



Marsha Luzanne Cooper, daughter of Marshall Fisher Cooper

MARSHA LUZANNE COOPER

Feb. 28, 1952 - Living

Growing up in Green Cove Springs was a warm experience. My earliest memory is of Daddy, and the day that "Zest" came on the market. A free bar of soap had been put on our front door, and it smelled great. I couldn't wait to tell Daddy about it. Another strong memory was the only time I was spanked by Daddy. We were playing cowboys and Indians in the back yard, and I conked Brother on the head with the butt of my gun. He started crying, and Daddy asked why I did it. I told him, "Matt Dillon did it on 'Gun Smoke'!" Daddy died and left us all alone. We weren't even in school yet, and now Mommy had to go back to teaching school to support us. It was a very sad time.

My best and closest friend was my twin brother Miles, forever to be known by me as Brother. We could speak at the same time and say the same thing.

As children, we played a lot on the St. Johns River. We built forts, and rafts like Tom Sawyer. Bamboo grew on the riverbank and we would use the bamboo to make fishing poles and bows and arrows.

In first grade I met my oldest and best friend, Norlene Elliott. She had two ponies, "Princess" and "Dexter". She let me ride with her, and I became a horse addict. She is responsible for me being the horse person I am.

Mother made us go to St. Mary's Episcopal Church every Sunday, no matter what! It was a good thing!

I tried piano lessons, because Robin, the oldest was taking them. I didn't last. I took guitar lessons in Jr. High, started on flute, and made it to Saxophone that I fell in love with. I played all through High School.

I didn't own my first horse until I was 13 years old, but had been riding everyone else's horses and training them. I broke my first horse when I was 13, and learned blacksmith work when I was 14. I did my own horse, and before I knew it, I was doing 13 more horses feet on a regular basis. It was great money!

It helped pay for some of the classes in the horse shows that I tried to attend on the weekends. If it weren't for Mr. Brown, the man who boarded my horse, and hauled her to shows for me I would never have been able to show "Fancy".

I became a Flight Attendant for Delta airlines on October 21, 1974, and I am still flying. I love it! Been there, done that! I have met so many wonderful people, the best being my husband Bob Abate, who is a Firefighter for the City of Ft. Lauderdale.

We built a beautiful home in West Palm Beach called, "The Galloping Parrot Ranch" on 3.5 acres, with a beautiful stable for my brood mares, and a fabulous aviary for the Macaws. Life is good!

*Written by: Marsha Luzanne Cooper.
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