



Anne Tyler Netick

September 28, 1934 - December 7, 2020

Anne was born in Richmond on September 28, 1934 and died on December 7, 2020 at Edgeworth Park in Williamsburg. The daughter of David Gardiner Tyler, Jr. and Anne Morton Shelton, Anne was raised at Sherwood Forest Plantation. She was educated in the Charles City public school and at St. Catherine's School in Richmond. She graduated from Randolph-Macon Women's College, where, like her mother, she was a member of Phi Mu. Anne earned her master's degree from Columbia University and her doctoral degree from Vanderbilt University. She taught Russian literature and language at the College of William and Mary until her retirement in 1992. After retirement Anne was a director of the Poe Museum in Richmond and remained active in numerous historical and genealogical associations.

Anne loved to travel and did so throughout her life. On a ski trip to Aspen, Colorado, she met Joe Netick (1930-2015), a dermatologist from Texas, who also loved to travel. They both spoke several languages and were both studying Czechoslovakian at the time they met. Joe and Anne were married on January 16, 1970 in the Wren Chapel at the College of William and Mary. Together they purchased and restored "Woodbourne," a Palladian style home built in Charles City circa 1813 by Anne's great grandfather, President John Tyler, who resided there with his first wife, Letitia Christian. Anne was an animal lover and horse enthusiast, who kept horses her entire life and rode them until she was in her seventies. Anne is survived by her four Arabian horses and two cats that she regarded as her children.

A memorial service will be held at Westover Episcopal Church in Charles City, hopefully in the spring time.

Tribute Wall

GM

“ And out of the corner of her life....I was in her Russian 101 class at W&M in 1963. In the first class she had us repeat something she said. When it was my turn, I repeated it , but apparently in a southern accent that broke her up. What's not to love about the lady? We spent sunny days with the top down on her Ghia, or walking on the beach. She was a special lady, even though she flunked me! I went on to strangle myself with a coat and tie in the corporate world, then spend 40 years doing what I loved the best, working the engines of eastern VA, writing about it, and actually getting paid.I think she'd laugh at the mess I made translating watermen's chatter. I'm glad I had fond memories of Anne, and hope that I made your memories a bit brighter.

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