

## **In Memory of Ivanelle W. Lockard**

My name is Fred, mom's little pree-mee. She always mentioned that when they brought me home from the hospital she had to feed me every two hours. So, I blame her for that habit which I religiously keep to this day.

Mom couldn't make it here today; thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ she's moved on to a place that is so wonderful that it is beyond our imagination. I'm sure we can speculate that the Lord met her with a bouquet of flowers and the comforting words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

What some of you might not know is that my mom left behind countless treasures and valuables: not material things, but rather cherished memories.

Certainly she left me with a thousand practical memories of things she did, like teaching me how to make breakfast; make cookies; make my bed (with proper hospital corners!). And even how to hygienically change a pillow case. She even taught me how to drive a stick shift!

She did so many good things, thousands and thousands of delicious meals that she prepared with love, tens of thousands of dishes cleaned with her precise eye for hospital cleanliness. Mom could put her hands in extremely hot water and it wouldn't hurt, she said all the years of washing dishes built up her resistance to it.

There were countless times she offered sage advice and encouragement like when you had a little accident and got hurt she would say, "It'll get better before you get married."

For me, the best memories are not just the things she did do, but things she didn't do. For example, my mom never yelled at me, not even once. Well, there was just one time. I was nearly sixteen and a brand-new driver still on a learner's permit; I was driving my dad's big Buick Electra 225, dad was in the passenger seat next to me and mom was in the back. For the very first time I was just starting to pull into heavy Phoenix traffic on Camelback road. The right lane was open and I was just starting to turn right out onto the main road and Mom must of thought I was pulling out right in front of a truck and she yelled, "STOP!" So, that was the one and only time I remember her raising her voice.

Something else she never did, I never heard my mom use a swear word or say an unkind word against anyone. She certainly demonstrated the verse in Ephesians, "Let no unwholesome word proceed from your mouth, but only such a word as is good for edification, according to the need of the moment, that it may give grace to those who hear." If she didn't agree with someone, she wouldn't get mad at them. I remember her smiling and saying, "To each his own." Although, visitors to her home might remember she had a nice bird feeder right outside her kitchen window. She had an ongoing disagreement with a squirrel that would steal the seeds away from the song birds. Even so, swear words were just not in her vocabulary.

Finally, let me add on other thing that she never did, she never gave up in prayer. That's probably just one reason why God gave her the strength to live so long. He knew that so many of us needed her prayers. Well, me especially! When she was living alone in her home right here in Prescott Valley, I would call her nearly every day. She would always ask how Melanie and Joshua were, and was interested in the details of what we were doing.

We would talk about many different topics, the weather, Joshua's most recent soccer game results, I would tell her what Melanie made us for dinner, or some recent activity we were involved in. Mom said that some of her friends thought that I was being such a nice son to check on my elderly mom all the time, but really... the calls were more for my benefit, not hers. I would sometimes share some problem we were working on, and she would remind me that she was always praying for us. God has blessed me and my family so much because of the fact that my mom never gave up praying for all the details of our lives.

Melanie has mentioned on more than one occasion where something happened unexpectedly well that "Mom must have really been praying for us on that." When I called her to share good news she would say, "Oh good, I was praying for that to work out."

My mom lived a life never to be forgotten and created a legacy unlike any other. Her legacy is so much more than just career accomplishments and awards or making money and storing up possessions; her legacy is about the hearts she touched, the lives she made better.

She never sought the spot light. God's Holy Spirit led her in quiet ways so that her life is an example to us all, a life that is a race well run. Very few people finish well, my mom finished her race very well.

You know, some people who are filled with themselves, when they are trying to convince people of a point of view, who they are speaks so loudly that you can't hear what they're saying. My mom was the opposite of that. She found the secret to having an impact in people's lives was a life transformed by His Holy Spirit, and sharing in a spirit of love.

So, what's the biggest and best memory of my mom? What's the way she left her mark on the world, the lesson she was teaching? It can be summed up by remembering something that she never did: she never, ever thought of herself first.