

***Eulogy of Pastor Marcia L. Solberg***

***By her daughter, Sara E. Solberg***

***Shared at Pastor Marcia's Funeral Service on 12/13/17***

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When a loved one dies, as our family has discovered over the past few days, the world becomes a vast ocean of memories. We watch the snow fall, and remember Mom delighting in the winter season. We look out the window at the pine trees, and remember how Mom relished in the scent of freshly cut evergreen. We catch the fat squirrel – Mom's arch nemesis – stealing seeds from the birdfeeder, and remember how hastily she'd drop everything and rush out the door to yell at it in a shockingly gruff bark. We listen to a saved voicemail, and remember the gentleness with which she spoke. We bake Christmas cookies, and remember how she'd stash food in increasingly creative hiding places around the house, hoping the rest of us wouldn't find them, often to no avail. We try to choose which hymns we'd like sung at her funeral, and remember how she'd sing "Have No Fear, Little Flock" and "Children of the Heavenly Father" to Anna and I as girls, our lullabies on many a night.

Submerged in such a sea of remembrance, how is it possible to narrow down who Mom was to us and successfully convey that in a comprehensive eulogy? How can we articulate our fierce, relentless love for the person who was, in so many ways, the bedrock of our lives? Amid this barrage of memories, how can we choose the most quintessential to her, the ones that would do her most justice?

Such a task is clearly impossible, and so we'd like to share with you simply this.

Mom was someone who utterly delighted in the smallest aspects of life; you could see this in her smile, which was so often an embodiment of the pure, unfettered joy she found in playing piano, in snowmen, in swimming, in wildlife watching, in newborn babies, in the Advent season. She found room for humor where others could not, but was earnest in those areas that called for a more gravitas touch. Mom was self-assured in many things, but self-critical in many others; this, I think, is because she always aimed for perfection in her jobs as pastor, friend, mother, and wife, and felt like she had failed when this unattainable perfection couldn't be reached. She had a tender heart and an alluring warmth, yet she was simultaneously tenaciously strong in the way she applied them. Most of all, though, she was never anything short of steadfast, always, always there to selflessly serve and support each of us in whatever we needed, something that she has continued to do even after her death.

As we find solace in our memories, thank you for sharing in them with us. Thank you for being a part of her life—of our lives. Mom is very much included in this when we say that we have been incredibly humbled by the love and caring that we have witnessed throughout this long journey. Words can't express our gratitude.