



Harriette (Lindberg) Justus Hansen

November 16, 2016

Justus, Harriette Hansen (Lindberg) age 102, of Bloomington, MN, passed away on November 16, 2016. Preceded in death by parents, Florence Bloom and Harry Lindberg; sister, Bev Lufi; Paul Hansen, husband of 52 years; and husband, Andrew Justus. Survived by daughter, Marcia (Steve) Treichel; son, Richard (Kay) Hansen; stepson, Jim (Martha) Justus; stepdaughter, Nancy (Jim) Bishop; grandchildren, Sarah Kies, Steve Treichel, David (Shannon) Treichel, Derek Hansen and Alisa (Ben) Sierra; step grandchildren, Anne Bishop, Stephen (Shannan) Bishop, Katherine Bishop and Drew Justus, Shea and Jack Fahden; great-grandchildren, Charlie, Nelson, Sophie and Teddy Kies, Kai, Reagan and Cadence Treichel, Olivia, Eli and Delaney Treichel, Isabella, Peter, Drew and Annagrace Sierra; and sister, Patricia Carroll. Harriette was a member of Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church for 78 years, The Minikahda Club (she loved being one of the best putters in the "Putting Society." and then playing a competitive game of bridge at age 98), and The Woman's Club. Harriette's greatest loves were being at the lake, gardening, pontoon rides (she drove the pontoon at age 101 until we discovered she was sleeping!), traveling, fishing (twice at 102) and, most of all, loved being with her family. Our thanks for the compassionate care given by Friendship Village, Linden Hall staff, Fairview Hospice, and personal companion, Sharyn Meagher. Memorials to Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church, Alzheimer's Assoc., Autism Society of Minnesota or donor's choice. Private interment. A celebration of Harriette's Life will be held at 11:00 AM Tuesday, December

27th at Friendship Village, 8100 Highwood Drive, Bloomington. Washburn-
McReavy.com Hillside Chapel (612) 781-1999

Tribute Wall

“ This is an excerpt from a speech I wrote about (and for) Mimi and my youngest brother, in defense of creativity. I delivered it to my entire high school five years ago; the words ring just as true today as they did then.

"I don't think you can overstate the importance of creativity. Think of every single thing that was ever invented. To narrow that down, let's say the computer, the wheel, the pyramids, paper, languages. I went to visit Frank Lloyd Wright's house this last Friday. It's a beautiful home, now a museum, unlike any of the Victorian painted ladies around it. Today, it's an architectural icon. Wright was an architect who completely revolutionized how we perceive architecture, and he built this particular house when he was 21. These aren't things that had preexisting blueprints - they took shape within a single, or group of, creative mind(s).

O.K. So where does this leave us high school students, who didn't invent any of those things? Think back to when you were eight years old. At eight, most children still believe in limitless potential and endless options, and I think that they're right to, but the older we get the more creativity it takes to maintain.

If you need a reminder, as I often do, here is a story from my youngest brother's creative writing journal, which we recently rediscovered. I'm paraphrasing, but I know the story well. In it he tells the story of a boy who fell off the Grand Canyon on a family trip. He was uninjured, but had been flattened (à la Flat Stanley) by the impact. He walked back up and went to sleep ("I'm flat but it's ok I'm tired goodnight"), before being startled awake by another person falling off the Grand Canyon (helpfully shouting "Help I'm falling off the Grand Canyon!"). Teddy bravely leapt off the edge, using his new flatness to become a parachute (mom spelled that one for him) and catch the falling person, saving them from either flatness or death - we're not sure which. HOWEVER, at the bottom of the canyon, the story takes a turn, ending abruptly. It takes him a single sentence: "Oh you're a girl gross bye, I'm going to sleep." With that

he leaves her there, as she is a girl and girls are gross. Although I may not agree with his actions at the bottom of the canyon, I deeply wish that I could write a story like that. I'm still working towards it - maybe someday I will.

Mimi, my 98-year-old great-grandmother, is on the other end of this creativity bell-curve. To give you some idea of her character, she had to get her passport renewed at 97 so she could go to Cabo for spring break. She was a cabaret singer, is now an African drummer and ukulele player, and she does her Richard Simmons exercise video religiously and daily, just as she has for the past 30 years. She hosts a mean cocktail party, but has been outraged recently because she doesn't have room for "all those @#\$%ing walkers!" in her apartment.

She, like Teddy, is also creative, but instead of displaying it with a pencil and paper, Mimi does so by doling out absolutely unique advice. Not one for, "work hard," "be safe," or some other thoughtless piece of advice, Mimi actually thinks, in her own way, before she provides her own two cents. A pearl that she shared with me while she was having her cocktail hour scotch, for example, was, "Charlie, always pack your toothbrush."

Keep in mind that she meant this literally, but you can ask me to explain that after the speech. I don't exactly share the same lifestyle as Mimi, so I had to take the more metaphorical route on this advice: always be open to and prepared for any opportunity. I can't think of a more creative way to propose simply trying new things, but more importantly I've remembered it all these years, and I expect I will for years to come."

Thank you, Mimi, for being exactly you.

Charlie