**EULOGY SPEECH**

**WRITTEN FOR**

**JIM RICHARDS**

I want to thank all of you for joining me in honoring the life and memory of my mother, Lucie Mae Richards. If you are hearing this, my mother meant something to you. She lived a long life, and as the expression “I am part of all that I have met” teaches us, she was formed by all who came into her life. In turn, she influenced, inspired, and impacted each one of us. As well as she was and always will be, a part of you.... and that is how she will live on, you were a special part of her. Every day, we are learning how interconnected we all are and every day, as we share our stories, hear familiar songs, experience mutual memories and revelations of a life well lived, she will remain with us.

In order to keep alive the essence of a person, it helps to understand a bit of what that soul experienced as they grew up and found their way, so, even though you may know some or all of this, I’d like to share her story... My mother was born Lucie Mae Young on April 1, 1927, in Cantwell, Missouri.  Her father was James A. Young and her mother was Pearl E. Young.  She was the last born of four children.... she had one sister Marie. Her brothers were Jim and Chuck.  During their childhood, her father was a partner in, and operated the local General Store.

In 1933, when she was six, her father sold his share of the General Store, and purchased 80 acres of land and a log cabin in Wisconsin.  From there, they moved to a farm in Eagle River, then to De Sota, Missouri.  The family acquired their first home in the county of Lake of the Woods, twenty two miles east of the town of Baudette, Minnesota on the Rainy River near the U.S. Canada border.  After a year they moved into Baudette, and a few months later and seven miles from town, they transitioned into a big farmhouse on the Wabanica River.  Later on, they moved into another house on the Rainy River just two miles from Baudette.

I remember that Mom told me it was a challenging life and they all had to pitch in and work hard to eat and survive the cold winters.  They hunted for food, cleared land, farmed, and fished.  Since this was not long after the Great Depression, they found it necessary to move around a lot in order to find a place to settle and live their lives. After leaving the General Store, Mom’s father owned farms, a couple of diners and a gas station. Over the years, I heard many stories of how my mother spent time working at the family diners as a young girl.  While these stories may have seemed ordinary and somewhat uneventful to her, to me they added color and substance that established the character of the hard working, devoted, nurturing adult she would become.

Mom’s brother Jim was twelve years older than she was. He played the saxophone and organized a band starting at the age of thirteen and that group played dances, fairs and events.  Their Dad played the drums and from what I’ve been told, he had a good deal of talent.  Music was Jim’s livelihood and he studied, performed and eventually finished his career as the head of the music department at Fullerton High School.  The entire family was incredibly musically talented, and Mom was no exception.  Mom sang in public in Minnesota for the first time when she was just twelve years old.  It was at a large celebration on Armistice Day, the celebration commemorating the end of World War One, now known as Veterans Day.  She sang the Lord’s Prayer.  That performance signified the point when she also started singing with the family band. She was a gifted vocalist with a strong  beautiful voice.   Like her brother Jim, music was a very important part of their life.

Lucie Mae was only 14 years old when on December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor was attacked. Right after that, the family left Minnesota for good and moved to Seattle where she attended Garfield High School.  After a year they moved to Sultan, where in 1945, she graduated from Sultan High School.  She often shared many memories of taking the train back to Minnesota so she could sing with her brother’s band in those days, and wherever they were, harmony prevailed.  They performed in Seattle as well, as her brother Jim spent the passing years going back and forth from Minnesota to Seattle for the same reason.... life may separate us, but family ties find a way to unite.

After Mom turned nineteen, she was baptized at the First Baptist Church in Seattle.  A few years later, on a blind date at a hockey game, Lucie Mae Young met her future husband, my father, Bob Richards.  We all know how the residents of Seattle prioritize hockey... these two showed the magic that is possible while attending a game!! They married on June 3, 1950.  In January of 1955 they bought their home in Ballard at 8346 21st NW, adding chapters and connections to the “legend” of Lucie Mae Young.”

As the years marched on, Mom worked for three different banks in many capacities....as a bookkeeper, a teller, and, ultimately, head teller.   She was the office manager and receptionist at a doctor’s office.  She worked in bookkeeping at the Bon Marche for a while and as a secretary for the Seattle School District at Whitman Middle School for twenty one years... but one thing was consistent and as crystal clear as her powerful voice... through every farm, cabin, house, home, and job, her music was with her.

Mom’s love of music and singing grew and grew and never stopped.  She sang wherever and whenever she could, for as long as she could.  She always had music in her heart and in her life.  She sang the Ave’ Marie at my wedding to Susan, and it was incredible. People would hire her to sing at all types of events. I remember that as I was growing up, she would practice all the time in our home.  She sang with the Northminster Choir for over fifty years and as recently as 2016 she sang a beautiful solo at Christmas at the age of 89.... Remember... “We are part of all that we have met.” My mother’s love of music was an integral, important part of who she was, she shared it often, and that music lives on as a tribute and reminder of the voice and the soul of this very special woman...

**PLAY THAT RECORDING NOW**

So many people have shared some very special thoughts with me about Mom and I’d like to, in turn, share a few quotes that I found from some of the people that loved her very much.

I found these first ones in a notebook that looked like it was part of a project to gather memories and impressions of, and for, my mother.

“Dear Little Lucie Mae, you are my darling little granddaughter.  You’ve been so nice to me I love you oh so dearly.  I pray God’s Blessings rest upon you that you may grow to be a fine young lady and a real servant of the Lord.

-Your grandmother, Emma Young.  1936”

“Remember well, and don’t forget, your mother dear loves you yet.  Stay as sweet as you are.

-Mother.  1936”

“I don’t know, sweet girl but I think you must have left this page for me, anyhow I have got it.  Never be hasty about anything, always think at least twice before acting.  Be ever as dependable and sweet as you are now, and the end will find you with a small portion of sorrows and regrets.

-All my love, Dad.  Baudette, Minnesota, 1937.”

“Wonderful Wife Lucie, Thanks for sweet memories!!!!  Loving you is a wonderful way to spend a lifetime, Now and Forever,

-Love Bob.  1965.”

Mother, you and Dad blessed me with so many wonderful experiences and memories growing up. You were always there when I needed you.  You made our house a home, full of love and music.  I was lucky to have you as my mother and I am blessed to have been your son. You will **ALWAYS** be a part of me. I love you. Thank you.

(**Todays date**)  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_