

## Memories of Grandpa Stan, Compiled From Comments By All, And Delivered By Luke Olson

"Magic Grinder help me please. You will know just what I need." Grandpa always seemed to know what we needed. When we were young it was reading books to us like magic grinder; always keeping his pocket full of pep pills; sitting in his big leather recliner with us to watch Saturday morning cartoons after a sleep-over in the white room; and playing on the state-of-the-art Odyssey video game system; Grandpa and Grandma coming to visit us, whether it was here in Minnesota or half way around the world in Hong Kong; giving him driving directions and somehow always ending up at Dairy Queen; going to visit him at work in the IDS tower and looking at the city through a telescope.

We remember him sitting at the bottom of the hill in his lawn chair waiting for us to fly by him on the big wheels, then dutifully handing out speeding tickets. Those tickets would come due when we got to the cabin in the summer and we had to face hard time in the outhouse. On a warm summer day we could look forward to Grandpa playing with us in the water. We remember the excitement when we would see grandpa walking down the steps to the lake. He would get into a tube and pretend like he just wanted to relax. We would sneak up behind him, and before he knew what hit him, we had flipped him over. We never knew who would come up. Would it be Grandpa or the seaweed monster?

As we got older he would teach us how to drive the speed boat. You really knew you had reached adulthood when he let you take the boat out unsupervised. That's when you could really see what that 5.5 horse Johnson could do.

When we brought friends and especially our future spouses to meet Grandpa he would make them instantly feel like part of the family. When we had kids of our own they grew to love him as much as we did.

Grandpa lived a Godly example for us all. Every morning he was up at the crack of dawn for coffee and devotions. He had a sense of peace and purpose that was easy for all to see. Grandpa was at home in a crowd; he always made people feel comfortable and welcome wherever he was. In the book of Romans it tells us to, "Rejoice with those who rejoice and mourn with those who mourn." Grandpa lived this out. He loved to share with everyone all of our victories, and accomplishments. He followed our lives closely and had a steadfast confidence that even in our struggles all things would work together for good. But the hurts and struggles affected him deeply - he shared in our pain. The tears he shed were not just of being happy or proud of his grandkids and us overcoming obstacles, but those tears were evidence of intimacy he had had with God during dark times in our families. His tears were an extension of his gratefulness for God's mercy. His tears revealed nights he spent contending and interceding, and the days where he would again and again cling to God's word when things got tough. We began to see a grandpa who had spent much time with the Lord and as a result, reflected that back to his grandkids. He has left us a legacy, not just of himself, but of the reality of God's deep imprint on our family's hearts as a whole.

He was our Grandpa, and Great-grandpa, friend, and counselor. He proudly served God, his family, His church, his friends, and his country. He set an example that was edifying to all of those around him, the effects of his example will live on in each of us.