



Lillie Jolliffe

July 28, 1906 - January 15, 2006

Lillie Jolliffe passed away in the early morning hours of January 15, 2006, at the Mt. Olivet Care Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She was 99 years old. She was born Lillie Theodora Nelson on July 28, 1906, on a farm near Eagle Bend, Minnesota. Lillie was the last of seven children born to John and Nellie Nelson, both Swedish immigrants. Preceding her in death were three sisters; Ethel Wagner, Teckla Christiansen and Pearl Chalk, three brothers; Clarence Nelson, William Nelson, Axel Nelson, and husband, Ray Jolliffe, who died in 1983. Lillie is survived by daughter; Eloise Glassman, son; Clinton Jolliffe and wife Edith, all of whom reside in Minneapolis, grandchildren; Richard Jolliffe of Minneapolis, Paulette Jolliffe of Los Angeles, Dean Jolliffe and wife Kim of Washington DC, Sherri Gorham of Seattle, and one great granddaughter, Kristen Prasek of San Diego, California. Lillie is also survived by 21 nephews and nieces. Lillie often liked to reminisce about her early childhood days on the farm. The apple orchard loaded with apples in late summer, her mother cooking meals over a wood-burning stove and the Christmas gatherings with cousins were always related with a sense of joy. She also liked to tell about the long winter walks over the snow-covered fields to a one-room schoolhouse. Our country was in the midst of World War I at that time and she recalls very vividly the date November 11, 1918, when a man came rushing into the schoolhouse shouting 'ring the bell, the war is over'. As my mother moved into her late teens she enjoyed attending dances in Eagle Bend. It was after one of those dances she found herself without a ride home. It was at that

moment that a dashing young man by the name of Ray Jolliffe approached her and said 'come on, I'll take you home'. In relating this story there would always be a twinkle in mom's eye when she would say 'and what was I to do'. Accepting that ride home was the beginning of a courtship that culminated in a wonderful marriage that lasted until my father's death, almost 58 years later. As a small boy I can remember listening in on conversations that my mother and grandmother would have. I found particularly interesting stories that my grandmother would tell regarding her childhood days in Sweden. What I also recall is that if the subject matter became a little too adult for the tender ears of a small boy they would switch to Swedish. On a more personal level, my mother truly enjoyed life. Adversity was no stranger to her but mom always kept a positive attitude. My mother does not have a PHD, she has never written a book and there will be no reporters covering the event of her death but she has lived her life with outstanding dignity and grace. As her son, she gave me life and much love. It was not a love imposed by some sense of parental duty but an innate love that I have always sensed when in her presence. That love will echo in my heart and my thoughts for the rest of my life. And now I say goodbye, dear mother. Thanks for being such a loving and caring mother for all of these years. I know our entire family join me in this expression of gratitude. We all have been truly blessed!