



Mary Angela Zeimer

December 22, 1957 - October 24, 2004

Mary Angela Zeimer, age 46, of Wibaux, died on Friday, October 15, 2004 at her home in Wibaux, Montana. A Memorial Service will be held at 2:00 P.M. Sunday, October 24, 2004, at the Wibaux County High School in Wibaux, Montana with Celebrant Sandra Silha officiating. ,Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Wibaux is entrusted with arrangements. Mary was born December 22, 1957 in Hanover, Pennsylvania the daughter of Marvin and Doris May (Ruby) Underwood. She was raised and was educated in Sinking Springs, Pennsylvania graduating from the Wilson High School with the class of 1976. Mary was chairman for the Wibaux Library Board for nine years. She had been employed at Kidz Korner Day Care. She will be missed by those who knew her. Mary was preceded in death by her mother Doris May Ruby. Mary is survived by her husband, Walter Zeimer Jr.; two daughters, Emily Caffro of Sumter, South Carolina and Tara Zeimer of Beach, North Dakota; three sons, Nicholas Ruppert of Glendive, Montana, Lucas Zeimer of Wibaux, Montana and Walter Zeimer III of Wibaux, Montana; her father, Marvin Underwood Sr. of Texas; two brothers, Marvin Underwood of Lititz, Pennsylvania, John Underwood of Reading, Pennsylvania and one sister, Bobbi Ann Kindt of Reading Pennsylvania. Eulogy by Celebrant Sandy Silha: Mary Angela Zeimer. A free spirit, always on the move, and yet the center of a very large circle, her family. No one says her name without adding what a wonderful wife, mother, grandmother, sister, sister-in law, aunt and friend she was. Family was her world. Her circle of family began December 22, 1957 in Hanover, PA . Mary

was the third of four children born to Doris and Marvin Underwood. Mary was very close to her two older brothers and her younger sister. They played, went to school, kept each other's secrets, and grew up there in Pennsylvania. During high school, Mary played field hockey and was nicknamed "hockey legs." Mary's mother, Doris, was a strong influence in Mary's life. Perhaps this is where Mary got her strength and tenderness and learned to live life to the fullest. After graduating from high school and going out into the world, Mary was working as a waitress. Walt Zeimer was hired on at the same establishment. Sparks flew! And it wasn't love at first sight. Walt is pretty close-mouthed about the details but it got to the point that Mary tried to have him fired. Something had to give, so they got together one night to settle things. Several months later they were married in Robesonia, PA on Feb. 16, 1982. Walt had come into Mary's circle and for almost 23 years they stood together, leaned on each other, smiled, laughed, cried, fought, made-up, shared, were friends. They loved greatly. Mary's other great love was children. Brought into her family circle were five children, two daughters, Emily and Tara, and three sons, Nick, Luke and young Walt. Mary was a real presence in their lives, teaching them not only right from wrong, but how to be good people. One thing her kids learned early was that, not only was she a good listener but her hearing was impeccable. If you swore or said something bad, she literally flew into the room you were in and told you about yourself. Mary spent much of her time doing things for and with her kids. Birthdays were a big event. It was your special day and you got to pick the kind of cake you wanted, the food you ate, the games or activities you did and there were always balloons, balloons. Mary would listen to music with her children. Any kind, even rap. Well, any kind except Elvis. She really didn't like Elvis. Sometimes, Nick would play a little Elvis, just to get a reaction. He always got a reaction. Education and reading were very important to Mary. She supported her children in all their school classes and activities and would help out whenever needed. Mary encouraged her children's creativity and individuality. Mary's circle of family was at it's best with her children. But it didn't stop there.

Mary had a special place in her heart for all children, not just her own. She worked at Kidz Korner Daycare while it was in operation. Neighborhood kids would gather at her home. Her children's friends were always welcome. Mary loved kids. Walt and Mary moved to Wibaux in 1991. In a small community, everyone knows everyone. Mary's friendships grew. I'd like to share with you Ruby Tennant's thoughts. Ruby titled this "Hey Girlfriend". "The first time Mary and I met was, of course at the library. She and Tara were hunting for a book. There was just something about Mary that I loved from the beginning. That was in the early '90's and our friendship bloomed from there. We have watched the Northern Lights, went to the creek and watched fireflies, went to many library meetings, as she sat on the library board for 9 years. She was very well read and loved the nonfiction section. We have had wonderful talks on many varied subjects through the years and I'll miss them and her a great deal. So every time I see a comet, watch the stars, change through a telescope, pick my first pink rose every spring and see an angel, I'll think of you, Mar. You were my best friend. You see, Mary had a wonderful gift. Her friends were family and her family were friends. Daughter Emily called her mom almost weekly to talk, get advice, to share. As Emily said, 'she became more than a parent, she was one of my girlfriends; one of my best friends.'" Mary was a great craftsperson. She made all her kid's costumes for Halloween and school plays. She really wanted to be an artist. Trouble was, she couldn't draw. Not even a good stick man. She would draw an animal called Pig-Horse-Cow-Dog. You knew it was one of these. But she enjoyed that she couldn't draw. Mary could laugh at herself. But mostly, she brought smiles to her circle of family. About six years ago, Mary discovered she had cancer. She did what she needed to do to beat it. Mary was almost to the "5 year cancer free" mark when another tumor showed up. This past February, Mary spent her anniversary in surgery. Radiation and chemo followed. But the cancer was very aggressive and more tumors appeared. In short, this wonderful, selfless woman had fought a hard battle; she fought with all that

she had because that was her way. Although she had the support of her circle of family and friends and the complete devotion and care of Walt, the battle was lost. Mary died at home on Oct. 15, 2004. We lost a beautiful woman in every essence of the word. Mary's daughter Emily has asked that the 23rd Psalm be read today. The Lord is my Shepard: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake..Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over..Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever... Song: Breakaway by Kelly Clarkson There is no finer tribute to Mary than the friends gathered here today to remember her. Mary was a presence, in both her family and in her friend's lives, and in the community. She will be missed. Never assume a friend wants to mourn alone. Remember the firsts, the 1st holidays, the 1st birthdays, the 1st anniversaries – for at these times, Mary's absence will be felt with a fresh sense of loss. When something reminds you of Mary, share it with her family. Stop in, send them a note, or call and let Walt, Emily, Nick, Tara, Luke, and young Walt know what a significant impact Mary had on your life. Let them know you will remember her often. It is through shared memories that Mary will live on. Mark Okerlund, Emily's special friend and companion, has written a verse for Mary's life tribute. Always Remember Twilite fades to Black. The silence is deafening. The long battle lost. A body can do but so much. As Autumn fades to winter, Life fades to death. The body is lost. The spirit lives. The spirit lives in everyone here. And in those still far away. A spirit full of laughter. A spirit full of life. The spirit will live on through memories. Some happy. Some sad. Some funny. Some serious. All important. So we honor this life so tragically lost. Hold on to your memories. And hold on to each other. And please, Always remember. The family has placed six white roses in Mary's tribute bouquet. Walt and each of

Mary's children will now come forward to place a white rose petal next to Mary's urn in memory of her life. Young Walt: Hi Mom, I will miss you very much and I love you. I miss you decorating for the holidays. I miss smashed potatoes and gravy. I miss you reading to me and tucking me into bed at night. I love you, mom. Love, little Walt. Luke: Memories are all that I have of you now. I do not know how I will go on without you. I know that you will be with me and forever in my heart you'll always be. Love, Luke Tara: Mom, I really don't know where to start. There isn't just one thing I can thank you for, or say that I miss. Thank you for everything and I miss everything. You were the best mom I could have asked for. I was so lucky to have spent 18 years with you. Thanks. I love you and like you, Tara Nick: My mother was a very beautiful, kind woman. I will miss the way she made all my friends feel like they were part of our family. Love, Nick. Emily: I just want to thank you for all of the gifts you've given. For molding me into the person that I've become. I will think of you often and love you always. All my love, Em Song: I Will Remember by Sarah McLachlan Walt has asked me to read a letter he has written to Mary. Hi, Mary, There are so many things I want to tell you, but I think all I have to say is thank you. Thank you for teaching me to love; thank you for five beautiful children. Thank you for picking me. I told you once that if you picked me, we may never be rich, but I will take care of you and it would never be boring and I know we kept it exciting. I think that there should be a bigger word than love to describe how I felt about you. Anyone who knew us together, knew that we belonged together, that we completed each other. You made me what I am today. You were always there for me no matter what. You took care of me when I was sick, even though I am a lousy patient. You always knew when I need space, but you were there when I needed a hug. I know that this is going to sound corny, but every time I went too far into my sea of self-pity, you were there to pull me out. How you ever put with me for twenty-three years, I will never know, but I'm so glad you did. Every time I start to think that this is too much for me to handle on my own, the phone rings, or the door opens and there is one of our kids. To me it's kind of like you

telling me to remember my job. Mary, you know I don't make promises often, but I will make one now. I promise I will finish the job you have entrusted me with. Baby, I miss you so much and it hurts so bad that I feel like a piece of me is dying every time I remember that you are really gone. But I will take care of our kids. I will always love you. Please wait for me because I'm going to need a big hug the next time I see you. Love, Walt We are all fortunate to have had our lives touched by Mary. She has left her fingerprint on our hearts. And just as each fingerprint is unique, it is the same for the unique impact our lives have on each other. As we say our final good-bye to Mary, the family will touch Mary's urn and leave their fingerprint to remain, blend together, and forever signify the impact her wonderful life has made on them. As our funeral director ushers you from your seat, the family invites you to touch Mary's urn and leave your fingerprint in honor of friendship and to the belief that "a life shared is a life to never be forgotten". Song: Pictures on the Wall by Impulse

Tribute Wall



“ *Mary Angela Zeimer*

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