



James Wesley Greenlund

October 22, 1932 - March 12, 2022

James W. Greenlund, 89 years, currently of Waconia and formerly a lifelong resident of Bloomington. Longtime employee of Minnegasco. James was preceded in death by his wife of 60 years, Luanne E. Greenlund, and his parents (Carl and Elodis), and a brother, Wayne. Survived by his current wife and Partner, Joela Landstrom and his 3 children, Terri A. Frevert (Scott), Carla M Labarbera James K. Greenlund (Sheela) and 3 Grandchildren, Michael J. Adelman and Rachel M LaBarbera and Ryan J Adelman. And his great granddaughter, Brookynn Adelman. Also Survived by his older brother, Rusty Greenlund and many beloved nieces and nephews. Jim was loved by so many and will be sorely missed.

Reviewal at St. Richard's Catholic church at 7540 Penn Ave. So., Richfield, Tuesday, 3/22 at 10AM. Mass of Christian Burial at 11:00 followed by a luncheon. Burial at Ft. Snelling on Wednesday at 2pm, Assembly area #3.

Events

MAR **Visitation** 10:00AM - 11:00AM

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St. Richard's Catholic Church

7540 Penn Avenue South, Richfield, MN, US, 55423

MAR **Mass of Christian Burial** 11:00AM - 12:00PM

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St. Richard's Catholic Church

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Comments



“ Jim was my father’s best friend and my Godfather. I will remember his baritone voice telling my father a joke or story that made my dad laugh so hard his stomach hurt. Of the time he and LuAnne surprised me by visiting me in England while I was there my junior year. And of them taking me in one summer while I worked two jobs in Bloomington so I could save money. I benefitted from his advice to save for retirement, his positive outlook, and his visit to see my dad when he was in hospice. Jim told me losing my dad was one of the hardest things he ever experienced. Then, a few months later, he asked that my mother and I visit LuAnne in AZ prior to her passing.

I’m so happy he was able to meet my husband 3 years ago at our local wedding reception. He approved of Stephan in place of my dad.

Recently I tried calling but must have old cell phone number so in the end I sent a card instead, hoping he’d call but I now know he was focused on his family.

I’m the night before his passing I heard some Leonard Cohen lyrics for Passing thru.

It seemed very timely:

Passin' through, passin' through

Sometimes happy, sometimes blue

Glad that I ran into you

Tell the people that you saw me passin' through

I will always be grateful he passed thru my life.

Jane Eyestone - March 20 at 03:44 PM