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Subject: **Eulogy**
Date: May 26, 2008 7:13:22 AM CDT
To: "'Vepstas Henrietta'" <henrieta.vepstas@gmail.com>
1 Attachment, 1.1 KB

Dear Henrietta: I haven't forgotten about sending you a copy of my father's eulogy. I'm having computer and printer problems. My new computer should be here by the end of the week and my printer should be up and running, also. As soon as all of that happens, I will send you a printed copy. In the meantime, I'm going to try to insert it in this email and see if you can print it out. It may not work, but one never knows. Beginning next Sunday, my mom will be here with us on a full time basis. I'm quite worried about her health. She has lost more weight and living alone at her house is just not healthy for her. So, I've put my foot down (at least as hard as a daughter can). Her apartment is well on its way to being completed. The framing is finished and the plumbing and heating/air conditioning installation starts this week. We expect that her place will be ready for complete "move-in" by the end of June. In the meantime, she has her own bedroom upstairs and shares my bathroom and closet. It's working out fairly well. But, I have to fatten her up. She has no strength or stamina. We're going to see her family doctor this coming Thursday. I'm sure he will prescribe something to calm her nerves and, hopefully, stimulate her appetite. I'm going to stock up on her "Mogan David" wine. It's not one I usually keep on hand, but for her, anything!!!!!! Take care.

Love, Marilynny 

This eulogy for my dad was written in conversational style – to be spoken rather than read.

EUOLOGY FOR MY DAD – EDWARD OSCAR MAGNUS

This is a day that I never thought would come because my dad always seemed to defy the odds and rally when the chips were down. Like the phoenix, he would rise out of the ashes from illness and surgery, and be brighter and better and healthier than before. But, sadly, not so this time. However, today rather than grieve and mourn his life, I would rather celebrate his 91 wonderful, strong and caring years as a husband, father, grandfather, and great grandfather.

My dad was not a flamboyant man, nor was he the life of the party. Quite the contrary, he rarely would draw attention to himself. He was reserved, some called it shy; I call it unassuming. He was dignified and always, always a gentleman. He was