



## Muriel (Moen) Scheidegger

June 3, 2012

Scheidegger, Muriel Lorraine (nee Moen) Born in Rollingstone, MN, on July 27, 1916, passed away peacefully on May 25, 2012. She will be fondly remembered for her lovely spirit, cheer, excellent cooking and love of the sun. We are grateful for being part of her life. Muriel was preceded in death by her husband, Gus; and her youngest son, Charles. She is survived by her sons, Cal Scheidegger of Bellingham, Washington, and Larry Scheidegger of Surprise, Arizona; eight grandchildren; and many great and great great grandchildren. Grateful appreciation is extended to the Kingdom Hall of the Jehovah Witnesses that Muriel attended for their support and attention, as well as to the caring staff at Maranatha Presbyterian Home. Muriel now rests with her husband and son in Champlin Cemetery, Champlin, MN. Please direct memorials to Maranatha Presbyterian Home. [www.Washburn-McReavy.com](http://www.Washburn-McReavy.com) Davies Chapel 612-377-2203

# Tribute Wall

KB

“Of all of my seven aunts on my mother's side, my Aunt Muriel was my favorite. I grew up spending the most time with her and my Uncle Gus, even though they lived 2 1/2 hours away. Muriel and my mother LaVina were very close and our families would get together at our house in Winona or their house in the Cities many times a year. Charles and my brother Roger were good pals, Cal and my brother Arlen were around the same age and had a lot in common, and Larry and my brother Art (Junior) have always been close. I especially enjoyed staying at their house in Crystal, the place I remember the most. Muriel was a wonderful cook and I enjoyed the yummy breakfasts she would make and we all sat in the sunny kitchen nook and the adults would visit for hours. I would play with one of the many cats that they always had...I remember one big guy in particular who weighed about 20 pounds, big for a cat! Muriel always had a beautiful tan and would wear off the shoulder blouses so her glistening shoulders would show. I think she was a little ahead of her time with fashion, as no mom I knew in Winona dressed like my Aunt Muriel. I was always so happy when they came to stay at our house in Winona. Uncle Gus and my dad Art would have some "lively" conversations, but they always stayed friends and respected one another. I enjoyed going to Larry and Bev's house and to visit Cal and his family when all of their kids were little. Everyone was always so hospitable and inviting to our family. When Gus retired, and he and Muriel would go to Mexico every year, we always looked forward to them coming home and stopping at our house with a trailer full of big juicy oranges and other souvenirs for family and friends. I'm sure that I still have some pottery from Mexico from Muriel. All of the eight Moen sisters are gone now, and their one brother Oscar as well. They all leave a legacy of love and many wonderful memories. My last memory of my sweet Aunt Muriel was from about five years ago, when my sister Arlys and neice Paula went to see her at the nursing home in the Cities. As we drove away, she waved to us from her window until we were out of sight, with a smile on her face and a glitter in her beautiful eyes. She has now joined her entire family in Heaven and they are all rejoicing, I am sure. My love and sympathy go to

*Larry, Bev, Vicky and Joel, and to Cal, Paula, Todd, Monty, Danny, Laura, Wade and Tanya as you grieve the loss of your mother and grandmother.*

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*Karen (Martinson) Burt,*

*Minnesota City, Minnesota*

*Contact Me*

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**Karen (Martinson) Burt** - June 11, 2012 at 12:00 AM

TS

“ To the woman I often considered to be my “mom”. Grandma Muriel was always there for me, growing up as a kid and as an adult. Her heart was gold with compassion and love. She knew what we know in recovery...how to love unconditionally. I can never repay her for her kindness and giving nature. My best memories of her were when I would go to visit her and my grandfather Gus. She was always delighted to see me even though she would tell me how happy grandpa was to see. I relish those times having a good home cooked meal and sitting around talking with them both. She was a very generous person, almost to a fault and yet I somehow knew just how “savvy” she really was. I really believe she would be great diplomat...well, really; she was. Her role in this family was that of mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, peacekeeper and justice of the peace. She did a lot for this family, way more than can be expected from one person, she was strong. She lost her youngest son, Charles, at an early age and never showed the hurt. She raised her second son, Calvin (my father) with all the difficulties that a disability consists of. She also helped raise three grandchildren. She is gone from this place but her spirit will live on forever. Grandma, you did a great job and helped me to become the person I am today...thank you. My wife's mother in China really reminds me of you and the funny thing is that I am not to speak Chinese well enough to tell her yet...I will learn the language and let her know.

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Todd Scheidegger,

*Tacoma, Washington*

*Contact Me*

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**Todd Scheidegger** - June 04, 2012 at 12:00 AM