

Eulogies for Gramps 7/19/25

Kristin (Daw)

Thank you for coming. All of you have your own experiences with my Dad. May our time together today have equal laughs to our tears.

For my Dad, nothing was impossible.

What I realized after he passed – Behind all of his efforts was one guiding principle - LOVE. Now don't get me wrong - That love was hidden inside clever insults, creative expletives, and sometime uproarious contagious laughter only he could engender.

Five months before he died, my mom had an operation. I came out to help. Together my dad and I took care of her, solved problems of him learning to care for himself with his medical issues because she couldn't for a while. We hung out, cracked up, and spent time together. This time was a gift. We reconnected. No regrets.

And the realization that LOVE was his guiding principle. LOVE of my mom first and foremost, LOVE of his family, LOVE of his dogs, LOVE of his life.

So, no matter how you show it, in honor of my Dad, let LOVE show you nothing is impossible.

Nils (Boy)

Thanks, all, for coming to celebrate my Dad.

I want to start by recognizing something that not everyone here may know. On top of my dad being who everyone knew him to be, he was one of the most talented artists I've known. Be it composing or performing music, filming/editing/scoring music for home movies, or his last love of long arm quilting with my mom...he truly had great talent.

And he gave me the blueprint for a long happy marriage (it took me a while to figure that one out, and as my wife Charlotte can attest, I'm still trying to figure it out). And let's be serious here... we all know my Mom had a TON to do with those 55 years.

And lastly, my most vivid memory of my Dad –

I was 16 years old in 1991 and he called from work and told me to empty out '85 Blazer because they were dropping off a new vehicle. So I cleaned it out and a '91 Mazda Navaho (Ford Explorer) shows up... black, 4-wheel drive, cd player (which was huge back then). 5 speed manual. I knew he got it for me because at that point he was done with stick shift, and what 16-year-old boy doesn't want a manual transmission?

So, I fanboyed for about an hour before he got home from work. Then we looked over the truck, and he looked at me, as I was waiting to hear that he got it because I performed well in school, didn't really get in any trouble, and was generally a good kid. And he said...

Boy, understand that this is my car that I'm letting you use. If I hear you say it's your car, it's gone. If you take the car without me knowing, I will report it stolen, have you arrested and sit in jail.

That's my Dad!

Keira (Beulah)

I was asked to write a memory that I shared with Gramps. It took some thinking, but the memory I have with him that means the most to me isn't one single memory. It's the love me and him shared for our beloved German Shepards. (Sorry, Gramps, I mean HE and I. He would have smacked me upside the head for that one!).

But our love for those insane dogs will always be my favorite. Every time I see a Shepard, I think of him and always will. I only wish that my Shepards in the future will be as well behaved as his, because I have no clue how he got the best dogs I've ever met.

So that's my best memory of Gramps. That and his love of correcting my grammar.

Nicole (Coley)

Gramps. We had a lot of names for him – Gramps, Grampa and Grandfather Sir. That last one was his favorite. Obviously.

Gramps taught me how to drive, which was impressive because he did it with only screaming once, and grabbing the “oh shit” handle (also known as the grab handle).

He and my dad, Papa Nils, helped design and build my physics class mouse trap car like we were competing in the Indy 500.

And he proudly painted my walking stick bright pink because if you are going to have a walking stick like your Gramps, why not make it fabulous!

He also played a critical role in launching my statistics class gambling ring, helping me create the game Die High 41. While some grandfathers help their granddaughters start lemonade stands, mine made sure I was running the odds and helping me calculate the spread for a hefty cut, of course. While some adults may have called our project an illegal under-the-radar betting operation, Gramps called it entrepreneurship.

Gramps was famous, and I mean famous, for his mac cheese and hot dogs, a delicacy that my family has still not been able to replicate, even with the recipe. The secret ingredient is that it was made with Gramps’ love, which seems to be what’s missing.

Every year he insisted that we watch “*It’s a Wonderful Life*” in black and white, together as a family. No exceptions. I used to complain, but once I turned 21 and could watch it with a bottle of wine, it got much better. The movie was about love, legacy, and the importance of a life – his favorite themes, right behind Costco’s efficiency and giving me a Ted-talk-worthy lecture on the art of slicing and cooking turkey dogs for optimal cheese coverage for mac cheese and hot dogs.

Gramps was proud. He was smart. He was stubborn in the most endearing ways. But he and Ume have been the glue that held our family together. However, in true Gramps style, he would say Ume is the glue and he is the sparkly pink glitter on top.

You know that ice-breaking question “If you could have dinner with anyone dead or alive, who would it be?”. I don’t have to hesitate anymore. It will always be him. Always. Especially if he’s cooking.

Gramps, thank you for the laughs and the lessons. I hope you’re already up to something up there – preferably mildly inappropriate, slightly unhinged, and completely legendary.