

Eulogy for Cheryl Wedorff

Good morning everyone, for those of you who do not know me, my name is Brian Wendorff; Cheryl's middle child. I want to thank everyone for attending this morning to honor the life of Cheryl. She always felt it was important to support and participate. She would truly be moved by everyone's commitment to not only take time to remember her impact on your lives, but to also support her family in their time of grieving.

If you were able to take some time to view and appreciate some of her handy work before the service, you might think we were leaning into a bit of a craft show here. I know she would have loved the look and feel of this setting. Without a doubt she was a fan of show and tell. Of course we are our harshest critics, but knowing the effort that goes into creating, Mom was quick to highlight the successes in others projects. She did not always afford herself such grace however. In each and every project she would complete, she could show me a fault that might annoy her. More often than not, these would be discrepancies most of us in this room would not be able to identify; her sisters excluded of course.

In reviewing the display, it's easy to see where Mom's passion lies. To Connie, Mary Kaye, and Margarete, commendably, you took what your mother gave you and with my Mom turned that into a foundational bond. Shop hops, weekend or week long visits centered around projects and even scheduling classes together inevitably all lead to you pushing each other to continue to hone your craft. I would challenge, however, as impressive as the needle work, and those projects out there are, the most beautiful by-product of countless hours spent pushing the sewing machine to

its limits, is the sisterhood bond you created. Cherish and hold onto those memories. The hours creating amazing works may be countless, but those memories are truly priceless.

For many, Mom may simply be remembered for her laugh, her ability to visit with almost anyone in the room, or even her ability to get things done by persistently asking with a smile. She did like the phrase “you catch more flies with honey,” and she was a master at using this approach in life. Whether it be in a supervisory role at Fingerhut, working as a Correctional Officer, or simply in her daily interactions, she had an ability to communicate that could get even the most difficult of customers on board; me included. If your memory of Mom is simply that of her pleasant demeanor, I know she would be pleased, and I am truly happy for you that you possibly got to experience one of her more prevalent traits.

As precious as these traits are, and salient to the memory of Cheryl, for those closest to her, the trait that may stand out the most though might be her strength. No at 5 foot 2 inches you might not see this woman proud to tout her one half Irish heritage as a beacon of strength. For those that knew her best however, that may just be the trait that stands out the most; her strength. Whether it be a serious car crash with her husband and 1 year old son, the disability of her husband while trying to raise three children, losing her husband at the tender age of 56, or surviving a brain aneurysm, a smile could be found. Shift work to support the family would not keep her from any number of obligations for the kids. Athletics, Musicals, Plays? Not to worry, Cheryl would be there. Parent Teacher conferences, First Communions, birthdays, Confirmations, Graduations, these mattered, and Mom was committed to ensuring a best effort was put forth. I won’t even go deep on her ability to fundraise. I can’t begin to understand what

that even was. She could help her kids fundraise like I can't to this day believe. She was so good at it, my high school buddy Swanny solicited her to also help move pizzas for him for our Senior Class Trip! Between the two of us I know we (and by we I mean she), sold over 400 pizzas, and yes we did make it to Florida. It may not have always been easy, but she picked herself up and always allowed herself to be available for the family.

Her most fond role however may be that of Grandma, she wanted nothing more than to be around her Grandchildren. No, she wasn't going to work on a softball swing or a basketball shot. There wasn't going to be a lot of inputs as how to read musical notes, nor would she critique the finer aspects of the theater. But if invited, she would be at any event going. If that meant driving halfway across the state for a spelling bee, she was there. Again, athletics, musicals, plays, dance, band concerts, jazz and choir concerts, you name it. The knees might not have loved the walk from the car to the venue, and they for sure hated bleachers, but **SHE** loved watching everyone of you participate in life. It was these moments that kept her young.

Bailey, Christopher, Ava, Zoe, and Sophia, your Grandma loved you so much. You truly gave her purpose in this sometimes battle of a life. When you might feel alone, or down, remember those quirky little moments with Grandma. It may hurt, but as time goes, there will be smiles to be found in those memories. She is and always will be with you, she wouldn't have it any other way in life, and she wouldn't have it any other way moving forward.

As resilient as Mom was, every great fighter eventually finds a worthy adversary. I am sad she was unable to win this bout, but as I look to my brother, and sister, her grandchildren, daughter

in-laws, and especially internally to myself, I see influences of my Mom permanently stitched into the very fabric our being. The memories are plentiful; far too many to even scratch the surface today. That's ok though, as I look at this amazing group of people, again I am reminded of Cheryl's (my Mom's) mark on this world. I will miss her smile, and our weekly check-ins. But, Mom held a strong faith, as do many in this room. I hold no doubt, as painful as this is, she is finally free from pain. This journey will have paid its dividends, and she will be reunited with Dad and those loved ones lost before her. She will be there watching each and every one of us participate in life. Again, I don't believe she would miss it for the world. We love you Cheryl..... (Mom).....And..(Grandma);..... goodbye. 😊