



Diane Laura Schrader

May 5, 1932 - September 6, 2019

Diane Schrader of Columbia and Hilton Head Island, passed away Friday, September 6, 2019. Born May 5, 1932 in Hartford, CT she was a daughter of the late Robert Malcolm and Frances Josephine Morrison.

Diane received her Bachelor of Arts from the Rhode Island School of Design and worked as a textile designer in New York City while living in Greenwich Village. She married Robert F. Scherer in 1957 and focused on raising their two daughters in Cranbury, NJ. In 1972, she married Donald P. Schrader, and they moved to Hilton Head with a combined family of five children. Diane owned and managed several successful businesses on Hilton Head, including Smugglers Cove, a Christmas, fudge, toy and gift shop. She was active in arts and community organizations, including the Hilton Head Art Association and Hilton Head branch of the American Cancer Society. Her later years were spent between Columbia, where she helped raise her granddaughters, and Hilton Head. She was an artist who brought her artistic talent and vision to everyday life, whether creating whimsical murals on bedroom walls or papering her kitchen with wine labels. She was a strong, intelligent, kind, social and generous person with a great sense of fun, who loved travel, art, food, and most of all, family.

Diane is survived by her sisters, Roberta J. Nissi (Paul), Pamela F. Bidwell (Gus); daughters, Dana L. Gilchrist (Jim), Robin F. Scherer (Ivy Coleman); granddaughters, Lisle and Spenser; stepchildren, Kimberly A. Massa (Ernie), Glenn F. Schrader, Scott J. Schrader (Rosemary), and their children. She is also survived by children from Donald P. Schrader's first marriage, Cheryl Melton (Tom), Don Schrader (Carol), Kay Lynne Mitchell (Frank), Bob Schrader (Rita), their children and grandchildren.

A memorial service and celebration of life for Diane will be held at 5:30 PM on Sunday, September 15th at the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Columbia. Dress is casual.

In lieu of flowers, Diane's family requests that donations be made to SCETV or your local public broadcasting station.

Events

SEP **Memorial Service** 05:30PM - 07:30PM

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*Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Columbia
2701 Heyward Street, Columbia, SC, US, 29205

Comments



“ Mom

It's hard to say what you've meant to me in just a few words. My memories are a mosaic of sounds and pictures – some sharper when I bring them into focus and some remaining fuzzy and dreamlike.

I remember you took me shopping for shoes as a little girl. I was already making my own decisions (at about 3), and I finally found a pair of bright red patent leather shoes that wouldn't hurt my feet. You weren't paying close attention to my decision-making process, so you bought them for me. My feet kept falling out of them while we walked to the car – they were about 4 sizes too big! It was particularly hard because your parked car somehow got lost!

We always won prizes at Halloween for the costumes you designed and made. My sister Dana was often a princess, and I was a prince or witch. You made a web that extended from my broom to my robe when I spread my arm – with a fuzzy, scary black spider. At Christmas, your presents to us were always beautifully wrapped, whether in aluminum foil or wrapping paper, with wide ribbons of different colors, ornaments or sprigs of holly. You loved to make Christmas decorations with us – using newspaper, pasta, and gold and silver spray paint. You were an expert at paper mache.

You loved children, and our home was always a center for neighborhood kids. We played in the tree house, we played soccer and kick the can. We didn't get in too much trouble when caught sneaking in from playing foxes and hounds at night in the nearby graveyard.

You were a dedicated Girl Scout leader, letting me tag along on camping trips with my sister's troop – and I don't remember you getting angry with me when you found out I was skipping my own Brownie meetings to walk around downtown Cranbury after you had dropped me off (needless to say, I never made it to Girl Scouts on my own!)

You drove me to Princeton for swimming and attended all my meets – no matter how far away, you were there. After we moved to Hilton Head, you came to all my tennis matches. I used to wonder how you and Dad could suffer through so many hours of amateur performance. Now, I'm simply amazed that you sat OUTSIDE on hot summer afternoons - just to support your daughter (think about it – who DOES that??)

You were brave. You were a cancer survivor in the early days, and overcame later physical setbacks with humor and grace. You loved foggy, overcast days, storms, big waves and long walks on the beach. I remember days spent in the ocean at Hilton Head – and the annual visits with Don's kids from his first wife for blend-offs, blow and wave-surfing.

You loved reading and travel, going to Spain, Germany and Greece. Through you, we learned openness toward the world and a desire to explore it. Ski trips, camping, World's Fairs, and Disney when I was little. An epic trip out west to Las Vegas when you and Don married, more Disney (of course), Provincetown and the CRUISES!!

In later years, we spent evenings at your "private" Canal Place pool with Ivy's blended Midori Coladas, playing dominoes - and those fabulous Sunday brunches at TidePointe.

So much more to say... as I look back on the 57 years we shared together, I am astonished at the dreamlike quality of day-to-day life changes. I think of my favorite song line, from the Grateful Dead's Uncle John's Band "Oh-oh what I want to know, where does the time go?"

Thank you for being my mother. I always felt your love and support. We had great times and I loved being with you. You made me into the person I am and I will miss you beyond words.

Robin Scherer - September 16, 2019 at 02:22 PM



“ I'll always remember our summer visits to Hilton Head and Grandma always had these giant coloring books for us. Each one specifically tailored to us Grandkids. I will forever hold these memories in my heart. Love you Grandma.

Jennifer DeBord - September 15, 2019 at 01:29 PM