

My big sister, Merodie, honed her care giving abilities and temperament on me...her baby brother. When I was a baby/toddler, I shared a room with her, and I clearly remember times that she would come to my bedside to comfort me when I was scared. She would bravely throw that "monster under my bed" into the wastebasket.

Merodie's caring and concern for me continued throughout my life. I actually stayed in her home on the campus of the U of M while I was in college, and she often gave me solid advice about life, and encouraged me in my Christian walk. I lived there during the time Heidi was born and while Paul was in the service.

We grew up in the loving Christian home of Myrtle and Stanley Olson and attended First Evangelical Free church. Merodie accepted Jesus as her Savior as a young person and enjoyed attending Pioneer Girls camp and being on staff at Camp Shamineau. During these past couple of years, Merodie, Ross and I have enjoyed taking day trips to St. Croix State Park to "relive" memories of Pioneer Girls camp and other family adventures. It was very therapeutic for us.

Merodie inherited many of Mom Olson's qualities: being focused, caring, nurturing, active, and, as Ross said, "unflappable." Our mom wasn't a complainer, and neither was Merodie. I am grateful that I had the opportunity to take her to some of her doctor appointments during the past few months and see the empathetic care she received.

It's hard to believe my favorite sister is actually gone, and I will not receive any more of her phone calls or texts. Knowing that she is with her Lord and that I will see her again is a comfort. I was told that she requested that Psalm 102 be read to her at the end of her life. Verses 11 & 12 read, "My days are like an evening shadow that stretches out and declines..., I am withered like grass..., But you, Oh Lord, are enthroned forever, and the fame of your name endures forever."

I will miss you, my sister! Love Bryan