

Hello everyone, for those who don't know me I'm Barbra's first grandchild. I would say I'm probably the favorite but I don't know if that's true. All 16 of my cousins are tough contenders for that title.

I know I feel the same as many of you today when I acknowledge that things may seem disarray as we figure out how to pick up the pieces and navigate this painful new reality without her. I try to think of what she may be doing in heaven right now. We all know her to be an unapologetic crier, so im sure with a klenex she found deep in her purse, she's blotting away tears but only that of pure joy. Make no mistake. She is not sad and grieving the way we all are today. No, her happiness is overwhelming. As she's in God's glory holding tightly to my Uncle Dale, looking down on each and everyone of us, as we sit in her favorite place. Her body is restored as well as her mind, and she is able to feel as proud of herself as we all are of her.

Over the past couple of years, her happy attitude and warm reassuring smile disguised the inward battle she was facing with dementia symptoms. As it progressed and became more and more evident, her family and the people who knew her best looked straight beyond those complications, and never saw her for anything other than

the woman that she was to us. A smart, dignified, compassionate person that would prefer to be caring for others, instead of others caring for her. When we looked at her, we saw our resilient matriarch. A rock; who demonstrated no matter what tragedy or circumstance come your way, you don't throw your hands up and give into misery, but rather have faith and walk with God.

As I comment on her skills as a grandmother I don't know where to begin. She was actually a Grandmother to everyone, but a Nannie to only 16 lucky people. No matter how naughty we were, to Nannie we are all perfect and she made sure EVERYONE she met knew it. "There's not a ugly grandkid. Not even one! And their all so nice and well behaved" she would say as we snuck our 10<sup>th</sup> bag of Skittles from her candy cabinet. On Sundays morning church service, you could witness the wonder she was while her two hands successfully rubbed the backs and arms of 4 grandkids at once. At birthday celebrations she still let us know that she meant business as she would give 30+ 'birthday spankings' to our dads with a wooden spoon.

Though I've heard she had a tough disciplinary side raising 5 boys, her Grandkids never got to see it. I've seen her come pretty close though a time she was babysitting

me my two siblings. She caught Shannon climbing the bars of our sleeping brothers crib, then ripping the binki from his little mouth to satisfy her 5-year-old pacifier habit. Dales was a fussy baby, and sometimes still is, so getting him to fall asleep at the time was a nightmare. You could tell by her face she was mad. This was it you guys, my 8-year-old self was ready to hear the angry voice that my dad told me existed, but I didn't believe in. I braced myself for the show I was about to see, hearing Nannie yell....and then this came "Shannon. Nannie is very crossed with you. I don't know why such a sweet girl would act this way!" and that was it!!

We felt her love every single day of our lives and always knew no matter what was happening in our life, Nannies was our safe haven and her doors and heart were open 24/7.

This celebration of life service will be over soon. On Monday we will return back to work. If you're a farmer you're probably wearing your works clothes under your nice suit, so you can sneak back later today. As we all get back into the swing of life. I ask that you keep my Nannie legacy of love and compassion with you. You can do so by simply doing the following...

Bake a pie for someone, just to make them feel good.

Give the children in your life tons of love, praise, and candy no matter how old they are.

Lay out in the sun on a summers day, and when the sun goes down jump in the car and head to the ice cream shop for a sundae (preferably doc special)

Always laugh with and at your spouse. Call every errand you run together “a date” and be sure to hold their hand the whole time.

Always, always give a good dog a piece of cheese. Because dogs are just like people. They mind like people, they listen like people, and they love like people.

And lastly, Trust in the LORD with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; <sup>6</sup>in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight. Proverbs 3;5-6