



*James "Malcolm" Osborn
and
Mary "Joan" Anderson
And two shall become one
July 12, 1952*



Psalm 23 KJV

*The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD
forever.*

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*Celebrating the Life of
Mary Joan Osborn
1934 - 2025*



Mary Joan Osborn, daughter of Ted and Grace Sievers Anderson, was born May 29, 1934, in Lebanon, Missouri. She departed this life on May 19, 2025, at her beloved home in Linn Creek, Missouri, at the age of ninety years, eleven months, and twenty days.

On July 12, 1952, at Camdenton Community Christian Church, she was united in marriage to her high school sweetheart, James Malcolm Osborn. To this union, three children were born. Together, they shared sixty-eight wonderful years of marriage, a love story that now continues in eternity.

She was preceded in death by her parents; her husband, Malcolm; her sister, Ann Cummins; and her son-in-law, Mike Davis.

Survivors include her three children: Joy Davis of Camdenton, Missouri; Keith Osborn and wife Penny of Caney, Kansas; and Karen Pennell and husband Mike of Parkville, Missouri. She is also lovingly remembered by six grandchildren: Trisha Nail and husband Ben, Justin Davis and wife Melissa, Dala Pinckney and husband Mike, Thomas Osborn and wife Kylie, Noah Pennell, and Elijah Pennell; six great-grandchildren: Kaleb and Taylor Nail, Haylee Osborn, and Dylan, Cora, and Kelsey Davis; as well as a host of

nieces, nephews, other relatives, and many dear friends.

Joan grew up on the family farm near Hugo, Missouri—land purchased by her grandfather and now recognized as a Missouri Century Farm. That land shaped her roots, values, and enduring



her lifelong love of the outdoors and simple pleasures.

Before starting her family, Joan worked at First National Bank and was an active member of the Garden Club and the Literary Club, as well as the Daughters of the American Revolution. Throughout her life, she poured herself into the community—teaching swimming lessons, serving on the Board of Directors of Farm Bureau, and acting as Treasurer for the Hugo Cemetery.

Her proudest role was that of a full-time mother, homemaker, and faithful farm wife. Her kitchen was a place of warmth, where countless meals were made and pies were baked. She had a remarkable way of making every guest feel at home, and every family moment feel like a gift. Joan recalled that “having been a farmer’s wife for nearly 70 years, her kitchen has seen a lot of baking, but also a few calves being warmed in the middle of a cold winter’s night!” Her family will always carry with them her eternal optimism, the faith-based contentment that was her hallmark, and the unconditional love and joy she demonstrated in her favorite pastime, spending



sense of peace. She graduated as Salutatorian from Camdenton High School in the Class of 1952, where she also served as a cheerleader. In her youth, she loved water skiing and was an avid horseback rider, reflecting

time together at the cabin on the Lake or the family farm.

Joan’s life was a living testimony to faith, joy, and gratitude. No matter the circumstance, she radiated contentment and calm, a peace deeply rooted in her relationship with God. A longtime and devoted member of First Baptist Church of Camdenton, she taught Sunday School and served as a faithful prayer warrior. She often said, “I am never alone—God is always with me,” and if you knew her, you were assuredly held in her prayers.

She loved reading, cooking, history, and the music of the Gaither Vocal Band—but above all, she cherished time spent with her family and friends. To her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, she was their beloved “MiMi” or “MiMa,” and her legacy of unconditional love, quiet strength, and joy in simple things will live on in them. For six generations, the traditions of Christmas have been shared around the same dining room table, bought second-hand by her grandfather. Reading Luke 2 and the “Ideals” poems Joan would thoughtfully choose for Christmas Eve will undoubtedly carry on as cherished traditions. As the best of mothers and “MiMis/MiMas”, she will always be our example and our definition of what ‘home’ means.

She was a loving wife, mother, MiMi/MiMa, aunt, neighbor, and friend. We celebrate her beautiful life, her unwavering faith, and the memories she has gifted us. While we will miss her deeply, we rejoice in knowing she is now reunited with the love of her life and living in eternal peace with her Lord and Savior.

