

home also.

The family had all survived the war.

After that, Gertrud was finally able to get serious about painting again and went to Munich to an art school. There in 1947, at a golf course south of Munich, she met her first husband and legally "set foot on American soil after a 22 hour trip on Pan Am Airlines."

In 1954 she became an American citizen.

Gertrud and Raymond Price had two sons, Dwight Bruce (he and his wife Jeanie live in San Diego), and Warren Earl (who passed away October 1998 and is buried in Hartville).

During the time they were married, Gertrud was a graphic artist for a publishing company and did ads for newspapers.

In 1959 she married William Peters who worked for NASA and they had a son, Jim, who has been living here helping Gertrud since 2014. Jim's daughter, Michelle, has two children, Vincent and Lilly.

Gertrud was an Arthur Murray dance instructor, free-lance artist, nature photographer, decorator, sculptor, gardener, book illustrator and wrote ad copy until she was able to break into the art field in America.

Even through all of those vocations and careers, she is quoted in a newspaper article about her in the Dickinson, Texas News as saying, "If I had my life to live over, I'd be a pilot, jazz pianist and rancher in Brazil."

As for my personal adventures with Gertrud, we made a couple of art trips, one resulting in my car quitting us in Hartville. The second was when we went to the Laramie Peak Fire Zone Hall by Hubbard's Cupboard to a Wheatland Art Guild meeting.

Gertrud had a lifeline but since she was rarely away from the house, neither of us knew that when the wearer gets so far from the designated residence, it alerts the office.

We enjoyed our afternoon arriving at her house to see a door with a very large footprint by the knob, splintered wood along the jamb and a note on the door signed by one of the local police officers who just happened to be a former student of mine. "Mrs. Mitchell, what did you do with Gertrud?"

The lifeline folks had alerted the police department that her buzzer had gone off and they couldn't rouse her. Well, no, she was in the mountains enjoying the day with her beloved Wheatland Art Guild and me!

As we read the note and pondered the disaster we had caused, we both started laughing, then Gertrud looked at me and said, "I've always wanted a red door; now I have an excuse to get one." And she did.

She just rolled with the punches and counted each another little adventure in her life—the epitome of the old adage of making lemonade out of lemons.

I look at the events in my life, and oh, my do they seem safe and ordered compared to this lady who left us December the 10th after 91 years 280 days.

With all that happened to her, she remained a positive, tough yet constant contributor to those around her.

Since her marriage to Bob Goetz in 1982, her life here in Platte County continued to be an adventure with travel, friends and repeated contributions to her adopted county. She loved being a mentor to young artists like Erica Haroldson Meister.

One afternoon as we were visiting in her studio, she even tried to get me to draw. I explained that what I saw in my head just never could make it through my hand to the paper. She laughed heartily and said, "I just never had that problem!"

I do not have the words or ability to put any kind of a summation on this unique, wonderful woman that I was so privileged to get to know. She had a plaque in her cabinet that read, "A grouchy German is a sour kraut."

Suffering through the war, losing a son in 1998, husband Bob Goetz in 2009 and suffering a stroke a year later did not make her a sour kraut.

To the last day I visited her just a few days before she died, we laughed and giggled at the fact she was collecting what she called "lots of old lady paperwork" in her room here.

I love you Gertrud, and will never be able to look at a red door again without thinking of this lovely, talented lady.