



A. Faye Sparrow

January 5, 1926 - September 28, 2025

In Loving Memory of Alama Faye (Burns) Sparrow

Beloved Wife, Mother, Grandmother, Great-Grandmother, and Friend

Written with love by her granddaughter, Jamie

My grandma, Alama Faye (Burns) Sparrow — lovingly known to so many as simply “Faye” (age 99) — passed away peacefully, leaving behind a legacy of love, laughter, and strength that has touched so many hearts, especially mine and my father’s. She was more than just a grandmother to me — she was a friend, a teacher, and one of the brightest lights in our family.

Faye was born and raised in Peebles, Ohio, on a 750-acre farm with her parents, Edna and Milt, and her four beloved sisters — Laura, Dana, Chloral (affectionately called Cobb), and Ruby. The Burns girls worked hard on that farm, and Grandma would often repeat what her dad told them: “If it’s too heavy to lift, do it anyway.” That grit and determination stayed with her for the rest of her life.

After graduating high school in 1944 with a civil service certificate to work at Wright-Patterson AFB or “Field” as she called it, Grandma didn’t have a car to get there — so her sister took her under her wing and encouraged her to go to beauty college instead. That decision changed her path. She became a talented beautician and eventually opened her very own shop. She took

immense pride in helping others feel good about themselves and always welcomed her clients with a warm smile and a kind word.

One of my favorite stories she had written was about meeting a “good-looking man in uniform” and knowing right then: “That’s the one I want to marry.” She married that man — Elwood Sparrow — in 1946. They were married for 58 wonderful years and shared a beautiful life together. She always said how proud she was to be the wife of a railroad engineer and World War II veteran.

After years of hard work and a few aches and pains, Grandma and “Woody,” as she called him, moved to their cherished home in Polynesian Village on October 25, 1982. She would often say, “We’re sunshine people,” and it showed. She poured her heart into her community and even became the president of Polynesian Village in 1988. Whether organizing game nights, rummage sales, or costume parties, she made the community feel like home — not just for her and Grandpa, but for everyone there. As she once told me, “No place is more friendly, helpful, or giving than Polynesian Village.”

Grandma loved the simple pleasures: boating on the Ohio River, mushroom hunting with Grandpa, taking Ron to church every Sunday, and especially the church ice cream socials in Beavercreek — something she always shared with me when she and Grandpa were in town.

She also taught me some of my favorite life lessons — like how to float in the ocean. I’ll never forget her advice: “Make your belly big, hold your breath, and arch your back.” She loved shell hunting on Manasota Beach, riding bikes with Grandpa, and being outside. She had such an active, adventurous spirit — one that I hope to carry with me always.

Even when she moved into assisted living, Grandma never lost her spark. She was still sharp, funny, and just a little too good at card games. She used to

laugh and tell me, “I had to leave the game early... the other ladies needed a chance to win.”

She shared so many stories with us. One that always stuck with me was when she told my daughter, Mya, about playing softball. When Mya said she played second base and shortstop, Grandma said she played center outfield because she was the tallest and could catch the fly balls. That was Grandma — proud, strong, and full of joy.

In her later years, Grandma would have Dad call her twice a day, every day at 10:00 AM and 6:30 PM (she had him call her because she thought she would still have to pay since it was long-distance). Those calls were the highlight of her day. He was the apple of her eye, and the love between them was the kind that speaks volumes without needing many words.

Faye Sparrow was truly one of a kind. Her vibrant personality, her giving heart, and her deep love for her family will stay with us always. Though we'll miss her every day, we carry her with us — in our stories, our laughter, and our memories.

She is survived by her son Ron, granddaughter (Jamie Simpson and husband Matthew Simpson), great-granddaughter, Mya Simpson, Nieces, Barb, Carylon, and Marilyn (the twins).

We love you, Grandma. Thank you for everything.

Your memory will forever be a blessing.

— Your son and granddaughter

In lieu of flowers, please make a donation to the Diabetes Foundation or an animal shelter of your choice.