

First my deepest sympathy to my family on grandma's passing. To mom and uncle Ken, I will pray for much comfort in the coming days, and to my cousins that we will keep her memories alive through stories, and the manner of our lives.

**In her 100<sup>th</sup> Year – amazing, and special in itself.**

— Karl Pilkington said:

“I think people would live a bit longer if they didn't know how old they were. Age puts restrictions on things.”

I don't think Grandma considered her age to be a restriction – and thus it became her triumph in life.

**My grandmother was a wonderful woman.** We all knew this long ago, but this was seen yesterday by so many people of various ages in the community coming to celebrate her life and say goodbye. Each having a connection and story about playing cards with her, curling with her, going to church with her. . . . how touching to see how her life touched others.

I'm proud and thankful to have called her grandma. **She truly is one of the gems of Cobden.**

Our blessing, my blessing is to cherish those memories together.

**Grandma wasn't particular about much, easy going about most – yet competitive about some things like cards, and curling.** But the things she was interested in she committed to. Such as tea, the queen, the blue jays, broaches, baking, writing letters to family afar, romance novels, African violets, picking strawberries, birds, her garden, the price is right, and for a good season the bold and the beautiful.

**Grandma's athletic involvements have always impressed me. I mean curling until 95, sweeping those rocks!** Remarkable. A couple Christmas' ago she was playing fooseball and bowling on the wii – and keeping up with everyone, even winning. Trust me, being on her team was risky, because if you didn't pull your own weight, she'd let ya know. Think of how much she saw in her life-time....from horse and buggy to playing bowling on the Nintendo!

Grandma came alive most in competitive situations - I love how she would make small witty comments and her vivacious laugh would leave an impression compared to her quite nature.

**She was always willing to graciously comply with the requests of a child.** I remember for a season when I was about 7 years old asking her to cut my toast into thirteen triangle pieces....and she would. Grandma was just always there, always willing to help. She even helped me learn to ride my yellow bike down Crawford St., and how to skip rocks across water.

**Growing up, I likely saw grandma most everyday.** To be honest, she woke me up most mornings with her quiet feet coming into my bedroom to put away my laundry into my closet! She was there most mornings pattering around the house. . She probably kept me on time for school more than I knew.

**In recent years I have enjoyed driving grandma to various appointments, or the tiger store to get some supplies.** The car rides were fun as I tried to get as many stories out of her as I could. I enjoyed three generation days when mom, grandma and I would go for lunch and grandma always wanted some maple muffins to go home with from Tim Hortons – in fact they weren't muffins, there were maple donuts, but she insisted they be

called muffins.

As we reflect on cherished memories, pictures, and laughs...it is so clear how full a life she lived. **She had a vibrant social life, and meaningful life of service. Taking care of others before herself has been her life legacy.** In her early 90's she was still driving the "old" people to dr.'s apts., at 98 she was still hosting card parties, and baking snacks. She is an inspiration to me.

**Lessons from my grandmother reveal a life lived with humility, consistency, servant-hood, faith and grace...touched many lives.** She exemplifies putting some fun into life, keeping active, enjoying community, and living a simple life well and with meaning.

**John Piper writes, "Desire that your life count for something great! Long for your life to have eternal significance. Want this! Don't coast through life without passion."**

I've told grandma on several occasions, she's an outstanding example of a servant's heart; be it to family, friends, the curling rink, the church, or the ladies, she just serves. There is no complaining involved. She offers her acts of kindness in a quiet manner. She is steadfast, consistent, and reliable. She has been great to her children, and a sacrificial giver in great generosity with her grandchildren. She gives often with out getting.

She offers the little she has – with quiet service and devotion.

This reminds me of a lady in the Bible. Much like my grandmother, she too was a widow. Her heart echoes what I see in my grandmother. She lived a quiet faith, but faith none the less. Her acts of service spoke louder than words. Luke records the encounter of the widow's mite in

chapter 21, it reads,

1-4Just then he looked up and saw the rich people dropping offerings in the collection plate. Then he saw a poor widow put in two pennies. He said, "The plain truth is that this widow has given by far the largest offering today. All these others made offerings that they'll never miss; she gave extravagantly what she couldn't afford—she gave her all!"  
(MSG)

We have one life to live to the fullest – and we do not know how many days we get. There are no guarantees of 99 years for us. The Lord has unique timing and purpose for each of us.

Let us all take a lesson from the life of Gladys Francis, grandma: take the little we have in ourselves - and give extravagantly to one another acts of service. Let us live a simple life with deep meaning, let our faith be lived loud with acts of kindness, let us be generous with what we have, and love our families with great consistency.