



## Peggy Ann Culp

October 5, 1942 - July 5, 2021

Peggy A. (Carlock) Culp of Chandlerville, Illinois traded her tired “mortal coil” for a new one more to her liking at Methodist Hospital in Peoria on Monday, July 5, 2021, following a brief illness. Born in Bartonville, Illinois to Beulah Rose (Smith) and Carroll “Bucko” Carlock on October 5, 1942, she was preceded in death by her parents; a sister, Gwen Dirks (Don); a husband, James “Jack” Culp; a loving dog, Petie; and a graveyard full of cats. She is survived by her son, Lance Zedric (Ching) and granddaughter, Ariel, of Peoria; four brothers, Carroll Carlock, Jr. (Mary), Tom Carlock (Joyce), Gregory Carlock (Betty), and Hal Carlock (Bonnie) all from Chandlerville; and scores of nieces and nephews, and several grieving cats.

Peg miraculously graduated from Chandlerville High School in 1960, and although she eschewed formal education, she had a keen mind and read thousands of books. She obtained a welding certificate and realtor’s license, managed a supper club, studied foreign languages, worked in a research lab, and was a successful antiques dealer for 35 years.

A world traveler of ethereal beauty, Peggy was a blonde, blue-eyed rescuer of stray cats (any breed), a hometown warrior for justice, a perceptive seer of ghosts, and a borderless champion of the underdog. She opened her doors to whomever or whatever knocked or scratched. If something was lost, she guided it home; if something was wrong, she righted it; if something was

chained, she set it free. She pursued every artistic endeavor, embraced the eclectic, and considered eccentricity a virtue. She was as comfortable driving nails as she was painting them, and her physical beauty was exceeded only by her generosity. She will be remembered as a one-of-a-kind force with a heart too big for her chest. She was a stray farm-cat with a fear of mice and a disposition toward survival, but her humor and resilience never wavered. Despite a fatalistic belief that a bad storm or approaching tornado lurked behind every ray of sunshine, she lived in the moment and took no prisoners when pursuing the truth, helping someone else, conquering personal demons, or changing a recipe to tame her creative muse.

She spoke her mind, butchered sacred cows, and was a rule-breaker to the end—defying social norms, bending the laws of physics, challenging doctors, disregarding expiration dates on foods and medicine, and disobeying “no smoking signs” with equal aplomb—nothing could hold her down. Boring she was not.

Peggy was a poet warrior; a supportive mother, a beloved Nai Nee” (grandmother), a loyal friend, a brilliant writer, and more. She was something special to everyone who knew her, and to those who loved her, we fear that we “shall never look upon [her] like again.” And “If we do, then we shall smile.”