



## Ute P. Kinlaw

August 24, 1949 - August 17, 2022

Ute P. Kinlaw died on August 17, 2022 after a long, stroke induced mental illness related battle dating to 2010. She was born in Mainz, then in West Germany, on Aug 24, 1949 and grew up playing in the rubble left from World War II. In 1967 at 18 she moved on her own to Paris without knowing a soul living in the city to learn French. After two years there she moved to England, again alone and having no contacts, spending another two years in London studying English. She then worked for several years as a tour guide taking Germans to Bulgaria before finally joining Air France in the mid '70s. She met her husband, Worth, who was in the U.S. Navy, in Washington in 1987 in front of the White House on East Executive Ave after he followed her for several blocks trying to get up the nerve to speak. Using the old "I work at the White House and could probably get you a night time tour" routine he was greeted by her very first words to him, "vell, I don't zink much of Mr. Weagan." But he must have some done something right because they stayed in touch and in Norfolk, Virginia on November 28, 1989, after his return to sea duty with the Atlantic Fleet's Combat Camera Group, they were married. At lunch. The Navy did not give him the afternoon off. Nor the next day either. Within a month he had been deployed to Panama for the unpleasantness there. By the next Christmas he was in Sicily waiting to deploy from there for Desert Storm. Finally, on their third Christmas, they spent it and most every Christmas thereafter together.

She sacrificed so much to come to the U.S., gave up everything she had, her

home, her belongings, her family and her job which included the perk she loved most of all, being able to fly anywhere in the world for \$10. She was beautiful and funny and smart and, boy, was she serious. German serious. She loved old B&W American movies and coffee. Lots of coffee. She never quite got baseball but was a great sport about watching it. She totally got Donald Trump and rightfully despised him because she got him completely. She loved her dogs, all 6 of them, and she especially loved her German parrot, Charly, who refused to learn English, who still only spoke German upon his untimely demise 10 years ago.

She never once complained about her illness and her excruciating pain, not thru her frequent misdiagnosis, not thru her many falls and the numerous broken bones, not thru five extremely long hospital admissions and never, ever thru the hundred plus electroconvulsive therapy treatment procedures (ECT) she endured and which kept her mind steady. Stoic throughout, she understood the doctors and nurses and aides at INOVA Fairfax were keeping her alive. But in the end she was ready, her quality of life so limited and poor that she just let go. She was greatly loved for her gentleness and her humor and she will be sorely missed. She made Life bearable. She was The One. As she and her husband often said to each other, occasionally after an argument but more often over a cup of coffee and the Washington Post, "forever and a day..."

And now she is so heavily missed.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Ute P. Kinlaw*

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October 27, 2022 at 09:45 PM