



Barbara Elizabeth Schmidt

November 5, 1937 - November 16, 2020

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Wenatchee, Washington

Barbara E. Schmidt was born on November 5, 1937 to Myrtle and Gordon Schmidt in Wenatchee. Her brother Richard followed 15 months later. She attended schools in Sunnyslope and Wenatchee and attended Central Christian Church.

At the age of 15, Barbara was diagnosed with Paranoid Schizophrenia, an illness she struggled with until her death. Graduating from Wenatchee High School in 1957 was quite an accomplishment. Barbara was an accomplished embroiderer, making pillowcases, quilt blocks and dish towels. When she could no longer live with her family or in assisted living, she moved to Regency Manor in Chelan, now Regency Pacific in Wenatchee and lived there until her death. She developed close friendships with the staff and enjoyed activities & games. She was very competitive, winning nearly every Bingo or Checkers game she played. She enjoyed parties, hamburgers, pizza, the occasional soda and of course chocolate! Although Barbara had many dark days, her thoughtfulness, willingness to share, big smile, and firm hugs will be deeply missed.

Barbara's family extends our deepest thanks and appreciation to her Regency family for always loving and caring for her unconditionally. We are grateful beyond words and hope you realize how much she loved each of you.

On November 16, 2020 Barbara joined her parents and stepfather John Goforth in heaven, as well as her brother Richard and two step sisters Alberta and Louise. She is survived by her sister Melody (Arnold) Baker, stepsister Blanche, sister in law Deleine, 1 niece and 4 nephews. Due to Covid restrictions, there will be a private family memorial at a later date.

You are invited to visit Barbara's Online Tribute at www.HeritageMemorialChapel.com to write a memory/condolence. Arrangements are in the care of Heritage Memorial Chapel, East Wenatchee.

Tribute Wall

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“ As a volunteer at Regency in Chelan and then Wenatchee, I often encountered Barbara, she was wary of me at first, but we'd lock eyes and then start talking. She would light up, then I would too. I looked for her every week, but sometimes she was nowhere to be found, and I'd find myself missing her. I haven't seen her since the first Covid restrictions last Spring but would think of her often. Knowing she's at peace is consoling.

Lou Verellen - November 23, 2020 at 08:04 PM