

She was the prettiest woman in town. Lucille took a lot of care in how she looked, not because she thought highly of herself but because she thought a lot of you. She thought you deserved the best: the best love, the best faith, the best music.

She was a devoted wife and mother. She cared for her family through difficult times, and her family stayed close in her time of need.

She was a great singer. Her voice melted your heart. Even in recent years when she no longer sang, the music and artistry oozed out of her. She never missed a beat.

She was a dedicated teacher. You couldn't ask for a better one. If you became her student, she was completely devoted to you. She pulled out of you what God had planted deep within. And she did it like nobody else. She was available whenever you were – at the crack of dawn, on holidays and in blizzards. She believed in you and got frustrated if you didn't practice. She taught more than music; she taught a way of life.

It is hard to lose a teacher. It is hard to lose someone who knew so much and had so much more to give. Losing a good teacher is like losing oxygen. It makes the future scary.

The disciples of Jesus endured a loss like this. He called himself the living bread for all to eat. He did not come to dazzle people; he came to feed them, to make disciples. He said, "As the living Father sent me and I have life because of the Father, so also the one who feeds on me will have life because of me." Jesus received life from the Father, and he shared that life with his disciples. Lucille received life from God and she shared it with everyone she met.

At the frail end of her life, when she was hospitalized, she knew the end was near, and her faith did not flinch. St. Paul says when the body of our earthly dwelling is destroyed we have an eternal dwelling in heaven. We may feel at home in this body, but we are away from the Lord, so good Christians are at peace leaving the body in order to go home.

Lucille is teaching again by her death. She teaches us not to fear what lies ahead, but to go forth strong in faith. May all of us live faithful lives, that one day we may join Lucille in the heavenly choir that praises the maker of all things.