



Deborah Ann Pomposelli-Gibson

December 25, 2024

Deborah Ann Pomposelli-Gibson longtime partner of Willard “Pappy” Howard of Chepachet, Rhode Island, passed away December 25, 2024 after a sudden illness. She was predeceased by her parents Gerard and Deborah Charron, her mother Annette (Bazinet) Moore, and her brother Gerard Charron Jr..

She is survived by her sister Janice Lowell and her spouse, Peter. She leaves behind two adult daughters, Michelle (Pomposelli) Couture and her spouse, Paul “PJ” of New Hampshire and Kayla Gibson of North Carolina. The Mems, as she was known, leaves behind four grandchildren: Michael, Gabriela, Morgan and Alexander, and two great-grandchildren, Evelyn and Owen.

Those who knew Debby would probably agree that she was quirky, eccentric, and nothing if not persistent. If asked, she would say that she never wanted to pursue a specific career and all she ever wanted to be was a mother. She was fiercely proud of her daughters and she lived vicariously through them. She did ace the GED test on the first try and excelled at the science section, as she was quick to remind folks, however you would think she was somehow the one who graduated from college. She was a bargain shopper, mostly borne from necessity and she wasn’t afraid to ask if she could have something for free or as a gift. She had the amazing ability to charm, or maybe wear down to the point of submission, folks to give her things. Like a child in a candy shop, once in a store, her eyes would gloss over and become

bedazzled and she could easily fill a cart. She could budget her money, but with a little extra, well, let's just say that it often burned a hole in her pocket. She was well known for her antics, some a by-product of her bipolar disorder, which lead to hijinks and other shenanigans.

Oh, the stories that friends and families could tell. Some so outrageous they couldn't possibly be true, and others a harsh reminder of how difficult navigating life with mental illness could be. She held grudges and burnt a lot of bridges. She didn't care what anyone thought, she dressed in bright colors, with glitter and sparkles, and lived by the mantra that the rules did not apply to her. She loved pigs and collected items showcasing them. She especially loved her pig of the month calendars and coffee mug. She enjoyed the simple pleasures in life: scratch tickets, keno, crappy coffee, cigarettes, and cats, particularly her longtime feline companion, Skippy. For most of her life she was a Days of Our Lives fan, but she determined that in recent years that it had become too ridiculous. She loved to eat out and walked in as if she owned the place. She ordered as if in a five-star restaurant, as though Gordon Ramsey was about to appear around the corner. She had a wicked sense of humor and could make a pirate blush when she cursed. She loved the expression, "tell your friends they're all pigs" and she created the "party till you puke platter".

This is known as a charcuterie board these days and is all the rage. She loved to cook and derived pleasure cooking for others. Although she couldn't afford much, she donated to many charities, especially the ones who sent her address labels. She really liked those. She hated funerals and refused to go to anyone's. She loved the idea of a good party and especially a party just for her. She liked to be the center of attention. So in honor of Debby with a "Y" and not an "IE" raise your glass of Chase and Sanborn or the crappiest coffee you can find or some White Zinfandel, nothing too fancy, and salute. As Debby would say, "Smoke 'em if you have 'em" and "Don't let the door hit you on the

ass on the way out.”

Donations in Debby’s name should be made to your local animal shelter or community services for mental illness.