

**OBITUARIES continued**

**Bridget Marie Nilson**

February 23, 1966 - June 24, 2017

Bridget Marie Nilson, 51, passed away on June 24, 2017, at Rogue Regional Medical Center in Medford, Oregon. Bridget was born February 23, 1966, to Larry A. Nilson and Wendy Ann Nilson in Bremerton, Washington. She graduated from Molalla High School in Molalla, Oregon, and attended Oregon State University.



to make everything clear. My life is infinitely richer from my friendship with her. Bridget was a light in my world. She made magic from the simplest ingredients—a life beautifully lived.

—Stacy Lund

Our amazing, loving, openhearted, sweet Bridget. A great appreciator of people, nature, and animals. She was truly a force of nature. So unique,

Bridget developed a deep passion for horses during her early childhood and, for the past 25 years, was a professional horse trainer and riding instructor. Bridget's style of living was always off the beaten track. The last several years of her life she lived in her beautiful home on Joe Bar over the California border along Elliot Creek.

Bridget is survived by her father and stepmother, Annie Nilson, of Medford. She was preceded in death by her mother and brothers, Eric and Ryan.

Bridget is the best friend I've ever had. She suffered the most profound, unfair loss of her family as a young woman, and from the ashes of her suffering emerged the bravest, truest, kindest person I have ever known.

When you were with her, she was with you, completely. She possessed the rarest gift: the ability to give you her perfect attention, to feel with you your suffering, and to celebrate your joy.

She knew how to stretch and mine every earthly pleasure possible from an afternoon at a secret swimming hole or a beautiful meal. She wasted nothing. She made the ordinary, extraordinary—I wouldn't be the first to call it magic.

Her commitment to being true to herself and living in integrity with the earth, people, and animals showed in every detail of her life. She left with little evidence of having been here, no debts or unfinished business. Just a huge amount of love and gratitude in the hearts of the many people whose lives she touched.

—Amber Guient

Few people who come into your life forever change you. For me, Bridget was one of those people. From the day we met I felt she was someone special. She brought beauty, adventure, and courage into the center of my world. She found inspiration everywhere. When shared with Bridget, meals, walks, and ordinary moments took on a sentiment of praise.

Bridget possessed true generosity of spirit, which she extended to strangers, acquaintances, and the many fortunate to know her as a friend. I admired her presence, sensibility, tenderness, her ability

beautiful, and rare. She was the queen of savoring life in its finest, being true to oneself, and dancing with unbridled abandon. And she had the special gift of being with you wherever you were.

Because of Bridget's friendship I learned how to be a better friend. She demanded we look at ourselves as much as she searched her own reflection. When I celebrated, she was my biggest cheerleader. When I felt I'd failed, she was there to say "It's okay" in that soft, sweet Bridget voice that I will always remember. I'm forever grateful to have known her. Love you B, ride free in the sky. —Ellen Cohen

Bridget the horse trainer would say: "Use as little as possible but as much as it takes." It was her formula for life. She was not only a horse whisperer, but a good friend who stood wholly present as she witnessed and guided us through life's struggles. By pushing "as little as possible but as much as it takes," she offered each of us the ability to grow both within ourselves and alongside her. Although that growth was not always comfortable, it came with deep rewards. Her formula for life and her carefree style gave Bridget the freedom and love for life that let her soar. She left behind many grateful horses and friends ready to embrace what is in front of us.

—Deborah Buoy

I met Bridget 13 years ago. She was sitting at the McKee Bridge bar wearing Wranglers and a pink cowgirl shirt. I plopped down next to her and the first thing she asked me was if I shaved my legs. We compared leg hair and I was sold.

Bridget was so uniquely Bridget. She radiated authenticity and enriched my life beyond words through her love, care, and ability to be the most dedicated friend I could imagine. Her friends received her complete attention.

Despite life's challenges, Bridget became the most beautiful flower, like the Washington lilies blooming behind her house the day she passed. Maybe that's why she was here such a short time: to hit us hard with her love and uniqueness, then leave us with it, raw and unfiltered.

Allie Parkin • mineekhoorn@gmail.com

**Clyde Clarence Wilson Jr.**

February 11, 1942 - September 26, 2017

Clyde Clarence Wilson Jr., 75, passed away in his sleep on September 26, 2017. He was born on February 11, 1942, in Lindsay, California, to Clyde C. and Gineva Y. (Wright) Wilson. He never met a stranger and was always welcoming and engaged.



morning walks with our dogs. When his wife, Andrea, passed away last year, Clyde and his dogs were frequent visitors to our home. Clyde's sense of humor was catching. He always had something comical to share and kept us laughing during our visits. But he was serious about politics and didn't

hide his biases. He wasn't afraid to speak out and always had something pertinent to say on any subject. The loves of his life were Andrea, his dogs, Wilson and Winston, and his work with the Rogue Gem & Geology Club. Clyde was always talking about how he loved visiting children in classrooms to share his knowledge of rocks and gems. Bill Strickland, president of the Rogue Gem & Geology Club, said, "For those of us who had the delightful opportunity to spend time with Clyde, his profound and contagious love of rocks was clearly evident to all age groups. His eyes sparkled and his face radiated when speaking about rocks. He gave sunstones to folks in the hospital during his last week with us, and they, too, experienced the joy Clyde felt for the earth, as thousands of children in the Grants Pass area can attest to."

He graduated from Lindsay High School in Lindsay, California, in 1960. After serving in the US Air Force from 1961 to 1981, he furthered his education, receiving two associates degrees as he moved from missile technician to computer programming and scheduling. Clyde most recently worked at Harry & David in computer programming and was previously employed at CP National and Sterling Business Forms.

Clyde was preceded in death by his wife, Andrea, and parents, Clyde Wilson Sr. and Gineva. He is survived by his sons Eric (Deanna) Wilson of Portland and Chris (Kristine) Wilson of Lynden, Washington; his sister, Pat Bray, of Tulare, California; his grandchildren, Elizabeth, Ashley, Katherine, and Robert; and his nieces and other relatives.

While no memorial service will be held, the family appreciates those who have been a part of Clyde's life. In lieu of flowers, the family requests memorial donations to benefit American veterans.

Clyde Wilson was a good friend and neighbor to many of us on Thompson Creek Road in Applegate. My friendship with him began years ago when he and Andrea shared stories around the tables at Ruch Library while folding the Applegaters for mailing, and our friendship grew on

Joan Peterson • 541-846-6988

Clyde was my next-door neighbor for 29 years. Over those years, we dealt with deer poachers, trespassers, kooks, bears, and lions—not to mention potlucks, laughs, and stories.

He would tell me about taking care of the nuke missiles when he was stationed at the air force base in Minot, North Dakota, when it was 50 degrees below zero. I could picture Clyde sitting on top of one of those nukes polishing its nose to a glorious shine. Clyde and his late wife, Andrea, were very involved with the Applegater from its start. If they weren't on some back trail with their pack llamas, they'd be stuffing Applegaters into bulk mail bags.

Clyde was a great neighbor who will be missed.

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