



Katherine Forsyth Walton

June 26, 1916 - January 23, 2020

Katherine Forsyth Walton died peacefully on January 23, 2020, at her home in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She was 103 years old. She was born on June 26, 1916, in Ben Avon, Pennsylvania, where she grew up. Her parents were Andrew and Alice Forsyth. She studied history at Wellesley College and was graduated in 1938, as president of student government. In 1941, she married Thomas England Walton, Jr., of St. Davids, Pennsylvania. They lived briefly in Boston until 1942 and then, during the war years, in various Army training camp locations until Tom's division deployed to the Pacific. They settled in the Philadelphia area after the war. She is survived by her five children – Margaret Ralph of Radnor, Katherine Sollers of San Francisco, and Thomas Walton, Diane Wood Kramer, and Ellen Ramsay, all residing in the Washington, DC, area – plus 11 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren.

Kathie's warmth, kindness and optimism made her loved, admired, and appreciated everywhere as she went about her daily life, in the community and among her neighbors at the Tedwyn Apartments where she lived for the past 23 years. She is remembered lovingly by her children as someone who approached motherhood with pure joy. She embraced friends and neighbors in her Rosemont home of many years, hosting summertime backyard picnics and organizing annual Christmas caroling nights around her Airdale Road neighborhood. Widowed at only age 48, she raised her children on her own, enthusiastically welcomed each and every grandchild, and delighted in visits from the great-grandchildren. She brought equal passion to volunteering, whether as Parents Committee chairperson and a Trustee at Baldwin School, a driver for Meals on Wheels, or a member of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, where she ran a program for students at local colleges and pursued one of her favorite activities -- sharing the magic of the church's stained glass windows. Working with the team from Willet studio who designed and installed them, Kathie brought the windows' stories to all ages through her tours and two church publications, *Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness* and *Spirit of the Century*.

Her grandchildren called her Katie and reveled in time spent with her. A day with Katie

could involve building trains indoors with the household furniture, celebrating Bear's birthday, playing Duck-Duck-Goose in the backyard, or fishing for surprises she attached from under the bed to the lines they dangled, and always ended with a child wishing she (or he, but 10 of the 11 were girls!) didn't have to go home. Well into her 80's, she made costumes for grandchildren and sewed clothes for their dolls. Three generations were blessed to have her in their lives, and we will all miss her.

In lieu of flowers, the family has requested contributions be made to Meals on Wheels, 60 Surrey Way, Devon, PA 19333

Events

MAY **Memorial Service** 10:00AM

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Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church

625 Montgomery Avenue, Bryn Mawr, PA, US

Comments



“ My brother Ted Moon let me know of Kathie's passing, and asked me to remind him of my connection to her. She lived in a house on Browning Lane directly behind ours, where Jack Moon raised us with our mother Lois, until her untimely passing in 1970. Our father died in his home there in July of 2016. I shared this with Ted:

Mrs. Walton was a naturalist. I knew she appreciated that quality in me, which was a nice thing after Mom died, and therefore could not continue to foster my interest in nature. That rather vague fostering from Kathie Walton became quite real for a moment, the day she got me started as a birder. I tell the story often, as it is a classic bird-conversion story. One May afternoon in 1974, I was walking home from Radnor High School, when I saw a Killdeer in the playing field. I was really wowed by the Killdeer, as they are very beautiful, and you can get close to them. I knew that Kathie Walton knew about birds, walked straight to her house, knocked on the door, and asked if she could help me figure out what I had seen. She not only showed me the bird immediately in the Peterson Guide, but handed me a pair of binoculars and said "Come with me for a minute." We went into her backyard, and she said "Look at that little bird in the apple tree." It was a male Yellow-rumped Warbler, and she told me about spring migration, and how all these amazing little birds flood through. It blew my mind. The rest is history. Tim Sterret and Chip Blake get a lot of credit for me being into birds, too, but I remember that day with Kathie Walton quite vividly as the moment when I fell in love with birds.

I am now Sanctuary Director for Mass Audubon at Joppa Flats Education Center in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where a big part of our program is a broad curriculum in bird watching for adults. I lead trips around the country and around the world. Kathie Walton will live on in my heart as a dear person.

David Moon - January 31 at 03:31 PM



“ Wow David thank you for that wonderful note and congratulations on your career. She did have a love of all things in nature and birds in particular. She really didn't know the influence that she had over so many people. Ted and I were in the same Sunday school class at one point and I definitely remember your family over the back fence. I do have a recollection that one of you had a pet snake in the house - that was not something our Mom was too happy about!! Thank you again for sharing your memories of her - it makes me smile. Ellen Walton Ramsay

Ellen - January 31 at 05:05 PM



“ Thank you David. Ellen shared this message with all of us. It is lovely. Indeed Mom inspired my love of nature which also turned into a career for me. She never tired of watching birds or finding native spring wildflowers. When it became difficult to go outside she put her attention into cloud watching from her 8th floor apartment.

I believe I used to have conversations with your dad about chocolate when he would stop by Mom's house.

Thank you for taking the time to share these thoughts.

Diane Walton Wood



“ Such wonderful memories of your Mom! During one of the treasure hunts she concocted for me and Diane, I learned what the phrase "the staff of life" meant: the next clue was hidden in the breadbox. I loved visiting as she was always so warm and welcoming and fun! Gay Richards Strickler

Gaynor Strickler - January 25 at 07:56 PM



“ Thank you Gay. I had forgotten that but once you wrote it it all came back. Such a special memory. She loved setting out those treasure hunts.

Diane Wood - January 31 at 07:02 PM