

Wenche Smith Hemphill

She is survived by her two sons, Chris (Janine) and Tybring (Beth) and grandchildren Elisa (Sigurd), Mattias (Bianca) and Anders (Ellie), and great grandchildren, Finn, one yet unnamed and one imminent. She also leaves sisters Britt and Marianne, extended family in Norway and France and her loving In-laws, the Carters of New Jersey.

Wenche is the only daughter of Elfriede Smith and Roald Westergaard Sundby, and was raised by her mother during the difficult period of German occupation. As a young girl she proved to be brave and even headstrong when, to her mother's grave concern, she stuck out her tongue at a German soldier in Frogner park. Growing up she loved figure skating, jazz and France. When she didn't land a spot at the Norwegian embassy in Paris, she instead moved on her own to New York city in 1956 to work at the Norwegian Delegation to the UN just in time for the Suez Crisis, and later at the Norwegian consulate. Attending a showing of ski movies at the American Scandinavian club one evening, she happened to meet John Hemphill Jr., a handsome American bachelor with an interest in skiing and Scandinavians. There followed in short order a wedding, a move to Princeton, then Hopewell, N.J. and two lucky sons. The family spent time in Norway and New Hampshire before Victoria won out in a 3-way evaluation she and Jack performed.

Her work life involved raising 2 forever grateful boys, but also being a secretary, Norwegian translator, owner of a Scandinavian import store and eventually a care provider for the love of her life. From her beautiful handwriting to her impeccably pieced and embroidered quilts, she was that kind of perfectionist whose perfectionism never masked her wonderful artistic impulses. She expressed herself amongst other ways through decoupage, lampshade making, needlework, pressed flowers, cooking, ikebana, knitting, Norwegian rosemaling,

clothes making and especially quilting.

She was courageous, she was tough and she was determined. She was a brown-haired, brown-eyed, Norwegian exotic and a polyglot, comfortable not just in English and Norwegian, but also French and German. She was president of her sons' school parents auxiliary and served on her strata council. But most of all, she made and she kept friends and always stayed in touch with and cared for family near and far.

In her last 7 years spent with the wonderful caregivers at Sunrise; despite losing her ability to speak and to move independently, she earned the love and devotion of the staff. A true testament to a truly good woman. We are so lucky to have had her in this world.

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

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