50th. Anniversary

**Ed and Barb Treick**

**The Wisconsin Club**

By: Mark Treick, Family, & Friends

**Opening Prayer: Uncle Paul**

Mark:

Good evening everyone, welcome, welcome. WOW, what a night!

Thankyou Uncle Paul for those words, as spirituality plays such a significant part in all of our lives, and especially those we celebrate tonight.

As most of you know, I am Mark Treick, and we are here tonight to celebrate a wonderful event, the anniversary, the **50th**., anniversary, of my parents, Ed and Barb Treick. This celebration has been going on in one manner or another for a week or so, and tonight is the culmination, the focal point, of this momentous occasion, their Fiftieth.

As several of us talk this evening, please continue to enjoy the wonderful food and beverages offered by our hosts here at The Wisconsin Club. This venue, The Wisconsin Club is unparalleled in the upper Midwest for its service, its food, its hospitality, and its contributions to the community. I want to thank our servers and the entire banquet staff.

2.

Most everyone here tonight has known Ed and Barb for years and years, and all of us could not be more pleased and honored that they have chosen to spend this night with us, their family and friends.

Ed and Barb, have for decades been an integral part of our community, through business endeavors, social affiliations such a Game Night, philanthropic efforts such as the Barnabas Foundation, and political engagement. And above all of that was their focus on family and their faith. For over forty years they have donated so much of their time, and bestowed innumerable gifts, to charitable causes, organizations, and individuals in need. And they did this concurrently with being valued members of their congregation, providing for their family, and raising their children. I know I speak for everyone in this room when I say we are proud to be your family, your friends, and have you both in all our lives.

Looking back a few years, as some may or may not know, my parents met as youngsters through a club, a political club where they were members in different locations. And their relationship was energized from their very first date, when Ed helped Barb get settled into one of her first apartments. During that work-date, a party ensued, perhaps there was beer, the records *aren’t* clear. Some trouble started up, they found an exit, and successfully got out before the law showed up, (**laughter**). I’m not sure, but I think a few years later dad tried to give that same advice, (unsuccessfully it turns out), to several fellows in a similar predicament,…. not sure of their names, maybe: Liddy, McCord, Hunt, **(laughter**).

Mostly what I remember as clearly as a bell, during the years as they raised and provided for their families, was the steadfast love they had for my sisters and me, their rock-solid personal convictions, as well as their unwavering dedication to their faith, **and to each other**. Their respect for each other, their patience towards one another, their individual kindness. They taught us by example, in how they led their lives.

3.

And they taught my sisters and I right from wrong, they provided a moral compass for us to follow, and they showed us how to be kind and respect people’s dignity. They provided a home where we learned that you can win, you can succeed, you can excel, not at the expense of others or being mean spirited, but rather by playing by the rules, being honest, and making the right choices in life. Now, please understand we were a normal family, and we or more specifically I, had our moments. Both Heather and Kim were hard acts to follow when it came to proper behavior, but I tried. For example, when dad and mom first discussed moral compasses, I thought it was a real directional compass. So, one New Year’s Eve, while my parents were at the Wickman’s, I thought it only proper to borrow one of the cars and try out the compass that I thought they were referring to. **WRONG**. When I got home there was a message for me on the answering machine tape. Now it wasn’t God’s voice, but it might as well have been, because it was Judge \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and he told me in **no uncertain terms**, that I had **lost my way**. **(Laughter).**

Through all their hard work and sacrifice, mom and dad did allow themselves some fun,..well at least in this case, dad. In 1989 dad told mom he was going to bring home a Miata. She thought he said Marotta, (which is a family name and also a reference to a gift from heaven), so she said **fine**. Well, Miata and Marotta are certainly different, but in dad’s case perhaps both **are** gifts from heaven, and over the years we have had many Marottas.

**(laughter).**

While Mazdas are still part of their lives, dad has through the years also became a very competent bike rider. He took his time and learned how to ride, as well as researching the different styles and levels of bikes. Not too long ago he took a very substantial tumble from his bike, resulting in some serious scrapes to say the least. He is back in the saddle again and getting some therapeutic assistance from the stationary bike in the community health center where he and mom now live during their summer months. What dad doesn’t know, but will now, is that mom incorporated her sense of humor into the care she displays for her family. She successfully had the Home Owners Association where they now reside, add a new covenant to their Bylaws,….and that is: anyone **under** the age of five, or **over** the age of seventy-five, **has** to have **training wheels**. **(Laughter).** And if that isn’t

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**enough**, she saved the window sticker from their first Miata, and it was **less** than his most recent bike. **(Laughter).**

Putting humor aside for a moment, there is no doubt regarding our parent’s dedication to faith, to sharing with others, and to the gift of time volunteered. From 2nd. Corinthians*: “For if the willingness is there, the gift is acceptable according to what one has, not according to what one does not have”.* Both of our parents have shown through their giving of both time and possessions, that they truly are dedicated to humanitarian efforts through their allegiance to their faith and good citizenship.

I could very easily stand up here for a very long time and extoll the virtues and love for our parents that so many of us share. I want to make one point clear before I relinquish the floor. As a son, as a child, and as an adult, I am thankful every day for what my parents taught us about good judgement, good citizenship, and how to be loving and caring to our own families. How they taught us to provide and protect our families no matter what. How to treat everyone with dignity, respect, and with a hand up to those less fortunate.

No better lessons could have been learned from their generation to ours. Their legacy will be not only be **what** they earned through hard work, but **who** **they are** as people**,** as citizens, and as followers of their **faith**. Congratulations mom and dad, thank you for everything you have given to our family and to our community. I love you both.

Enjoy everyone, during dessert we will have some words from Heather, Kim, and others.

After all is said and done tonight, **please** be careful on your way home.

And for being **part of our celebration** this evening, **thank you all**.

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**Dessert:**

**Kim, Heather, and other guests speak**

**Parting Prayer:**

**Uncle Don**