

Sue Rock---A Life of Service to Others

on a small piece of paper

Mom kept a picture of Dad in her bedroom. Scotch taped to it, she scribbled "Think not only of the passing, remember the glory of their spirit." Mom had immeasurable spirit. The sweetness of her soul, her courage to be herself, her quest for adventure and determination to make life great for herself and everyone around her.

Love can be defined as the desire, willingness and ability to put the happiness of another above that of your own. Mom loved to love and loved to be loved. Last Christmas we were hanging out in Pemberville, and she was reading the paper. She came across a quote and blurted it at me. "Feeling gratitude and love and not expressing it is like wrapping a present and not giving it." Mom had a way of always making you feel loved and appreciated.....we all need that in our lives.

She didn't always use words, rather she showed her love through her service to others

To my Dad: She was his constant companion, debate opponent, dance partner, bike rider, world traveler. Mom and Dad were always together, they were deeply devoted to each other and truly enjoyed each other's company. In weddings the pastor quotes from the Bible "....and the two shall become one." Mom and Dad became one. Its incredibly hard for me to think of them separately. They were always Sue and Bill. Suzie was the strength of that bond. She was the voice of reason, the keeper of peace, the beaming ray of hope.

To her kids: Mom was much stronger and tougher than the softspoken 4 ft 11inch, 95lb frame would suggest. Mom provided the day-to-day guidance and discipline. She could be tough and strict one moment and gentle and consoling the next. She always seemed to be able to adapt and adjust to whatever we needed. She wanted to provide and guide, but it was very clear, we would learn to do it, handle it or make it on our own. She wasn't going to do it for us. She has loved and appreciated, celebrated and supported all of our spouses (Jenny, Dick and Lori), 7 grandchildren (Andy and Julia, Becky and Lilli, and Kirsten, Nate and TK), their spouses and future spouses (Chris, Amy and Megan, Tony and Paul and Austin) and 3 great grandchildren (Kyle and Cooper and Wyatt). Unconditional love is a gift and Mom gave it generously.

To her Students: The week mom passed, Lori and I were at her mom's place and I was packing the car. Joyces neighbor came out and said to me "Are you Brian Rock? Crim School Brian Rock? I said yes. She said I'm Julie????? Julie Jones. We went to elementary school together. We talked and reminisced for a bit, and I shared that mom had passed. The following weekend Lori and I were back in BG. Julie saw Lori and I in the driveway again. She had to tell me that she and her sister, both students of mom, had been remembering mom. She shared that she (now a nurse) and her sister, an executive with Pfizer, both pursued a career in science because of my mom.

To Her Church and Community: The greatest gift one can give is time. Mom loved to deliver wheeled meals, serve at "Wednesday Night Live", participate in the "League of Women Voters" and countless other service organizations and projects. Giving was not about what she did..... its Who she was.

The loss of a parent causes one to reflect deeply about one's own life. I have done a significant amount of reflecting in the last couple of years. We all question our roles in life in respect to son, husband, brother, father, grandfather etc. Our worth is not measured in wealth or awards or recognition, rather the strength and value of the relationships in our lives. Love in action is service to the world. It is what brings happiness to us all and brings us closer to God. I have spent many moments thinking of fun times, tough times, successes and failures. Mostly I reflect on how thankful and blessed I am that Sue Rock was my Mom.

I stood up here a year ago and quoted a stanza from a Dan Fogelberg song when speaking of my father. There is another stanza ^{in that same song} that plays over and over in my mind in reference to my own relationship with my mom.

I thank you for the music and your stories of your road.

I thank you for the freedom when it came my time to go

I thank you for the kindness and the times when you got tough

And Mama I don't think I said I love you near enough.

Suzie, we will "Think not only of your passing, but remember the Glory of your Spirit." I love you Mom