

# Wendy Richardson would have been a great journalist

Wendy Richardson worked in the office next to mine in Seaside. She died the week before Christmas at the all-too-young age of 56.

Of course I didn't know her as well as so many others, but as I helped prepared the newspaper's obit, read columns and tributes by family, friend and colleagues here at The Signal where she worked, the more I wanted to add.

Upon my arrival to Seaside last spring, Wendy made me feel part of the group at the weekly Thursday meeting of the Seaside Downtown Development Association at the Pig 'N Pancake. If life is like high school, Wendy was still the cool kid.

The next day, Wendy was the unofficial queen of the "bad girls' table" at the Twisted Fish, where the chamber regularly meets. They loved her.

At work, Wendy never backed down. She was energized and hard-working.

I really didn't know much about the tsunami threat before I got here, but Wendy was prepared. She took the threat of a Cascadia Subduction Zone quake and tsunami very seriously. Since

SEEN FROM SEASIDE  
R.J. MARX



my office was right next to hers, I realized that if a tsunami were to hit, we'd probably be running out the door together. If so, I was confident she would know the way.

Not to dwell too much on the tsunami — although Wendy probably would have — that wasn't the only area where she would lead the way.

She passionately believed in the therapeutic benefits of cannabis, and wasn't afraid to say so at public forums. She helped pioneer the special marijuana advertising section in the Daily Astorian. The popular section was to both draw attention and to spark debate, as the federal government sought to limit distribution of the newspaper from Oregon to the state of Washington.

Wendy proudly wore her Coast Guard background on her sleeve. It was interesting to hear her brothers talk about "The Captain" — her father — as the revered figure in the clan. Wendy was es-



Wendy Richardson in 2010.

pecially proud of "Safeguarding Our Coast: A Century of Saving Lives and Building Community," a special edition Coast Guard anniversary edition.

"She thought it was a great way to connect with that heritage," her co-worker Laura Kaim said.

A huge high-school sports fan — and once an accomplished athlete herself — Wendy loved The Signal cover featuring the Gulls' football place-kicker Whitney Westerholm. Beautifully photo-

graphed by her good friend Jeff Ter Har, the edition made Wendy proud on many levels, and she displayed it on the wall beside her desk.

Wendy looked over every edition of The Signal before it went to press, and special sections, too. She offered great assistance for an editor for identifications, because she knew almost every face in town, and she had the backstory on most of them. Although it wasn't in her job description, Wendy was

such a team player and dedicated to making the newspaper the best that it could be.

Wendy was a real storyteller. It's a shame she wasn't a writer too.

But the message I'll take away from Wendy wasn't fiction, but science. The subject of the tsunami made her angry, outraged, impassioned. She had no illusions that when the tsunami hit, we'd better be ready to respond.

Wendy never shied from the tough question.

City Planner Kevin Cupples spoke at a recent meeting about evacuation routes in the event of a catastrophic quake. New, enhanced "You are here" evacuation maps could save lives, he explained.

That was well and good, Wendy said, but then what? "Once we evacuate, will there be enough food and supplies for all of us?"

No, the planner acknowledged.

It was great to have a chance to work alongside her, even for a short time.

She taught many lessons. And God forbid if there ever is a tsunami here in Seaside, I am sure it will be her voice I hear, leading us to safety.

## Christmas concerts kick off a festive holiday season

On Dec. 19, Alvis Porter took me to the Christmas concert at the Liberty Theater. It was the combined effort of the North Coast Symphonic Band, conducted by (swing and sway) Dave Becker; the Cannon Beach Chorale, directed by Dr. Denise Reed; and the Cannon Beach Chorus, under the direction of Dr. John Buehler who each brought out the best in everyone. A married couple, Denise Dillenbeck and her husband Mark Goodenberger, played two duets of violin and xylophone respectively, which were so beautiful. The second xylophone tune had a train theme and was written by the performer Mr. Goodenberger. He was very agile and original. The Hallelujah chorus, many traditional Christmas songs and a great selection of hol-

SCENE & HEARD  
CLAIRE LOVELL



iday band numbers kept us entertained for quite a while.

I saw a man there wearing a "wee kiltie" and resisted the impulse to tell him I liked his skirt. I did look at his legs, though. So many of the guys wear shorts and go bare legged year 'round now that it's become a serendipitous chance to check them out. Guys with gams, hooray! Bob Walters, who played Santa, also led the singing of carols and it's always nice to see our ex-lady mayor, Rosemary Baker-Monaghan, when we go to the theater.

The Methodist Church choir's performance of the Christmas Cantata, "One Silent Night" on Dec. 20, was fabulous and I wasn't even singing with the, ha. Director Debbie Vail is always able to elicit great sounds from her group. The joyous season make it so much easier. Every anthem they do is good because men and women perform in about equal strength and we have some great soloists. It's too bad the whole town doesn't hear them.

Christmas Day, I enjoyed solo. I watched reruns of Poldark and took in the West Point holiday special — marching bands, Christmas hymns and holiday songs many of us love. I'm like Gen. Patton — I think I was a warrior way back in antiquity. Anything military always thrills me. For today, I like to

see familiar insignia. So much has changed in uniforms since World War II. After TV, I just enjoyed the quiet of Christmas although there were several family phone calls, which is always nice.

I was so sorry to learn of the death of John Beneke on Dec. 27. John was one of my babies at St. Mary's hospital in Astoria — of which I reminded him every now and then, perhaps to his embarrassment. His wife said he had been ill for some time. Besides his wife, John leaves four children who were all with him at the last. We'll miss seeing him around. I remember exactly how he looked when he was new and offer my sincere condolences to his family.

One afternoon at Safeway, a perfect stranger came up to me and said he reads my column and likes

my jokes, quoting the most recent one about bed bugs. He said, "I have one for you" and here it is.

### Laugh line

A brunette walked into a doctor's office saying, "Doc, you've got to help me! I hurt all over." She poked herself in the arm and said, "Ow!" She poked herself on the chest and said, "Ow." She poked herself on her hip and said, "Ow." Finally, she poked herself on her leg and said, "Ow. You see that, doc? Everywhere I poke myself it hurts." The doctor looked her over a few minutes. Then he said, "You're not really a brunette, are you?"

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Your finger's broken!" said the doctor.

## Community pays tribute to Richardson

### Longtime resident remembered for supporting family, friends, colleagues and community

By Katherine Lacaze  
Seaside Signal

A full house was a testament to Wendy Richardson's impact as friends, family and community members gathered for a Celebration of Life ceremony in her honor Dec. 27.

The Pacific Room at the Seaside Civic and Convention Center was packed full of people searching for closure and comfort while remembering Wendy, who passed away Dec. 21 at the age of 56 after suffering a massive stroke the day before.

Wendy's three brothers, Scott, Jeff and Randy Shannon, shared stories of growing up with their only sister. "She was what I call 'the princess,'" Randy Shannon said. "She was the queen, and deservedly so."

People always flocked to Wendy, drawn to her warm, infectious smile, her inviting personality and her kind, understanding heart, they said. It was not unusual for peers in school to use friendships with the brothers to have easier access to Wendy. Because she was so approachable and sincere, she had many friends, "and always will," Randy Shannon said.

"How Wendy made you feel after you were with her was truly her trademark," he said.

In letters read aloud, Wendy's children — Alix, 24; Andie, 23; and Nick, 19 — described her as their best friend, someone they could depend on for support. She helped them recognize and achieve their dreams. Even after her passing, they wrote, they still feel her presence and strength. Andie Richardson wrote she is glad they told each other "I love you" as much as they could.

According to Wendy's husband of 25 years, Al, the couple "enjoyed a simple life" and their children meant everything to them.

He remembers how she "started every day with a smile," he wrote.

Community members said Wendy was always in the stands cheering on her children at sporting events and helping with fundraisers. She welcomed her children's teammates and friends into her home, gracing them with her hospitality. Family was the epicenter of Wendy's life, and she treated the community like her family, as well. She balanced those responsibilities with her strong work ethic as a professional.

Wendy's father, Roger Shannon, who served three Clatsop County tours with the U.S. Coast Guard and retired in Astoria, also attended the ceremony and spoke about Wendy. Her mother, Dorie Shannon, died in 1996; the two were very close. Together they opened 'Tis the Season, a year-round Christmas store, in Cannon Beach. Christmas was her favorite season, according to her family, making it appropriate to celebrate her life alongside the holiday this year.

### OBITUARIES

#### Alice Ann Olp

Dec. 12, 1938 — Dec. 29, 2015



Alice Olp

Alice Ann Olp (Cook) has been called home. She passed away peacefully on Tuesday, Dec. 29, 2015, at Chesapeake Woods Center, with family by her side. Alice Ann was born on Dec. 12, 1938, in Cambridge, Maryland, to the late Wheatley and Helen Cook.

She was married on Jan. 5, 1976, to the late Lambert (Bud) Olp. They made their home in Gearhart and Seaside, Oregon, for 27 years before moving back to Cambridge.

Besides her parents and husband, she was preceded in death by her siblings, N. Lee Spear (Mary), Louise Windsor (Sonny), Faye Bell (Leroy) and Betty Harrison, all of the Dorchester County area.

She is survived by her son Wayne (Cookie) Cook and his wife, Dawn, of Vienna, and her daughter Rose Marie Foxwell of Bivalve, two sisters Josephine (Josie) Salsbury of Cambridge and Marian (Bug) Moore (Elwood) of

Madison, and a uncle Frank Durant (Diane) of Longwood, Florida, along with many nieces and nephews.

Mom Alice, as she was fondly known by many, was an amazing athlete. She was an avid golfer, bowler, basketball and softball player. One of her proudest accomplishments was having four hole in ones. She was also a talented artist and crafter.

There will be a graveside service on Saturday, Jan. 2, at 12 p.m. at Dorchester Memorial Park, with Gary Hickman officiating.

Arrangements are in the care of the Thomas Funeral Home P.A. in Cambridge.

Pallbearers will be members of the Rescue Fire Company.

#### Scott Mitchell Rice

July 29, 1955 — Dec. 21, 2015



Scott Rice

The family and friends of Scott Mitchell Rice mourn his passing on Dec. 21, 2015. He was a beloved member of his community, and is deeply missed.

Born in Los Angeles, California, he attended Edison High School in Huntington Beach, California. He moved to Oregon in 2000, where he worked at the Cannon Beach Christian Conference Center as a grounds assistant. While there he met his wife, Susan, and they were married in 2001. After working in the construction industry for several years, he started his own company with a showroom in Gearhart: SMR Construction.

He loved sky diving, hang gliding, was a licensed pilot, avid motorcyclist, and enjoyed kayaking and playing practical jokes. As elder for buildings and grounds at Cannon Beach Community Church, he was instrumental in get-

ting the steeple built. Also, he organized the Angel Tree Project of Prison Fellowship at the Community Church every Christmas, this year included.

He is preceded in death by a son, Ryan Rice. He is survived by a son, Cory Rice of Florence, Oregon; his wife, Susan Rice of Cannon Beach, Oregon; his mother, Beverly Rice of Seaside, Oregon; a brother, Gregg Rice and his wife, Julie, of Los Banos, Cali-

fornia; a sister, Alison Rice and her husband, Paul, of Pleasant Valley, Oregon; a sister, Vikki Redhawk of Vancouver, Washington; his nieces, Rose Stewart and Dory Stewart of Mendocino, California; a stepson, Tim Burke, and his wife, Cassia, and son, Thomas, of Bremerton, Washington; and a stepdaughter, Deborah Burke of New York City.

There will be a memorial service at Cannon Beach Community Church on Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1 p.m.

In lieu of flowers, donations in Scott's memory may be made to the Angel Tree Project of Prison Fellowship, Cannon Beach Christian Conference Center or Cannon Beach Community Church.

Hughes-Ransom Mortuary is in charge of the arrangements. An online guest book may be signed at [www.hughes-ransom.com](http://www.hughes-ransom.com)

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