



Ethel "Bee" Reed

December 27, 1925 - August 20, 2016

Hampton - Ethel Beatrice (Bee) MacQuarrie Reed, aged 90, formerly of Stamford, CT and Exeter, passed on August 20, 2016 in Hampton.

Bee was born in Waterbury, CT. She attended Green Mountain College in Vermont and Leland Powers School of Radio, TV and Theater in Boston and received a B.A. in Sociology from UConn and an M.S. in Human Services from Charter Oak State College.

She worked at Radio Station WKNB in New Britain, CT as a copywriter and traffic manager. She was an Amateur Radio Operator. During her professional career, she was a Vista Volunteer with Parents Anonymous in Portsmouth. She retired from the Richie McFarland Children's Center where she worked as Assistant to the Program Director for 12 years. A long-time resident of Exeter, she volunteered at the Exeter Hospital OASIS office and at the Exeter Seacoast Hospice office.

Bee was predeceased by her husband, Selwyn C. Reed ("Red"). She is survived by two daughters, Sharon Reed Trachte (Kent C. Trachte) and Judith Reed Price (Gus Knowles); two grandsons, Wesley Reed Price and Kenyon Christopher Trachte (Lucille Trachte); three great grandchildren, Caleigh Elizabeth Price, Taylor Reed Price and Cody Reed Price and their mother, Rebecca Kenerson.

Bee had high self-expectations, a strong independent spirit, an unwavering commitment to be her brother's keeper and a wonderful sense of humor.

Services will be private. If desired, memorial donations may be mailed to the Richie McFarland Children's Center, 11 Sandy Point Rd., Stratham, NH 03885 or made online at www.richiemcfarland.org.

Tribute Wall



“ *Ethel "Bee" Reed*

September 18, 2022 at 12:49 AM



“ *Sharon & Judy, I'm sorry to here of the passing of your mother. I realize this is a year late but we have lost touch. I remember all our Thanksgivings together as children and your mom's great smile. Sharon I would love to hear from you. I have been going through pictures of the family.
Linda Reed Gauger*

Linda Gauger - September 24, 2017 at 09:27 PM



“ *What a Classy Lady .*

Dallas Price - September 04, 2016 at 12:26 PM

DS

“ I worked with Bee for a number of years when I was the Program Director at Richie McFarland Children's Center back in the 1980s. For a while we shared an office in the Portsmouth location before moving to Stratham. To say we laughed a lot is an understatement. She brought pure joy into the room and a deep compassion and understanding. Bee and I had many "think out loud" opportunities and I learned quickly to seek out her perspective. She did not mince words, saying what she thought loud and clear. I became a better person and better at my job(s) because of her. Early on (maybe her first week of work) she was reading over something I had to send out to families and with good humor informed me, "you can't say that that way." She was right, of course, and helped me get it right. And more than two decades later she volunteered during one of my runs for public office. Always there, weren't you Bee? I am one of many lucky people to have crossed paths with you. Thank you Bee.
Donna Schlachman

donna schlachman - September 01, 2016 at 11:30 AM

KE

“Bee” was the best mother-in-law that any man could possibly have. I always felt more like a son than a son-in-law. Forty-two years ago this summer, Sharon brought me home to Stamford, Connecticut; and Bee immediately made me feel welcome as a member of the family. We spent several weeks living in the Reed house before making our way to graduate school in Binghamton, NY. I have fond memories of those weeks and being introduced to friends and Reed family life.

These initial weeks proved to be the beginning of a relationship that I greatly enjoyed. In particular, I have great memories of her wit and the way she liked to tease me with a twinkle in her eye. Even in her later years, when I was able to join Sharon on a visit to Hampton, Bee would summon up a barb that would be accompanied by a mischievous grin.

Bee went back to college when she was middle age; and because Sharon and I were both professors at the time, our visits during this period would often include discussions of her most recent assignment in sociology or economics. Her commitment to learning was something that I admired and the discussions that that we had were special.

Two of my other favorite memories are the visit that Bee made to France during one of Sharon and my first vacations in the Loire Valley and the time that she accompanied us to Bath, England. On both occasions, we shared good laughter, ate wonderful food, drank great wine, and learned about the histories and culture of the countries.

I am fortunate to have known Bee for forty-two years and to have been part of her family.

Kent

Kent - August 28, 2016 at 06:25 PM

GF

“ To Sharon, my friend, and everyone in the family,

I am so saddened and distraught by your Mom's passing. I know it was her chosen time to go but it is always so hard to lose one's parent, especially a mother.

Her kindness, great mind, liveliness and big smile will stay with me forever. It was such a pleasure to see her when she visited us in Pennsylvania. We had fun... She will be missed by everyone; she cared and was so proud of her family.

I hope that the love and memories that you all shared with Bee will sustain and comfort you in the coming days and always.

You are in my thoughts and I offer my most sincere condolences.

Guina

Guina Frankhouser - August 26, 2016 at 11:31 PM

JB

“ *I remember "Bee" when I worked at Partridge House, she was such a lovely lady, with an amazing sense of humor. Condolences to the family, with love from Jo*

Jo Bertrand - August 26, 2016 at 10:34 AM

UN

“ *I am so so sorry for the loss of your mom. she was such a wonderful lady. she is going to be missed very much*

unknown - August 24, 2016 at 09:45 AM

RG

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Remick & Gendron - August 21, 2016 at 12:32 PM

“ *Ethel Beatrice MacQuarrie Reed*
December 27, 1925 - August 20, 2016

Limerick Composed
by
Sharon Reed Trachte, Ph.D.

There once was a woman named
Ethel Beatrice MacQuarrie Reed,
Also known as Granu.
She didn't live in a shoe.
She didn't need to
Because she always knew what to do
To lead a good life
And be a good wife
And the mother extraordinaire of daughters two.

There once was a baby born Ethel
Who turned into a woman with mettle.
Named after her mother, a name she disliked,
With strength and grace she faced the vicissitudes of life.
Living long like her mother who had great influence,
She had high self-expectations and her own independence.

There once was a baby born Beatrice.
Unlike Ethel, a name much more stylish.
“Baby Bee” she became since there was already Aunt Bee.
A nickname that suited her to a tee
Because, after all, she was busy and extraordinary.

There once was a girl named MacQuarrie
The daughter of “Mac”, of Scottish origin and family.
A heritage that made her so witty.
That taught her that blood is thicker than water
And how to be a savvy economizer.

*At what did Bee toil?
Her hive had many parts.
She was always her brother's keeper, she took this to heart.
In her community, her church, and her professional posts,
She gave, cared and shared to the utmost.*

*She believed in education and learning.
For self-improvement she possessed a strong yearning.
Thus Bee finished one college degree, then two.
But she didn't stop there,
To continue learning into her seventies was important and clear.*

*All values to share with her daughters two.
She mentored, she taught and led by example
While feeding us liver and bacon, too much to handle.
But the homemade Tollhouse cookies made us forgive
And cemented our love for as long as we live.*

*But it wasn't all serious, there was also much play.
There were arts and crafts, limericks, swimming and baking.
There were games upon games with Wesley and Kenyon,
Caleigh, Taylor and Cody too.
And trips to the beach, to the museum, to the library and to the zoo.*

*Whatever she did, there was always a plan.
Goals and expectations to reach, set at every new dawn.*

*We now say adieu to a remarkable woman.
But not without a lyric from "Happy Trails to You".
A Roy Rogers classic and a family tradition,
A father's choice of lullaby for his daughters two.*

So, we say to our mom and to our Granu:

*"Happy trails to you, until we meet again.
Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then.
Who cares about the clouds when we're together?"*

*Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather.
Happy trails to you, 'till we meet again."
Happy trails, mommy, 'till we meet again.*

Remick & Gendron - August 21, 2016 at 12:28 PM