



## Moyna Hudgens

November 3, 2022

The memorial for Moyna Hudgens has been set for Saturday, January 21, 2023 at 2:00 PM. The service will be held at the University Park United Methodist Church, 2180 South University Blvd, Denver, CO. However, the main entrance is actually from E Warren Ave (east of University Blvd.) And the wheelchair/walker accessible entrance is accessed from S Josephine St. from a parking lot on the north side of the church, where there is an elevator. Moyna will be interred in the University Park Sanctuary Transept Columbarium.

Moyna June (Nicholson) Hudgens passed away in her sleep on November 3, 2022 at Monarch Greens Assisted Living. She was adored for her stories and her unconditional love for family, adopted family and friends from around the world.

Moyna was born March 30, 1924 to loving parents, Lester and Mildred, in El Reno, a small railroad town, 30 miles west of Oklahoma City. She would have been the second daughter, but their first daughter, Marcine Antoinette, had died the night that she was born, 5 years before. They were religious, hardworking people. Her dad was a Special Agent for the Rock Island Railroad. He was a quiet, industrious man and the last person in the world you would guess to be a detective. However, when he single handedly captured a

6' 4" cowboy robber, the front page of the local newspaper reported on the amazing story with gusto. It seems that while Dad was investigating the Round House robbery, he noticed a pair of cowboy boots beside a haystack in a nearby field and wondered if they might have something to do with the robbery. Approaching the haystack, he called out "Police. Come out or I'll shoot." The thief crawled out and as he began to straighten up, his 6' 4" frame towered over Dad, but Dad had the gun! The thief was handcuffed and taken to jail. Unbelievably, the thief broke out of jail while the sheriff was asleep upstairs. So, a posse had to be formed the next day which hunted him down with the help of her dad. Lester was treated with great respect that day and thereafter.

Her mom was the best homemaker in town. She cooked 3 meals a day, washed their clothes, ironed them, and cleaned her spotless small house daily. She even washed the windows weekly. She was a volunteer Pink Lady at the hospital in her spare time, earning more volunteer hours than any other Pink Lady her first year.

One unusual thing happened in her earlier years, when one day one of Moyna's good friends, Billy Jane Stansel, found her father's pistol and brought it out to show her parents. While waving the pistol about, she said; "Look what I found!" This caused quite a commotion, as Lester retrieved the pistol, and nobody was harmed. But he never again left that pistol where a child might pick it up. Later, her father did teach her how to shoot the pistol. She remembers going down to a river and tossing in empty cans. She would then practice shooting at the cans until they sunk.

Per her mother, Moyna had to practice the piano an hour a day. One summer the piano teacher was not teaching and Moyna got to participate in a program for how to speak in public. (Perhaps this was just a foreshadowing of her later performances and love of telling stories.) This she loved, but when the fall

started, rather than getting (what she wanted) to continue with this new passion, her mother said that she had to start her piano lessons again. She was sufficiently talented on the piano that she was asked to perform Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor for her high school graduation. She felt that she had played that as well as she ever could, and after that, she never touched the piano again.

One fond memory was when the brand new El Reno Junior/High School was to be dedicated, they had Eleanor Roosevelt as the guest speaker.

After graduating high school, she took classes at the junior college and worked in the clothing store. One day, a friend who had moved home after attending the university, told her that she should apply out at the army air corps airfield where they could make over a dollar an hour. Since she was making 18 cents/hour, she immediately applied and was hired to work in the supply office. She had a wonderful time working on the airfield and dating all the cadets. It was not unusual for her to have three dates a week, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, often seeing the same movie all three times. Moyna was having a wonderful time

Enter Tom A Hudgens.

He was the Chief Pilot at Mustang Field Army Air Corps training base outside El Reno where Moyna was working. He sat in the second row of the Methodist Church and she in the first row of the choir, facing the congregation. After some time, she told her mother that "That Tommy Hudgens finally asked her for a date." Shortly thereafter, on their 6th date, Tom proposed marriage. Moyna was shocked since she "barely knew him." Moyna followed her mother's advice to accept but she still had doubts. With the war winding down the training base closed, whereupon Tom headed off to get a job and landed a

position with United Airlines. Moyna went off to college at the University of Oklahoma for a semester. Tom wrote her everyday and called every week. Finally, one day in prayer in a church, she felt that she received a message, that everything would be okay. They married in June of 1945. They were one of the happiest couples in all the world. One of Tom's best friends once said that he did not know any other man that loved his wife more than Tom Hudgens did.

Tom had asked to be domiciled in Denver with United, but since he was at the bottom of the seniority, they were sent to Chicago. This was a big change for a small-town Oklahoma girl. However, this is where she found her lifelong community of friends. Tom & Moyna lived in several apartments and houses in the Chicago Suburban area from 1945 until 1962. They attended the LaGrange Methodist church where they were one of the founding members of the Kee Class, a bible study and social class that became their main group of friends for their entire lives. They were asked by the minister to help start a young married couples' group and they dutifully called all of the known young couples. After a very slow start, sometimes when nobody else would show up, they were transferred to San Francisco for 6 months, where Tom was flying cargo across the Pacific to support the army in Japan. When they returned the "Kee Class" had started to have a weekly attendance and would grow to have over 250 couples, who then started families. The community grew and grew. Her lifelong best friend, Melba Pollard, was one of those members. The Pollards and the Hudgens each asked the other couple to be the Godparents of their first child. Although Melba passed away 20 years ago, Moyna's goddaughter, Linda Pollard is still a beloved and devoted part of Moyna's family. When the Hudgens moved to Denver in 1962, they continued to attend Kee Class functions because they had free passes. Sometimes they would fly out in the afternoon and get back to Denver on the red eye special early the next morning.

While in the Chicago area, the entrepreneurial Tom and another United pilot started a chain of laundromats that was quite successful. And since there was no place in the suburban area where women could buy stylish maternity wear, Moyna and a friend, Ruth Dunning, started The LaGrange Maternity Store. She enjoyed the business (and the trips to New York) providing dresses and outfits that made women feel good about their clothes while pregnant.

Also in Chicago, Moyna and Tom had 4 boys born over 12 years, Bill, Jim, Bob and John. As their friends in the Kee Class had children, there was great sharing of joys of family life and sometimes sorrows. In time, each of the boys would have children of their own and currently, Moyna has 8 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren.

One time in Chicago, a woman was going to come from out of town to perform a one-woman performance of a Lenten piece called "A Letter from Pontius Pilate's Wife." At the last minute due to a snowstorm, the woman was unable to attend, so Moyna's friend, Melba read the script to the group. Moyna became enchanted with the story and decided to learn and perform this dramatic rendition the next Lenten season. She would memorize the hour-long script every year and perform it in costume. For the next 50 years, Moyna performed this throughout the United States and even in Canada and Puerto Rico. And since she could fly for free on United, she would go wherever asked and only in the later years did she begin to ask for a small honorarium. She only once performed it on a public television, but it was nicely produced with an introduction and concluded with the song "Were you there when they crucified My Lord"

Moyna's one-hour performances in character included;

A Letter from Pontias Pilate's Wife

Grandma Wore Bluejeans

## First Lady of the World Mary Queen of Scots

When in 1962, they moved to Colorado, first to 250 Fair Place in Boulder, they entertained over 100 friends and children in the first summer. Then in 1963 they had their dream home built and moved to 43 Sunset Drive, Cherry Hills Village, Colorado where Moyna lived until 2014. She loved having enough room that she could invite all of her friends to come visit. And they came to visit along with new people that they met from around the world. One chance meeting on an airplane, led to a lifelong friendship with an Israeli musician, Gideon Efrati and then his son, Amir. She invited Gidi to visit while in the US and she was surprised a few weeks later when he called from the Denver bus station asking if he could come visit. He then came back almost every year.

Upon moving to Cherry Hills Village, Moyna and Tom joined the University Park Methodist Church. Tom often helped with the financial committee while Moyna went on to hold almost every lay leadership role in the church including being the first female lay leader and then chair of the church council. They were the church's delegates to the national United Methodist Conference for 17 years.

Tom was an ardent world government advocate which Moyna supported. She also took on the regional chair of the United Nations Associations. They often travelled nationally and internationally to speak for world government or attending conferences and to find others around the world seeking and working towards world peace.

Moyna also joined a local P.E.O. chapter, that currently has many of her good friends. It was in P.E.O. that she met Betty Hudgens who also lived on Sunset drive in Bel Mar. They became good friends, and the two families even bought

a condo together in Vail. Later, two of her PEO sisters, Berta Trine and Mary Neptune often took Moyna on monthly adventures. One that is fondly remembered is when they took both Betty and Moyna to have lunch at a “biker bar” called the Piper Inn.

Another way that Moyna shared her love of stories is that for about 7 or 8 years, Moyna was a volunteer storyteller with the non-profit called Spellbinders. This is a group that started in the Denver area and is now national. The volunteer storytellers go out into the elementary schools and churches to tell stories to the children with the intention of giving the children a fun and entertaining oral story that would then encourage them in storytelling as well as reading. With great regret, Moyna gave up Spellbinders because she could no longer hear the high-pitched children’s voices when they wanted to ask questions or make comments after she told her story.

One day years later, in the lobby of the University Park United Methodist Church in Denver, Moyna saw a tall young man smiling at her and the following dialogue ensued.

M I think I’m supposed to know you?

E Yes

M Which one of the boys are you

E Evan (church organist’s son)

M Well I am so glad to see you

E I was hoping to see you as well.

You see, Evan was the church organist’s son and as a young child, had free range in the church when his mother was working. One day when Moyna was telling a story, she saw Evan across from her in the circle making hushing signs. She didn’t know what he was doing until she noticed the two boys sitting next to her elbowing each other and not being attentive. Sure enough,

the one who was always getting into this and that at church was trying to control the other boys to help her out. And he was now a 6-foot-tall young man going to college who obviously remembered her fondly from her story telling.

After Tom passed, Moyna stayed in her home for another 8 years. She then moved into independent living at the Meridian Senior Living until 2022. She loved that several of her University Park Methodist friends also lived at the Meridian, and they continued to attend church together with a van that took them all to church each week. She also loved the variety of interesting people that she met at the Meridian where she would meet them in the dining room or in other activities.

Then in April 2022, after a hospital and rehab stay, she moved to Northern Colorado with her son Robert for 5 months, then into the lovely and loving care at Monarch Greens Assisted Living. There she passed in her sleep about noon on November 3, 2022, exactly 16 years to the day since Tom had died. Together again, they are off on their final flight into the wild blue yonder. She had said that she was ready and that she was looking forward to the great adventure.

She is survived by Cheryl Ann (widow of William), Jim (Jeanette) Robert (Anne) and John (Angela) along with grandchildren, Marina (Rick Sullivan,) Ian, Cody, Sean, Chris, Fiona, Austin and Grace along with great-grandchildren Atlas and Charlie.

Moyna will be interred in the University Park Sanctuary Transept Columbarium.

# Previous Events

## Memorial Service

JAN **21**. 2:00 PM (MT)

University Park United Methodist Church  
2180 South University Blvd.  
Denver, CO 80210

# Tribute Wall

G(

“ On March 2022, I was lucky enough to participate (over zoom) in a birthday meeting with Moyna, from my home in Israel, while my son Amir who lives in SF visited her with Robert, John and Angela. The lively gathering was full of smiles and good energy. It was so wonderful to hear Moyna recalling experiences from our trip to the dead Sea when Moyna and Tom visited me in Israel in the 90's. Together we covered ourselves with salty Dead Sea mud and walked in the desert, a place imbued with Judeo-Christian lore, the caves of Qumran where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found, and farther north, the site where the Jordan River spills into the Dead Sea, where Jesus was baptized.

I first met Moyna and Tom over 46 years ago on my first flight out of Israel. By chance, I was seated next to them and we bonded immediately. Two weeks later I visited the Hudgens, and since then we've been like family. We have shared happy occasions and sad ones. I visited the Hudgens as often as I could, and gladly spent Christmas times there where we had wonderful time together. I can picture Moyna's delightful smile as I played on the piano " Sunrise Sunset" for her, the sentimental tune from "Fiddler on the Roof" which she liked so much.

Hebrew Quote: GDOLA HACHNASAAT ORCHIN ME'HAKBALAT P'NEY HA'SHCHINA" (Sabbath Settings, 127, 71) - "receiving guests is greater than receiving the face of God himself". Our Sages placed great emphasis on hospitality, not only to the physical opening of the home in response to the physical needs of the guest, but spiritual openness, the opening of the door of one's soul to the guest's emotional needs, giving the guest the true feeling of home, and unconditional welcome. While staying at home of the Hudgens, those words of our sages were most fully realized. This continues to be so while visiting John and Angela and the extended family.

Like Tom Moyna who has left us many coins of grace and mercy, departed this world peacefully, in her sleep. We, in Jewish tradition, have two idioms to describe this kind of death: the first is " Mavet Binshikah" (death by kiss), and the second is "Mot Tzadik - Tzadikah" (the death of the righteous). Both seem apt to Moyna. May she rest in peace. Amen. Gideon (Gidi) Efrati.

**Gideon Efrati (Gidi)** - January 31, 2023 at 11:13 PM

LA

“ *Moyna and Tom were good friends of my parents, Iris and Harry Codd. We shared a duplex with them in Lagrange, Illinois when I was an infant. I was about the same age as “Billy”. When I was 15 my dad passed away and my mom and I were invited out to Colorado to get away. I will never forget the kindness of the Hudgen family. She will be missed by many! Prayers for her beautiful family.*

**Lauren Codd Arnold** - January 23, 2023 at 06:18 PM

SR

“ *I am cousin on the Hudgens side of the family, but got to know all of the Denver group when I was given a chance to teach Emergency Training at the United Flight Training Center. Moyna generously opened the house to me for a few months' stay and gave me a car(an old truck) which was a wonderful welcome to a new city. Because Tom and Bill were also working there on some days we often drove together. Moyna, Tom and the four boys treated me so well and I will always be grateful. And to continue the family connection, we often get to see Moyna's first grandchild, Marina, and her family in Seattle.*

*Sarah Uzzell-Rindlaub*

**Sarah Rindlaub** - January 22, 2023 at 08:33 PM

“Everyone knows my mother loved chocolate. In 1984, I was living in Paris and started saving the wrappers off the Suchard chocolates that I and Mom loved. When I had 20 or 30 of the wrappers, I packed them in a small box and shipped it to Mom with a note that said "Thinking of you. Love, John". A week later, I packed up 20 or 30 Suchards and sent them to her with a note that said, "I love you, Mom. Love John". Now at the time it took about a week for mail to travel from Paris to Denver. A week after I sent my second package, I received a letter from my mother. It stated simply, "You are disowned. Love, Mom". A week later, I received another letter from her that stated simply, "You are forgiven. Love, Mom". I laughed myself silly. I have treasured the playfulness of our relationship my whole life.

Last summer, I took Mom to the grocery store to buy some cosmetics. It was an exercise in frustration. She wasn't exactly sure what brand or color she wanted. As a male, I was utterly useless in helping her decide. All I could do was take the products off the wall and show them to her in her wheelchair. Eventually, however, she made her selections and we headed for the checkout. Suddenly, she said "Stop!", which I did and asked "What is it, Mom?" She said she remembered she wanted something else. I waited and after a short pause she said a bit coyly, "Did I see some M&M's a few feet back?" I started laughing. She started laughing. And I picked up a small bag of M&Ms. "Oh no, I want the big bag." Still laughing I returned with the large bag. "Do they have any Hershey's Milk Chocolate?" Off I went in search of Hershey's Milk Chocolate. I found a large selection of all the varieties of Hershey's and grabbed the first bag I saw. Then my eyes settled on this ginormous bar of Hershey's Milk Chocolate. It had to weigh a full pound. Smirking, I offered both to Mom. She put her finger to her chin and contemplated the choice. After a few moments, with a sheepish twinkle in her eye, she pointed to the giant bar. "I think I want that one." I started giggling. She started giggling. And we laughed all the way to the car.

*Mom died on November 3, 2022. The same exact day my Dad died 16 years later. I have this mental picture of Dad and Bill standing together and Dad saying, "Moyna, I have been without you long enough. I need you by my side again." And she went....joyously.*

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**John Hudgens** - January 19, 2023 at 03:22 AM

JM

“ 2 files added to the album Favorite Moyna Photos



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**John M.Hudgens** - January 19, 2023 at 02:10 AM

FH

“ *I have known Moyna Hudgens since I was old enough to have memories , probably in the ate '50s. She was always “Aunt Moyna” to me, even though she was really a distant cousin on her husband Tom’s side. No matter, she and Tom and her four sons were always closer than cousins. My Dad grew up in Union City, Tennessee in the 1920’s with Tom and his brothers. I grew up in the 1950s and 1960s visiting the Hudgens at 43 Sunset every year. Her son Bill became my best friend and confidante. Their entire family flew to New York for my wedding in my wife’s parents’ back yard. Through all those years Moyna was the glue that held it all together. Always friendly, always optimistic and ready with a bright view of the future. Many a night Bill and I would sit outside and watch the stars, imagining the life of the spirit beyond our tiny planet. Now Moyna is one of those angels, together with Tom and Bill again, moving among us with the wind, shining down on us from the stars, still spreading the love that is her legacy.*

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**Frank Head** - January 08, 2023 at 09:36 AM

KS

“ *Moyna was my Mom's cousin, and she Tom and their boys were the only family we had living nearby. I have such fond memories of our occasional holidays together. Moyna was the only one I know who had TWO dishwashers! After reading about all the entertaining she did, I now understand why!*

*I loved spending time with her and the family. We always had so much fun!*

*As an adult, Moynas retirement apartment was just blocks from where I worked so I was able to visit her down the street. She always made me feel so loved and like I was the most important person in the room. I loved my cousin Moyna dearly.*

*She was one of the special ones that won't be forgotten.*

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**Kris Abbey Saucke** - December 22, 2022 at 07:34 PM

“ It may seem unusual, but Moyna has been in my life since before I was born. Her innate love for children was probably the reason I knew her at all.

*My parents, Howard and Melba Pollard, attended the same church as Tom and Moyna. But it was one particular Sunday morning, after the service, that Moyna introduced herself. She had noticed that my parents had begun bringing a little boy to church with them. His name was David, and he was a foster child they were able to take care of for about a year before they were able to adopt me. Moyna had noticed little David previously--quiet, unengaged, and withdrawn. But after watching him for several weeks, she noticed that he had become verbal, alert, and happy, so she decided to come to talk with my parents about his remarkable transformation.*

*It wasn't long before Tom and Moyna were fast friends with my parents and the rest is history. Moyna and Tom were waiting in the wings to become my godparents when my parents brought me home. When Bill was born, my parents became his godparents as well. Whatever fate melded our families will always be the miracle of the love that has surrounded us for all of these decades.*

*The Hudgens/Pollard escapades were legendary, and we stayed connected, despite living in different states most of the time, through our love (with the help of passes on United Airlines). Moyna showered me with the devotion only an extraordinary "extra mother" could. She made me feel like I was cherished and adored every time we were together or spoke on the phone. (I'm sure that she did the same for countless others in her life, of course, because that is the kind of person she was, but it always felt extra special to me.)*

*A love that strong never dies. And, as Moyna was in my life even before I was born, she will still be present long after I'm gone because the loving example that she was will continue to survive in the chain of affection among our families that began with her.*

*Linda Pollard*

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**Linda K Pollard** - December 19, 2022 at 01:45 AM

KA

“ *My mother was Moyna’s cousin. Moyna and Tom’s Denver home was so welcoming, loving and filled with laughter. I have special memories of Thanksgiving, and the boys teasing their mom by pulling at her apron strings while she was trying to pull together a Thanksgiving dinner. Always so much laughter and joy.*

*When my husband and I were living in Pagosa Springs Moyna agreed to share her performance, “A letter from Pontius Pilot’s Wife,” to our Methodist womens group. It was such a long drive for her but she was so gracious and of course it was an amazing performance.*

*In Moyna’s later years I visited her at her new apartment. I was impressed by how positive and happy she was despite leaving her home in Cherry Hills after many many years there. Moyna always seemed to face life with her strong faith and her precious smile.*

*Even in the last few weeks before her death when I visited she reached up and stroked my hair tenderly with such a loving gesture. She just had that special touch.*

*I will always remember Moyna for her faith, her strength, her kind, gentle voice and unconditional love. She will be deeply missed. Our love to the Hudgen family, Dennis and Kathy Moddelmog*

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**Kathy** - November 24, 2022 at 11:10 AM

KA

“ 1 file added to the album Favorite Moyna Photos



Kathy - November 24, 2022 at 10:49 AM

PI

“ Moyna and I were friends for many years. We'd get together and talk talk talk, and laugh ourselves silly. Never an unkind word, every moment filled with grace – what an honor to be counted among Moyna's friends. Indeed, anyone among us who could call her Mom, Grandma (“Grammer”), Friend, Neighbor, Loved One...there are no words for how blessed we've been – beyond measure, beyond time. I will miss Moyna greatly...but I see her now on the other side walking hand in hand with her beloved Tom, going on to their next adventure, and my heart fills with peace. Thank you for living so long and well, my beloved Moyna, and thank you for your sweet abiding love.

Pipal - November 22, 2022 at 09:10 AM

BT

“ What an amazing woman she was, even into her senior years! When I met her seven years ago, we immediately bonded, and she pledged to be my “adopted mother”. With that declaration, we decided it was never too late to find adventure in life. Each month, along with our good friend, Mary Neptune, we took our adventures. Some were visiting tea houses, and others took us on first time unique experiences such as a biker bar in Aurora. Moyna wore her sunglasses to try to be incognito, but each adventure brought us joy and love. I miss you, so, Moyna! Berta Trine

Berta Trine - November 20, 2022 at 07:54 PM

SP

“ My parents were good friends with Tom and Moyna. They met after World War II at church in LaGrange, IL. Moyna had been asked to help grow the church’s young adult group. She was very successful. She recruited my parents and several other couples that would go on to be lifelong friends. Moyna and my mother became best friends even though they lived in different parts of the country most of their adult lives. Whenever they would get together, the two of them would stay up talking most of the night.

*Moyna was like a second mother to me. When I attended school at the University of Colorado in Boulder, I had an open invitation to visit 43 Sunset Drive. One year on my birthday, she invited me to celebrate with dinner at their house. I gladly accepted. When I arrived, Moyna surprised me by serving roast buffalo for dinner. I questioned the propriety of her selection, since our school mascot was also a buffalo, but I dug right in. There are several stories about Moyna’s cooking gone awry. This was no exception. She had cooked the roast until it was well done, but I didn’t mind a bit. Just like everything else she did throughout her life, she had invited me to dinner and prepared the meal with love and kindness in her heart. We had a good laugh, and I had another wonderful memory of Moyna.*

*Now that she is gone, I will miss her, but never forget her.*

*Steve Pollard*

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**Steve Pollard** - November 20, 2022 at 12:48 PM

“Part 2. Most recently, I have experienced something profound that assures me once again of God’s love, and Moyna’s eternal presence. For the past several years I have facilitated a small group study, called the “Disciple’s Path” for members of my congregation. This study focuses on an exploration and discussion of the vows that Methodists take when joining the church. Each week I invite a guest speaker to share their personal story of how living out that vow has helped them grow in grace throughout their spiritual journey. On Tuesday, Nov. 15, we had our last session, and a fellow church member, Renee Crabtree, shared her story. Written below, is the portion of those remarks that left me thunderstruck by how God works in such intricate ways.

Renee Crabtree writes:

“This week in a church study group I shared with Lettie Lee and the group a story of what I consider a significant moment in my faith journey. Here is the story: In 1990 we had recently moved our family to Oklahoma because of my husband's job assignment. I was a young mother of two preschoolers and was blessed by a friendship at our new church home, First United Methodist of Bartlesville. My new friend Deb invited me to Sunday School class, to join the Susanna Guild of UMW, and to attend a special Easter week luncheon of the Susanna Guild. The hospitality I felt was comforting and genuine, but the program for that particular luncheon was breathtaking; perhaps, breath giving might be a better term as surely the presence of the Lord was in that room. We had a special guest that day, a woman who performed a piece called "A Letter from Pontius Pilate's Wife."

It was for me a dramatic moment of witness by our guest as her performance spoke to my heart, renewing and lifting my faith to a deeper level. When we circled in prayer that afternoon after the program, I made a new commitment to Christ.

Imagine our surprise when I shared this story and Lettie shared that her dear cousin, Moyna, had likely been this woman who influenced my life greatly! What a blessing for both of us to make this connection!”

*Please accept my heartfelt condolences and know that I am sure Moyna influenced others in addition to me in an incredibly beautiful, faithful way.*

*Renée Crabtree*

*The next day after this event, I contacted Robert and told him what had happened. He sent me a copy of the beautiful picture of Moyna costumed as Pontius Pilate's Wife. I shared the photo with Renee, to see if she could confirm what we believed to be true. I received a return email almost immediately:*

*"I am certain it was her. This actually brings tears to my eyes. What a gift that day was! Wow. Such a God moment that you would invite me to Disciples Path so I could share my story with you. And, what an angel on earth your Moyna was. I have shared this story with close friends and now there's a beautiful addendum—your connection."*

*Renée*

*While I mourn the loss of Moyna's physical presence gracing our lives, I thank God for this special gift to remind us of God's and Moyna's abiding presence in our hearts. She touched so many lives in so many selfless and loving ways—and those lives will touch others throughout the ages. We have been and remain truly blessed by her many years of faithful hospitality and loving Christian servanthood. Moyna would be the first to tell us that family—even extended family—is still important and I know that I will do what I can to make sure we live that out. To all the Hudgens family, I send my heartfelt love and support. -Lettie Lee*

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**Lettie Lee** - November 17, 2022 at 03:52 PM

LL

“Part 1. In 1962, Moyna, Tom, and the four boys moved to 43 Sunset Drive in Denver. At the time I was a nursing student living at the Nurses’ Residence at the old Colorado Medical Center. Although Moyna and I were related (her mother and my grandmother were sisters), we hadn’t really known each other, since Tom’s position with United, and my dad’s military service had kept both families moving through the years. Soon after they settled into their new home, Moyna invited me over for Sunday dinner—the first of many such evenings over the next three years. We had delicious food, much discussion and hilarity, and played cards or board games with zest and fervor. Each time I visited, I felt a sense of home and belonging that I was sorely missing. That anchor of family, when my own folks were a long distance away, was so meaningful and important in my life. Moyna was so gracious, kind and loving (as was Tom, too, by the way...) that a bond was forged between us for the rest of our lives.

*I married and moved from the Denver area in 1965, but we remained in contact, and had numerous opportunities to spend time together over the ensuing years. With each visit, we talked, laughed, reminisced, shared our stories (sometimes more than once) and I basked in the warmth of her grace and love. My last in-person visit with Moyna was in the summer of 2021. I was able to stay two nights with her and we relished the time that we had together, staying up past her bedtime, because we would keep thinking of “one more thing” we wanted to share. Even on our last phone visit this fall, she remained eager to hear about family happenings and downplayed her own struggles. She enriched my life in so many ways, and I will be forever grateful for her mentorship and example. I am now almost 82, and still hoping that I can be like her when I grow up!*

*Lettie A. (Mallonee) Lee (Moyna’s first cousin, once removed)*

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**Lettie Lee** - November 17, 2022 at 03:46 PM

“ To My Dearest Moyna,

*What can I say to summarize our 52-year relationship? How can I recall all the memories...there are too many to count. We met and it was instant love, an unconditional love that continues still. You are my “other mother”. You came to my wedding; you were with me at or around the times of the births of my 4 children: Dana, Shawn, Kyra, and Peter Mark. They knew you and loved you as they were growing up. You came to their weddings and you always wanted to know all about their 8 children, as each was born. My children and their children all call you: “Grandma Moyna”. In Denver, where Dana lived, you were particularly close to McCrae and Marin. We ALL loved you very much, and we will ALL always love you.*

*Last year, I had an assignment from my business mentor, to interview a person from the “Builder Generation/Greatest Generation”. These are your answers from that Q&A about your life. You were always a great storyteller, and I learned a lot about you that I did not previously know.*

*You were born in El Reno, OK. You went to Jr College in Oklahoma City, then back to El Reno to work. That was when you met and married Tom. I always loved hearing your miracle story about how Jesus appeared in a painting at your church sanctuary. As you pondered it, you felt that Jesus spoke to you and told you to marry Tom. A decision you celebrated with your 60 years of marriage. We all know how you loved each other “the Bestest”.*

*You moved together to Chicago for 17 years. You lived briefly in California, then moved to Colorado in 1962 where you have lived ever since.*

*Your favorite childhood memories were that your mother made all your clothes, including a formal gown you wore when crowned the Queen of the 7th grade. You were most inspired by the visit of Elenore Roosevelt at the opening of Etta Dale Junior High. You*

*remember “the sparkle” she had, and you decided that as you aged you too would continue to have that “sparkle” that you saw in her. You were faithful to that decision.*

*You had 6 best high school friends...once one offered you a cigarette...“oh no”, you said, “my mother would kill me!”. You were allowed to date at 15, and you remember on your first date seeing the movie “Alice in Wonderland”. During it, your “date” tried to hold your hand, but you thought if you did, you would be committing a sin, so you wouldn’t let him do it.*

*The story of how WE met was through my parents, Ann and Herb Thomas. Tom and my father were both flight instructors at the local air base near El Reno in World War 2. You, my mom, and my aunt Ginny all worked at the base. You met Tom, my mom met Herb, and Ginny met Bob. The three of you would double and triple date, mostly going to dances. These friendships lasted for all of your lives.*

*After you and Tom were married, you began to make your own clothes. You wanted to become a clothing designer, but instead you opened a maternity clothing shop with your friend, Ruth Dunning. So many women were becoming pregnant with the “baby boom”, and they wanted to continue to look beautiful for themselves and their husbands. Ruth designed some of the outfits, but you were the main buyer. You would fly commercially to NYC to buy things for the shop.*

*You also learned to fly yourself. On your second flight, you were to go left, then right, then stall the plane, and then recover and land. But as you were landing, a gas line broke, and began to spew gasoline all over the plane. You landed the plane safely, but you were terrified and thought you were going to die! But, you didn’t quit! Your future solo flight was less exciting. You got your pilot’s license and continued to fly for fun until Bill was born.*

*Vicki Latham Part 1*

**Vicki Thomas Campbell Latham** - November 16, 2022 at 02:08 PM

“ Part 2

*Your kids also learned how to fly. Tom would teach them not just routine flying but also acrobatics. You recalled another scary event when son, Bill, was getting his multi-engine rating. As he passed the field, the dispatcher contacted him to say his wheels did not come down, and the fire engines were called to be present for his landing. Bill did a perfect landing on the belly of the plane.*

*If you could do things over, you said you would have had more fun with the kids when they were growing up, spent less time taking care of the house, and would have hired someone to help with the housecleaning.*

*I remember having lots of fun with all 4 boys...I was 24 when I became another of many regular guests at the Hudgens's house. It was rare to sit down for dinner with less than 10 people present. Tom would begin each meal with prayer, and the traditional hand squeeze. We would sit after dinner, sometimes for hours, while Bill and Jim would exchange puns...and I would laugh till I almost fell out of my chair. Bill was only a year younger than me, and we remained dear friends until his untimely passing.*

*My last question was about your parents. You had a very strict mother, and you never felt like she understood you, or accepted who you were. You had a "kind and thoughtful father", who gave you "lots of hugs". He would help your mother with shopping, and house chores. Once, you asked your Dad..." how do you stand it with Mom?" He said "I know your Mama is hard on you, but she is the only Mama you will ever have. So, calm down. I love her, and when you love someone, that's just what you have to do." You told me after your father passed, you found a letter from him, to your Mother. It started with the words "To My Dearest Wife", followed by 25 pages of instructions about everything she would need to know to do after he passed. Seeing it, you realize how much he loved her. And you, decided to love her too, no matter how difficult it was at times.*

*Finally you told me that you and Tom had "issues" at the first of your marriage, because you were "both strong willed and both of you wanted to be in control". Together you decided to spend 3 months*

*where you agreed not to argue, but just to be loving with each other. Then at the end of the 3 months, if either one of you didn't want to do it anymore, you would call it quits. It was during that time, when Tom wrote his manifesto for their marriage, called the 12 Commandments for a Healthy Relationship. After 61 years together, you obviously made the commitment to staying together. I wrote a published story about this cherished document. Moyna said that they were both faithful to all 12 commandments, to the very end.*

*Your "best decision" you declared as "being married to Tom"! All the reasons stated above are why I loved you so much. Both of you were my role models, my mentors, my example of the kind of loving relationships I want to have...to become a person who would emulate their love, their commitment to their family, their service to their friends, their work, and their community.*

*Now, dearest Moyna, you have left your frail and painful body, because it was no longer serving you or your life's purpose. You are now eternally in the presence of God, and HE and I both say to you "well done, my good and faithful servant".*

*You have been my hero and my precious friend; the embodiment of unconditional love and ever new joy. I am grateful for all your loving kindness to me and my family. Your presence and influence in my life has been and will continue to be a profound blessing in my life. Rest in Peace, my beloved Moyna...3/30/1924-11/3/2022.*

*Vicki Thomas Campbell Latham*

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**Vicki Thomas Campbell Latham** - November 16, 2022 at 02:08 PM

RH

“ 1 file added to the album *Favorite Moyna Photos*



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**Robert Hudgens** - November 16, 2022 at 01:43 PM

VL

“ 1 file added to the album *Favorite Moyna Photos*



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**Vicki Thomas Campbell Latham** - November 14, 2022 at 11:36 PM

FL

“ To the Hudgens family:

*Thank you so much for sharing the stories of Moyna's and Tom's lives. I am the daughter of one of Tom Hudgens' fellow pilots at United Airlines, Bill Lively, and knew Moyna and Tom slightly from parties my parents had. I really enjoyed the stories, and I commend you for taking the time to create this lovely memory of Moyna. It made me regret that I didn't know her better; my parents moved to Florida when my father retired, and so I didn't get to know her well.*

*I recall my mother having a story about Moyna's New Years Day brunch at the Sunset Drive home, where the Hudgens entertained many more people than their dining room could seat by having four groups of 12 invited for brunch at successive hours (8 am, 9 am, 10 am, and 11 am). Moyna greeted the first group of 12, took them to the living room for a Bloody Mary, then conducted them into the dining room for the meal, while Tom greeted the next group in the living room, and then Moyna escorted her group to the door while Tom took his group to the dining room, and so on. Very ingenious!*

*Your stories are a great tribute to both Moyna and Tom, and they show what wonderful human beings they were. My condolences to all of you at the loss of such fine people. They surely will be missed by many.*

*My very best regards to your family,*

*Frances Lively*

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**Frances Lively** - November 14, 2022 at 12:49 AM

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“ *My memories of University Park all include Moyna. She was kind and generous to all the kids.*

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**Connie Esch (Cozens)** - November 13, 2022 at 10:14 AM