



Annie Lorene Polasek

December 29, 1924 - July 14, 2015

Annie L. Polasek

Annie Polasek, age 90, drifted away from this life on Tuesday, July 14, 2015. She was a remarkably loving, vibrant, and helpful woman, who made real friends wherever she lived. For the last three and a half years, she has touched the lives of all who knew her at the Hampton retirement center in Meadows Place. For 45 years before that, she and her husband Johnnie, until his death in 2006, lived in Fondren Park in southwest Houston. They had been married for 61 years.

Annie Lorene Pechanec was born on December 29, 1924, and grew up in Frydek, Texas. She was the daughter of Czech immigrants Mary Brandt and Frank Pechanec. They farmed, raised nine children, and taught values of love of God, of family, and of neighbor. She learned to work hard, not to look for praise for her good deeds, and to help friends and family however she could. She applied those lessons well for a lifetime.

Annie graduated from Sealy High School in 1943. She married Johnnie Polasek of Wallis, Texas, in 1945 and moved to Houston. Johnnie also was descended from Czech immigrants. Annie and Johnnie were members of St. Albert's Catholic Parish in southwest Houston beginning when that church was built in 1972. They were both faithful in their participation in worship and other activities of the parish.

Annie stayed busy in the home but also held several other positions. At different times she worked in the accounting departments for Southwestern Bell Telephone and later for a Ramada Inn, as a cashier at Mrs. Bairds and at Montgomery Ward, and finally in food services at a Fort Bend County/Missouri City Middle School.

All of Annie's five brothers and three sisters predeceased her. The last two were her identical twin sister Lucy Hunter of Humble and Lillian Boehl of Houston, whose deaths were a severe blow to Annie.

She is survived by her daughters Patricia, who lives in Wells, Texas, and Sharon Southwick of Jackson, Mississippi. Also surviving are Sharon's husband Leslie Southwick, of Jackson, their son Philip Southwick, his wife Mary Voorhies, and son Leo of Austin, Texas; and daughter Catherine Southwick and her husband David Brown of Alexandria, Virginia. Annie and Johnnie's first child was Doris Jean, who died soon after birth in 1948. Annie never stopped loving her.

Annie did not have hobbies. Instead, she had useful activities that she loved doing. She enjoyed baking, embroidery, keeping in touch with family and friends, writing long frequent letters – yes, ink pen, real paper, envelopes and stamps. In Fondren Park, she and Johnnie conducted eagerly awaited and successful semi-annual garage sales for years, with some of the goods being items that others had given up on but that Annie and Johnnie repaired or turned into something better. She read the entire Houston Chronicle everyday until the last few months of her life, and would cut out articles she knew would be of interest for family. She was a gracious, outgoing resident at the Hampton retirement home, who welcomed new residents and helped them make the adjustments.

Among her talents that was obvious to the largest number of people was gardening. She and her husband several times received an honorable mention award in their Fondren Park neighborhood for their beautiful yard and flower beds, and once received the yard-of-the-month award for the entire large neighborhood.

Her ability to see the beauty in other people and thus to love them as they are perhaps was strengthened by her love of plants and especially flowers. Plants could be improved, pruned, and fertilized, but she could enjoy them with their imperfections too. She nourished those people around her, built them up, supported them, and made them better for having known her. She planted gardens of love and kindness wherever she was, gardens that will continue to bloom and grow now that she is gone.

Plant me a garden under the sun.
Plant me a garden before day is done.
Fill it with roses; sweet will they grow.
Fill it with lilies pure as the snow.

Plant me a garden to nourish my soul.
Plant me a garden; make me feel whole.
Fill it with hope; surround it with grace.
Fill it with faith, this sanctified place.

Plant me a garden, nourished from above.
Plant me a garden, and sow it with love.