

I have known my Aunt Lorraine for my entire adult life: And the first thing I thought of when I heard the news was that my Uncle Bing's life in heaven has just experienced a major change to his day to day comings and goings. Now, my Aunt Lorraine was full of both curiosity and questions. And I learned very early on that I could not have a trivial chat with her as she was a hard one to



misdirect or outwardly deceive. But since my earliest memories, my Aunt Lorraine was in the middle of anything and everything family-related so it was clear she took her role seriously. Whether it was cooking the annual holiday meals for decades, being part of the executive rules committee of Miller-Beaupre Incorporated, shielding some of us from discipline and at times, adding her glare to some retribution we all deserved. And to the Judy, Joanie, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, if you thought you pulled a fast one on her, you didn't. She let you think that **because she loved you.**

This is my fourth eulogy and my second in three weeks; while I try to keep it together for the assembled group, we honestly thought she would **NEVER** pass away and we all feel cheated that we are missing out on her running theories and commentary of all things Miller-Beaupre-Sears-Beyl-Rappe-McGrory-Zeman-McKee-Ives-Liverseed-Hering related. My Aunt Lorraine was very proud of our family **but we did not make it easy on her.** There is a wide variety of personalities in front of me which blends fairly elegantly together and at the hub of the dynamic was my Aunt Lorraine. My memories of the Christmas get-togethers started with dim memories on the house on Third Street with Jack in his Navy uniform (after breaking my arm and well before after breaking Billy's arm) which automatically escalated him to the adult table and the preferred cribbage player list at a young age, the store, the kitchen with the malted milk machine, laying down the right bauer with a certain panache, the cottage on French Lake, the singing nuns and all the comings which made up our early childhood.

The move to Westwood Drive was around chapter for our family as it was the central meeting point of tribes from Kenyon, Shieldsville and the west side of Faribault. In the middle of the small kitchen, Aunt Lorraine would direct traffic, assemble the comings and goings of the group, comment on the card game in progress, serve what at the time (and still basically is) some of the finest food I have ever eaten and move elegantly between chaos and cacophony which made up our Thanksgivings, Christmases and the occasional Easter. I am not telling any of the assembled relatives anything new but my Aunt Lorraine had her own back channels and strategies working on family issues and used **all** intelligent gathering methods at her disposal. I wrote an article for the September 2005 Newsletter in which I stated that my Aunt Lorraine partnered with NSA to more efficiently get the scoops on the family doings. I think it was Traci or Janie who told me, that the story was not as exaggerated as I originally thought it was.

Aunt Lorraine has seen many things: memories of the great depression, World War 2, rationing, my uncle, her son, grandson and many cousins in the armed services, Moon Landings, relatives obtaining advanced degrees, internet, dough-darts, grandchildren, blue ribbons, weddings, great grandchildren, nine popes, a relative who is actually a policeman and way too many funerals. She also saw helicopters landing on the hospital grounds which continually ruined all her hard planting flowers work to the rotor wash. She told Joanie every time she visited up at Pleasant Manor, so let's say a ten thousand times, that was the one mystery she could not figure out.

Also, I **was** ready to announce her favorite grandchild and great-grandchild (it was Lorrie, by the way with Billy coming in a distant second) today but since I was not paid in cash by several people as promised...suffice it to say, it was ALL of you....But as we move from the past to the future, we are a sadder group today but I know that she is in a better place, not suffering, surrounded by her husband, sisters, parents and loved ones who have passed on before her. **She is at peace** but if there is anyone who is watching all of us from above, and I mean...ANYONE....it is my Aunt Lorraine so behave yourself and make her even prouder.