

Dear Russ and Family,

I am so sorry to hear about the passing of Tricia, which was such sad and unexpected news. Though I don't cry easily, I cried when I read your note. How grateful we are to know that



there is a heaven, a place where we can go and be with Jesus, surrounded by his incredible love and to be reunited with those we have known, loved and cared for. May you hold tightly to those truths. [Ann on left Sandy who was older on rt]



Though I prefer to send handwritten cards and notes of sympathy and encouragement, since it is Christmas day and one month since your loss, I

thought it more timely to email you a message of my memories and gratitude toward Tricia and the life that she lived.

As a married couple, both you and Tricia influenced my life in some profound ways. My memories begin when my sister Sandy and I took a Spanish summer school that Tricia was teaching. Sandy was about 10 years old, which made me about 9 years old at the time. Even though that was over 40 years ago, I can still remember being in that classroom, learning Spanish words, singing songs and seeing some of the South American items that "Mrs. McGlenn" brought to class to show us. If my memory serves me right, these items included ponchos and sombreros. And for some reason, I even think that there may have been an armadillo! She taught us simple words and songs in Spanish, some of which I remember to this day. Sandy and I both enjoyed having Tricia as our teacher and even then we sensed that there was something special about her as we were drawn to her patience towards us as well as her calm and gentle spirit.

One day, Sandy and I missed our ride home from school. Seeing that something was amiss, Tricia offered to give us a ride home and in doing so, we discovered that we didn't live far from each other. After summer school ended, she kept in touch with us and even invited us to your home where you lived in the Quonset house next to her parent's farm just off of Andover Boulevard. Your home contained items reminiscent of the time that you spent in South America and I remember listening to the sounds of mariachi bands that played perhaps on a record player while we visited. At the time, you had a couple of horses that you kept at Tricia's

parent's farm and on a few occasions you saddled them up and gave us a ride. That was a huge draw for two horse loving young girls and I can see how God used that for a bigger purpose in sharing your faith with us.

There were other invitations as well and I remember being invited to a gathering at the farm in which we went on a hay ride with several others. The wagon would stop at times in places where we would be shown and educated about edible plants and roots that were found along the way. Sandy and I appreciated these and other encounters where we spent time with you and your family. Oftentimes conversations and stories about the mission work that you did in South America would come up. It was quite possibly the first time that I had heard the word missionary and I remember being intrigued by that.

Although I don't recall the precise sequence of events, I remember that Heather was born and I think that she shares the same birthday as Sandy, which is November 16<sup>th</sup>. I think Tricia may have been thirty years old at the time as I recall my mom having a conversation with her about how she herself was about that age when Sandy and I were born. In mentioning Tricia's passing to my mom she states that she remembered seeing Tricia as a young girl in the store that Tricia's parents owned. As a young adult, my mom and her family moved to the St. Paul area and they would sometimes shop at that same store. And so, even before I was born there was a family encounter with Tricia.

Not long after Sandy and I met you and Tricia, a fire broke out, destroying your home and your personal belongings. We thank God that your lives were spared and you were able to move in with Tricia's parents while deciding where to go from there. That must have been a difficult time for you both, but as a child what I remember is how you handled it with grace.

You then began to build a new home just down the road from there. During that time, you sometimes "hired" Sandy, our brother Butch and me to help with simple tasks. I am not sure if you trusted us to do an adequate job on your new house or if you were giving our mom a needed break from some of her five kids, but regardless, it was empowering to us and helped in developing a work ethic in each of us. My brother went on to become a carpenter, something that he is still doing today.

Again, I am not sure of the sequence of events, but at some point Ryan and then Kevin was born and at times you had us babysitting for you. You and Tricia were very trusting in allowing us the privilege in caring for your little ones back in those days. Through small beginnings such as this, caring for children became a big part of my life, doing more babysitting, having an informal daycare in our home and working as a pediatric nurse for a number of years too.

Sometime around 1979, you did an amazing, selfless thing, you invited a large family of non-English speaking refugees from Cambodia to come and live with you, helping them to establish their lives in this country. These actions of yours had an influence on me and my view of the

world and people of other cultures. Having been influenced by this, I worked at the American Refugee Committee for a time after graduating from high school. And beyond that, your kindness to people of other cultures has inspired me as I care for those from various cultural groups that I work with in my role as a nurse.

Though I grew up going to a local Lutheran church, it was at a Lowell Lundstrom Crusade that my uncle took me to when I was 12 years old that I first gave my heart to God. When I was about 15 years old my faith really came alive when Tricia invited me to your church, *The Way of the Cross*. I continued to go there for about five years before moving on. During those years, Tricia invited me out to movies with your family and also took time to meet with me over meals where she would mentor and encourage me, a great help during those early years. During that time she would pray with me in what she called, "conversational prayer," an acceptable way to pray in a public space. She also shared some of her challenges with me, but again handled those challenges with grace and dignity.

After high school, I began working, got married and had children while trying to get through nursing school. Those were busy years and life went on. Even so, I always had this sense of appreciation for Tricia, for how she inspired and mentored me and for how she set a godly example of how to live life. From her example, I have always desired to have a home that conveys peace and calm, kindness and caring and a healthy place where God is honored and loved.

Though I longed to become a missionary, finding inspiration from the work that you did, I didn't know how to make that happen. And as it turned out, even though I didn't go out myself, God made me a sender and an encourager of those who do get called to go out. On her own accord and without my prompting, my daughter earned a degree in missions. She and her husband have now been serving overseas for 9 years. Although I didn't get called to work in another country, my work as a nurse is my mission. As I mentioned, I encounter people from a variety of cultural backgrounds in my work, so I guess I didn't have to go far to find that. I also found my way into leading a women's group where we pray for and support several missionary families or "International Workers" as we now call them. Each month I present a missions related devotional to our group. In hearing of Tricia's passing and knowing the impact that she has had on my life, I have decided to dedicate January's devotional to her. I will tell of the story of how she influenced and impacted my life and of the ripple effect that had. Hers was a beautiful life. A life well lived, one that honored and glorified God.

Russ, I am truly sorry for your loss. Tricia was indeed a Proverbs 31 woman. She had an impact on my life and I am forever grateful for that. We miss her much and look forward to someday reuniting with her in heaven.

Peace Be with You. Sincerely, Ann