

TEENA SUZANNE HILL

Teena Suzanne Hill(Krisinger) of Hailey, ID, died of colon cancer at 76 years old on April 28, 2021 in San Juan Capistrano, CA, in a hospice home overlooking the ocean surrounded by her family and friends. She was born on January 21 in Mount Ayr, IA, the daughter of late Ruth Van Sandt and James Krisinger. She is survived by one sister, Debi Gonzales (Krisinger}, age 70, her two children Brandon Hill, age 55, Kymberlee Stanley Hill, age 53, and her granddaughter, Evangelina Stanley, age 12, who all reside in Southern California. Teena is also survived by her partner of over thirty years, Ronald Brans, with whom she shared dogs, cats, horses and a home in Hailey, ID. Teena was raised on a farm in Mount Ayr, IA and was a lover of animals and simple living. She grew up showing 4-H sheep at the county fair, dancing in ballet recitals, playing the clarinet and twirling the baton as the majorette in the marching band. She moved from Mount Ayr, IA, to Los Angeles, CA, during her senior year of high school and graduated in 1962 from University High School. At the age of 18, she left to attend the New York Fashion Institute of Technology and modeled for a FIT fashion show. She returned to California in 1962 and married John Hill. Jr. in 1964 and moved to Costa Mesa in 1965, where their children, Brandon and Kymberlee Hill were raised. She divorced in 1970, created an in-home day care to stay home with her children and typed papers for a real estate business at night. She was married to Dane Lussier, Jr. from 1976 to 1980. Throughout her twenties and thirties, she went to school for 13 years and graduated with an A.A. degree in secretarial skills, real estate and child development. In 1980, Teena began her successful career as a single businesswoman in real estate and mortgage lending with California Mortgage, Federal Mortgage and Western Cities Mortgage from 1980 to 1996. Teena was able to retire at 50 years old and move to Hailey, ID in 1997 with her partner, Ronald Brans. There, she enjoyed watching birds and elk in her yard and being a volunteer at Hospice and Palliative Care of the Wood River Valley and the Multiple Sclerosis Society. After a short retirement, Teena again returned to work in mortgage lending at Wells Fargo and Bank of America and then retired again in 2016 after a 32-year career in mortgage lending. In addition to enjoying gardening, learning about people and classic cars, Teena had horses, cats and wirehaired pointing griffon show dogs, which she loved dearly. Her beloved dog, “Duchess”, won Best in Breed at the Westminster Dog Show, among other dog show championships. Teena was gracefully accomplished though being a single mother and having multiple sclerosis. She asked and remembered special things about each person she met, cared for her family, friends and animals and smiled with simple joy and kindness. A celebration of life ceremony to honor Teena’s life and scatter her ashes will be held at sea in Newport Beach on July 18, 2021 and at the Wood River near her home in Hailey, ID. For more information, please see her story at: <https://www.caringbridge.org/visit/teenahill>. When you’re born in Mount Ayr, Iowa The farm shapes your soul in the world. And the same golden fields that grow tall through the years, Raise a strong heart in a girl. Where each day was like a trip to the post office, And you greeted neighbors and dogs all by name, So simple and true, no one like you, And we all forever are changed. You grew up riding horses on bareback, And owned fillies, a barn, and some land, But you never wanted to ride them, But fed them instead, With carrots outstretched in your hand. You were a model in New York at eighteen And took thirteen years to earn your AA You worked nights and weekends as a mortgage loan lender, And blew all the salesmen away. But you never forgot your old Iowa friends (I saw their kids’ pictures on your desk that you saved) But did they know how you suffered as a single mother, While you gave and you gave and you gave? Your listening ear was always open, And kind words were not far away I’d ask “Why don’t you talk ‘bout yourself, Mom?” You said, “I learn more about others that way” I always admired your beauty, Mom You’d turn heads as you’d walk in each room, But mostly I loved your elegant, ballet fingers, When I baked and gardened with you, While MS would afflict you at 40 years old, And your legs would shuffle and strain, You still smiled as you faced the good in each day, And I never once heard you complain. Your pride and joy puppy named Duchess Won the Westminster, “Best in Breed” prize, And upstaged the elite, like my underdog mother, Raised in small town and county fair life. But your heart in love was often broken, In pieces too small for my eye to see, So, you worked hard, I believed, to hold the pieces together, And then retired twice, at 50 and 60. So, one day I set out to visit Mount Ayr, Your hometown, the Ringgold County seat, But though I couldn’t find its name on the Iowa map, It lived large through your life passed on to me. But what will we all do without you? The horses will miss your caress, The birds will wait at your feeder today, Chirping “Not yet, not yet, not yet”. But I’m glad you know the One that’s much greater now, Than the grave or cancer- you’re free! And He walks with you softly above the clouds now, With your twinkle toes smiling down at me. Fearless, you jumped out of airplanes, A farmer’s daughter, born in “1-0-Way” But I’ll remember your down-to-earth kindness, Mom I love you, my ‘T-

double E- Na”.

