



## Margaret Elizabeth Woodin Green

December 3, 1941 - December 3, 2024

Peggy Green was born December 3, 1941 to Jean and Byron Woodin in Dunkirk, New York and died on her 83rd birthday, December 3, 2024 in Houston, Texas. A transplant to Texas, she was preceded in death by her beloved husband, Marty, her grandchild, Kylee Freedom Green, niece, Kate Walsh, her parents, and brothers and sisters-in-laws, Tommy Green, Pat and Tag Green, Marylou Hall, Marjo and Ralph Sauer, Mike Green and nephew, Ben Hall. Peggy was devoted to her family and family meant more than just relations; family meant everyone she loved.

She is survived by her children, Sherry and (Marc) Antonetti, Joe and (Freedom) Green, Danny and (Anna) Green, and Jennifer and (Andy) Sanders, and nineteen grandchildren, William, Bon, Marta, Peter, Faith, John, Ara, Regina, Paul, Anna, Trey, Skyla, Chloe, Elodie, Anthony, Jude, Mary Kate, Lucy and Natalie. She is also survived by her two sisters and their extended family; Susan Walsh, Robin and (Chris) Bourjaily and their children, Beth, Brady and Kellin, and Joan and (Joe) Connelly, and their children, Caitlin and (Ben) Smith, with their children, Eamon, Conor and Byron, Joe and (Natalie) Connelly and their sons, Joseph and Charles, and Molly and (Theo) Fadel, and children, Grace and Ted, and her husband's extended family who were as much a part of her life as any brothers or sisters could be. These people were dearly loved; (Mike) Hall, (Terrie) Green, Francis and (Greg) Hall,

Helen and (Eddie) Young, and Steve and (Jackie) Green, and their children, children's spouses and grandchildren.

Growing up, we saw her take care of her mother, sister, our cousins, our uncle, and eventually, our dad. Our mother was someone who believed in being part of the solution. She had a servant's heart. When people needed help, she showed up, whether for the birth of a grandchild, an adult child falling sick in New York city, a child dying, or a child facing a hard diagnosis with difficult treatment. She also went to every funeral she could, because as she told us, "this is what you do. You show up."

Over the years, she volunteered where there was need, bringing countless students to work at the Beaumont soup kitchen, "Some Other Place," and training altar servers and lectors for the school as part of her mission. Mom understood that faith without works was dead, and so she lived it. She taught history, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grade at various points at Saint Anne's, whatever was needed, but her love was to teach religion. She prayed daily and often, and joked that it was a near occasion of sin when she'd misplaced her copy of "Magnificat" early in the month. Mom's faith was essential to who she was, as a wife, mother, sister, aunt, teacher, and friend.

Going to any party with her in our hometown was like attending a diplomatic function with a complete CIA dossier on everyone. "That's Mr. So-and-so, and he married her, and they own whatnot and help out at the soup kitchen on Fridays. Their children are X, Y and the third one, I taught religion back when you were in college." She'd brief us as an older couple we knew we were supposed to know but didn't know why, walked into the room. Her granddaughter noticed this attention to detail extended to anyone, because

Grandmother would listen and ask questions that made you feel like whatever you were interested in, she was too.

Mom could sight read piano and consumed books with lightning speed. She loved that her children loved books, and one of her favorite gifts for grandchildren was to find “that book,” the one they’d return to again and again; the book that would stay long after it had been consumed.

Until late in life, every day she’d make a list. Sometimes it spanned two pages, but if it needed doing, it went in the planner or on the legal pad. This pragmatic nature allowed her to just plunge forward when things got tough, like when the house flooded twice in two years, or to take on bigger projects than she planned, like organizing the school’s carnival, spearheading confirmation or young adult retreats, or diocesan appeals for the Bishop. She just forged ahead with whatever came her way, and so we learned resilience and to plunge forward fearlessly. There was too much to do to spend time brooding. Mom, or Peggy, was always willing to take on the “lagniappe” or something extra that a life filled with love always demanded.

When Dad got sick with Alzheimer’s, Mom taking on more meant surrendering on a lot of what she might otherwise have done, and she did. One of their last trips was a journey to the Holy Land, and there’s a photo of Dad carrying the cross with Mom helping. It represents their marriage, their faith, their sacramental life. Mom carried the cross with Dad all the way to his death.

For much of the past ten years, she carried on but it grew harder. She felt

alone in our hometown, even with all her friends and history, because the pieces of her heart, her children and grandchildren, were in other places. So she moved to be closer to half of them. However, the loneliness grew, because it wasn't based on not having company or not having a purpose; it was the beginnings of the interior world of memory -shrinking. She hid it even from herself until she could not.

Her stay at Saint Dominic's was short, but she received the greatest gift she could on her birthday, the opportunity to see Our Lord face to face. In Jewish tradition, it is said that a person who dies on their birthday has "fulfilled the mission" for which they were intended by God. It is a comforting thought and fitting legacy to say that Mom loved deeply unto the end and fulfilled her mission.

The family would like to thank Uncle Steve who brought her the Eucharist before she died. It was a great comfort to her and to all of us to know she received.

Visitation will begin at 6:00 pm, with the rosary/wake to follow, at Saint Helen's Catholic Church at 2209 Old Alvin Road in Pearland, Texas on December 26th.

The Funeral mass will take place at 10 am on December 27th, with internment at noon at the Forest Park Lawndale Cemetery.

For those who wish to donate something other than flowers, charitable contributions may be made to Saint Anne's Parish and School in Beaumont, Texas.



# Tribute Wall

JB

“ Although our time together on Estate Drive was short, our family friendship has been long. We send our love to you all. So sorry to hear of Peggy’s passing.

With love,  
The Foley Family

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**Jean Foley Barnett** - December 21, 2024 at 08:34 PM

PL

“ I am so sorry to hear about the passing of Peggy. I was privileged to work with her at St. Anne school. She taught me so much. She was a true servants of God. May she rest in peace.

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**Phyllis LaBure** - December 17, 2024 at 09:06 AM

MH

“ Peggy was the greatest lady ever and a cherished friend for 50 plus years.

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**Mary Susan Hewitt** - December 16, 2024 at 10:13 PM

MA

“ Peggy,  
You will be forever in our hearts. Thank you for welcoming me into your family.  
Love,  
Marc

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**Marc Antonetti** - December 14, 2024 at 07:09 PM