



## Rebecca Lynn Lamb

October 21, 1952 - February 9, 2024

Rebecca Lamb passed away on Friday, February 9 in Corvallis, Oregon, surrounded by her family. The downpour that day was fitting for a woman who loved the sound of the rain on a metal roof. Rebecca was born on October 21, 1952 in Vancouver, Washington, the oldest of four children. She grew up in Carson, Washington, riding horses, learning how to cook, playing and swimming with her siblings and cousins at the family picnic grounds on Wind River, and recreating with her outdoors loving parents, Bonnie and Arvid Lamb. Rebecca graduated from Stevenson High School in 1970, where she was a class leader and honor student, especially excelling in math and music. After graduating from high school, Rebecca attended Washington State University. In the Fall of 1974, the handsomest boy knocked on her apartment door looking for his friend. As legend has it, he was wearing just bib overalls – no shirt. That handsome boy was Greg Lahti. Together they would hitchhike across the Pacific Northwest, move to the Oregon Coast, and listen to lots of blues and rock and roll. Eventually they would marry and raise two daughters, and instill in them a passion for feminism, cats, musicals, the merits of knowing how to drive a stick shift, and the sound of rain on a metal roof. In 1979, Rebecca and Greg bought an 1890's farmhouse on twenty acres in the West Plains of Spokane, where they lived for over forty years. Rebecca painstakingly curated numerous beautiful gardens, lovingly transplanting hundreds of plants, flowers, and trees. Her gardens were impressive and envied, as was her knowledge of each plant's history. They updated,

remodeled, and added on to the farmhouse, replaced the shingles with a metal roof to enjoy the rain, and Rebecca hand painted each room – without any blue painter’s tape. She decorated with high quality handcrafted furniture, Native American artwork, and one-of-a-kind lighting fixtures. As is often the case, it was in the kitchen of that farmhouse where the best memories were made: Late nights mixing cookie dough that never made it in the oven, a Thanksgiving turkey accidentally spilling out of the oven and skidding across the kitchen floor, and that time when – after a little too much imbibing in various substances– she disastrously and hilariously cut Greg’s hair.

In 1983, pregnant and with a five-year-old in tow, Greg and Rebecca took a brief hiatus from Spokane and moved to Sitka, Alaska for the first four years of her nursing career. Sitka brought new ocean beaches to explore, great friendships, and the best rainstorms of all their travels.

After they returned to Spokane, Rebecca served as a psychiatric nurse for more than twenty years, and would continue to use her compassion, patience, and clinical skills in and out of work; helping a bicyclist who’d been hit by a car, volunteering to support victims of Hurricane Katrina, and calmly diagnosing any and all familial ailments – and interpreting medical terminology for those she loved. She served as a pacifist for even longer, protesting the Vietnam, Afghanistan, and Iraq wars, travelling to California to support Cesar Chavez and the farmworkers, working with the Peace and Justice Action League of Spokane, and rarely backing down from a discussion about the need for stricter gun laws.

Thirteen years ago, her grandkids became the light of Rebecca’s life, bringing her endless joy, sleepovers, recipes to perfect, events to attend, and excuses to shop. Clara (13), Owen (9), Penelope (7), and Lila (4) say they’ll miss her beautifully wrapped presents (and the thoughtful gifts inside), sitting on her lap watching Peppa Pig, helping her bake, how she’d take care of them when they were sick and make everything better, her penchant for trips to McDonald’s, and all the delicious food she cooked.

It's not just the grandkids who will miss Rebecca's food. She was a fabulous though neverendingly self-critical cook - when someone complimented a dish, she'd lament that it could have been better. Chicken noodle soup, homemade bread and Jack's Rolls, beef stew, scratch baked pies, jambalaya, pork roast, drunken noodles, and North Pole and pumpkin pancakes weren't just better because grandma made them: If they were made by Rebecca, they really were the best.

Rebecca hated Credence Clearwater Revival, strangers calling her "hun," and soup that wasn't hot enough to burn your tongue. She hiked through Indian Heaven in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest alone. She rafted down the Colorado River. She coached her daughter's Odyssey of the Mind team. She never hesitated to take a mental health day in the middle of winter, when the largest snowflakes of the year were falling, just to watch Dr. Zhivago. She cross-stitched and played cribbage. She camped with her two daughters. She once rode her escaped horse home on a frigid winter night, and never fully got the feeling back in some of her fingertips. A few years ago, she told Greg that she wished she had done more with her life. But after reading this obituary, her grandson Owen wonders why Grandma isn't famous.

She is survived by her husband Greg, her daughters Cheyenne (Adam) and Marya (Stephen), her grandkids, her sisters Leslie (Bill) and Ann, her brother John, her dog Hewie, nieces, cousins, and friends. We will love and remember Rebecca forever, and especially when we drink a White Russian, eat a peanut M&M or the heel of a loaf of homemade bread, find a good dirty joke, and of course, hear the sound of the rain on a metal roof.

# Tribute Wall



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**Greg Lahti** - March 13, 2024 at 09:23 PM



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**McHenry Funeral Home** - March 06, 2024 at 02:17 PM