



Marjorie Mae May

February 24, 1929 - June 5, 2026

Marjorie Mae Delap (Blythe) (May) was born on February 24, 1929 at home in Hamilton County, Illinois, to Earl Delap and his wife, Virgie. She joined her older brother, Hal, and later had a little brother, Bill. She grew up going to a little country one room school, then went to the town school, graduating from Broughton High School in May of 1945.

Marge broke barriers by going to college, attending Southern Illinois University, majoring in English and Home Ec. She immediately went on to get her master's degree in Education before leaving school.

She taught 4th grade for a year in Southern Illinois. While attending a teacher's convention that fall, she met the love of her life, a recent widower, Marion Blythe, who had a young daughter. They married in 1952, when Marge instantly acquired a two year old daughter in Jane.

They started married life in Lawrenceville, where Marjorie was hired to teach special education, which become her specialty for the rest of her career.

Later Marion, Marge, and Jane moved to Paris, Illinois, where their son, Bruce, was born in 1958.

Marion became a principal in 1960, and the family moved to Vandalia, Illinois, where Marge then remained for 28 years. A highlight of those years was being able to travel around the country during the summers, camping and exploring with Marion and Bruce on their way to visit Jane and her husband Gary in various parts of the west.

Marge lost her dear husband, Marion, in 1975 after a long battle with lymphoma.

She continued to teach and kept busy with her Methodist church. She was a member of Delta Kappa Gamma, and was proud of the work they did encouraging women to grow in higher education. She continued to travel alone across country to visit Jane and Gary and their three children, Erik, Jennifer, and Megan. She joined tour groups several times to tour England, Paris, and various parts of Europe.

She saw Bruce through college and medical school, and helped him drive the moving van from Indianapolis to his new home in Minnesota when he started his practice there.

Marjorie's life's journey took a turn when she met Orville May of Collinsville, Illinois. They married in 1988, and after finishing up the school year, she joined him in retirement in Collinsville. They enjoyed several years of traveling together to Europe, Hawaii, Israel, and Egypt, as well as traveling all around the United States to attend various Methodist committee meetings.

She enjoyed watching Orville's grandchildren, Geoff, Katie, John, and Scott grow into adulthood, as well as the grandchildren who came along to Bruce and his wife, Kate - Garrett, Andrew, and Jonathan.

In 1995 her first great-grandchild, Morgan, was born to Jennifer, followed by Brandon and Audrey, and Erik's son Gage.

Orville passed away in 2001. She continued to live in Collinsville for another 13 years, keeping active in her church, with Delta Kappa Gamma, and volunteering regularly at Anderson Hospital in Collinsville for over 20 years. She kept her spirit of adventure, driving alone to visit Jane and her family in Colorado, Bruce and his family in Minnesota, and even twice traveling alone to visit her dear friend, Frieda, in South Africa, volunteering with the nursery school while there. IN HER 80's!

Marjorie loved collecting salt and pepper shakers as memories of her many trips, and she LOVED Christmas...especially Santas. Her collection of them ranges from itty-bitty to quite large, beautiful and, honestly, some kinda scary! She also had a life long love of quilting, making baby quilts, quilts for her loved ones, and made over a hundred beautiful felt stockings for her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, special friends...she has even some stock-piled for great-grandchildren yet to come.

Finally, approaching the age of 85, Marge moved to Minnesota to be near Bruce and his family, moving into The Summit, an independent senior apartment complex, where she made new friends and enjoyed the opportunities of the community there, especially the card playing!

Marjorie was acquainted with adversity. She had seen two husbands through long illnesses, and in 2015 faced the news that her son, Bruce, was diagnosed with early-onset Alzheimer's disease. She walked the heartbreaking walk of the slow good-bye

of that particular disease. When Bruce and Kate moved into a senior co-op to accommodate the changing needs of Bruce, Marge, in her mid-nineties, went back to home ownership to buy the unit next door to spend as much time with Bruce as she could and help Kate have breaks from caregiving. In March of 2023, in Bruce's last days in the hospital, Marge stayed by Bruce's side every night for 9 nights, while his sister Jane and wife Kate took the day shift. It was very poetic that she who birthed him into this world was at his side when he took his last breaths and entered into his new life with Jesus in heaven.

Marge, now in her mid-nineties, continued to live independently in her home, enjoying her community, playing cards, hitting up the exercise room, loving her church friends and family- and continuing to travel. To her dismay, her family requested she not drive on trips alone anymore, but she still loved driving to church, the grocery store, and to her weekly hair appointment. She still enjoyed traveling, taking a trip to Hawaii in 2024. She had no hesitation flying alone to and from Colorado as late as last October, giving her time to visit Jane and Gary and all her grandchildren and great grandchildren from there.

. And she still loved car trips, accompanying Kate down to Florida to vacation there in February, just before her 97th birthday!

Marjorie loved the Lord. In her later years she developed the habit of reading the Bible through every year.

It was inspiring to watch her walk with the Lord continue to grow and deepen throughout her life.

It wasn't until the last few months that Marjorie started slowing down. On June 5th, Marjorie peacefully slipped into eternity to greet her dear Savior, her beloved husbands, and her son, arriving in time to celebrate his birthday with him in heaven.

A final testament to Marge's tenaciousness:

On the day before her death, she was exhausted and in pain in the hospital. The nurse offered her some medication and she needed to open her mouth to take it, Marge muttered, "I can't....." then took a breath and said, "Yes, I can..."

A final lesson to her family and all who care to listen,
When adversity hits, and life seems overwhelming, and we think we cannot take one more step,
take a breath, breathe a prayer, and say, "Yes, I can."

Marge loved supporting various charities, especially Heifer Project. If anyone would like to donate to that in her name, the address is:

Heifer International
1 World Avenue
Little Rock, Arkansas 72202

online: www.heifer.org

Previous Events

Visitation

JUN 11. 12:30 PM - 1:00 PM (CT)

Eden Prairie Chapel
7625 Mitchell Road
Eden Prairie, MN 55344

Memorial Gathering

JUN 11. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Eden Prairie Chapel
7625 Mitchell Road
Eden Prairie, MN 55344

Tribute Wall

ME

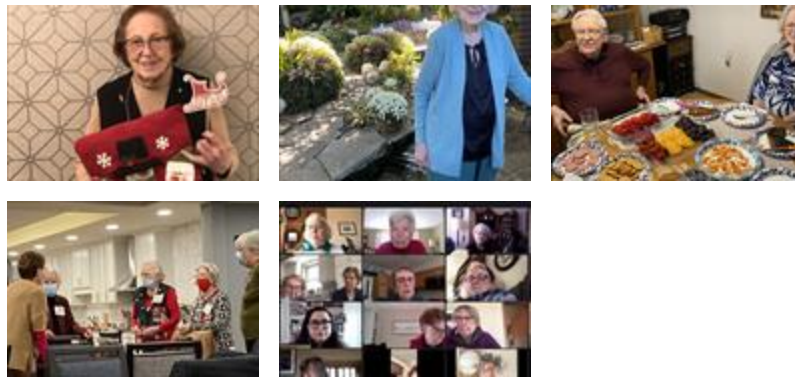
“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Megan - Yesterday at 05:42 PM

AO

“ 7 files added to the album Alta Memories with Marge



Alta Oben - Yesterday at 03:51 PM

AO

“ I’m going to miss my dear friend, Marge, so much. We met about a dozen years ago when she and I met as residents of Summit Place. We have played Hand and Foot cards for years. Several times a week when she lived at Summit and almost every Saturday afternoon even after she moved to Applewood Point to be near her son, Bruce, and daughter-in-law, Kate. She and I were partners every week in these last years unless one of need a substitute.

Besides playing cards, Marge and I shared other interests. We’d always go to the MN Landscape Arboretum at least annually to see the lilacs. We went there not too long ago before even the tulips were in bloom to check out an indoor garden show.

We’d go to lunch at a number of different places. I’d save her coupons from Arby’s I’d get in the mail so she could get a deal on shakes to take to Bruce, which he apparently really enjoyed.

We also were members of the local American Association of Women (AAUW) Metro West branch in its last few years of existence. In fact, we worked together to arrange to have the branch’s 50th anniversary celebration at Applewood.

I could go on and on, but I think you get the point that I have a hole in my heart at the loss of Marge May from my life. But I have great memories!

Alta Oben - Yesterday at 03:04 PM