

KELTON S. VIRNELSON

Following is the eulogy that my mother, Janet Virnelson, wrote and delivered at her father's funeral. Kelton S. Virnelson battled Alzheimer's for 20 years before he passed away in 1992.

He was the epitome of what a Grandfather was. He spoiled my sisters and me, he was full of laughter and quick jokes, and he showed us his love continuously. As you can read from my mother's writings, he was that much of a father as well.

Dad had a keen mind, a playful sense of humor, a love and understanding of music, a gentlemanly manner, and an enduring sense of dignity.

He had a special capacity for building strong and long-lasting friendships, and his friends became a part of our lives. I'm sure that both Tom and I will always carry special memories of Uncle Tom, Uncle Bruce, Uncle Rand & Aunt Margaret.

Most of all I think of Dad as devoting his life to his family and I feel fortunate to have grown up in the home that he and Mom created for us. Their marriage was uncommonly strong, and the devotion between them has lasted a lifetime. He gave me a feeling of safety and security during the scary and anxious years of World War II.

He loved planning special trips and excursions for us

which often included our friends.
Not only was he always available
for help with homework, he was
also ready to play games with
us and have a good "tease."
He loved word games, 20 questions,
and one of the last things that
would bring a chuckle from
him was

notlik Yrubsnat's Noslenriv
has name spelled backwards.

- From him I learned the
value of honesty

- From him I developed a sense
of integrity - of wanting to do
what is right

- From him I learned the importance
of neatness and precision in
my work and handiwork

- From him I inherited a sense
of modesty and moderation.

These values have been the foundation
of my personality and have given
stability to my life.

- and from him
I learned consideration
of other people

So

- everytime I sharpen a pencil that already has a point
- everytime I am complimented on my handwriting
- everytime I turn up the radio when I hear dany strumming
- everytime I refold a newspaper more neatly than I found it
- everytime I hear Rhapsody in Blue & am taken back to the peace & security of a soft summer afternoon with the sun shining through the venetian blinds

Everytime I know he will always be a part of my daily life
& everytime I see him whole again.

Thank you mom for sharing these touching and tender thoughts with us. As you can imagine, Pampa is missed by so many people.

To our readers – if you have a story or tribute about an Alzheimer's patient or a caregiver that you would like to share, we would love to post them on our website. Please email Joe at cfo@pp4alz.org and put the word "Story" as the Subject. You may include a picture as well.

Thank you for your continued support.

Visit us at www.pp4alz.org