

# Reflections From Shirley's Grandchildren

I think about her sweet laugh and smile. Her sneaky sense of humor. The compassionate yet merciless way she wouldn't let me win at Sequence just because I was a kid. I thought about being small and going 'home to Iowa' and being surrounded by so many safe, encouraging adults that helped shape me into the woman I am today. I am so proud to be a part of this family and in awe of my grandma, the woman who helped raise us all. — *Reid*

Grandma loved to bake. She was always making us delicious pies and cakes. I remember asking her why her apple pie was so good and she said that the trick was to add some pears. Oh man, and her coffee cake... I remember sitting at the table in the kitchen and playing 500 (getting beat at 500, typically) or just sitting around watching the Cubbies. She sure loved those Cubs, even when they were terrible. She'd get frustrated with them for being lousy, but never angry. I feel that's a good lesson for any sportsfan or grandson. But mostly, I just remember how happy she was to see us when we'd come to visit. She would light up each and every time and even though years might have passed between our visits she always made us feel right at home. — *Steve*

"I love you, too...*very much*." Every time I walked out the door and heard those words, I left Grandma's with a smile on my face. She was not always a woman of many words; but when she spoke, her words could have a great impact. Often, we don't like to talk about the *lasts* in life. However, sometimes those last times can be the most profound.

My last visit with Grandma was a sacred experience, and I believe that it left both of us at peace. A month and a half ago, I was sitting at Grandma's bedside, terrified to be leaving the next day to start a new life chapter in California. With tears streaming down my face, I attempted to articulate my fears about leaving her and leaving Iowa. Grandma sat in bed patiently with that subtle smile as she listened to me babble on; in the end, she consoled me by simply stating, "You're going to do great." Instantly, I felt better. How could something so short and sweet offer so much comfort? Because it came from her. Grandma had a way of making the complicated parts of life more simple, didn't she? It's one of the infinite reasons why we all love and miss her...*very much*. — *Erin*

Every time when saying goodbye she would say "I love you very much" and I always felt how much she meant it. — *Bree*

The funniest thing I remember about Grandma was when we went to bingo at DeSales and she had thought she had a pen in her hand, but had the bingo dauber instead, and had put it to her lips as she was searching for a number on her sheet. We laughed when she realized I had seen that she had put a bingo dot on her lips. — *Matt*

My fondest memory of Grandma is her schooling all us grandkids at Rummikub in the back room at the Ossian house. I'm sure I got a lot of my competitive spirit from her. And I get the rest of it from my dad, who likely got his competitive spirit from her too. :) — *Dave* →

Favorite memory of grandma is skinny pancakes, covered in sugar, her homemade jelly, or grandpa's homemade syrup. :-)  
— *Jeremy*

Skinny pancakes, Rummikub, playing euchre, two-handed 500, working in the garden in the backyard, picking raspberries and then eating them with cream, taking the Amtrak with Grandma, Patty, and Bree to Spokane to watch Steven and David graduate. — *Garret*

Skinny pancakes with jam and powdered sugar! — *Bobby*

My favorite memory of my Grandma was not necessarily one single point in time, but rather a period of my life when I became exceptionally close with her. As a kid I would spend a lot of my summer days at her house so I could just ride my bike to little league practice rather than have someone drive into town to bring me there. I would get there in the mornings and she would make me her skinny pancakes, my favorite breakfast food to date. After that, we would turn on the TV and watch Bob Barker on The Price is Right. As much as we watched the show, we both had many items memorized and would make fun of contestants that would guess wrong. She would let me watch whichever cartoons I wanted to while she would work on her word searches. After I would get back from my little league practices, she would always ask if I wanted 7-up or ice cream, which I usually happily accepted. We would move to the dining room and play a game of Rummikub, a game I still love to play with my college roommates. Looking back at my summers with Grandma, I realize that they were some of the most

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enjoyable memories. Even though it was the same every day, spending time with her never grew old. — *Allen*

The Raspberry Patch. Picking beautiful berries and getting rewarded for our time and effort with berries over ice cream. We were always fed well at Grandma's house. — *Ted*

I recall anxiously awaiting our summer trips to Iowa. We'd get in late from the Minneapolis airport and grandma always had coffee cake waiting for us. I'd ask for skinny pancakes and homemade jam every morning and got it some days. We'd catch what seemed like hundreds of blue gills and grandma would fry them up and the whole family would come over for a makeshift reunion. I particularly remember grandma's love of baseball and her Cubbies. Cubs fans are a special breed and I appreciate the patience, determination and optimism I learned from and shared with her in this common plight. I recall her insistence that we use the push lawn mower because she liked the clean lines over the big loop turns the riding mower left, teaching me pride in ownership and work ethic. Most of all, I loved my time in Iowa because of the closeness of the large family she raised and the children they raised in my cousins. She was truly an amazing woman, mother and grandmother and will be missed greatly. — *Chris*

Going to the Ossian library to get books! — *Shelly*

Some of my good memories of grandma are of playing cards with her on holidays and spending time with her and grandpa on their deck while grandpa grilled. — *Carly*

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