

FAMILY TIES

Vol. 1, Issue 11

December 31, 1991

Dear Wonderful Family:

Another year has ended. '91 was one year that shall lock itself into the memories of many in the family. Desert Storm ended and our sons returned home safe and sound. It is the year that many moved to new homes. The angel of death took three of our clan home to our Father. The blessed union of our young in matrimony and the birth of new "branches" in our family tree. In a family of such magnitude, many events made '91 a special "heart" year, not to be forgotten.

Through *Family Ties* we have all been able to be so much closer. I think we are a very extraordinary family and feel blessed to be in your number.

May 1992 bring us even closer. May our Creator continue to bless us abundantly and may we grow in His Love.

Susie Aki, Editor

IN MEMORIA HELEN DORAN LUNDQUIST 8/13/10 - 10/26/91

God of our life's journey, we silently pause to celebrate the goodness of Helen Doran Lundquist, our sweet wife, mother, grandma, sister, aunt and friend and ask Your blessing as she continues the rest of her life with You. May the love that is in our hearts be a bond that unites us forever, wherever we may be. May the power of Your presence bless the moment of our leave-taking and reunite us all in accordance with Your Will. We praise and thank you, God of the journey, for our loved one who has left. We entrust Helen into Your loving care.

Helen Doran Lundquist died Saturday, October 26, 1991, after a brief illness at St. Paul's Hospital in Dallas. She had fallen and broken her hip on October 18 and had surgery October 19. She seemed to be recovering, but additional surgery

was required on October 26 -- and Mama left us then.



LUNDQUIST

Helen Doran, a native Dallasite, born August 13, 1910, passed away October 26, 1991 at St. Paul's Hospital. She attended Ursuline Academy and received her BA from TWU (formerly Texas State College for Women in Denton) in 1933. She is survived by her husband of 57 years, Charles M. Lundquist and her eight children, Marianna Van Gilder, Carol Miller, Charles M. Lundquist, Jr., Helen (Susie) Aki, Hugh Robert Lundquist, Jean Baggett, Paul Lundquist, and Cecelia (C.C.) Parker. Other survivors are her 26 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren, two sisters, Katherine Wise, and Margaret Griffin and a brother, Frank Doran. Pallbearers will be her Grandsons, James Van Gilder, Andrew Walker, Jack Parker, Christopher Denzin Lundquist, Thomas Miller, Brian Miller, Charles Miller,

Anthony Miller, Charles Lundquist, III, Christopher Lundquist, James (Wally) Walker, Patrick Walker, Nickolas Baggett, James Parker, III and John Parker. Christopher Denzin Lundquist, the son of Charles Lundquist, and Jennifer Lundquist, the daughter of Paul Lundquist, will sing hymns during Mass. Rosary will be at Crane-Weiland Funeral Home, 5:30 P.M. Monday. Mass will be at St. Thomas Aquinas Catholic Church, 6306 Kenwood Avenue, Rev. Msgr. John T. Gulczynski Celebrant at 10:00 A.M. Tuesday, October 29, 1991. The family requests donations be made to the Missionaries of Charity, 335 East 145th St., Bronx, New York 10451. Entombment at Calvary Hill Mausoleum.

CRANE-WEILAND
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
NW Hwy. at Abrams Rd.
361-7111

All the children, most of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren gathered from all over the United States--to pay their final respect to Mama. The rosary was held Monday evening and was well attended despite a heavy rainfall. The funeral Mass was on Tuesday, October 29, and, again, even though there was a torrential rain, was very well attended. Msgr. John Gulczynski celebrated the Mass and Christopher Lundquist sang the *Ave Maria* and Jennifer and Linda Lundquist sang *Yahweh* and *Amazing Grace*. Jean Baggett read the

first and second readings and Marianna Van Gilder and Carol Miller acted as Eucharistic ministers.

During the prayers of the faithful, eight of Helen's grandchildren remembered Mama, and we would like to share with you at this time, the beautiful thoughts these eight put into words for all of us.

JIMMY VAN GILDER, JR. - "Y'all be sure to come by and see me, ya hear." I can still hear her words. Grandma opened up her house to all of us and made every one of us feel like we were at home. She shared a lifetime of experiences with us during the time we spent with her. She became part of us, and although we won't be able to "Come by and see her" anymore, she lives in all of us.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.

JULIE PARKER - When we were younger, the thing I remember about Grandma was the few times we, my brothers and sisters and I got to spend the night at Grandma and Grandpa's house; she would make me feel so special, like I was her only grandchild. She made me feel loved and I loved her.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.

MELINDA BAGGETT - I thank you Lord for my Grandma who taught me how to make cookies the right way, for taking my brother and I to see our first circus, but most of all, thank you for the times we spent sitting at the kitchen table, just talking and making me feel important and special.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.

DEBBIE HOVITZ - Thank you Grandma for all the fried chicken dinners, Happy Birthday cakes and long walks around the Lake. But most of all I thank you for the love you gave us, all that is the glue which bonds this family together.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.

SUSIE WALKER - Thank you, Lord, for giving Grandma the golden light of love that shone so brightly in everything she did for her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It was every cookie she baked, every cake she baked, in every needlepoint

lesson. I also want to thank you Grandma for that light behind us. It will guide us and keep us together and closer to the Lord.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.



Helen Doran Lundquist - 1911

CHARLES LUNDQUIST, III - Grandma had a special talent to make everyone feel loved. Even amongst all those aunts, uncles, other grandkids, she always made me feel like I was "special." One of the most exciting things when I was young was to go through Grandma's curio cabinet . . . you know, the one behind the piano, and look at her treasure trove of small mementos collected over a lifetime. Each item had a story behind it, and it was always so wonderful when Grandma would go

through each one, telling us the details behind each one. I remember as a kid thinking how wonderful all those things were. Several years ago as I was strolling down memory lane, again looking through the little treasures in the curio cabinet, I came across an old letter from a very small boy. It was a letter that I had written to Grandma when I was only six years old, and it still had the little wire ring I had made for her and sent with it. There it was, amongst all those wonderful things. . . that's the kind of person that Grandma was -- she was full of caring and love and made everyone feel like they were special.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.

(Postscript -- I have thought often of Grandma since the funeral and miss her dearly. I'm very proud to be her grandson -- I talk to little Charlie and Eric about their great-grandparents occasionally because I want to instill in them an appreciation for family. I think it sunk in -- Charlie downright beams when he brags that he's the "IV".)

KATE SALLEAN - Grandma instilled in me the ability to recognize and create exquisite and fine things. She seemed to have the magic touch when it came to working with her hands, as evidenced by all the beautiful and precious dolls she made for each of her granddaughters. Every stroke of her brush and every handmade stitch was made with painstaking and articulate detail. But what made her work so special was that it was made with unrestricted, absolute love. I also remember after a visit one year when I was 10 or 11, I was so inspired by Grandma's needlework, I went home and tried my hand at it. I remember I made a needlepoint scene with a basket of apples near a tree. The handwork was no where perfect -- by any stretch of the imagination, but I was so proud of it I sent it to Grandma. I always hoped that one day, I would be able to create beautiful handwork like Grandma. And I know that each time I look at the doll Grandma so lovingly made for me I will remember Grandma's magic touch.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.

(Postscript - Dad brought that needlepoint scene back from Dallas for me).

TOMMY MILLER - Lord thank you for Grandma. Thank you for the long fulfilled life with us. Thank you for her home, where we all could come and feel welcome and loved; for the memories, the visits, the great meals, the holidays, the little things we did with you. Thank You for her unforgettable voice, her smile, her hug. And I thank her for my mother, and seven other wonderful people, Grandma's children; in whom her character and her spirit will live on.

LORD, WE THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.



Helen Doran Lundquist - 1920s

We would also like to share with you some other beautiful thoughts we received about Mama:

I would like to share some happy memories with you that I have of my sister and your mother.

Even though Sister was 10 years older than I, she always had time for me. She gave me wonderful parties that were the talk of my school for weeks. She made my first evening dress and I can still see that pretty white dress with the tiered skirt. When Brent and I got married, even though she had three small children and a three-week old baby, she worked all day to make everything just right.

Sister and I went through two pregnancies together - even went to the same doctor. Our children grew up together and we had many happy days talking and laughing while the children played.

Our children grew up, married and left home and Sister and I were still together. We saw each other two or three times a week and talked on the phone every day. One morning when we were talking,

Sister said she couldn't start her day without talking to me and I felt the same way.

Sister taught me to do needlework and we spent many an afternoon enjoying our hobby and each other. We did many things together over the years. We have shared secrets, helped each other, laughed and cried together. I cry as I write this knowing our lives together have come to an end. There is a void in my life. I miss her.

I thank my God upon every
remembrance of you.
Philippians 1:3

Much love,
Aunt Katherine

Betty Lundquist also lost her mother, Emma Jean Young, on December 7, 1991. In spite of her own grief, Betty sent us the following tribute to Mama and to Betty's Mama:

We thank you for her life

I did not know Helen (Mom) as long as some of you did, but the 12 years that I was blessed with her presence are memorable. The ability that she had to make everyone feel more special than the next was a trait that I always admired. How could any one person with so many children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, relatives and friends make each and every one feel so special? I don't know, but I do know that I felt it, too. From the first time I met her I never felt like an outsider. She welcomes me with her bright smile and a warm hug each time we saw her. Every time we were in Dallas there always seemed to be a jar full of cookies (which Charlie loved) and unforgettable practical joking (which I loved). My only regret is that I did not get to know her better. Even now, I will reflect on the past and tears will come to my eyes. But I realize that my tears are not for Mom, she is at peace. My tears are for me and the rest of us who have to go on without her. My life will not be the same now that she is gone; however, my life would not have been complete if I had not known her. Because of Mom, and Pop

too, I have been blessed with the most caring and loving husband any wife could ask for.
LORD, I TRULY THANK YOU FOR HER LIFE.

Betty Lundquist

EMMA JEAN YOUNG

4/5/15 - 12/7/91

On December 7, 1991, my mother passed away - just six weeks after Mom Lundquist. She had a massive stroke on Wednesday morning, December 4. I have to be thankful that she did not suffer any longer. In fact, I believe that she enjoyed seeing everyone that visited with her on Thursday and Friday. She was well aware of all that was said and recognized everyone there. She was even able to joke with her sister and the doctors. However, on Saturday, the Lord decided he needed her more than we did.

She always enjoyed visiting with the Lundquist group and their presence at her funeral and all of their prayers for her means more to me now than words can ever express. The love that this large family shares with one another as well as friends always amazed her. It truly is a shame that Mom Young and Mom Lundquist did not have the opportunity to have known each other better. They both were such exceptional people. Our loss has been great during this Christmas season, but I feel that Christmas is a beautiful time and represents the beginning of a new life. I believe that both of our Moms have begun their new pain-free lives in heaven with all the other angels and saints. They are watching over all of us to help us pass on to others the love they gave us. Thank you all for loving her as I did.

Betty Lundquist

Mama had the extraordinary trait of making everyone whom she met feel "special." I know I was the "favorite" even though I also know all of my brothers and sisters know they were the "favorite." Mama, you were the special one, we

were privileged by the Lord to know such a special person as you. Be happy in the Lord now, and I know your prayers to sweet Jesus on our behalf will be "special" to Him.

Carol Miller, Editor



Helen Doran Lundquist - 1982

CATCHING UP ON OTHER FAMILY NEWS

Charles Lundquist had a lengthy telephone conversation with Joan Matthews in Lockport, Illinois, and caught up on a lot of the news from the Dickson branch of the family.

Joan wanted to attend the wedding of Bridget O'Hara to Russ Happney in Pompano Beach, Florida. Although she "tools" around in fast cars and a monstrous Harley-Davidson motorcycle, she is "afraid" to fly. So she prevailed upon brother, Charles (Butch) Dickson to fly from Pensacola, Florida to Lockport, Illinois--then to motor with her to Pompano for the wedding, then drive her back to Illinois. Butch then flew back home to Pensacola; thus Butch outdistanced J. P. Marshall,

who traveled some 2000 miles from Reno, Nevada; Butch traveling over 5000 miles.

Charles, by the way, is one of those envied people, military, who retire in the prime of life. Charles, former Navy, is a certified aircraft mechanic, the real pros.

Ralph Dickson, a master handyman like his father, is into making and flying model helicopters; Ralph's wife, Donna, is one of 12 children and the AUNT to 95 nephews and nieces; I may have these numbers somewhat awry, Donna, so you will have to write ye-editor to put the matter straight.

Also, our worries two years or so ago at the time of the big hurricane that hit the upper East Coast, and about the Kammert's living in Surfside, South Carolina, were unfounded; although they did have to evacuate, their home was spared any damage.

Charles Lundquist

OOPS!

A few months ago Jimmy Van Gilder and wife, Michelle, were flying to Nashville, when, at 10,000 feet their engine "conked-out." After "mayday," and other scary bits, Jimmy was able to safely land on a small landing strip. What about Michelle? She still occasionally flies with Jimmy on some of his many business flights around the country.

Seasons greetings! and blessed and prosperous New Year from the Charles Lundquist, III family: Charles, Lisa, Charlie, IV and Eric.



Robert (Rob) and Margaret King have moved clear across the country -- from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific coast. Their new address is:

Robert & Margaret King
448 Gibson Avenue
Pacific Grove, CA 93950

Rob's career with the Navy had him in Naples, Italy, when Desert Storm began. Luckily, he was not deployed to the area, but had orders which kept him in Europe. They arrived back in Norfolk toward the end of January -- and then trekked across country to California. Margaret and Rob are expecting their first child on March 22. Another wonderful "branch" to add to our family tree! We will be looking forward to hearing about our "newest family member."

ANOTHER "BRANCH"

On November 24, Mike and Carol Dickson were blessed by the birth of their little boy, Kyle Nicholas. He is keeping them busy and they are enjoying every minute of their time with him. He was 9 lbs, 1 oz. and 21" long at birth. Most people say he looks like his daddy. We are looking forward to our first Christmas with him and we hope all of you will feel as blessed as we do this holiday season!

Mike and Carol Dickson

(NOTE: Mike and Carol's address was correct before I erroneously "corrected" it! The right address is: 3673 Lake, St., Lansing, Illinois 60438-2472.)

Kyle
Nicholas
Dickson



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FROM OREGON

We hope all of you are doing well. The Wises in Oregon are great! As any of you who have moved already know, the first year after a move is full of adjustments. After being in Oregon for 9 months now, the five of us feel very at home. Oregon fits us like a glove.

Jimmy is in 3rd grade. Since we arrived, he has played baseball and soccer and enjoyed both. He is getting really tall and is as sweet as ever. One of the nicest things his teacher said about Jim at our conference was that Jim is well liked by all the children and teachers.

Bobby started kindergarten this fall. After a few adjustments, he is now settling in and has many friends. His favorite part of school is riding the bus! Bobby is hungry all the time which is no surprise since he grew 1" in 2 months! As always, he greets life daily with enthusiasm and optimism.

Charlie is in preschool two days a week. He uses a lot of energy trying to keep up with his big brothers -- and he usually does. Charles learned to ride a 2-wheeler bike and to swim this summer -- what a thrill!

John is glad he changed to Mentor. His job is challenging, but interesting. John and the boys put in a garden this last spring that produced pumpkins, corn, tomatoes and watermelons.

Becky has been quilting again! It's wonderful! I have a little room that I have fixed up just the way I want it with all my sewing things. It is my haven, although I seem to spend a lot of time in the van taking the kids to activities. I know I'll be doing even more in the upcoming years and that's OK. I am alternating Monday working in Jim and Bob's classes. It's fun.

We really feel settled here in Oregon. We are grateful for where we are both geographically and emotionally.

We wish all of you a happy holiday season as well as good health and happiness in the coming year.

Love from us all,

The Wises, John & Becky

NEW CHICAGO EDITOR

Diane Fabro has most generously volunteered to be our Chicago editor for the Newsletter. You can submit your news items to her for collection and she will forward them for inclusion in the Newsletter. Many, many thanks, Diane!

More from Diane:

God's given us many reminders to live life to the fullest and smell the roses this year. First the loss of my brother, Joe, in July. (It's hard to lose someone younger). Then I was diagnosed with treatable breast cancer in October. I've been undergoing radiation for the past two months which zaps my energy. It's been an adjustment for all of us. "Wonder-woman" has had to slow down.

Chris is a sophomore at the University of Connecticut with a good enough grade point average to make it into business school. He's Mr. Organized with a whole string of women in his life.

Matt left St. Ignatius -- Auditioned in music and was accepted into the Chicago Academy for the Arts (a high school like "Fame.") Both of them are wonderful young men pursuing the path God set for them.

Who knows what journey God plans for us in '92 - I'm sure it will be interesting.

Diane Fabro

MORE CHANGES

Ann and John Achenbach have been transferred to Germany -- their new address is:

Ann and John Achenbach
HHC 97th SIG BN
Unit #29728
APO AE 09028

They will be giving us a rundown on living in Germany in the near future. Ann has advised us that "everyone over here is speaking in German!"

Tom and Ramona Spearing's new address is:

R.R. 1, Box 27L
Aldie, VA 22001-9504

INFORMATION PLEASE!

We need a current address for Mike and Nancy Kashin -- we have been receiving our Newsletters back from them marked "moved, not forwardable." Would someone please send us their current address?

A TREE, AT LAST!

I believe we have finally figured out how to get a graph of the family tree and "who belongs to who" down on paper. (What would we do without computers/word processors?!) It will still be a quite a task and, as this newsletter is quite lengthy, we plan to have it ready for the next newsletter.

May you all have a wonderful, prosperous New Year and the Lord's blessings be bountiful!

Susie Aki and Carol Miller, Editors



"POP" and "MOM" - 1990