



## Jane Gordon Ashkins

October 1, 1916 - December 22, 2013

Jane Gordon Ashkins died December 22, 2013 at the age of 97. She was born October 1, 1916 to Frank Stark and Marguerite Pauli Gordon in Seattle, Washington where she spent most of her early years. She became a member of the Chi Omega Sorority while attending the University of Washington.

During the depression era Jane moved to Fairbanks, Alaska with her parents to help run the surviving family business, Gordon's Department Store. It was there she became "Miss Fairbanks" and met her handsome and beloved husband of 66 years, Milton H. Ashkins, a pilot flying for the Army Air Corps during World War II.

With Milton making his career in the U.S. Air Force, Jane adapted with grace and charm to the transfers, travel, differing cultures and rigors of being the wife of a successful military officer. She thrived in her roles of wife and mother, making a comfortable and beautiful home for her family at each new station, while gathering many lifelong friends along the way.

Having visited her parents over the years in Santa Barbara, California and experiencing its beauty and climate, Jane and Milton made the city their home in 1965 upon Milton's retirement. While Jane had lived in many beautiful places in the world, she would look out the picture window of her home in the foothills of the Santa Ynez Mountains overlooking the city and harbor to the Pacific Ocean and Channel Islands and say with each magnificent sunset: "I live in paradise."

Jane is preceded in death by her husband Milton Ashkins and is survived by

her daughter Peggy Ashkins of Santa Barbara, daughter and son-in-law Lorrie and John Studdard of Cypress, Texas, granddaughters Melissa Studdard of Cypress, Texas and Kelly Martinez of Houston, Texas, great granddaughters Rosalind Williamson of Cypress, Texas and Carolyn Carlson of Houston, Texas.

Postscript by Melissa Studdard: RIP, Jane Gordon Ashkins. On December 27th of last year, I made this post about my Grandma Jane: "Grandma Jane can't always remember my name, but she still smokes, flirts, drinks scotch, wears a beautiful manicure, and outwits anyone naive enough to think they can figure out what's going on in that beautiful head of hers." Today, at 97, she has passed. She was a vibrant, dazzling force of love, wit, strength, and timeless beauty-and one of the people I admired most in this life. I hold that great gift, her vitality, closely now. I will tell her stories to my grandchildren. I will carry her light into the world.