

Written by Jane Manasse at her mother's funeral service:

My mother was first and foremost a matriarch a believer in the strength and virtue of family continuity. She regarded herself as a link firmly attached to her ancestors and to her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Her forebears were early settlers in Kentucky and southern Ohio to whom she felt a close attachment, although she was born in Minneapolis. Her mother died when she was six. She went back to the land of her ancestors to be brought up by an uncle and aunt surrounded by cousins nieces and nephews. As her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren appeared on the scene, she embraced them in her extended family, grieving at their sorrows and celebrating in their triumphs.

Although she was no feminist, neither was she an old-fashioned wife and mother. She was far too independent for that. While intensely domestic, she reached out in many directions to pursue her own interests, cultivating new friends and working on new projects. She seems to others slight and rather frail, but in fact she was a dynamo of energy. It was not until the last few months of her life that she was forced unwillingly and fighting all the way into an armchair existence. Long after the doctors had given her up her will to live kept her vital.

While not particularly addicted to travel, my father's career made it inevitable. She spent her honeymoon in England and France and, shortly afterwards, a year in Germany and Austria. From the 1950s on she traveled with him in Asia, Africa and Latin America. In 1957 it was a trip around the world – later, many expeditions to the Middle East and Africa. She was not much of a sightseer but was intensely interested in the life of the people. I remember my father telling me of a train trip in India. She was surrounded by Indian women who showed no hesitation in asking her age, the number and ages of her children, the size of her husband's income, etc. My mother was as inquiring and by the end of the journey everyone had a full knowledge of each other's business. In the early 1960s she spent several months in Uganda and traveled around East Africa. She joined a group of British women teaching Africans English and hearing about their housekeeping problems. She greatly admired the statuesque African women enveloped in their Bisuties walking majestically down the road, delicately balancing a pickle bottle on their heads.

We had a close family life. It may sound funny but one of the things I appreciated most about my mother from an early age onward was that

she was always there when I came home from school. I could always depend on her and it gave me a security in life that is lacking in so many homes today. She waited until we were older to pursue her interest in houses by becoming a real estate broker. She pursued that activity as she did other interests, with great energy, enthusiasm, intelligence and success. The only thing I ever knew her to fail at was sewing.

During the last several years of my mother's life, I saw her draw closer and closer to God. And I am much comforted because I know she is resting in the arms of Jesus and he has wiped away every tear from her eyes. She has no more sorrow no more pain. And I shall see her again.