

Diana (Premo) Callihan-Snyder



Contact Information

Obituary

Diana L. Callihan-Snyder died March 11, 2006, of a heart attack and lupus at age 51.

Diana Premo was born Feb. 10, 1955, in Portland, where she lived all her life.

She graduated from Forest Grove High School and was a self-employed recruiter.

An actress and director, she was involved with many local productions, including for Eclectic Theatre and Tigres Heart, under the name Diana Callihan.

In about 2003, she married Roger Snyder; he died in 2005.

Survivors include her son, Clayton Terry; daughters, Tonya Gabrielli and Andrea Wolff; sister, Zara Heartwood; brothers, Daniel Taylor and Steve Premo; and two grandchildren.

Tuesday, April 11, 2006
Portland Oregonian

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ENCHANTED COTTAGE: A MEMORIAL FOR DIANA CALLIHAN-SNYDER

E-mail your remembrances, including photos, video and audio, to [Heather Walden](#) to add them to this blog.

SATURDAY, APRIL 01, 2006

from Theo Williams

It's hard now to remember when Diana WASN'T one of my closest friends. She was becoming a fixture of [ORYCONs](#) just as I was regaining my sight after cataract surgeries. Every good party seemed to be visited by this buxom, sassy redhead with the startling blue eyes, the smoky, laughing voice, and the ready wit. She seemed always to be in motion, dealing with frazzling details at preposterous hours of the day/night---and always doing it well.

I really got to know her after a particularly ludicrous room-party. She and a male friend had been pegged as a 'serious couple' by gossips, and decided to stage an 'un-wedding' one Saturday night to celebrate their dis-union. The stuffy elements of standard wedding formalities took a definite beating at their/our hands; I had the distinction--sort of--of being the non-groom's 'least man'. (Diana assured me afterwards that in my case, the title was purely, well, titular. I hadn't been worried, but of course Diana may simply have been flirting. And who was I to object to such?)

Her background in theatre made her uniquely suited to deal with reluctant talent. I was in the midst of my first full-charge Video program, getting fragments of sleep at best, when Diana led the charge to draft me into heading an upcoming WESTERCON Video program. She was persuasive, patient, logical, encouraging, not really pressuring at all---and while I knew it was a hornswoggle, I loved her company too much to object. Which is why I said 'yes', eventually, to a backbreaking unpaid job. And enjoyed it. (It didn't hurt that Diana was my liaison to the ConComm.)

I'd wrestled with coming out of the 'broom closet' for quite awhile

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HER PLACES

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HER WORK

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when I confided my spiritual leanings to Diana. Her eyes flashed with startled interest; she later told me of being a long-time solitary Pagan. It was another bond between us, and I was richly honored when Diana asked my HPs Marjorie Rosen and I to marry her to Rog. I was also verging on stage fright---my first wedding as a HP, helping to marry two people whom I cherished. But we made magick that day, nerves or no. (Rog literally lost a special-made CD of wedding music in plain sight---I couldn't have topped that had I set out to.)

The stories could go on all day. The **ORYCON** (Ed. note: Orycon XIII in 1991) with the Republican soir e taking place in the next hotel--- Diana had done her usual wrangle with security and law enforcement, only to be descended on by FBI and Secret Service reps. HUMORLESS ones. By Saturday night she was badly stressed, and Gail/I/our buddies talked her into taking a break in the hotel's 'quiet bar'. She was relaxing nicely, until the unannounced fireworks display commenced at The Other Hotel; I caught the first flash, registered it as pyrotechnics---not weapons fire---and unclenched. Turning around, I saw Diana's eyes widening in horror. "Oh, Gods, is that GUNFIRE???" she gasped in a voice indicating near panic. We started the calm-down procedure from scratch, and weren't kind about the goings-on across the freeway.

Or, my first trip to Powell's Books in Diana's company. Without thinking, I tossed my cloak on over medieval togs and we were off. It was Sunday evening after a con, I was tired, and utterly unaware of how I looked until Diana began laughing heartily on the way back. "You have NO idea of the double-takes you were getting in that wardrobe", she chortled. I so wish she'd had a camcorder in her purse...

It wasn't all fun. Diana's health problems made it hard for her to do a lot sometimes. I'd call to check on her, to find her in extreme pain. Often, Rog fielded the calls to save her the strain; he and I got close with those conversations, and I was immensely glad he was there.

Then Rog was gone, in an unpredicted flash. It was hard to hear Diana so heartbroken over the phone and not be there---but I was the priest who'd married them, and did all I knew how to do. I stayed with WicCon/Magickal Winter Weekend largely out of loyalty

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CREATED BY JOHN BARTLEY. ERRORS MINE.

to Diana. It was a reason to stay in close touch with a friend who worried me deeply.

We talked several times after the event, and I tried not to be patronizing. Her mood swings concerned me, as did at least one of her medications; but her coming RV-delivery trip seemed to buoy her spirits. It would afford her a needed break. After that, she'd sort her life out.

But things went very differently. After the phone call breaking the news, I retreated into music from a jazz station---only to hear a favorite vocalist who'd taken her own life. Oh please, I thought, not that, not NOW, and reached for the radio dial ... and I suddenly saw Diana and Rog, two sparks in eternity, swirling around one another in a reunion dance. And what better for that than the sultry ballad I was hearing? I smiled, through tears, and wished them well.

Theo Williams

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 6:16 PM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

MONDAY, MARCH 27, 2006

from Tonya

It is good to know that so many people cared for my mother. My own experience with her was different, but I still loved her. Thank you to everyone who is helping to support Clay during this difficult time.

Tonya

POSTED BY HEATHER WALDEN - WINTERSKYE AT 3:18 PM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

from Brent Smith

Like Bev, I was a High School classmate of Diana's. I must have been standing by Bev when she had the conversation she describes in her post, because I remember it almost word for word. What makes that moment stand out, is that I had dreamt the night before that Diana was coming back, and was quite shocked to see her in the hall the next day. Clearly a woman of great spiritual power. I won't be able to join the memorial on Saturday, but I'll be sure to have a

beer (or two) in Diana's memory.

Brent Smith

POSTED BY HEATHER WALDEN - WINTERSKYE AT 3:17 PM 0 COMMENTS
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SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 2006

The memorial will be Saturday, April 1st

This is to let you know again that the memorial will be Saturday, April 1st. Most of you know my mom's phone number, and if you need better directions to get here, then please ask someone or phone me to get them. I will send an email out with good directions by Wednesday. This is just an update so that everyone can know what happened. Mom had a heart attack in Sydney, Nebraska and went peacefully in her sleep. No drugs were found in her system, for those out there that would say otherwise, now you know better.

The memorial, as with most of mom's and Rog's gatherings, will be a BYOB type of event, and I'd ask that everyone also bring a hot dish or something that they can share with everyone else.

I am going to ask that any negativity be left at the top of the moorage. It doesn't matter if you have bad feelings toward someone else here or my mother. This is a send off and will be filled with positivity, as it should be.

I'll never say that mom was a saint, because we all had our share of difficulties with her at times, but she was a woman that was worth knowing and showed a passion for things that few had ever seen from someone before. Please, let's have some drinks and talk about what was wonderful about both her and Roger and then let's say good-bye. Mom and Roger would like that.

With that said, I hope to see all you positive people on next Saturday. We will share tears and we will share beer (or some other potent potable) and we'll do shots to them. It would be the way that they'd want to be sent off.

Clayton (Diana's Son)

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 12:20 PM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 2006

from Bev Heginbotham

Diana and I went to high school together. I really can't remember the first time we met. We were just there together. Diana was the wild child and the one most often to flaunt the authority of the administration. Which was a real headache for Rocha Premo as she was one of our teachers. They sent Diana away for a year (I think) to St Helens Hall a boarding school. Well that was not helping she was just as wild there. So back to our high school she came! I can still see her with her wild hair and wearing JEANS school! She was the first, you see when we were in school we had a dress code and it only during our 4 years there did they finally allow us to wear "nice pantsuits" but here was Diana in jeans. I envied her. When I asked her if she knew was going to get in trouble, she said "Well what are they going to do? Expel me! I doubt that." I envied her, I wanted to be as free and wild as she was. We lost touch after graduation as often happens. But a few years ago I found her via the Internet. We got together for dinner and to catch up. It was as if we had never been apart. We decided to help plan the next class reunion. She would leave work and drive to Forest Grove for our meetings in rush hour traffic and always came to greet us with a big smile. I remember when she told us one night that she had Lupus. I didn't know what to say. At a time like that "sorry" doesn't seem quite enough. The reunion was a smash and Diana was there with Roger. It was the first time I had met him, although we had talked on the phone many times. "Her Beloved" I can still see her beaming at Roger. I was so glad we had reconnected and had these few last years together.

When I listened to my messages last Thursday there was a message from Cindy. Asking me to call her. Immediately I knew it was about Diana. I thought perhaps her Lupus had caused her to be hospitalized. Never did I imagine she would gone. I have cried a lot of tears this last week for those of us who will miss her. But I overjoyed for Diana, because she was

finally reunited again with her beloved Roger. Happy
and free of pain and all worries of this world.
Bless you Diana. I love you!!

Bev Heginbotham

POSTED BY HEATHER WALDEN - WINTERSKYE AT 6:58 PM 0 COMMENTS
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FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 2006

Remembrance of Heather Walden (WinterSkye)

I was with Diana during the trip in the RVs across the country. She told me about them all the time, told me about her and Roger's trips, what they saw, places they visited. It was a great adventure to her, even though it was only business. During the trip, she would radio messages to use about the train to our right that was over a mile long and talked about how they crossed the plains and many other sites we went by. When we stopped, she would talk about when she and Roger were there, sometimes, crying a little and catching herself. She told us stories of their adventures on the road and sometimes talked about her last trip when she came home to find Roger had passed away. She was bubbly and happy, even though she did not feel well, she always put on a good face and continued on. I had worried about her for months, I worried more during this trip. I loved talking with her, I loved to hear about her stories of previous adventures, about Roger too.

We talked often, sometimes via email every couple of minutes at Midnight to 2am until one of us got tired of typing and would go to phone calls.

I miss talking to her, we gabbed for hours on the phone. We related to each other in many situations in our lives. She listened to me often, gave me much insight to myself and made me believe that people can be trusted a lot more than I would allow. She showed me that there are more good than bad people and helped me to understand why some people acted the way they did. She was one of my best friends and I was very open to her about anything on my mind and I allowed myself to listen to her as much as I could.

She did take on a lot of stress, she worked very hard at everything she did. I worried about that too as it affected her health. She always showed everyone that she was fine, but underneath she wasn't. She missed Roger terribly, and spoke to him often. I knew he was in the cottage, as I had seen him myself. Roger was a very loving, open hearted, fun and generous guy and he is surely missed as well.

The morning that we were finally able to get into the RV to find Diana had passed, was very hard to take. I was allowed to see her, and spent a few minutes touching her head and telling her I loved her. She was so peaceful looking, sleeping all snuggled up hugging her pillow as if she just went to bed. I am very glad that her passing was painless and during a time she much enjoyed, the trips with the RVs across half the country. I am very happy she is now with Roger, who will take wonderful care of her.

I miss her laugh and her smile through anything. I miss her talks, her reassurances, her yummy soup and cookies. As happy as I am for her, I am missing her terribly.

I love you Diana, I am glad you are in a better place. I will always miss you. I am so glad I was there with you. Be at peace. And Roger, take care of her for us.

Love

Heather Walden
(WinterSkye)

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 10:31 PM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 2006

Bandit's remembrance

My name is bandit. I was one of Diana's boyfriends for a while.

She was always full of life and laughter. She was also very professional when she needed to be.

She was also quite insistent about her name. I would call her up and

just say DianAAA” and she would know who was calling.

I was very happy when she and Roger found each other. Their love was obvious and deep, even over the phone. I only met him a couple of times, at Rustycons where he would pick up Diana on Sunday afternoon; I could see how they loved each other.

I called her about a month or so ago to chat, but she had a date - a gentleman she had invited over for dinner. She was going to call me back the next day, but both of us let that slip. I am sad that I did not make a point of trying that day.

I am looking for a double star in the bowl of the Big Dipper. I want one named “Roger” and the other “Diana”, because they revolved around each other.

I am very sad she is no longer with us. I urge her friends to support Clay and Tanya in the following years.

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 10:44 AM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 2006

You are which?

“You are which?” I asked in all innocence.

“No, a witch, as in Wicca.” Diana replied. “You should come see what we do.”

And so began a friendship that has ended all too soon. A casual meeting in a 21st Avenue bistro yielded wonderful conversation and a much needed area tour guide as I was so recently arrived in Portland.

Vivacious, outgoing, and lovely to look at, Diana captured my attention and desire to be her friend from the very start. She will always have a special place in my heart.

Not a witch, but a Jew, I have said Kaddish for my friend, Diana. Her soul surrounds us and in memory she will always be my friend. Farewell, Diana; we’ll meet again, some day.

Thank you, John, for your thoughtfulness and creativity.

agypsyvet

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 8:26 PM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

From Charles Deemer

I've known Diana for over 20 yrs. We met as theater folks. I once rented a room from her when Clayton and Tonya were kids. Later she directed several of my plays. We were good friends, and I had coffee with her only a few weeks ago and was happy to see how much better she seemed than the last time I visited. I thought she was moving forward. I thought she was beginning to see the possibility of a future again. I admired Diana's heart and brain. She was bright and had a first rate bullshit detector. We always laughed a lot when we got together. I'll miss her.

Charles Deemer

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 8:24 PM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 12:28 AM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)



Eat dessert first!

Just think of all those women on the Titanic who said, "No, thank you," to dessert that night. And for what! Erma Bombeck

There is a thin line that separates laughter and pain, comedy and tragedy, humor and hurt. Erma Bombeck

Eat dessert first!

Zara

Dear Friends of Diana and Roger,

Last week, I chose the photo of this gorgeous dessert and composed the above message for my daily image group to be sent on Monday, March 13.

Sunday afternoon, I learned that Diana, my little sister - my only sister, passed away in her sleep Saturday night. She had just turned 51 years old. They think her heart simply stopped and she slipped away. Almost exactly a year ago Roger, Diana's beloved husband of only five years died the same way, in his sleep, at age 45. Since then, Diana had been in extreme emotional, physical and financial distress and, in spite of an indomitable spirit, she yearned to join her dear Roger.

The message of this Sunday morning to arise and go to Innisfree was

chosen almost a week before. Diana and I sang this song as kids at Camp Onahlee, and would often sing it together or to each other when we were feeling wistful for a happier time. I feel that Diana's beloved came Saturday night and took her to Innisfree to that idyllic place where they could be free and together forever.

Diana was very spiritual and spirited, humorous and dramatic and full of fun, caring and oblivious, a word-master, a mental acrobat and an artist at living on the edge of reality. She was my mother's Merry Sunshine, my responsibility from the day of her birth, loving and loved, my challenge, my muse and critic and my great friend. We phoned or emailed almost every day. Every Christmas we would watch White Christmas together either in person or over the phone and would sing "Sisters - there were never such devoted sisters . . ." together. When we were out and about together, she always told everyone (proudly) "this is my sister."

The dessert message also personifies my sister. Each time we got together, one of us would proclaim "EAT DESSERT FIRST" and then we'd dig into something delectable!

I will miss her terribly, the tiny terror, blonde bombshell wild child who grew up in a world that wasn't ready for her. At the same time I am so very very grateful that "the little girl from Ireland" (a nickname) has at last found peace.

love,

Zara

POSTED BY JOHN BARTLEY K7AAY AT 12:19 AM 0 COMMENTS [LINKS TO THIS POST](#)

