

## *Our Mom*

By son, Jon

With 92 years to reflect upon, one can think of many moments of happiness for our Mother, Bev and of course, those of sadness that life brings. I remember the pride and happiness in my mother's eyes when her man, her husband of so many years had a street named after him in the town of Alexandria recognizing his devotion to the Vocational Technical School. And there were the times she took a seat in front of the keys of that Baldwin piano in our living room and her life was transformed. I've never seen a person play the piano like my Mom because I never witnessed someone who loved music as much as she did. I have to chuckle as she would scowl at the piano playing of Liberace and others who sold their flare behind the keyboards – my Mother believed that the piano, the music was always the star, not her.

My mother was not a big person, she wasn't exactly the rough outdoorsy type. But she was nails. I remember this petite woman, whose small body was a patchwork quilt from surgery after surgery but yet most people would never have known she'd even had them. She was a cancer survivor. This little Norwegian Swedish woman beat cancer for over 50 years and it never did take her. Like I said. She was nails. I should add that a woman that tough actually did have a major phobia – and that was baby robins in the backyard. I only witnessed my Mother running twice in my entire life – once when I was injured playing baseball as a kid, she ran a block home to call my Dad and the second time was a sprint from her lawn chair in the backyard to the backdoor to flee a baby robin that had nearly landed on her while sun bathing. HaHa!

While our Dad was always the Commander-in-Chief of our family, our Mom was definitely the Operations Manager. She set the schedules, she performed quality control and she maintained our efficiency ratings....Hahaha.

I often felt a little sorry for my Mom living a life with three men in that house. She gave up a lot so us men could be men. She stood in that kitchen cooking wild duck and pheasant and venison and walleyed pike....oh Lord, the fish that never seemed to stop. One of my fondest memories was our Saturday evening meal which was spaghetti with meat sauce. Now, for any Italians out there, this was a pasta meal prepared by a Norwegian Swede for a German Norwegian husband and kids. My Dad was and is and always will be a carnivore. So the spaghetti noodles actually were meant to be more of a color contrast to the ten pounds of meat in the sauce. Our Dad would have three helpings of that spaghetti each Saturday night – he tore into it like a man who hadn't eaten in a month and our Mom loved to see him eat like that.

Mom loved her children, she adored her daughter-in-law and she simply could never stop talking about her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

It's so hard to say goodbye to someone you love as much as we love our Mother. But one of the biggest blessings of our lives is knowing that Mom will be together with her daughter Barbie in Heaven. Mom lived 64 years on this Earth without her girl, and she would have given all of those for the 5 years she had with Barbie.

Heaven is a better place today with our Mother there. If you take a moment and listen very carefully, you can hear the sounds of Bach being played on the piano across the heavens. Yep, that's our Mom. Doing what she loved to do.

## *Celebrating The Love and Life Of Beverly Jean Maack*

December 5, 1927 † October 26, 2020

### **Funeral Service**

Anderson Funeral Home  
Alexandria, Minnesota

Monday, November 2, 2020, 11:00 AM

### **Officiant**

Pastor Marilee Bergerson

### **Reading**

Grandma's Poem By Whitney Savage

### **Casket Bearers**

Steve Maack	Jon Maack
Jxna Maack	Brody Maack
Whitney Savage	Sarah Maack
Micah Savage	

### **Honorary Casket Bearers**

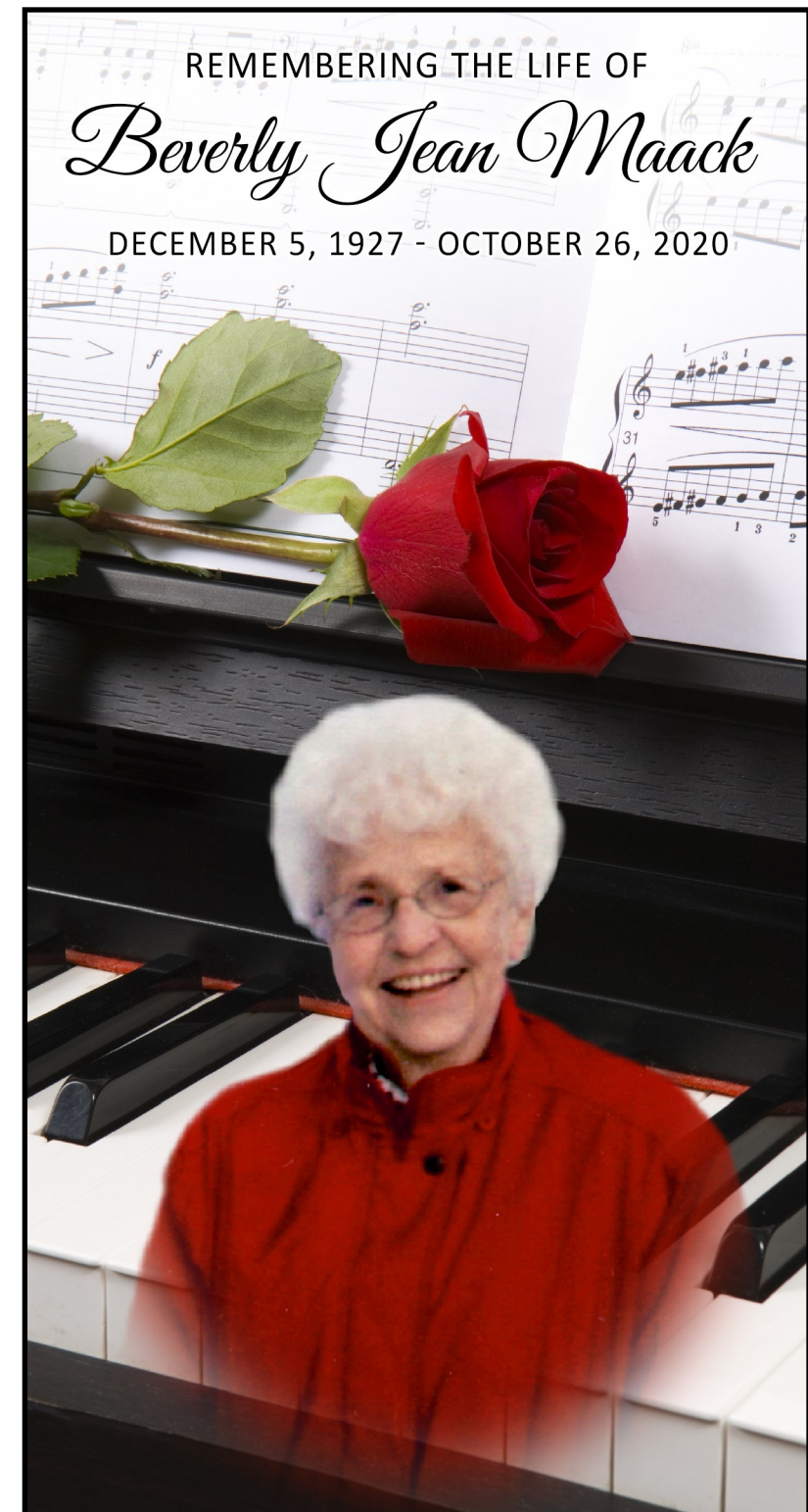
Eli Maack  
Gus Maack  
Lola Maack

### **Burial**

Kinkead Cemetery  
Alexandria, Minnesota

### **Arrangements**

Anderson Funeral Home - Alexandria, Minnesota



Beverly Jean Maack was welcomed into the arms of Jesus on October 26<sup>th</sup>, 2020, and reunited with her darling 5-year-old Barbara Jean, whom she has missed for 64 years.



Beverly Jean Peterson was born on December 5<sup>th</sup>, 1927, in Litchfield MN. The cherished daughter of William Donnelly Peterson and Elva Mildred (Nelson) Peterson. She was baptized and confirmed at First Lutheran Church of Grove City, MN.

Beverly was smart as a whip with a matching sense of humor. She graduated from Grove City High School at the top of her class. From there she went to the University of MN.

It was during her time at the U of M she met her lifelong love...Vern Maack. They married on September 11<sup>th</sup>, 1948, while both were seniors. Bev graduated with a degree in music education.

Following graduation from the U of M in 1949, Bev and Vern moved to Alexandria, MN. Bev was a substitute music teacher in District 206. She was also an accomplished piano teacher to many talented young students throughout the 50s,

60s and 70s. They built their home on the corner of 14<sup>th</sup> and Elm near the park. This is where their children would always call home.

The first child to arrive to their home was Barbara, who grew to be a beautiful image of her daddy. By



the time Steve came along she was 3 ½ and ready to entertain her baby. Tragedy swooped into Bev and Vern's life when they lost their darling Barbara to meningitis at age 5. A new light would shine on Bev, Vern, and Steve a year and a half later with the arrival of baby Jon.

Bev's passion for music kept her very active in musical functions of the community and her beloved First Lutheran Church in Alexandria for over 6 decades. Bev was an accompanist to many local celebs within and outside of the church. For many years she was a fixture at the piano in the orchestra pit for community musicals. Bev also loved the organ and would accompany the Dist. 206 Christmas Choral Concerts. We quite by accident came across a local newspaper clipping after the 1964 concert. It read, "...and organ accompanist, Mrs. Vernon Maack, described by Murrae Freng as 'an absolute artist so sensitive she needs no direction.'" This would have been the pinnacle of praise to Bev, but none of us ever heard her speak of it. Our Mother believed that the piano, the music was always the star, not her.

From the time Bev was a young woman she cheered on the MN Twins, keeping tidy stats of every game each season. She was also loyal to her Vikings. As her boys grew and became involved in sports, she did too. She never missed a game and kept stats for them and also her grandchildren years later. Her sons took great pride in her "sports conversations". Their mom knew what she was talking



about.

Bev's favorite hobbies were knitting intricately patterned sweaters and afghans which she bestowed on many loved ones. Every day she would do the Minneapolis Star Tribune crossword puzzle start to finish.



Sometimes we would watch her work a puzzle and, like her mom, she had an airy little whistle while she worked.

In 2013 Bev and Vern sold their family home by the park. They made their new home at Grand Arbor in Alexandria.

Bev is survived by her loving husband Vern of 72 years, her devoted sons, Jon Maack of Corcoran, MN, Steve (Jana) Maack of Alexandria, her beloved Grandchildren Whitney (Micah) Savage of Minneapolis, MN, Brody (Sarah) Maack, along with Bev's Great Grandchildren, Eli, Gus and Lola of Kindred, ND, and her brother (Roger) Nick (Gayle) Peterson of Grove City, MN, and their children. Welcoming Bev to heaven is her daughter, Barbara, her parents, and grandparents.

If you take a moment and listen very carefully, you can hear the sounds of Bach being played on the piano across the heavens. Or perhaps 2 pianos... Bach may be playing with her. Yep, that's our Mom doing what she loved.

It is good to know that wherever you are, a mom is with you in spirit and love. One of God's great ideas! "Everything God created is good and is to be received with thanks," 1 Timothy 4:4. We love you Mom... and thank you God.