

## Mark's Eulogy – "Capacity"

April 27<sup>th</sup>, 2010

Heritage Memorial (HB) – Visitation, Prayer Vigil and Rosary

The thing that I will always think of when I think of my mom is her "CAPACITY" ....

Her "**Energy**" capacity...

She would be the first one up in the morning; filling the kitchen with smells of breakfast....and sometimes they even smelled 'good'. ☺

She'd be up, dressed, before us, after a late night of playing cello, or doing gobs and gobs of never-ending laundry (as you can imagine with 10 children). Then she'd do everything she needed to do throughout the day, get us off to school.....sometimes even with the correct lunches, sometimes not so much.... ☺ Then she'd clean around the house, help out my dad with his medical practice.....basically, taking care of the 10 of us all day. Heck, she even managed to keep the pets around the house fed and alive.....and some of them weren't even ours. ☺ And by night fall, she'd have dinner going, telling us to do our homework (even though we were in front of the TV).... Then (she'd) have us all ready for bed.....and somehow, she'd STILL have the energy to go out and play rehearsal—playing her cello late into the night. And that capacity of energy never seemed to run out..... It was astonishing.... What was her trick??? It was the nap. ☺ She loved that afternoon nap, and with it, she could outlast us all.

Her capacity for **Learning/Memory**...

Our mom could learn and retain information like no one else. Stories, memories, who's related to whom and all their names, and kids and parents' names..... Her brain had an AMAZING CAPACITY.

It extended to vocabulary and languages too. Me? I took two years of high school German, spent months traveling around Europe with a backpack on, and I am not fluent at all..... Our mom? She takes (just) 2 years of high-school Spanish, and BOOM, she's forever bilingual. It was mystifying. She just "GOT IT". Proper pronunciation.... Idioms..... local dialect.....all of it... No apprehension at all.... She could just whip it out anytime she needed to talk with a gardener, housekeeper or patient.....WOW.

(It was the) same for the Cello. It was clear to all of us that she was gifted, and from what we learned about her, she was born to play the cello. She started very young and never stopped playing. It was her love.....her sanctuary.....her passion. It was truly magical to hear her play, and we ALL grew up in AWE every time we heard her playing. I will never forget that about her—the lasting feeling of those deep rich sounds she could produce with her cello.

### Her capacity of **Love**...

Our mom had an incredible capacity for Love, as well....or all 10 of us! That's a LOT of needy, whining, often sick, sometimes sad, sometimes hungry, sometimes fighting kids! And she loved every ONE of us....fully.....completely.....and without condition. And there was never a doubt in our minds about it. She had enough love for all us, and then some.

### Her **Faith**...

My mom had high blood pressure for years....at least a decade or more, but she never let it stop her or slow her down.

And most of us know what she went through since she was diagnosed with cancer, and the rest of us can easily imagine how hard it must have been for her. But it's amazing what the human body can tolerate when it's supported by 'Faith'. She had THAT in endless capacity too....THAT type spirit within her....a strength we can all admire and learn from..... her FAITH that never wavered or waned.....and it carried her through it all.

### And finally, it was her capacity of **Devotion**...

My mom had an incredible devotion to her husband and children, as you can tell... No matter how challenging times may have been through the years, she never stopped giving 100% to her family and putting them before herself.

One thing I learned when we were living in Utah, and it may be true for other religions as well, but I hadn't heard it until we lived there. The Mormons believe that when you get married, you're married to that person for (ALL) ETERNITY. That's a concept I really never processed until I heard it put that way. And it just stuck with me ever since....

My parents were married in 1953. That'll be 57 years this May. Other than the past 6 years, my mom has been next-to and devoted-to my dad when they were alive. But she's had to live without him the past 6 years. And as hard as this is (today), to say 'goodbye', I find it comforting now to know they are together again.....for all eternity.

Well, mom, you've earned the rest....your capacity for life has shown us ALL how to live.....now it's time for you to go and be with your husband again.