or two. Grandma was more than happy to have a sit down and chat about life, to take my mind off the scary moment as we waited for my

parents to get home from work.

The not-any-one-specific-time when, at not-any-specific family gathering where a quiet moment in the room full of conversation came and Grandma would just let out a long, slow, song-like sigh ... "Mmmmmm ... "
Just her, enjoying that family moment ... just her way of letting us know she loved us all together.

I Love you Grandma.

Dan

Dan Phillips - May 20, 2020 at 08:18 PM