

In undoubtedly the most chaotic year of their lives, in 1975, my parents, who did not know each other at the time were forced out of their native Vietnam to start a new and unknown life in the United States. But it was only through the chaos of the Vietnam War, through the trauma of becoming political refugees and strangers in a new land, did my parents meet each other and were blessed to become a part of Werrenrath's family.

Grandma and Grandpa Werrenrath opened their hearts and their home first to my mother, sponsoring her out of the refugee camp and then to my father, during my parents' courtship and marriage. During this early time, my parents have many fond memories of Grandpa. From him driving to the Highland Park train station every Friday night to pick up my dad while he and mom were dating, to Grandma and Grandpa taking my parents engagement ring shopping and waiting 4 long hours while they asked numerous questions to the salesperson and to accompanying my parents to City Hall and being witnesses to their marriage. That was the beginning and over the last 40 plus years, Grandma and Grandpa Werrenrath have continued to fill our lives with love and care, laughter and a lifetime of learning.

Grandpa Werrenrath is undoubtedly an inspiration. He is patient and kind. He is even-keeled and thoughtful. He is engaging and such good listener. Grandpa, we will miss you so much. You are amazing in so many ways. From my early memories of Grandpa astonishing me and my sister by snuffing out countless candles with a lick of a finger and a pinch. To later memories, where as college student, I sat with Grandma and Grandpa over many meals discussing and hashing out our complicated world and despite the fact that Grandpa's worldview differed greatly from those taught by my liberal college professors, he listened carefully, asked probing questions, explained gently and never judged.

Grandpa, we enjoyed learning from you with every visit. I loved watching your videos from around the world and getting postcards in the mail from you and Grandma when you traveled to listening to you play the bagpipes and being a part of your journey as you learned this unique and beautiful instrument. I loved being surprised by your stunning jewelry...what would you create next? My mom and I looked forward to proudly wearing your pieces. And even later in life, you never stopped learning and teaching us along the way. You led discussion groups in your community and you even dove into the art of clay and sculpted with your hands two beautiful statues of a dog and a boy, one of many ways your memory will live on.

What a rare gift in life to meet a person with infinite kindness, patience, wisdom, thoughtfulness, generosity, a zest for learning, humor, love and grace. We will forever remember your big heart and beautiful smile as you greeted us at the door each time we visited. How lucky we are, for my sister and I to be able to call you Grandpa. And for my parents, to call you dad. We hope for the rest of our days, we can humbly carry on your memory by living through your example. It's been the honor of our lifetime to have

known you, Grandpa Werrenrath. Thank you Grandpa and Grandma for letting us be a part of your family.