

Born
January 9, 1948

Date of Death
June 28, 2026

Services

11:00 AM, Thursday, July 9, 2026

Waco Memorial Funeral Home
Robinson, Texas

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside 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.

In Memory Of



Barbara Jean Lewandowski

January 9, 1948 ~ June 28, 2026



Barbara Jean (Pellissier) Lewandowski, lovingly known as "Barb" to her family and friends and "Mimi" to her grandchildren, passed away peacefully on June 28, 2026, at Baylor Scott & White Hospital in Waco, Texas, at the age of 78.

Barbara was born on January 9, 1948, at Women's Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, to Gilbert Raoul Pellissier and Amy Clarissa Wakefield Pellissier. She spent her childhood in Livingston, New Jersey, where she loved playing with neighborhood friends, building memories around the backyard sandbox, and caring for a large weeping willow tree that she proudly watered every day. She attended Livingston High School, graduating in 1966, where she especially enjoyed French class and singing with the Gracenotes.

She later attended Fairleigh Dickinson University before continuing her education years later at McLennan Community College in Waco, earning an Associate of Arts degree in Music. Barbara believed that learning was a lifelong pursuit and encouraged those around her to continue growing and discovering new passions. A blind date arranged by mutual friends introduced Barbara to the love of her life, Charlie Lewandowski.

What began with long phone conversations and evenings spent dancing blossomed into a marriage of nearly fifty-eight years. Married on November 23, 1968, Barbara and Charlie built a life rooted in faith, family, laughter, and unwavering devotion to one another. Their marriage was filled with companionship, shared adventures, and countless happy memories.

Of all the roles Barbara cherished throughout her life, none meant more to her than being a wife, mother, and "Mimi." Her family was the center of her world, and she made sure each person knew they were deeply loved.

Barbara is survived by her devoted husband, Charles John Lewandowski; her son, Edward Neil "Ted" McLaughlan, and his wife, Kelly McLaughlan; her son, Daniel Edmund Lewandowski, and his wife, Sara Lewandowski; her brother, Stephen Raoul Pellissier; her beloved grandchildren, Katie Gebbert Young, Daylan Lewandowski, Caleb Lewandowski and his wife, Gaby Lewandowski, Hannah Lewandowski, Katie McLaughlan, Jack McLaughlan, Max McLaughlan, and Caroline McLaughlan; and her great-grandson, Lucas Lewandowski. She was preceded in death by her son, David Charles Lewandowski, whose passing in October 2022 remained a profound loss to her.

Barbara loved without reservation. Family knew they could always count on a warm hug, a kiss, and the words, "I love you." She remembered everyone's favorite meal, checked to make sure doctor appointments had been scheduled, reminded loved ones to take their medications, and never stopped encouraging those around her to pursue their interests, talents, and dreams. Caring for others wasn't something she tried to do. It was simply who she was.

Her home reflected that same spirit. Barbara was an exceptional cook who loved preparing meals from scratch. Holidays were filled with homemade Chex Mix, cookies, and family favorites. Her German chocolate cake and chocolate cream pie were especially loved by Charlie, while her homemade pierogies with sausage, onions, and sour cream became family traditions. Even the aroma of homemade sauerkraut filling the kitchen became one of those cherished family memories that always brought a smile.

Barbara found joy in creating beautiful things. She loved quilting, sewing, crocheting, crafting, and building miniature worlds. She created her own dollhouse with remarkable attention to detail, befriended artists in the miniature community, and never passed up an opportunity to browse antique stores in search of treasures with a story to tell. Her hands were rarely still. Whether she was quilting, sewing, crocheting, or crafting, she was almost always creating something for someone else. The quilts she lovingly made for her children and grandchildren will remain treasured reminders of her warmth, generosity, and the love she stitched into every piece.

History fascinated Barbara because people fascinated her. Genealogy became one of her life's greatest passions, leading her to preserve family stories while helping others discover their own. She served with distinction in the Daughters of the American Revolution, holding numerous leadership positions including Regent and committee chair. She also served as Deputy Governor of the Waco Colony of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants and volunteered as a docent with the Waco Historical Society, sharing her love of history with countless visitors.

Her faith shaped every aspect of her life. Raised in the Methodist tradition and later an active member of Central Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), Barbara faithfully served as a Sunday school teacher, choir member, handbell director, handbell ringer, children's handbell leader, adult leader, and Christian Women's Fellowship president.

Music was woven throughout her life. She played the piano, founded the Spirit Bells of McGregor, and served as its director, sharing her love of handbell music with countless ringers over the years. She also loved traditional hymns and Christmas carols and rarely missed an opportunity to share music with others.

Barry Manilow remained her favorite popular performer.

Barbara embraced life with enthusiasm. She traveled extensively throughout the United States and abroad, visiting England, France, Italy, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, and Alaska. England and Canada held a particularly special place in her heart because they connected her to her family's history. Whether she was exploring an old church, tracing an ancestral line, or discovering a hidden antique shop, Barbara found joy in every journey.

Those who knew Barbara remember her bright white hair, beautiful smile, porcelain complexion, perfectly manicured nails, and her delightful habit of dressing for every holiday and season. She always seemed to have the perfect festive outfit, changing decorations on her front door and mailbox throughout the year because she believed every season was worth celebrating.

She was also the heart of every gathering. Barbara loved to laugh, tell stories, and make people feel welcome. She had an incredible sense of humor, loved watching Jeff Dunham, and could give as good as she got whenever family members teased her. One of her favorite stories was about the day an ice maker line burst and flooded the family bookshelf while her boys played outside in the snow. She told it so often, and with such dramatic flair, that it became part of the family's shared history.

She also had a wonderfully spirited personality and was never shy about letting people know exactly what she thought. Barb had strong opinions, a quick wit, and enough confidence to stand her ground when it mattered. Those who loved her knew that her honesty always came from a place of love, and they wouldn't have wanted her any other way.

If you asked those who loved Barbara to picture her at her happiest, they would likely see her sitting in her favorite chair at home, filing her nails or working on a quilt or craft project for someone she loved, the television turned up just a little too loud, surrounded by family and friends, laughing, telling stories, and making everyone feel completely at home.

Barbara leaves behind a legacy of faith, family, service, music, history, laughter, and love. She will be remembered not only for the many lives she touched, but for the way she made people feel welcomed, encouraged, and deeply loved. The stories she told, the quilts she stitched, the meals she prepared, the bells she rang, the history she preserved, and the countless hugs she shared will continue to live on through everyone fortunate enough to have known her.