



Barbara Jo Manning

July 1, 1940 - May 24, 2018

Barbara Jo Manning

July 1, 1940 to May 24, 2018

Barbara was born in Los Angeles County, CA on July 1, 1940 the third of four girls. At age 5, her family moved to the Mohave Desert in Kern County, CA where she graduated from Burroughs High School. Shortly after her marriage to James Manning in August of 1959 she moved with her husband to what is now Silicon Valley. Starting in 1960 Barbara worked for various electronic companies and worked up the ladder from Production Line Worker to Quality Assurance, Computer Repair and ultimately Sales and Marketing. In her own words she “. . . went to work in a young computer industry that was dominated by men. Barbara often heard customers say, “No! I need a REAL TECHNICIAN! Please return to your office and send one of the men to repair my computer!”

Barbara raised her three daughters, Robin Elaine, Rhonda Lynn, and René Anne in Los Gatos, CA. Because René was born with Down Syndrome and Barbara wanted the best for her, Barbara learned how to become a child advocate and champion for the rights of disabled citizens. When René became a teenager Barbara became a self-appointed leader for her daughter and her friends. Barbara taught a cooking class at René’s school and planned community events for René and her friends to concerts, the ballet, theater

shows, the Monterey Bay Aquarium and other local trips to help enrich their lives.

After René's death in 1994, Barbara and Jim divorced and Barbara moved to Fremont, CA. While living in Fremont Barbara attended Saint Mary's College in Moraga, CA graduating in 2005 with a BA in Business Management, the only one of her parents' children to achieve this level of education.

In 2007 Barbara moved to Nevada to be close to Rhonda and assist with raising her two young grandsons, Trevor and Tyler. While living with her daughter and grandsons, she did extensive vegetable gardening and raised several different breeds of chickens.

After moving to Nevada, Barbara became more interested in her lineage and has continued her membership in DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution), and joined Colonial Dames and the US Daughters of 1812. At the time of her diagnosis, Barbara was simultaneously serving as Regent of the DAR, John C Fremont Chapter, and President for the local Colonial Dames and Daughters of 1812.

Barbara was passionate about all of the arts, especially classical music. As a youth she played the Accordion and in her adult years enjoyed playing the piano. Barbara was also very passionate about family and frequently promoted family connections. Many of our family events occurred at her home in Los Gatos, CA.

We will deeply miss Barbara's elegant ways, her wonderful sense of humor and the ways she instilled culture in our lives.

We are gathering at 10:00am on June 23, 2018 to celebrate Barbara's life at Coventry Cross Episcopal Church, 1631 Esmeralda Plaza, Minden NV 89423

A reception will be held after the service at 2797 Squires Street, Minden, NV
89423

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

JUN **23**. 10:00 AM (PT)

Coventry Cross Episcopal Church,
1631 Esmeralda Plaza
Minden, NV 89423

Tribute Wall



“ *Barbara Jo Manning*

November 04, 2023 at 08:25 PM



“ *Barbara Jo Manning*

November 01, 2023 at 12:58 PM



“ *So long, not good-bye my dog-walking concert/movie going buddy. I shall forever treasure our friendship and memories of times we shared.you were such a diverse lady. We'd be discussing English royalty one minute and watching "Wonder Woman " the next! You will truly be missed! Patricia O'Donnell*

Patricia O'Donnell - June 23, 2018 at 09:45 AM



“ *14 files added to the album New Album Name*



Dianna - June 21, 2018 at 01:37 AM

“ BODIE

Part 2

Conclusion

At last, we are at the ghost town. It doesn't look like ghosts; it looks like all but one building is falling down. The buildings are brown; it seems I'm lost in a brown fog. At least we will have a picnic lunch before we leave.

We spend some time looking over the pitiful place. We read amusing epitaphs on crosses in the graveyard. My mind is very curious.

“Mommy, what does RIP stand for?”

“It stands for Rest in Peace.”

Then mother points out the sagging power lines on the old poles. Most of the poles are leaning at random angles. The gently, curved electrical line goes as far as I can see over the rolling desert hills. Mother assures me that once the poles were upright and did their important job of helping transport the electricity to the mine.

“But Mommy, the line isn't straight-it bends in several places.”

Well, she responds, “It is as straight as they could get it over the rough hills.” In the end, everything worked OK.”

Suddenly, I take an interest in my surroundings. “This is the first place in history that electricity went a far distance through wires?” Mother assures me that it is so. “What did the men do after they built the electricity line?”

“The main engineers went to other countries to do the same thing for other towns. One of them even made a lot of money. It seems everyone wanted electricity.”

The first place in history, my mind muses. Suddenly, my eyes get bigger and I stand up straight. This is an important place. History happened here. I can hardly breathe. I can almost touch real history! I can touch the buildings and walk the streets where something important happened. I see Bodie in an entirely new way. Wow. And, we live so close! My mind has lots of new things to think about.

About half way home, I start the questions again.

“Mommy, are there other places close by that something happened for the first time?”

“Probably so,” she responds.

“If you find another place, can we go see it?”

“Maybe so,” she replies.

“Mommy, electricity is science isn't it”

“Mommy, can I go to the library and get some books on electricity and science?” I have just found a new favorite thing to do-check up on all the science there is. I want to find some books about other first happenings.

“If you want to, dear.”

I smile, bounce a little in my tiny space, and begin thinking again. Maybe a long trip in a hot car wouldn't be so bad if at the end of the ride there is something important to look at. I have to rethink about those trips, on hot days, and seeing blahhh brown and dead sage brush.

In retrospect, I am sure that those hot, dusty trips shaped my interest in the world around me. Starting in high school, my favorite subject was History—especially ancient civilizations where people

did many things for the first time. I am still fascinated when archeologists dig up new sites, and when new human remains and artifacts are discovered. As an adult, my favorite TV shows are about science: Discovery, NOVA, National Geographic, The History Channel, and any show with Science in its name.

However, I still do not like the desert, I still hate blahhh brown, and I do not even like to see the bare branches of deciduous plants in the winter. But I do like the creamy white bell-shaped flowers of the Yucca. And, I can forgive the desert bleakness when, after an unusually wet winter, the rolling mountains are in a full riot of spring bloom. I still find it wonderful and breathtaking to view miles of unbroken lavender, blue, yellow, and gold that covers the boring blahhh sand.

Dianna - June 19, 2018 at 12:10 AM

“Not sure when or why Barbara wrote this about a family outing when she was 10 years old, but it is Very Barbara-esq! Enjoy!

BODIE

Part 1

By Barbara Manning

Oh, no. Not again. It's Sunday morning and mother has the whole family getting ready for a long ride in the car. We live on the Mojave Desert and no matter how far you go in any direction. It all looks the same — brown sand and sage brush. It's even worse — blahhh brown sand and sage brush that looks dead. How boring. We will ride for hours before getting to some far off place she thinks is interesting. It's hard sitting in our little car with three other sisters. Even if I open the window for fresh air, I will get sticky from the hot, dry breeze. But mother has said that it will be fun to see someplace (or something) that is different and interesting. I'm not convinced; old dead ghost towns look no better than the blahhh brown sand and dead bushes.

I don't complain. I've been told that family togetherness is important, and it is unusual for dad to spend Sunday doing anything but resting. He works very hard, six days a week, driving the Ice Truck for deliveries in the Summer and a Fuel Oil truck in the Winter. I don't dare complain; we are supposed to have fun and mother has planned the trip in advance. I join in the activities and get ready to go.

In the car it is what I expected: Dry, hot air, blah brown sand, and four sisters in the back seat juggling for an inch of extra space. The day will become even hotter. However did mother talk daddy into driving around this bleak place on his only day of rest? I am so bored.

“Where are we going, mommy?” I ask.

"To a ghost town named Bodie." She replies.

"What? That's a strange name for a town, how do you spell it?"

". . . she spells the name, "B-O-D-I-E."

For a few moments my 10-year-old mind has something to take up the time. Booodie, Booodie, Booodie. Who thought up that strange name?

"How far away is Bodie, mommy?"

"A couple of hours" she replies.

I moan inside my brain. I have to endure hours of looking at nothing but brown. My feet start to fidget. I look at my brown shoes that are only a few shades darker than the blah brown outside the car. I let out a big sigh, and stare out the window again.

"Will we see Yuccas to bloom? I like the Yucca flowers. They're only white, but they look like bunches of bells. I like them. They are prettier than the sage brush."

"I'm not sure," she answers, "we'll have to look and see."

A few minutes later, I ask, "What's in Bodie, Mommy, what will we see there?"

*"Well, I have this book from the library" and she holds the book up for me to see (*The Story of Bodie* by Ella M. Cain). "It says that Bodie was an important mining town. It was first town in the United States that transported electricity in wires for a long distance." Mother thumbs through the pages of the book, not being able to show me the exact page she is talking about.*

"Didn't electricity always come to town in wires?"

“Well, no,” mom replies. “When they started out, people thought the electricity could only travel in straight lines. If the wires curved at any place, the electricity would shoot out into thin air and be lost. The generators had to be close by to use any electricity.”

My mind mused over this for a while. I pictured electricity like bolts of lightning shooting out from electrical wires in the air. What an interesting picture.

“Mommy, why did they need electricity for a mine? Don't they just dig holes with shovels?”

Mother slightly turns her head toward me in the back seat and smiles. “Well, they need electricity for lights in the tunnels and to run the mining equipment. The equipment needs to help them get the ore out of the rocks.”

“Ooh,” is my reply, as I hang onto the door strap trying to balance myself while my sisters squirm for more sitting space.

Dianna - June 19, 2018 at 12:09 AM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Autumn Funerals & Cremations - June 18, 2018 at 02:09 PM

DS

“ *Diana Scott lit a candle in memory of Barbara Jo Manning*



Diana Scott - June 15, 2018 at 09:35 PM

DS

The memory of Barbara is a happy one. She left an afterglow of smiles when day has done. She left and echo whispering softly down the ways of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days. May the tears of those who grieve dry before the sun of happy memories she left behind when day is done.

Diana Scott - June 15, 2018 at 09:39 PM

JP

“ *Barbara will be deeply missed. I've only known Barbara for a short time (2 years) but within that time enjoyed her company at Bible Study, DAR meetings, Wine Walk, and many other places and functions. My deepest sympathy to her family. "May the Lord keep and bless you and hold you in the palm of his hands".*

Janet Peacock-Railey - June 13, 2018 at 12:00 AM