

Debbie Dyer Talbert



Celebration of Life

MARCH 2, 2024



Debra Janet Dyer Talbert was born in Douglas, Georgia, on January 8, 1954. She unexpectedly passed away on February 8, 2024, in San Antonio, Texas, at the young age of 70, leaving behind her beautiful legacy of love.

Debbie was a loving daughter, a best-friend type of older sister, a dedicated and caring wife, an absolutely marvelous mother, and a beautiful friend. While she held many titles throughout her life, the title of Mema was the one she was most proud of. Her granddaughter Chandler Rae was the light of her life.

To her husband she was his best friend and the love of his life. She went on adventures with him. She took care of him and helped him do his hair. Yes, even in a ponytail. She was the best dancing partner and “Bae, who’s this?” when an old song came on the radio.

To her kids she was the best mom in the world. Just a phone call away, a quick pit stop at the house—she always had time for her babies. A special relationship that went from helping them navigate their childhood, to a mom who experienced the joys of life with them as adults. She was “SUNSCREEN!” as they walked out the door, “Yes, I’ll try that drink with you,” while making a terrible face at the taste, and “Here’s a little fun money for your trip. Love you muchos.”

To her sister Cindy she was a daily confidante, a never-tiring cheerleader for her artistic endeavors, occasional photo assistant, willing to pose for whatever crazy photo concept she concocted, her Skechers buy-one-get-one-half-off partner, the best road trip buddy ever, quick-witted and funny, hostess with the mostess, shopping companion (especially Amazon!), so spontaneous, never judgmental, full of joy, and a beacon to home.

To her sister Kelley she was late night talks, mini-midnight snacks with just a little Pepsi, strength in the face of adversity, unwavering love for her family and friends, the coolest mom, sister, aunt, friend and Mema, creative, sassy, fiery, sparkly, supportive, protective and always ready for an adventure. She was a lifetime of laughter and unconditional love.

To her friends she was everything. They loved her smile, her laughter, her friendship and her larger than life personality. She had a quick wit and the ability to make her friends laugh, even when they might not want to. She had a sixth sense, an uncanny perception and pure selflessness, to be there for her friends when they really needed it, and they didn’t even ask for help. It came straight from her heart. Whether it was stopping by with food or a quick smile. She was there. She loved her family, but if you were her friend, she loved your family, too.

Debbie could say the alphabet backwards and skate backwards. She even read magazines backwards. She could find a typo from a mile away.

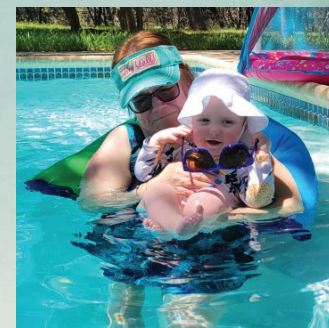
She loved fresh tomatoes and made the best pico de gallo. She enjoyed trying new recipes, had a special love for soup, and once cooked meatballs (unknowingly) for her own surprise party. She cooked like her mother—substituting ingredients that created an amazing dish that could never be replicated! She hated coconut, spicy foods, and red onions. She loved margaritas and Fireball.

She loved going to the movies, going on adventures with her family and friends, and she was always dancing. A little bit of bling was included in each and every outfit, whether it was on her fancy fingernails, sparkling dangle earrings, sassy shoes, or cute clothes.

She was a second mom to so many. Her coworkers loved her. The neighbors loved her. The neighbors’ pets loved her. She even kept a supply of treats just for the neighbors’ pets.

She was a ray of sunshine and always willing to help others. She loved people for exactly who they were.

“We all loved Deb for the same reason — how she made us feel.”





When Debbie turned 70 on January 8 of this year, her family and friends threw her a nice party. This is one she texted me a few weeks later, with the caption, “This is what 70 looks like... geez Jesus Christo, I’m freakin’ old as the hills, lol.” I texted back, “And you look adorable.” She was always sending me selfies when Samantha gave her a new haircut style or a new hair color, or when she bought something cute to wear. This is the last selfie she sent me. I look through the slew of texts between us and I start crying again. She was an enthusiastic cheerleader in all my artistic endeavors, often serving as both photo assistant and model, game for any creative scheme I whipped up. I shared everything in my life with her, both the good and the bad, and she was such a good listener—always patient, never judgmental. We always said we loved each other when we hung up.

My heart is breaking and I’m in a complete fog. She was a dear friend as well as the best big sister a girl could have. She and I talked almost daily and never a day went by without texting something funny, or an observation, photos of our cats, charcuterie board ideas, TikTok videos, and typos on menus and tv shows. After our mom passed, she called me and said, “I used to call mom every day when I got out of work (she was a copy room lady and substitute scheduler at Churchill High School in San Antonio), so now that she is gone, you’re it!” She did that for many years until she retired a couple years ago, and then we could talk anytime we wanted!

When our mother was battling ovarian cancer for 11 years, I visited a month each year to spend more time with her. After she passed in 2010, I continued to visit my dad, who passed in 2019. I continued the journey to visit Debbie and her family and my sister Kelley and her family. Debbie and Bill would host me for a month or more while I worked and played down there. I had just returned from visiting right before the world shut down in 2020 and hadn’t seen them in four years. I drove down to Texas for two weeks this past August and am so grateful that I did. They built an above-ground pool with a beautiful deck and she was so happy that all her friends and family gathered often to enjoy it. They have done so many wonderful improvements to their home and I know Debbie was very proud of the results. Home was always my Mom—and then when she passed, home was Debbie.

She adored her granddaughter, Chandler Rae, who turns three in June. I’m sad for Chandler not being able to spend more time with her Mema (which was our mother’s name for Debbie and Kelley’s kids). I’m sad because Debbie won’t get to share all of Chandler’s milestones.

I’m sad because my niece Lauren and nephew Landen have lost their mother too soon and so unexpectedly. I’m so sad for Bill, who retired in 2020, and was so enjoying retirement with Debbie and making plans to travel. My heart aches for all of them, and it aches for me, too—this loss feels so much greater than the loss of my parents, whom I loved dearly. Maybe it’s because they had more time on earth? Maybe it’s because their passing wasn’t so unexpected?

I thank all her dear friends for making her so happy—she was so loved by them. Years ago, I asked my mom to play a word association game with me—I’d say a person’s name and she would say one word that she associated with them. When it came to Debbie, she said, “Friend. Debbie has so many friends who love her. She is a good friend to so many people.” Mom was right—her friends adored her and I’m sad for their loss as well. Life won’t be the same for any of us without her presence.

How lucky was I to have this wonderful woman as my big sister and best friend? I love you and already miss you so much, Deboo.

—Cindy Lou

Debbie/Deb/Deboo...it didn’t matter what I called her, but who she was to me was quite simply the best big sister I could have asked for...she has always been a HUGE part of my life. From the time I was very young, I looked up to her. My first memories of her when I just a little girl was how beautiful she was with her long hair, sparkly green eyes, go-go boots and really short dresses. I remember trying to tag along with her and most times I didn’t get to go...but sometimes I did and that was enough for me.

Although there was a 10-year difference in our ages, some time in my young adulthood we became the best of friends. I had finally made it into her inner circle! I was double blessed to be her sister AND her friend. I loved that. I had arrived.

When someone you love leaves this world so unexpectedly, there is a harsh, aching void and a disbelief that may never go away. Not for me. I’m fine one minute and then the next I’m stopped in my track by the sharp knife of pain and relentless fact that she is gone from my life. I know she will always be a part of me and I have a lifetime of memories to hold on to...I believe that she is in a better place, but I don’t know if or when I’ll be ready to accept that she wasn’t taken too soon. That’s the part that is so very hard to understand.

Over the past week, I have seen an outpouring of love from so many people. Besides her family that is grieving, there are so many friends throughout decades of her life that are feeling this loss. In an ironic way, it is a beautiful thing. It really is.

To all of those people who knew Debbie...I truly feel your pain and I am sorry for your loss. To all of those people who didn’t know Debbie...I wish you had...you would have loved her. She was funny, smart, sassy, stubborn, supportive, kind, creative, adventurous—she sparkled without the added bling...and she did love some bling.

There are a lot of lessons Debbie taught me over the years...the one that has always resonated with me and that I will have even more trouble achieving now was her advice to me, which was, “Kel, you just have to make your own happy in this world”... but I am going to try for her. She would want that for all of us.

I am comforted in knowing that Debbie surrounded herself with a lot of people who helped her make her own happy. Her family, friends, and especially her beautiful new granddaughter were what made her most happy over the years.

I will never stop missing Debbie, but I do believe that’s the price you pay for loving someone so much. And I really, really loved her.

Debbie, what a beautiful difference you made in our lives...

—Kelley

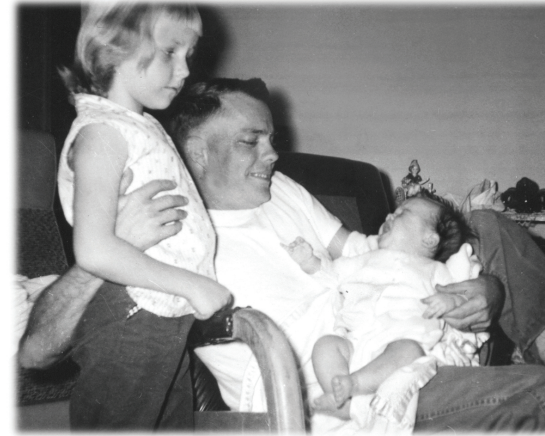


*In celebration of Debbie's 50th birthday,
20 years ago, her adoring family and
friends wrote these greetings to her...*



This seems like a good time to tell you what a wonderful neighbor and friend you have been for the last ten years. When I first moved to Morning Brook I wondered what kind of neighbors I would have. With all of my furry friends, not everyone likes to see me coming. You, Bill, and the kids have always been so kind. My neighbors may have changed over the years, but you have always been the constant. I feel so safe in my house knowing you all are next door and I know who to come to if I ever need help. I want you to know I love you and wish you a very happy birthday!

Emily



I think my Auntie Debbie is the greatest. Every time I go to San Antonio, she tries to make sure that my cousin Landen's cars are at Mema's house so that I can play with them. She is very funny. She tickles me and makes me laugh. I love her very much. Mommy keeps mentioning that Debbie will be 50 years old and we are having a surprise party for her. I don't know much about the 50 thing, but if it's a party... I'm there! I can't stop talking about my third birthday party, so a 50th birthday party is sure to be a topic of my conversations for a long time. Happy Birthday, Auntie Debbie!

Brennan

Sandy D.

Thank you, Debbie, for being a second mom to my daughter—and for opening up to her a home away from home. I am grateful for the many times I was clued in on what was really going on in life. You are a wise, caring, and wonderful friend. I will always treasure football games and all the high school events we shared together in raising our girls. You've been a true friend, indeed. Happy 50th!



Fred I have had many memorable events happen in my life since I moved to San Antonio. One of the most important to me is getting to know the entire Dyer family. They have taken me in as one of their own and included me in all of their family functions. They have made me welcome in their homes, and more important, in their hearts. And all of this I owe to my very dear friend and neighbor, Debbie. Had it not been for her and the rest of the Talbert clan, none of the rest would have come to pass. They were there for me when I needed someone the most...Debbie doing what she does best, being a friend. I can't begin to tell her how much her friendship means to me. It will have to suffice to say that this lady is one of the finest people I've met since I moved here. She and her family have truly enriched my life. I thank her for all she has done for me and all that she has meant in my troubled life. It has been a great pleasure to know her and all the folks around her. Here's to many more birthdays! I hope all of them are as memorable as this one. Happy Birthday, Debbie.

Lauren

Things I have learned from you over the years:

- Don't let anyone treat you wrong. If they do, they aren't worth your time.
- You can make a sandwich (lettuce, mayo, everything) AND eat it while shopping in the grocery store...and it's OKAY.
- Men are kinda dumb sometimes.
- Dancing is fun and it doesn't matter where you are!
- No doubt about it—you can sneak ALL KINDS of food into the movie theater.
- Cherish your friendships.

Ma, thank you so much for everything you do—not only as a mother, but as a friend, too. I appreciate your encouragement, support, and how you're always there if I need someone to talk to. I can't thank you enough—you're the best and I love you bunches. Happy Birthday!



Bill

Dear Deb,
I didn't know you for the first 22 years we're celebrating today, but I've known you for the past 28, and we've been married for the past 27. I want you to know that these 27 years have been the best of my life. Thanks for the years, and thanks for two great kids—I'm looking forward to many more (years, not kids!). Happy Birthday! All my love always, Bill



I'm too little to know much of anything but I do know that my Aunt Debbie has pretty green eyes and makes me smile and laugh—and I feel safe when she holds me. I think that's plenty for a three-month-old to know, don't you? Happy Birthday, Aunt Debbie!

Macie



Sheila

Happy birthday to my good friend, Debbie Talbert! I am so glad we met that day in dance class...our little four-year-olds dancing their little hearts out... and us sitting out front, getting to know each other. A lot of water has run under the bridge...we gossiped, laughed, cried, and spied! I hope we can be of comfort to one another for the rest of our lives. You have been like a sister to me...wait...sisters fight...whoa...we never fought...does this mean we can still be sisters? I can't believe you're fifty! It seems like yesterday that I took you out on your fortieth birthday. I love you, Debbie.



Why I love my Mom:

1. She's my Mom.
2. She takes me everywhere.
3. She gives me money.
4. She lets me do what most mothers wouldn't approve of.
5. She stays up at night with me on weekends.
6. She watches movies with me.
7. She buys me things.
8. She makes the best enchiladas in the world.
9. She does a lot of things for me.
10. She helps me and teaches me things.

Lauren



Debbie Lou,

Wow! Look at the fun we've had over the years. I couldn't ask for a better friend. It seems like we've been through it all. Looking forward to fifty more years of memories. Happy 50th!

Terri

Dear Debbie...thanks for putting up with me and Lauren. You have been like a second mom to me. Thank you for everything you have done. Happy 50th birthday. Don't worry, you don't look that old! Luv ya.

Lynnda



There is a ten year ago difference between me and my sister Debbie. Many of my memories of Debbie are from the perspective of a young girl who couldn't wait to grow up to be just like her big sister. There are certain memories associated with various people in my life that identify what those people have meant to me. I recall these often—without reason—but always with great fondness. My memories of Debbie are:

When I was six or seven years old, Debbie was: skating and boyfriends, beautiful hair and go-go boots, short dresses and a page boy wig. One time she dyed her hair so black it looked green in certain lights—pretty funny to a little kid. She was also in high school—that elusive place that kids are in awe of until they get there. She was beautiful to me...she hung out at the skating rink and could even skate backwards. I remember her rounding those corners and flipping her hair out, doing that jive-talking move. She had her own skates with big pink fuzzy pompoms with jingle bells on them. And she had friends that were boys. That was a big deal to me. I remember going with Debbie to meet Duke in the mall parking lot. I don't know what they talked about, but he had long brown hair and I thought he was so cool and I had a crush on him. I also remember Tony and Rick Chiavacci. One of those brothers would honk his horn in front of our house—that didn't make my father very happy. I also remember my mom making her buy us Christmas presents one year—she bought us Goody barrettes and wrapped them in Bandaid boxes.

When I was eight years old and throughout my teen years, Debbie was simply my older sister. She lived at home with us when we first moved to Donna and she had her own bedroom with a furry purple bedspread and flowered curtains. Mom used to put laundry on Debbie's bed to fold—the laundry was then pushed off the side of the bed, against the wall and out of sight. I know that happened at least one time. Debbie took guitar lessons and learned how to sing "Hang Down Your Head, Tom Dooley"—always a crowd-pleaser. She wore cool clothes...sizzler skirts, wide legged pants..."loungelizard larry" disco blouses and she had an 8-track player. She wore Charlie and drove a Maverick—she was ultra cool. She saw "The Sound of Music" too many times to be possible. She also worked at Sears for a short time in the candy department. Did they even have a candy department? She moved into her own apartment at some point and got married when I was in the sixth grade. I thought she looked beautiful. Her bridesmaids wore flowered dresses with butterfly sleeves and we ate Swedish meatballs. Cindy and I were too young to be bridesmaids, but I imagined myself being up there with her other friends. She also went to Hawaii one time with Bill—this was used to impress all my friends. She and Bill took us to the drive-in with them to watch "A Star is Born," but Cindy and I watched the steamier movie on the other screen through the tiny back windows in the Elite. I think we fooled them. Why didn't they question us with our faces pressed against one side of the car? This has always been a mystery to me.

In my late teens and throughout my twenties, Debbie was married and a mother to Lauren and then Landen. She was still cool but she did end up driving a mini-van—a far cry from the Corvette she always said she would drive. She loaned me money to buy some clothes for my first job at the bank in Donna. Did I ever pay her back? She moved to San Antonio and I eventually lived there for a while and the age gap between us began to shrink. How does that happen? Every Thursday night, we watched "Knots Landing" together to make fun of anything and everything.

We would also watch any and all beauty pageants together for the slight chance of seeing someone trip or reveal just a touch of cellulite. We were all over that one. If we could have seen the contestants toes, we would have made fun of those also. Not sure why we did this but it was a lot of fun. Debbie and I took cake decorating lessons together. She excelled at this—I did not. I just had fun hanging out with her and her friends. Debbie let me and Thelma put Landen in a big mixing bowl and spin him around the kitchen floor when he was a little baby...just a couple of times, for grins. She also let us use the pizza pan. He had fun and we did, too. Is that a cool Mom or what?

In my thirties, Debbie has become much more than my big sister. That age gap has officially closed, or so it seems. That thing she does called "motherhood" is now part of my life and only until recently have I begun to realize how trying—yet richly rewarding—being a mother can be, and how both my mother and Debbie have set great examples for me to live by. Debbie can be described in many ways—wife, mother of two beautiful children, daughter, sister, aunt, friend, co-worker, baseball mom, flag mom, dancing machine, confidante...the list goes on. The person that Debbie has evolved into through the years is a person that I admire, cherish and love—both as a sister and as a dear and trusted friend.

Here's to Fifty Years of Wonderful You...Happy Birthday, Deboo!

Kelley

Happy birthday to Debbie, my second mom!

Love, Weston
(the Biller Miller kid)

Weston



What can I say? We've shared many things together over the years. We've done PTA together...watched our kids grow together...had wonderful adventures with our kids together (the young ones and the older ones) and I know we have many years left to stumble through together.

Movies! Skating rinks! The lakehouse! You drive, I drive! It doesn't matter...we had fun because we did it together. Our movies...what fun! With our kids, without our kids! We even take our own food (ha ha)! We laugh at each other's jokes...we laugh at each other, period! We share tears and smiles and there's no one I'd rather share them with. We finish each other's sentences. We watch Lifetime! Oh, what would we do without the Lifetime channel? I call you on the phone with nothing much to say, but you always have time for me. We're comfortable together, like a pair of cozy comfy socks. I enjoy your smile, your wit, and the way you love your family.

If God told me, "Tell me what you would want to make a perfect friend and it shall be so," it would be you! You're the best friend any one person could have. Thanks for being my friend. Love ya!

P.S. Dale says you're the bestus football recorder friend there is. He couldn't have survived football season without you.

Sandy Jr.

When I first met Deb, she was hanging with some girls that didn't hang with us. I knew we needed to get Deb into our group (which had much higher standards and far more fun), and we were just a great bunch of girls. It took Deb too long to figure this out—of course her parents loved all of us...that is, until the night we had to call her folks from the judge's chambers in Donna about 2:00 a.m. (ugggg). Well, Janie and Mike were not too thrilled to know a beast had pulled a gun and was waving it around at a bunch of us uptown...but after begging and saying we're sorry over 100 times, I think they forgave us (whew!). We did everything together...that is, until Deb met the "older man." You know the rest of the story. Deb is a wonderful, loyal friend who has been with me through happy and sad times. She has shared her family with me. There are not too many people in this world you can call true friends—but Deb is one you can. I would trust her with my life and all that I have. I may not always tell her, but I love her and want to thank her for all she has done for me. Deb, enjoy being the first golden girl from our group. I will be there soon enough, my friend. Love ya always...Alyce

Alyce



Memories of Debbie

2 Little cowgirl on a hobby horse, blonde ponytail, red hat and boots—didn't want to take the outfit off, even at bedtime.

4 Standing up in a '57 Chevy (NEW!) with her elbows on the dashboard, rode that way from Selma, Alabama to Midland, Texas and back, singing, "A White Sport coat," and "Little White Duck, Sitting in the Water"—no air conditioning, sweating buckets all the way.



5 Crinoline petticoats, several changes of outfits during the day—once fell into the pot because dad left the seat up—she's still mad about that one.

Learning to ride a bike—rode with training wheels for awhile, but gave up bike riding temporarily when dad removed same. For quite awhile had to be pushed off and had to be stopped, but went like hell in between—kept dad slim and trim running along beside her.

6 Cushion on the Mopel handlebars and Deb on the cushion, riding through Alabama pine thickets and all over the golf course, dad driving.

Running breathlessly into the dining room looking for the salt shaker—"I want to catch that bird out there." This one was dad's fault—told her the best way to catch a bird was to put salt on its tail—she still hasn't forgiven me for that one.

7 Riding from Georgia to North Carolina (in the Chevy, not on the Moped), wanted to tell dad something but she said, "Oh, forget it, you'll just tell me I'm going upstream"—she meant "going to extremes."



*Mom
& Dad*

7 Living in Georgia, told her Aunt Jean to "Come get me in the good car." Her aunt had two cars, one nice and the other ragged.

9 Queen of the jungle, swinging on the bathroom shower curtain bar with predictable results.

10 Telephone book in hand, asking dad to "show me an unlisted phone number."

12 Meeting her friend Sharon "half-way" at Valley Hi Mall, then the two of them taking 30 minutes to walk from Valley Hi Mall to home, about five blocks—their route always took them past some boy's house.

18 BareTrap shoes and white mini-dresses with red hearts—was hired every time she wore the outfit for a job interview.

Insisted on seeing "The Sound of Music" every time it showed anywhere in the Valley, but went partying instead of movieing—made it easier to remember the plot when caught in our crosshairs.



19 Needing glasses to drive, wearing them when mom and dad were watching, snatching them off when boys were watching.

35 Complained about not having a stepstool after I bought her mother one—we gave her a stepstool, told her it was manufactured by the "Kwitcher-Bitchen" company.

40 Netanyahu? "Never heard of either one of 'em."



After 50 years of parental observation we conclude the following: Our daughter Debra is a good daughter, sister, mother, wife, aunt, cousin, friend, neighbor, citizen, sport, employee, driver, dancer, skater, foosball player, and breakfast taco maker. In fact, Deboo is a 100 percent all-around bonafide dyed-in-the-wool GOOD PERSON. We love her dearly (in the words of her grandmother Hester, "more than we do the other two, but don't tell them") and are very proud to be her parents (even if she is pushing our ages up into the stratosphere!).

Debbie,

Although I have not known you as long nor as closely as your husband, your children, your sisters nor your parents, I do feel that our relationship is based upon certain truths. I've taken a moment to jot down just a few of those truths, taken directly from my personal experiences with you: of all the interesting Dyer girls, you are the one whom I most know as "Debbie."

Your Pico de Gallo fills my heart with great joy or at a minimum, my stomach with tomato and cilantro.

Your conversation around the table fills my ears with good advice, deep insights, lively tidbits or at least a pleasant noise. Your skills and time spent with my children enrich both their lives with laughter and entertainment and ours with a few hours of sanity.

The directions you give me to get around San Antonio provide me with swift and safe travel (and will never be completely replaced by my navigation system).

Finally, although your house is approximately five hours from ours, I feel that during every holiday we are less than one mile apart. So today, as you turn thirty seven, I want to congratulate you on your accomplishments. You have a lot to be proud of—

most of all you have the love and respect of both your family and friends which, by itself, shows...you done good!

Here's wishing you a Happy BDay and many more!

Sincerely,

J. Brantley Saunders

Brantley



joy trickles in.

can joy be found in crumpled hearts,
in empty rooms and broken parts.
can it be found in desert earth,
in washed up dreams and faded worth.
can joy come when the rain outweighs
the happy, blissful, sunny days.
or in the middle of our grief with
words held tight between our teeth.
can joy be found in trembling hands,
where nothing but the unknown stands.
where the unthinkable comes true
and changes everything we knew.
i wonder if joy even knows
how to emerge when sorrow grows.
does it lay down beside the bed
and still caress our weary head.
and is joy really brave enough
to walk along when things get tough.
is joy right there before our eyes
but stuck between our heavy sighs.
i hear joy say that it's okay
to feel both joy and pain today.
whatever loss or lacking light,
joy finds a way to make us bright.
you see our lanterns glow the best
when darkness comes to steal our rest.
and just when sadness seems to win,
joy trickles in.

ullie-kaye



loving the gone *by sara rain*

thank you.

to every person who leans in.

excited to tell me a story.

not afraid of the grief.

even those who did not

meet my person while alive.

thank you for asking

what they were like.

what it's like without them.

for reminding me that

they are not forgotten.

and that they mattered.