



Stacy Blanchard Rodriguez

December 3, 1968 - May 2, 2020

Stacy Blanchard Rodriguez, our sweet mother and wife, age 51, of Sugar Hill, GA passed away on Saturday, May 2, 2020 after a valiant battle with challenging health issues and finally cancer. Stacy was born on December 3, 1968 in Pocatello, ID. She was a 1987 graduate of Marsh Valley High School and a 1993 summa cum laude graduate of Brigham Young University with a bachelor's degree in English teaching. While attending Brigham Young, she met her knight in shining armor across the dance floor whom she married after a study abroad in Israel. She was a devoted mother and dedicated literacy tutor and a faithful member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. All who knew her loved her for her tireless service, eternal optimism, and unshakable faith. Stacy was also smart, fierce and funny. For such a petite package, Stacy loved and lived big. She was preceded in death by her mother-in-law, Barbara Scott Rodriguez. She is survived by her husband of thirty years, Eric Rodriguez, Sugar Hill, GA; children, Tasha (Dylan), Jaymon, Ammon, and Olivia Rodriguez; parents, Monte and Ann Blanchard, Robin, ID; siblings, Lili (Reed) Holyoak, Shawn (Danielle) Blanchard, Cameron Blanchard, Tracy (Matthew) Spackman, Nathan (Julie) Blanchard, Ryan (Audrey) Blanchard; and father-in-law, Manuel Ybarra Rodriguez, Palm Desert, CA and his current spouse, Wilma Rodriguez. A memorial service will be held at a later date.

Tribute Wall



“ *Stacy Blanchard Rodriguez*

November 08, 2022 at 07:37 PM



“ *Stacy was spunky. She knew I didn't drive at night and I definitely don't do social gatherings lol. Whenever there was a gathering, she would ask if I knew about it, then bluntly inform me that she was picking me up the next day, no if's or but's about it. She also knew she always got my mother in the package. She was funny and always full of life. For the short 10 years I've known her, she had my respect and my love. She was a friend and will be missed.*

Anna Pinckard Ibarra - May 07, 2020 at 08:53 AM

“ Stacy's family and family moved to the Sugar Hill/Suwanee Georgia area within a few months of each other. We were in the same church ward. A few years ago we were both part of a book study group and it was there that I got to know her much better. We studied many books together. One of the most meaningful books we shared was *The Infinite Atonement*, by Tad Callister. This book had profound depth and our group learned much as we tried to grasp the beautiful truths explained therein. I remember Stacy reading passages from this book as she was in awe of the power of the Atonement of Jesus Christ. I feel that from that point we all tried to learn more of His gospel and how to deepen our own relationship with Him. Stacy started studying how to effectively pray and receive revelation. She called me a few times to discuss what she was learning. She was learning how to open the channels of heaven into her life in sacred ways. I only know the tiniest bit of the revelation she received. She kept these sacred revelations to herself. I just knew she knew how to receive revelation. Stacy also loved worshiping in the temple. She shared with me what a privilege it was to serve her own ancestors there. She felt connected to them. She loved learning all she could about the temple and was always eager to learn more. As others have mentioned, she was among the toughest women who have ever lived. She was in constant pain but kept going. I remember when she was staying overnight at Girl's Camp with our ward's young women. We were trying to find a way for her to have a comfortable bed, knowing that the available beds would add to her pain. She told me not to worry at all. She would just take some Aleve (I think that was the medicine she decided on) and she would be fine. She was so happy to have the opportunity to go to Girl's Camp. She loved her family (and still loves them). She told me about how Eric helped her with vacuuming, cooking, even with carrying her to bed when she was in a lot of pain. She learned much from each of her children. Each one of them brought unique blessings into her life. As others have said, she was always serving. She was also very self-reliant. For a while, it was very difficult to do anything for her. She would always say she didn't need help. As she learned more about the Atonement of Jesus Christ, I saw a subtle

change in her ability to receive as well as give service. She began to receive offers for help with grace even as she kept serving more than she received. Her testimony was sure. She shared it constantly in word and by example. The last few weeks of her life she would give me little updates about how she was doing. Even amidst her suffering, she said, "...the Lord is with me...onward and upward. I know the Lord has His plan." I love Stacy. I consider her one of my best friends. I know she has many best friends and loved ones. She will always be a part of my life.

Genevieve Nelson - May 06, 2020 at 10:51 PM

TH

“ Stacy and her family moved to the rural community of Robin, Idaho in the summer between my second and third grade year, they built a beautiful house just down the road from where myself and my family lived , she and her twin sister Tracy immediately became my best friends, we were the Three Musketeers and we did everything together. One summer day when we were in 4th or 5th grade we decided to break into the neighborhood boys fort . It was like the He-man woman haters club and girls were strictly forbidden! The fort was an old out building located on my dads farm, it had a door which they kept a pad lock on and a chest high window which was just a big opening with a wood covering attached at the top with hinges, it had to be lifted up and secured or it would close back down, kind of like the hood of a car. We figured out how to open that window and we got inside to cause mischief, while we were in there a couple of the neighborhood boys saw us from across the road and started running towards the fort , we saw them coming and scrambled to get out of there before they got to us; in our haste we accidentally bumped the stick holding up the wood flap and it closed on top of us with our bodies hanging halfway in and halfway out of the fort, we were laughing hysterically and Stacy said, “I peed my pants “ and Tracy said “me too” and then we laughed even harder. Somehow we were able to get ourselves out and run away before the boys got to us! I have so many fond memories of our youth, we were good friends all the way through high school. Stacy was a dear friend and she will be truly missed, my condolences to her family and all those who loved her, I will always smile when I think of her and the adventures we shared. ❤️

Tami Christensen Hatch - May 03, 2020 at 06:11 PM

PA

Growing up in Robin Shawn and Cam were my best friends and the Blanchards practically raised me so Stacy and Tracy were like my little sisters. And when I went in my mission to England they were like 14 or 15 and they were deciding that boys were OK. They would write me they would ask me to find some British Boys to write too. Well in one of my wards I was serving in there was a set of two brothers that might of been Twins but not identical. They might of been a year apart I don't remember but they were very handsome young men and I showed them a picture of the Twins and they were very excited to write them . So for the next year or two Stacy and Tracy had a couple of English Pen pals. And later they went on a school trip to Europe and while they were in London they were able to meet there pen Pals . Very Cool! Mean while a few of the other girls in the ward wrote me and asked if I could find them a pen pal. There just wasn't enough English boys to go around. Stacy will truly be missed and I never was able to tell Stacy and Tracy apart.

Paul Armstrong - May 04, 2020 at 10:58 PM