

Let me tell you about our wonderful mother, Edythe Falck.

Mom was born in 1923, her older brother, Russell in 1921 and her sister, Delores, in 1925. She remembered a simple childhood with her siblings. Her father, Harry Lindberg, had been a farmer until he moved to Minneapolis and got a job with the Milwaukee Railroad. He had an 8th grade education and studied on his own to pass the test to become a stationary engineer for the railroad. They lived on Elliot near Franklin Avenue. Her mother, Victoria Englund Lindberg, did day work, cleaning and laundry, when the children were in school. Her father learned how to repair clocks and began to collect them and eventually gifted each of his grandchildren with one.

Mom enjoyed giving and receiving gifts and shopping was almost a hobby for her. And of course her gifts for others were all organized and ready to go. She continued this all her life, as well as sending birthday and anniversary cards to friends and relatives, even after her eyesight deteriorated.

Growing up, Mom remembered that if they got one toy and an item of clothing for Christmas, that was all they expected and it was much appreciated. Every Sunday they walked 3 blocks to First Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church at 1900 11th Avenue. Its name changed eventually to Emmanuel Methodist. The Lindbergs went to both morning and evening services and, when the children were old enough, to Junior League Sunday afternoon. Many of their church friends stopped by because their house was the closest to church.

Mom grew up with hospitality modeled for her. Her parents took in friends and relatives who needed a place to stay. Her cousin Arnie Lindberg and his parents lived with them for a while. When Mom and Dad bought their first home in 1950 for \$8000, it came with a World War I veteran, Fred, who continued to rent one of the bedrooms until our family got too big and we needed the room. Eventually we had 8 of us living together with 3 bedrooms and one bath and we were happy.

Needless to say, Mom was a very organized person and a hard-working mother. She loved to talk about how many loads she washed on Saturdays, including all the sheets – which she would pull off our beds if we slept in too late. Every Saturday all of us, including Dad lined up to have our hair washed in the kitchen sink, assembly line style. She ran a tight ship and a very clean house and I learned a lot from her!! (Just ask my children☺) Interestingly, she became less strict as the years went by and grandchildren arrived on the scene. Hmmm...

Mom was 11 years old in the late fall of 1934 when a Swedish Evangelist, Elsie Elween, speaking in Swedish with an interpreter translating into English, came to Emmanuel for meetings that were attended by several other congregations. Mom went forward to accept Jesus as her personal Savior. She remembered that on the walk home, her grandfather, Bengt Lindberg, grilled her, apparently worried that she was too young to understand what she had done. But she did understand.

In 1944, Mom moved to California and lived in Hollywood with her Aunt Amanda and Uncle Albin Johnson, a Pentecostal Evangelist. She found a job with Lockheed in Burbank as supervisor of a supply room for 6000 male engineers. After the war she returned to Minneapolis and was again living with her parents and sister when she met Dad. Two cousins, Bob and Wally Englund came to the cities from Alexandria to attend college

and lived upstairs at the Lindberg home, soon joined by two of their friends, Bob and Eugene Hanson. Other young men from Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle would traipse through the house to that crowded room to play Rook. One of them was our Dad, Lloyd, but Edythe did not notice him, although he lived only two blocks away.

Mom and Dad's first date occurred when Eugene got engaged and invited Lloyd to a celebration party. Dad declined because he did not have a girlfriend to bring, so his friends suggested a blind date with Mom. That was September 1946 and in November Dad proposed marriage. He was very sure she was the one, but she was "picky." Her concern was whether he was a family man so she asked him if he wanted children. He said "yes," she said "yes" and they were married in June of 1947. They proceeded to have 7 children, me in 1948, Tom in 1949, Susan in 1951 (who died at 6 weeks of age of a "hole in the heart" – just before surgery became possible), Heidi in 1953, Nancy in 1954 (who developed Type 1 diabetes at age 5 and died of complication at age 12), Tim in 1957 and Christina in 1959. She told us that they both were thrilled with each pregnancy and gladly welcomed each baby into the family. She and her sister Delores, living in Upper Michigan, were both producing babies close together and the cousins spent many happy times with each other. Our Moms made that happen.

Mom would read bedtime Bible stories to us, sit on our beds and listen to us pray "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen." After baby Susan died, we asked a lot of questions about heaven, what baby Susan would be doing and how old she would be when we saw her again. That must have been hard for her.

Years later, Mom flew to Hong Kong on a NWA pass to comfort me when our 6 week old son, Matthew, died. We had something unique in common. Her heart remained sensitive as she grew older, and thoughts of our sisters, Susan and Nancy, always brought tears to her eyes.

Mom had a strong alto voice and would sing duets at church with her brother Russell who also wrote music and played the guitar, accompanied by their sister, Delores on the piano. She enjoyed singing in the choirs of Emmanuel and here at First Free. One Christmas Eve at Emmanuel, she was ahead a beat on the start of the last verse of a Christmas Carol and ended up singing what she referred to as "her solo." She used to love teasing grandchildren about singing a solo at their weddings. She had the wonderful gift of being able to laugh at herself.

In 1964 our family joined First Evangelical Free Church and she found more new people be friends with through the adult Bible class.

Mom was proud of her children, grand children and great grand children and their accomplishments. Mom was also pleased to tell everyone that she was a Chinese Grandmother – when we adopted Jason and KaWan from Hong Kong -- and bragged that she delivered her grandchildren. She and Dad did so by accompanying both children from their US port of entry to Minneapolis, traveling on airline passes. Her grandchildren now include an African American, and great grandchildren include another Chinese and an Ethiopian. She was

proud of all her family and continued to pray for them right to the end. She kept individual albums for ALL of us and loved receiving new photos to add to them.

After years of homemaking, she had the opportunity to work in a new program in the Minneapolis Public School System as a teacher's aide. She loved the freedom of working outside the home and earning money again. We remember the Chevette she drove all over—with "Edythe" on the vanity plate. She worked 20 years, mostly at Phillips Junior High, where she became secretary to the Assistant Principal. She earned 60 college credits in night school during that time, enough to be promoted to school assistant. One memorable moment came when she disciplined a minority student for swearing at her. The Principal backed her up and the mother thanked her. The boy also came back when he graduated from high school and thanked her for helping set him on the right track, saying that he wanted to become a social worker.

Meeting people brought great joy to Mom. She was never afraid to talk to anyone and has met many famous people including Roy Rogers at his museum, Dorothy Lamour, as she approached her dressing room on location in El Monte, Milton Berle in an airport and at the Los Angeles airport, Northwest Airlines CEO Donald Nyrop -- head of the company that employed Dad for 39 years. She served salad to Billy Graham at George Wilson's wedding dinner and recognized Harold Stassen at an airport (by his toupee). She also heard and shook hands with Aimee Semple McPherson the evening of the last service before her untimely death. Mom talked with Hubert Humphrey at Tim's Shattuck School Commencement. Actress Susanna Foster was in her home room for seventh grade and they corresponded after Susanna became famous. She had a prolonged conversation with Kirby Puckett in a restaurant, giving him advice on his family and even asking him where his cabin was, "promising" to see him there the next weekend, all without knowing to whom she was talking. My brother, Tom, later told her who he was because her poor vision had not allowed her to see him clearly. Again she was able to laugh at herself.

In the 1960s our parents bought the first of a series of increasingly upgraded RVs and visited lots of people and places. We children never forgot our trip out west – 8 of us – in the small over-the-cab pickup style camper with no air conditioning. Mom loved to tell the story about my exasperated teenaged comment towards the end of the trip, "This is carrying togetherness too far!"

Mom had a huge depository of stories and family history. We teased her, but now that resource is gone. One of the reasons my Dad married her was because of her great conversational skills (Dad was very quiet.) She retained that ability until she was too weak to talk.

Since girlhood, Mom loved embroidery and produced amazing amounts over her lifetime, including 45 baby quilts and many large cross stitched and hand quilted ones. She loved giving them away. When her eyesight deteriorated later in life and her fingers became numb from diabetic neuropathy, she had to give up the hobby she loved so much. That was hard for her.

Mom had many significant losses in her life besides her two daughters. Her own mother died at a shockingly young 63 years of age. Tears came easily for the rest of her life. The song, "The Old Rugged Cross" always made her sad. My sister Nancy, who died at age 12, would always request that song in Sunday School.

One time recovering from a cardiac problem, a young grandson visited her in the hospital and saw all her missing toes. He asked if she was going to grow new ones. Rather than feeling sorry for herself, she delighted in telling that story.

She was famous for her cheerfulness in spite of many physical difficulties including her gradual loss of sight. Her love for the Lord and ability to encourage others by her optimistic and resilient faith made her a fun person to be around. Mom was well known for her patented sense of humor which took teasing to a high art form and kept you paying attention. She was always pretending to take her children out of her will for various offenses – at least we think it was pretending!

One day during her last week I was reminding her of all the visits and phone calls she had received that day. With a weak voice, she replied, “Next time I die, they’ll have to take a number, from 1 to 10.”

Three years ago, my sister Heidi and her husband Tim invited Mom to come and live with them. Mom always said she hoped she would not have to live in a nursing home. She got her wish!

I have a card I was going to give Mom for her next birthday in March. On the outside it says, “Like Mother – Like Daughter” and on the inside, “The nicest compliment there is.”

There is so much more I would love to tell you about my mother and so would my siblings. Mom was the glue that held us together – she was the “life of the party.” We miss her but look ahead with great hope because of the resurrection of Jesus Christ and the promise that those who believe will not perish but have everlasting life.

Thank you all for coming today. Your presence comforts us and honors Mom. I also want to recognize my sister Heidi who so conscientiously cared for Mom her last 3 years and showed her love through acts of service and companionship. Thank you and bless you, Heidi.

And most of all – Thank you, Mom, for loving us and supporting us all these years, no matter what mistakes we made. You weren’t perfect and neither were we. But your godly perseverance inspires us to go on living without you, till we meet at Jesus feet.