



Maralee Anne Albrecht

September 17, 1942 - April 23, 2025

Maralee Anne Albrecht "Toni"

Born September 17, 1942 in Salt Lake City, Utah and passed away April 23, 2025 in loving hands at Our Lady of Peace, St. Paul, MN.

She grew up in San Francisco, CA with a few of these years spent in Japan where her father was stationed. Growing up in San Francisco, along with her time in Japan allowed her to learn about many different cultures which carried over to her love of travel. The most memorable being traveling with her children throughout Europe for three weeks, making a lifetime of memories.

Her favorite travel spot in Minnesota was her yearly excursion to the MN state fair. She loved the state fair!

She was extremely proud of her career success as a Quality Engineer after studying diligently and dominating in an atypical field for women.

Her beloved Yorkies were her treasures. She loved to dote on them as well as all of her backyard friends.

She found great joy in the friendships she made over the years and looked

forward to her weekly meeting with the "Knitting Group" where she spent many hours using her creativity making items that she loved to share with others.

Preceded in death by her parents, Esther and Waldo Cochrane.

Survived by her children: Andrea McCarty, Amy (Brian) Edwards, Matthew (Beth) Albrecht

Grandchildren: Megan, Emily, Sydney and Lillian

Great grandchildren: Brayden and Addisyn

Sister Robin Roccaforte Brother Lance(Cindy) Cochrane

Memorial gathering will be held on May 15, 2025 from 11 - 2 at Washburn-McReavy 5215 West Broadway Crystal MN 55429

In lieu of flowers, memorials are preferred to Our Lady of Peace, St. Paul, MN or to a favorite animal shelter

Cemetery Details

Hillside Crematory

2610 19th Ave NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Previous Events

Memorial Gathering

MAY 15. 11:00 AM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Glen Haven Chapel
5125 West Broadway
Crystal, MN 55429

Tribute Wall

LC

“ 1 file added to the album *Family*



Lance Cochrane - May 13, 2025 at 08:24 PM

RO

“ Robin purchased the *Full Of Love Bouquet* for the family of *Maralee Anne Albrecht*.



Robin - May 12, 2025 at 01:14 PM

MG

“ My deepest condolences to the *Albrecht* family. May *Maralee's* memory always be a blessing.

Melinda Gould - May 11, 2025 at 11:09 PM

“ didn't know my Sister at all.

Really, I didn't.

I was nine years younger. I was just a little guy. When we lived on Fell Street in a pretty good sized flat, there was Mom, Dad, Grandma, Maralee, Robin and me. It was pretty crowded.

When I say it was an old building, four flats, think boiling the laundry, a hand cranked wringer, clothes line out the back, Mrs Wrights bluing for the clothes, twelve foot ceilings, a dumbwaiter that worked, a stove that burned wood on the left side. For hamburger we had a hand cranked grinder that you put pieces of beef into.

That was normal to us.

I remember Maralee going to play tennis. She had one of those old wood frame rackets with the screw tighteners on the braces to keep it from warping. I never saw her play, I just remember the racket.

That building was pre 1906, all old redwood. I remember that in the back yard there was an old rotting house that was much older. We were warned to keep away from that house and we didn't have to be told why. Maralee, or at least her male friends used to go in there on dare type things. We never even thought about it.

I remember that there was a comic book store up Fell and then a right turn on Fillmore. I loved that place. You could trade in two old comics for a new one. I did that a lot. It was only last year that I discovered that Maralee worked in the comic shop.

Why didn't I know that? Well, think about it. When Maralee was say fifteen, I was six. How much in common do fifteen year old girls have with six year old little Brothers? In our case, not much.

Then in 1960, we moved across town, out by the Zoo. Maralee was seventeen. I was eight. She turned eighteen that September and promptly moved out to that apartment by the beach that she shared with Cheryl. They had a murphy bed.

As cramped as we were on Fell Street, it was worse after the move. I don't blame her for moving at all. Pretty sensible actually.

Then she met a sailor and got married. Off to Minnesota. We were then separated by both time and distance.

The happy couple made several trips out West. Then there was the epic 1968 journey when Mom took Robin and I to Minnesota. Man, they really did work it out to show us a good time. Minnehaha Falls, the Foshay Tower, fishing, golf, the annual Albrecht family picnic with the softball game out in the cow pasture. One night they took us out to a super modified race. Those are those midget racers with the wings on top that go round and round a track. It was right next to a drag strip North of Minneapolis. Both now long gone.

I'll always remember that night at the track. For some reason it seemed that all the ladies in the area were expecting. Mosquitoes were everywhere. Yeah, it was Minnesota, of course they were.

During the festivities the track people got some pest abatement people to go upwind with their trucks and they misted lots and lots of insecticide up so that it drifted with the wind over all of us, including the expectant ladies.

No more mosquitoes. Everybody was happy.

It was very strange.

Then again, I'm a city boy.

Honestly, years later, when she made trips out West by herself or with a friend, that was when I actually really started to get to know

my Sister. We were both adults. I wasn't the little tyke. Things had changed.

During the last, let's say decade, it changed again. We got so that we'd email constantly and talk on the phone for extended periods. When you can have long conversations just bouncing from topic to topic and getting goofy when you want to, that's when you're having fun. That's when you really get to know someone. When you both want to.

Now it's changed again. I don't get to hear her voice except in my head. I could talk to her about things that I could talk to nobody else about. I can't do that anymore. There's a big empty space where there used to be a spark, an awareness, a person full of life.

No more. No more.

No more.

Lance Cochrane - May 08, 2025 at 11:13 PM

LF

“ *Love, James Jaudon & Family purchased the Blue Caribbean Bouquet for the family of Maralee Anne Albrecht.*



Love, James Jaudon & Family - May 08, 2025 at 12:24 AM

LC

“ 2 files added to the album *The 1960's*



Lance Cochrane - May 05, 2025 at 11:41 PM

LC

“ 2 files added to the album *The 1940's*



Lance Cochrane - May 05, 2025 at 11:38 PM

LC

“ 2 files added to the album *The 1940's*



Lance Cochrane - May 05, 2025 at 01:51 PM

LC

“ 3 files added to the album *Family*



Lance Cochrane - May 05, 2025 at 01:19 PM

LC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Lance Cochrane - May 05, 2025 at 01:12 PM

LC

“ 6 files added to the album *The 1950's*



Lance Cochrane - May 05, 2025 at 12:56 PM