



Pauline Vivian Young

September 6, 1926 - July 1, 2018

Pauline Vivian Young loved coffee. No cream. No sugar. She didn't take it fancy. She just wanted it good and strong. That's just the way she was. A gentle, loving wife, mother, grandmother, and great grandmother, Vivian, as she was known, found particular joy in relaxing on her front porch and greeting her neighbors with a smile, a hello, and an abundance of cheer.

Despite her penchant for plain coffee and quiet afternoons, Vivian lived a bright and vibrant life, in which she continually defied the odds. Born in 1926 in Royal Oak Township, Michigan to Paul and Elsie Elliott, she also has a sister, Lorry Thurman. Diagnosed early in her life with polio, doctors told Vivian she would never walk again. However, Vivian beat back the illness, and did more than survive, she thrived, walking without a hitch in her customary high heels, which she absolutely loved to wear.

Vivian also defied the many who predicted her 52-year marriage to Arnold "Buck" Young would not last more than a week. The couple met while Vivian was working at the Burroughs Corporation. Buck had come up from Arkansas one September on vacation, and, surprisingly, met his wife-to-be. Although he was known as a bit of a hell raiser and she was pretty straight-laced, Vivian and Buck were married two months after meeting, on November 10, 1948. They remained together in a long and love-filled union until Buck passed away on July 30, 2000. Vivian and Buck even had a song written about their fated relationship: "Some Gave it a Week" by Terry Gonda. The joyous couple spent their years together sharing a love for country music and cultivating a beautiful and loving home for their four children, the late David Young, Arnold Young, Yvonne Emlet, and Sarah Young. Even in the most challenging moments, Vivian and Buck loved their children unfailingly, and with two sons and two daughters, there were some demanding times. The patience they exhibited in the home was only exceeded by the pride they had for their brood. Vivian often remarked that her son Arnie had become a wonderful husband and devoted father to Shawn and Jeff, and also, that marrying Janet was the very best decision that Arnie had ever made. She adored her daughter-in-law and loved her just as one of her own. Vivian was equally proud of her daughter Yvonne, delightfully musing about Yvonne's parenting skills, as well as the incredible sweet and special relationship Yvonne shared with her late husband, Bill. Vivian made it clear that she couldn't have asked for a more loving and

generous husband to Yvonne and also father to her grandchildren, Corrie and Caleb Emler. On many occasions, Vivian even remarked at the luck her grandsons Shawn and Jeff had in marrying Joby and Jessica, respectively, whom she considered amazing women that truly understood their husbands. She also often said that she saw her own, beloved father in Caleb. Not surprisingly, Vivian was a doting great grandmother to Brianna, Evelyn, Bryce, and Tala. Above all else, Vivian loved her family, yet she never once considered that perhaps the model for her children's and grandchildren's success in choosing a mate and rearing children, was her own beautiful marriage to Buck. In the same way, she may have never recognized her own self in the strong, beautiful woman her granddaughter Corrie is today.

Vivian was, however, deliberate in passing along her love for country and gospel music to her grandchildren, as well as her own children. She and Buck often spent time taking the grandchildren to concerts. Including them on such special outings was very meaningful for Vivian: her children tease that she loved the grandchildren more than she loved their parents. Notwithstanding, Vivian's kindness extended beyond her family. She always spoke to strangers and as Arnie's wife, Janet, remembers, Vivian always, always had a compliment for someone. When Vivian spoke of her father, whom she adored, she would often say that he never met a stranger. Clearly, Vivian inherited his authentically good nature. She also treasured her relationships with people, and was grateful for the many friendships she held so dear. Again, her amiable personality lent itself to her interactions with others and she always made sure to let people know just how special she considered them to be. Just as she often reminded her children and grandchildren of how much she loved them, she constantly reminded her friends of how thankful she was for all that they did.

Although she was known for her famous Pink Salad, a beautiful confection of Maraschino cherries, Philadelphia Cream Cheese, and pineapple, amongst other lovely ingredients, Vivian was an outstanding culinary marvel in every regard. She enjoyed spending time in the kitchen, cooking, and often made delicious fried chicken, complete with homemade biscuits, white milk gravy, and cornbread. Vivian always baked from scratch and passed her coveted cakes and cookies recipes and techniques down to her grandchildren. A seamstress in her own right, Vivian savored sewing, tatting, and crocheting. Once, during a mission trip, a friend needed her pants altered because of the heat, so Vivian grabbed her scissors and proceeded to alter them on the spot, while they were still being worn. Her emergency sewing maneuver had everyone laughing. Vivian's creative skills were profound. She was also quite fond of decoupage and even, painting china. Above all, Vivian took great pleasure in how her skills could benefit others: the family table welcomed everyone and she made sure her grandchildren always had the very best Halloween costumes.

It would be too easy to say that Vivian enjoyed the simple things in life - animals, the color purple, sparkling jewelry, long breakfasts at the Country Boy restaurant with her daughter Sarah, Trader Joe's Belgian Chocolate pudding, the sounds of Johnny Cash, Conway Twitty, and Charlie Pride - but that doesn't give her life the kind of dimension it deserves. This is the woman who once wrote President Carter on behalf of American Indians, to which she even received a reply. She taught her children about Little Big Horn, the Massacre at Wounded Knee, and the Trail of Tears. She overcame personal adversity throughout her life, married the man of her dreams, and raised a houseful of children. No, Vivian was ahead of her time. Her husband Buck may have been known to raise a rumpus, but she is the one who tamed him. Vivian lived on her terms and she went out on her terms as well, in the very best of ways, gently passing while listening to Bill Anderson pleasantly singing gospel. Just as her favorite hymn, "In the Garden," states, "He speaks, and the sound of His voice, Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the melody that He gave to me, Within my heart is ringing," so does Vivian leave us with her own melody, a unique and magnificent song which resonates so brilliantly within our own hearts.

Visitation will be held on Saturday, July 7, 2018 from 10 a.m. until the time of the funeral service at 11 a.m., at Hopcroft Funeral Home, 31145 John R. Road (one block north of 13 Mile Road, west side of John R. Road), Madison Heights, Michigan. A private burial will be held Monday at Oakview Cemetery in Royal Oak, Michigan.

Memorial donations may be made to Beaumont Hospice. Envelopes are available at the funeral home.

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Cemetery

Events

Oakview Cemetery
1032 N. Main Street
Royal Oak, MI, 48067

JUL 7 Visitation 10:00AM - 11:00AM

Hopcroft Funeral Home-Madison Heights
31145 John R. Road, Madison Heights, MI, US, 48071

JUL 7 Funeral Service 11:00AM

Hopcroft Funeral Home-Madison Heights
31145 John R. Road, Madison Heights, MI, US, 48071

Comments



“ Enchanted Cottage was purchased for the family of Pauline Vivian Young.



July 02, 2018 at 09:30 PM



“ Living just a couple doors down from the Young family, I was fortunate to have both Yvonne and Sarah as friends. We all played sports together, and every now and then a few of us would be invited over for Mrs. Young's tacos. I loved them!! I remember many adventures with Yvonne, like building what we thought was the first pitch-back, even though it did not work well. And then cutting down the tree in the back yard with hammers, I think. Mrs. Young just let us be kids, even though she may have thought we were silly. There was always a constant on Goulson and it was the Young family. I know she will be missed. Thoughts and prayers to the entire family.

Pam Barnett - July 02, 2018 at 07:34 PM