

PASSAGES

I write this with a very heavy heart. I am missing my dear friend, my mother. She was a great part of my life. Her love of life and people kept her young throughout the years. She loved everyone and it was very obvious with her hugs, kisses, and friendly chats.

She loved being with the Siletz Tribal elders and always called us "senior citizens." I want to thank everyone for being so kind and gracious to her. A special thanks to the Siletz Tribal elders for accepting her and treating her with such respect and dignity. Also, thanks to the parish of St. Mary's Church in Siletz for the beautiful tribute to her. Thanks, Tony and Susie.

She is in heaven with our family, but she will always remain in my heart.

Respectfully,
Gladys Bolton

In Memory of a Great Lady

by John L. Roe Jr.

Many from one
All one a family
Until time ends and beyond
Death takes only the flesh, not the spirit
Each of us continues in eternal soul
Live life with love;
All else fades
Nothing comes from anger
Each of us gains from her model
Thank you, Maude



Photos by Maria Westervelt



My Grama Lane

by Cindy Jackson

She was my Grama and she was my friend,
Now after 100 years her life has come to an end.
But so many things will live on past this day,
In my heart is where she will always stay.
As long as I can remember ... she was always there,
No matter what ... no matter where.
There was nothing too much to ask of her,
I could always count on Grama, that's for sure.
She did things with me that no other Grama would do,
Bowling, swimming ... even rafting in the slew.
When I was sick, she was right there at my bed,
Loving and caring words were all that she said.
She always had a big hug and big smile,
And giving of her love all the while.
And now she's smiling in heaven above,
Leaving precious memories with those she loved.
She was so strong, right up to the end ...
And I can't believe I'll not see her again.
But I thank God she's in no more pain,
And finally back together with my Grampa Lane.
I love you, Grama.

To Maude Porter Lane - 1901-2002

"The Angel of the Valley"

by Mary Hall Robb

God whispers
And his universe
stands still
Holding its breath
the stars listen
And an Angel - a glorious Angel
Comes down
To take our Angel home.

They say when a great tree falls it
leaves a lonely place against the sky.
When a beautiful spirit passes over
we yet clutch to our heart.

The wondrous treasures
which wrapped her soul,
There is an everlasting fragrance
and the warmth of her being
Which hovers over us.

Like a blessing
She has only gone before
And we can keep her forever as a
light to brighten our path.

How does one paint a picture of a
life, which was so challenged
And yet lived according to the best
of God's premises.

I think it would be like a beautiful
tapestry or a painting
Diffused with color
And with touches of shadow and
sunshine and from the mosaic
I hear the strains of heavenly music.
Beauty and music are wed
In life's journey
And it says in the Holy Book
When God calls us home the
Angels sing.

I remember when I met Maude
Almost 70 years ago
There is so much to remember
Her kindness
Her understanding
Her compassion
Her marvelous sense of humor
And her love of life
Indeed this lady, this Angel of the
valley, was a gift from God and today
I shall say to my Creator
"Thank you" "Sahalli Tyee" for
lending her to us for over 100 years.



April 7, 2002

To Dear Little Maude,

They offered a mass for you today (Sunday) at St. Mary's. Gladys, Donna, Delores, and myself were at the services. Delores gave a very emotional talk about your years here in Siletz. Of the times you played the organ at the services at St. Mary's in the older church in the late '20s, early '30s, and '40s. I visualized you playing the organ just like you did at Gladys' house on her birthday, Dec. 19, 2001.

Your presence was felt very strongly.

We miss you very much, dear Maude.

You brought the spring!

You were love encompassed!

Your arms were opened lovingly to everyone!

You always had a smile on your face and a beautiful greeting!

I loved you dearly, sweet Maude.

You knew my mother (Augusta Evans) and spoke so highly of her.

I was very fortunate to have you for a friend for these last several years, going on shopping trips, riding the elders bus to the casino for meetings, shows, and lunches.

I pray to you to give strength and courage to Gladys, Donna, Delores, and all your relatives and friends.

With a caring and loving heart,
Maria Westervelt