



Margaret Mary Walton

September 20, 1923 - December 31, 2017

Margaret M. Walton was granted multiple lifetimes, all of them centered around family and a sense of adventure. Her first life was in Africa where she was born. She lived in Casablanca, French Morocco, with her mother (Bertha Clairembourg) and brother (Maurice Clairembourg) until she was 12. At that time her mother moved the family back to Liege, Belgium where they lived with her grandmother and traveled often to visit family friends on a farm outside of the city. Her family endured the occupation of Belgium by the Nazis during World War II, and there are many family stories of small acts of resistance performed by the Clairembourgs.

After the war she met her husband William Walton at a dance sponsored by the American soldiers. She often smiled and told the story that her mother sold her purity for a can of Nescafe (a prize offered at the dance to encourage young women to attend). They were married on March 9, 1946, and she began her second life as a married woman and emigrated to the United States. They established their family together in Pittsburgh, PA. Their son Edward Walton (Martha) was born in New Eagle, PA--a perfect location for her "American son." Margaret's mother and grandmother came from Belgium to live with the young couple and to help raise young Eddy.

While in Pittsburgh, Margaret worked as a bookkeeper for an appliance repair parts company and later Detling Hamilton Burial Vaults Company. William

worked hard as an insurance salesman, and as a result was relocated to Sioux Falls, SD. It was here that Margaret learned to drive for the first time and would drive in right handed circles to avoid making a left hand turn. Another promotion for William lead to another move, this time to Southfield, MI, where she found work with Detroit Airport Advertising. The Waltons opened their home to Anh and Van Lam (parents of Julie (David) Ludington and James Lam), refugees from Vietnam after the war. The Lams lived with Margaret and William for six months before settling in Grand Rapids, MI.

After William's passing in 1983, Margaret reinvented herself again and continued her work as a bookkeeper for Detroit Airport Advertising. It was through this work that she met Stan Cloutier (father of Chuck (Joann) Cloutier and Candice Cloutier). They were married on June 8, 1984. Margaret and Stan spent many summers at Stan's lakefront cottage in Pentwater, MI. Margaret's wanderlust continued as they traveled through Europe, visiting family. It wasn't only travel that fulfilled her sense of adventure, but also moving houses was great fun! There was one year where she moved five times in a effort to secure the just right house.

Stan passed away in 2004, and Margaret began another life. This one was full of stamp collecting, shopping, sewing, knitting, multiple moves and her special friend Ernie Trepton. It was also during this time that she became a great-grandmother to Jack and Emma Swisher. The adoration between Margaret, Jack, and Emma was evident when they played the coin game together and at Sunday dinners when they begged her to tell well-worn family stories.

Margaret instilled in her family a sense of the importance of caretaking and generosity, a legacy that remains with her son Edward (Martha) Walton, grandchildren Claire (Michael) Walton-Swisher and Sam (Diane Calinski) Walton, and great-grandchildren Jack and Emma Swisher. There are a great many stories that she leaves with her family, but the theme is always the

same: live a good life, and laugh while you live it.

Margaret's family will be receiving visitors at the Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home at 46401 Ann Arbor Road, Plymouth, MI on Friday, January 12th from 3:00pm-7:00pm. Burial will be on Saturday, January 13th at 10:00am at Glen Eden Cemetery in Livonia, MI.

In lieu of flowers, the family is requesting donations in Margaret's name to:
Bridging International Communities.

44257 Fair Oaks Drive
Canton, Michigan 48188

Cemetery Details

Glen Eden Memorial Park

35667 Eight Mile Road
Livonia, MI 48152

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 12. 3:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home Plymouth
46401 Ann Arbor Road West
Plymouth, MI 48170
(734) 459-2250
plymouth@vermeulenfh.com

Committal Service

JAN 13. 10:00 AM - 10:30 AM (ET)

Glen Eden Memorial Park
35667 Eight Mile Road
Livonia, MI 48152

Tribute Wall



“ *Margaret Mary Walton*

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM



“ *Mom W - Five Lives (Part Two)*

Now she begins a 6th life - her afterlife. We are left with an abundance of family stories for she truly re-invented herself over and over to meet the challenges and obstacles placed before her. She never let anything get her down. She enjoyed entertaining and loved to cook for large family gatherings. She loved her family very much and we loved her back. We will miss her and we will be sad that she is not with us, but we are comforted in knowing that she struck a terrific balance between quantity of life and quality of life. As we used to say to each other at the end of our nightly phone calls and more recently at the end of our visits --LOVE YOU!

Ed Walton - January 14, 2018 at 02:03 PM

“ Mom W - Five Lives (Part One)

My Mother always talked about her 5 lives. She felt her life was divided into 5 parts - some longer than others, some based on where she lived, others based on her family relationships.

Her first life was in Casablanca, French Morocco, where she was born. She told stories of catching frogs with colored pieces of cloth tied to the fishing line. She and her brother, Maurice would flip the frogs up on the shore and then chase them down as they tried to hop back into the water. Cloche the German Shepard watch dog chewed up the wooden dominoes that we still have.

Her second life was in Belgium growing up as a teenager and young adult under Nazi occupation. White gloved Phillip courted her. She didn't like him, but she did like the chocolates that he brought. Maurice would stop at the Marchant Frites at the end of the day to collect all the unsold french fries - bringing them home for a french fry feast. She always loved french fries. She spent much time during the occupation in the country near Brussels where the the family roots are. Her mother would smuggle coal from the city and trade it with the farmers for eggs and cheese. At the time of the Liberation by the American soldiers, they were living in the basement of their apartment building. A pot belly stove provided for cooking and heating. An American GI placed his helmet over the outside vent in order to smoke out who ever was inside. As she ran outside, the Gi's were standing with their rifles at the ready to shoot if necessary. She met my Dad at a USO dance. She was only allowed to go because they offered free coffee and donuts.

Her third life was with my Dad. She arrived in Hoboken, New Jersey on a war brides ship not speaking very much English and not knowing if anyone would be there to meet her. Even though my Dad had left 12 days before her, he arrived 2 weeks after she did. Fortunately his parents were there to greet her and take her back to their home in Pittsburgh. She improved her English and worked as a

bookkeeper for an appliance parts store and later, a burial vault company. She met Suzanne Hamerly at a French Club meeting and this formed the basis for a lifelong relationship between the two families. Both families having 3 or 4 generations under one roof (4 or 5 counting pets) immediately struck it off when gathering as everyone had a play mate! The family moved to South Dakota and she worked as a bookkeeper at my Dad's insurance agency. Believe it or not - the move to South Dakota was a promotion for my Dad! Another promotion prompted the move to Detroit and she spent 25 years as a bookkeeper for Detroit Airport Advertising.

After my Dad passed away she began her fourth life. She married Stan Cloutier. They spent many summer weeks at Stan's cottage on Lake Michigan. Stan didn't know what he was getting into with my Mother's buying and selling houses like commodities. One year she moved 5 times. Stan became an important part of our family - he was a terrific grandpa to Claire and Sam - teasing them about the "elf" and sharing his love of jazz music.

After Stan passed away, she began her fifth life. Again the nomad in her led her to move around quite a bit - several independent living situations, her own condo and back again to several assisted living situations. She met Ernie and he became her true and faithful gentleman friend. They took rides together to see Larry, Moe and Curly - a statue in a local park and rides to see the season changes along Hines Park. She rekindled her interest in stamp collecting and was always excited to announce that she found Scott number such and such and how much it was worth. At home we have an entire walk in closet dedicated to the collection.

Ed Walton - January 14, 2018 at 02:01 PM

CC

“ *I’m very sorry to hear that Margaret has gone. I’ve never met anyone quite like her, and I’m glad that she and my father had so many pleasant years together. I never tired of listening to her stories or opinions; she and my father were also great fun together.*

Her passing is beyond any doubt a huge loss. I hope you are all holding together well. Nevertheless, I’m also glad that her life contained so much more happiness than sorrow, and she was able to share her wonderful outlook with so many loving family members and friends.

Candace Cloutier - January 12, 2018 at 11:22 AM

CW

“ *Ten Things I Learned from My Grandmother*

Add salt to your beef, sugar to your Corn Flakes, and loads of butter to your bread

Tell stories, all the time. People will listen.

Sing Ma Vie En Rose, in French. Better yet, listen to Edith Piaf sing it.

Dark glasses are your friend, the bigger the better.

Things to avoid: left hand turns and r words.

Laugh. A lot.

When things get boring, move houses.

If you have an amazing accent, use it. It might get you out of a speeding ticket.

Surround yourself with beautiful artwork.

Remember, it's a parking lot.

Claire Walton-Swisher - January 11, 2018 at 05:21 PM

EW

“ A Bouquet for Margaret

Margaret, a lovely name for a truly lovely lady...

Marguerite is also the French word for daisy, one of my favorite flowers.

And when I think of this beautiful lady, beloved and faithful friend of my mother's, like an aunt to me, I envision a sunny bouquet of daisies and other colorful flowers....

...soft pink roses to represent Margaret's grace and elegance

...red carnations that symbolize her loving ways with all who knew her

...bluebells for her charm and outward beauty

....bright yellow daffodils, signs of her sunny disposition and lovely laugh

...the white daisies to complete the bouquet for her pure heart and simplicity.

Margaret, Marguerite, we thank you for being such a treasure in our lives.

Your lilted laugh, your gorgeous smile and wonderful sense of humor, your grace through life's trials will never truly leave us.

love from the Lynne and the whole Hamerly family

Ed Walton - January 11, 2018 at 03:31 PM