



## Forrest Tunstall

February 16, 1923 - May 14, 2003

FORREST C. TUNSTALL, age 80 of Clifton, Virginia died Wednesday, May 14, 2003 at his daughter's home.

He was preceded in death by his wife, C. Christine Tunstall.

He is survived by his daughter, Kristen Tunstall and step-daughter Carolyn Chiappelli.

Notice of services to be announced at a later date. Arrangements by Price Funeral Home, Manassas, VA (703) 257-6028.

In lieu of flowers, contributions to Hospice of Northern Virginia, Prince William Clinical Office, 9540 Center St., Suite 300, Manassas, VA 20110 in memory of Forrest C. Tunstall.

Condolences may be sent to [www.pricefh.com](http://www.pricefh.com).

# Tribute Wall

“ Today is the anniversary of my mother, Christine Tunstall and Forrest Tunstall, possibly the most romantic time in her valiant but so difficult life: the METOO Movement is only beginning to reveal what women of her time were up against in the world's assumptions.



*She was to be the support system for a man of lesser vision than her own, cheerfully, without complaint, and there she failed. But her vision of a better world has triumphed, and Forrest was the first man to understand what he had and to back her up. The first thing they did together --well, for once in her life, she lied and said she had a job in the bacteriology she'd been studying when her mother died, and she was leaving Blackstone. Forrest had a schoolteacher girlfriend of many years, and my mother understood: ultimatum or bust.*

*Once married, she got her brother to cash in the stocks he managed for her and they bought a small and charming house on Joplin Street, Annandale, VA, and she furnished it in French Provincial --elegantly. Then they came round to where I was at the end of my rope in my situation, and picked me up while my father and stepmother were at work. I had everything I owned in three garbage bags, and we took off in a pale blue Ford Fairlane.*

*In the new house there was a bookcase bed for me with a radio, my own room, what utter heaven, I'd been an only child, and---the Virginia School System, Annandale High School, and teachers that I still think of, every day of my life.*

*Before long, there was the little sister promised me for Christmas since I'd been four years old, a small silky white blonde capped entity that arrived fully in control of the situation. After that, the household worked on her schedule.*

*One evening when I was a Junior at the high school, a parents night*

*I never forget and Mother and Forrest were seated watching around a central space. Using Mother's sewing machine (I'd learned to sew in my absence, the one thing my father insisted on, Singer lessons, downtown) to make a moss green suit, a sheath skirt and matching blouse, actually, with a forest green velvet collar and matching tailored bow at the waist front. We'd got brown suede pumps at Hahn's, 7 Corners mall, my mother's favorite store, and wearing this outfit I strode out to speak to some of the Players in what was going to happen for the parents.*

*I heard Forrest's voice saying, "That's our Carolyn --see how she mixes with those people !" It was a spontaneous reflex on his part --he was identifying with my prowess in the world as if he'd been there from the first, I was his daughter. Over the course of a very long life, that is the quality in others I have seen the most rarely.*

*My prom dress I designed like a violet crocus flower I'd seen in early Spring as I walked home from High School Senior Year. They'd moved house so that during that year I could be near all the activities that Senior Year involves. Forrest bought me chrystal pendant earrings to go with the dress, and since then, all the chrystals that I have collected, necklaces, earring, bracelets, are marked for Kristen to inherit, since her father began that line so sweetly on a remarkable night.*

*In 2011, my son Hunter, born on Thanksgiving, came out for the holidays. I'd arranged for him to meet the girl I knew he was to marry, and it fell out that he and she met on the Saturday, 11/26, the terrace of the Getty Museum. When I said it was my mother's and Forrest's anniversary to the little group I'd gathered, Claudia said it was also her mother's birthday. Divine collusion, I thought.*

*There was a most extraordinary sunset just at the moment we all got seated, peach and amethyst in the twilight, and Claudia's camera couldn't catch it in the low light. Hunter, Masters in Photography from the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan, pulled out his state of the art digital camera and got it, sent it to her phone. I*

*see Christine and Forrest's romantic intervention always...*

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**Carolyn Chiappelli** - November 26, 2018 at 05:11 PM