

A decorative border of black floral and vine motifs surrounds the text. The motifs include swirling leaves, grapevines with clusters of grapes, and elegant scrolls.

**Celebrating the Life of Our Friend,
Adeline Olson
October 28, 2010, 2:00 PM
Covenant Village of the Great Lakes
Grand Rapids, MI**

Opening Prayer

The Scriptures and Meditation

*Solo: "In the Sweet By and By" by Chaplain
David Ness*

Memories from the Family

*Group Singing : "When the Roll is Called Up
Yonder" led by Mary Jaquith*

Comments from Covenant Village Friends

Pictures from the Past

Benediction

THE BUILDERS, BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Adeline's family suggests that any memorial gifts be given to:

GLASA
400 E. Illinois Road
Lake Forest, IL 60045

GLASA provides therapeutic exercise, sports, and wellness programs for children and adults with serious physical or visual disabilities in the Chicago Metropolitan area.

Attendance Sheet at Memorial for Adeline Olson, Grand Rapids Michigan

October 28, 2010

Phyllis Carlson	Robert Ageiler
Joyce Bottje	Connie Wysocki
Bob Mathews	Al Phelps
Milt Moxon	Lavonne Horwath
Carol Jorgenson	Dorothea Trasse
Jane Elliot	Martha Jordan
Ed Voss	Bonnie Young
Dottie Bindar	Vicki Hansen
Bob and Bety Kregel	Virginia Deters
Mary Payne	Dorothy Smith
John and Kay Seery	Kay Tournell
Bud Koorndyk	Phyllis Worpel
Richard and Nancy Anderson	Chuck and Mary Jaquith
June Winstanley	Keith and Doris Gordon
Joanna Neudeck	Connie Hess
Greta and Chuck Swenson	Bob and Jean Bolinder
Edith Lynn Mueller	Becky Smith
Lew and Virginia Wood	Jeanne Jones
Dan and Madge Bursch	John Molhoek
Gloria and Grant Anderson	Phil and Pam Olson
Gerry Carlson	Dick and Mickey Olson
Wilma Oele	David Olson and Mary Lawson
Bud and Eileen Stehouwer	Andrew and Melisa Olson
Carol Ziegler	Johanna Olson
Shirley Eggleston	Midge Sherman
Lois Miller	Cathy Wolfe
Rene and Anita Willis	Pastor David Ness
Don and Barbara Libby	Rene Dykstra

Adeline Olson Memorial Service, October 28 2010

Memories from the Family

Comments from David Olson

As you know, Mom was an avid card player. She always looked forward to her weekly card game with the “Saturday Night Livelies” at Covenant Village. About the only thing Mom liked more than playing cards was WINNING at playing cards. Behind that quiet, sweet exterior was a fierce competitiveness when playing games of any kind. She didn’t set out to humiliate her opponents, but if that occurred, well, it was just unfortunate but necessary “collateral damage”.

Over the years, her most frequent partner, or one might say “victim”, was my Dad. He and Mom played all sorts of games over the course of their 56 years together.

One year, around 1961 or so, Dad built a marvelous horseshoe pit in our back yard. And every night, after dinner and when the dishes were washed and dried, Mom and Dad would go outside for a game or two of horseshoes. And I still remember distinctly the loud CLANG of the heavy cast-iron horseshoes hitting the metal stake... intermingled with periodic loud, angry shouts from my father, and, I’m sorry to say, an occasional expletive.

After 45 minutes or so, they’d come inside. First would be my father, usually with a frown or scowl on his face, and muttering something under his breath. Then about 30 seconds later, Mom would come in and look at us kids with a look on her face that said, “I TRIED not to beat him again, but I just couldn’t help it.”

I suppose Dad won some games here and there, but it was clear that Mom won the lion’s share.

About two years later, we kids looked out on the back yard, and were surprised to see that Dad had leveled and removed the horseshoe pit. He’d pulled out the metal stakes, and had sodded over the dirt, so that you would never know that a horseshoe pit had EVER been there, so thorough was his work at obliterating it. I don’t know if he asked Mom for her permission, but I’m sure he asked for her forgiveness.

But Dad, bless his heart, never quite learned... or maybe it was out of guilt... but he and Mom the next year took up a new game called Jarts, using lawn darts, and which was essentially the same game as horseshoes. And so Mom could start a whole new winning streak.

Mom and Dad were married for 57 joyful years, so Dad must have found a way to reconcile himself to Mom’s domination of him in games. Her competitiveness came from the satisfaction she took in doing a job well... which she did in all realms of her life.

In addition to playing games, Mom was a voracious reader. An old high school friend, Margaret Carlson, told me this week that in high school, Mom always read “harder” books than most of the other kids, and she was admired for that. And she worked for many years in a public library... so books were a great love of hers.

In later years, she also took up writing. She wrote a full autobiography for us in 1993, and in the past few years at Covenant Village she wrote up a large number of her memoirs, as part of the writing class here. We thought we’d read one of her memoirs, so that she can be thought of as speaking talking to all of us here, and in her own words.

This story is called “The Green Statue”.

“Elm and I have been very lucky in meeting and retaining friends. Perhaps the most notable are two couples that we met at Augustana College in Rock Island, Illinois in 1939 – Willard and Quisty Anderson, who lived in Rock Island, and Bill and Fran Zaruba who have lived a good portion of their lives in Arizona.

“In the fall of 1975 we planned a get-together of the three couples. The Andersons and Olsons boarded a train in Chicago bound for Flagstaff, Arizona where the Zarubas met us.

“We spent the first night in Phoenix. The Zarubas lived in a lovely Arizona house complete with cacti, a swimming pool, and grapefruit trees.

“The next morning we again headed south and after a ride through sandy desert-like country, arrived at the Mexican border. We left the car in the US and walked across the bridge to Nogales, Mexico.

“As we expected, it was a typical tourist mecca – one store after another of souvenirs, wares, ceramics, rugs, clothing – you name it. We spent a couple of hours, and purchased a few inexpensive items as keepsakes.

“My husband spotted a gold and green Buddah-like statue about 7 inches tall and purchased it. I didn’t particularly like it, but it was very inexpensive and ‘to each his own’. When his friends Willard and Bill saw his statue, though, they immediately started teasing him about his bad taste in art and how ugly the statue was. They kidded him unmercifully. Finally the teasing ended, and we enjoyed the rest of the week in Arizona and arrived home in Chicago without incident.

“A few months later Elm and I spent a weekend in Rock Island with the Andersons. It was fun as usual, and when we got home we decided to send them a thank-you gift for their hospitality – the ugly green statue. So now they were stuck with it.

“A couple of years later, in 1977, Elm and I were at O’Hare airport waiting to board a plane for Sweden – our first trip abroad together. Just before we boarded the plane, our

son David handed me a wrapped package with orders not to open it until we were airborne.

“After taking off, I opened it up... and there was that ugly green statue again. The Andersons had given it to David, to give to us. Elm and I had a good laugh, and put it away.

“We landed at Arlanda airport in Stockholm, Sweden, where my uncle met us and took us to his home. Once settled in, Elm asked my uncle if he could use his basement – I knew something was on his mind. Elm found some tools and was somehow able to cut the ugly statue right in half, down the middle. It took some doing, because the material it was made of was hard, almost like stone. He then mailed one half of the statue to Willard, and the other half to Bill.

“The little green statue - or now statues - were not heard from for 14 years... until Elm and I held our 50th Wedding Anniversary party in 1991. Sure enough, for our gift Bill and Fran give us their half of the ugly statue. But they had added a base, and the words, “Thanks for the Memories”.

“The Andersons have no idea where their half of the little green statue could be. They have lived in the same house for more than fifty years. Someday in the future, someone will find it, scratch his head, and say: ‘Why on earth would anyone save THAT?’”.

And here is a photo of Mom holding the half of the statue which the Zarubas gave her and Dad for their anniversary gift in 1991. It’s an heirloom which our family will be cherishing and saving, along with Mom’s story to explain its origins and significance to future puzzled generations.



I just have one other brief thing to say. Dad passed away in 1997, from Alzheimer's. My Mom and Dad had traveled together all over the country and the world, but were unable to do so in Dad's last few years. When he died, my own work schedule was such that I was able to take some long driving trips with Mom... two to three week trips. And so for the next several years we travelled all sorts of places... to Quebec City and province, down to Florida a few times, to New Orleans, and a wonderful trip all the way around Lake Superior.

Mom was, you might imagine, a wonderful travel companion - always flexible and easy going. Most importantly, she and I shared a philosophy about these trips... that we should go slowly. We were happy if we covered 250 miles a day. We avoided the interstates and took local roads instead.

I think this philosophy summed up Mom's approach to life itself. She felt people too often were rushing forward to some goal or another, without taking time to slow down to "smell the roses" and enjoy all the little things in life. There's a quote that says: "It's not the destination, it's the journey." And Mom had a wonderfully long and rich 91 year journey, where every day she took pleasure in all the little delights and surprises that this world affords us. She has, at last, reached her final destination... and we know God will be watching over her and taking care of her.

We love you, Mom... and always will.

Comments from Pam Olson, Adeline's daughter in law

Pam acknowledged all of the sisters in law who were privileged to have been so warmly welcomed into the Olson family, and who grew to love Adeline.

She read a story that Adeline had received a few years earlier when she was in the Covenant Village nursing home, recovering from a hospitalization. It was a story Adeline very much enjoyed.

THE TEA CUP

There was a couple who used to go to England to shop in the beautiful stores. They both liked antiques and pottery and especially teacups. This was their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

One day in this beautiful shop they saw a beautiful teacup. They said, "May we see that? We've never seen one quite so beautiful."

As the lady handed it to them, suddenly the teacup spoke.

"You don't understand," it said. "I haven't always been a teacup. There was a time when I was red and I was clay. My master took me and rolled me and patted me over and over and I yelled out, 'let me alone', but he only smiled, 'Not yet.'

"Then I was placed on a spinning wheel," the teacup said, "and suddenly I was spun around and around and around. 'Stop it! I'm getting dizzy!' I screamed. But the master only nodded and said, 'Not yet.'

"Then he put me in the oven. I never felt such heat. I wondered why he wanted to burn me, and I yelled and knocked at the door. I could see him through the opening and I could read his lips as he shook his head, 'Not yet.'

"Finally the door opened, he put me on the shelf, and I began to cool. 'There, that's better,' I said. And he brushed and painted me all over. The fumes were horrible. I thought I would gag. 'Stop it, stop it!' I cried. He only nodded, 'Not yet.'

"Then suddenly he put me back into the oven, not like the first one. This was twice as hot and I knew I would suffocate. I begged. I pleaded. I screamed. I cried. All the time I could see him through the opening, nodding his head and saying, 'Not yet.'

"Then I knew there wasn't any hope. I would never make it. I was ready to give up. But the door opened and he took me out and placed me on the shelf. One hour later he handed me a mirror and said, 'Look at yourself'. And I did. I said, 'That's not me; that couldn't be me. It's beautiful. I'M beautiful.'

"I want you to remember, then," he said, "I know it hurts to be rolled and patted. But if I had left you alone, you'd have dried up.'

'I know it made you dizzy to spin around on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you would have crumbled. I knew it hurt and was hot and disagreeable in the oven, but if I hadn't put you there, you would have cracked.'

'I know the fumes were bad when I brushed and painted you all over, but if I hadn't done that, you never would have hardened; you would not have had any color in your life. And if I hadn't put you back in that second oven, you wouldn't survive for very long because the hardness would not have held.'

'Now you are a finished product. You are what I had in mind when I first began with you.'

MORAL:

God knows what He's doing (for all of us). He is the Potter, and we are His clay. He will mold us and make us, so that we may be made into a flawless piece of work to fulfill His good, pleasing, and perfect will.