



## Lucille Arend

July 9, 1923 - September 2, 2013

Lucille Muriel Arend, 90, of Fort Myers, Florida passed away September 2, 2013.

She was born July 9, 1923 in St Paul, Minnesota the daughter of John and Elizabeth (Patyk) Baum.

She leaves to cherish her loving memory, 7 children, Barbara Daniels, Georgia DeBaere, John Arend, Patricia Lenander, Linda Hatcher, Suzanne Trowbridge, and Edward Arend, and 41 grandchildren.

She was predeceased by her husband Warren Sr., son Warren Jr. and daughter Elizabeth.

Services will be held at the convenience of the family.

In lieu of flowers, contributions in Lucille's loving memory may be made to Hope Hospice, 9740 HealthPark Circle, Fort Myers, Florida 33908.

Funeral arrangements under the direction of Gendron Funeral & Cremation Services Inc., 4224 Cleveland Ave, Suite 1, Fort Myers, Florida 33901 239-274-0088. Online condolences may be made at [www.gendronfuneralhome.com](http://www.gendronfuneralhome.com).

# Tribute Wall



“ *Lucille Arend*

October 09, 2023 at 02:01 AM



“ *Lucille Arend*

January 28, 2023 at 12:09 PM



“ *Digging through my pictures I came across homemade Mother's Day card. My printing was done in pencil and in block letters. It would not show up well on the scan. See if you can figure out which school I went to. It reads:....."Dear Mother, I wish you a very happy and blessed Mother's Day. Thank you for all you do for me. I am offering the Mass for you today. I am saying some special prayers for you, too. I hope my gifts to you will show you that I love you very much..... I love you Mother, John"*



**John Arend** - November 19, 2013 at 03:48 PM



## “ In Memory of Dad

### *My Magical Snuff Box*

*I had been working side by side from the time I was a young boy with my father. I started out as a general laborer, cleaning up the job sites for my grandfather's construction company, Charles and Sons.*

*My favorite memory from when I was around eight was about my magical snuff box. Many of the workers and Dad included, chewed snuff or Copenhagen. They would always throw these empty round boxes with the shiny tin covers on the floor when they were empty. Being the cleaner, it seemed to me that when they tossed them, they would always pick a room I had just cleaned. I would complain to workers about this but the only response I would get from them was, "want a pinch?" I would shake my head and as I walked away they would laugh. I am going to tell you, I tried a pinch one time and no way!*

*One day Dad heard me complaining to a carpenter named Joe. Dad called me over and said "we need to have a talk". Dad talked about having respect for my elders. As he was talking, I was thinking, heck, everyone is my elder. I had to respect everyone, that didn't seem fair! Dad saw the frustration on my face and explained to me that the carpenters tossed the boxes on the floor because they liked me. "Some of them" he said, "were actually trying to help me. See, they know that some of the boxes are magical."*

*That got my attention!!!!*

*Dad said "the little boxes have a secret to them" "This secret is passed on to each new laborer who cleaned the job site"*

*Hey, that was me, "what is the secret?", I asked.*

*"Do you promise not to tell anyone?" Dad said*

*"Yes, yes", I said.*

*"Okay, the secret is that some of the boxes are magical. But you never know which ones so you have to collect all the boxes and test each one"*

*"How do you test them?" I wanted to know.*

*"You need to put a slug from the electrical boxes into a different snuff box everyday. If it is magical it will turn the slug into money"*

*Well, as you can imagine, I started saving every snuff box I could find. I also had a pocket full of electrical box slugs. Turning my break time I would count the slugs trying to figure out how much money I was going to make. After three days I had 8 boxes full of slugs. I mean full right to the rim. I carefully lined the boxes up by the fireplace and waited for the magic.*

*The next day I ran to the boxes and only found slugs. I checked during the day but no magic. I found a couple more boxes and filled them up. After three days I had 10 boxes full of slugs but no money.*

*Dad saw me checking them and said "maybe these just were not magical". "Let me take a look at your boxes." He opened up a couple of the lids, he was surprised how full they were. He looked at me and asked "are all your boxes this full?"*

*I proudly shook my head yes. Dad smiled and said, "Don't you think you are getting a little greedy?" I just stared at him, not understanding. I was ready to make big bucks and make it now. Dad said I had to put only one slug in each box.*

*Eventually I would find a magical one. But to make a box work I could only put in one slug at a time.*

*As I dumped out all the slugs, I figure it was going to take a while to get rich with one slug at a time. But then I started thinking, I had plenty of slugs, I just needed more boxes.*

*With in a couple weeks I put out 15 different boxes but not one of them was magical. By now I was starting to doubt the story. I tossed all the boxes. I found one fresh box on my clean floor. I figured what the heck, stuck a slug in it and set it by the fire place.*

*The next day I opened my box expecting to see one of those slugs. To my surprise and delight there was a bright shiny nickel inside the box. I got so excited, I wasn't sure I could believe my eyes. It works, I had found a magical snuff box.*

*"It works! It works!" I yelled as I ran through the house. "I found a magical snuff box!!" Completely forgetting my promise not to tell anyone.*

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**John Arend** - November 19, 2013 at 03:36 PM



“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



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**John Arend** - November 19, 2013 at 02:58 PM



## “ In Memory of Dad

### *Reflection in the Mirror*

*I spread the shaving cream gently over my face, being careful to cover every inch of my short stubble of a beard. My right hand feels a little clumsy because I have never shaved myself with an injector razor blade before. I feel a little frightened putting a sharp, potentially unforgiving blade to my throat. It's funny because I have a very warm, comfortable feeling that I have done this before. I carefully start shaving my throat, slowly pulling upwards towards my chin. I go about an inch when I come to a stop. I drop my arm to my side and stare into the mirror. When I was looking into the mirror, carefully watching myself shave, I caught a reflection that wasn't me, or at least not completely my whole face. How could that be? I slowly turn and look around the small bathroom, for someone, anyone to be there. A chill creeps up my spine and settles deep in my neck. I shiver as I realize I am the only one in the bathroom. I look into the mirror again. I know what I saw, even though I might not want to admit it. It was a partial reflection of my father's face. The eyes, eyebrows and nose were my father's. They had just popped out of the mirror at me.*

*I turn my head to the right and then to the left, I squint, looking hard into the mirror concentrating on my face. But to no use, I can not see the same reflection. I wonder, how many times have I looked at myself in the mirror and never noticed any similarity to my father. Was it really there or had I imagined it?*

*While finishing my morning cup of coffee I think about my morning. Normally, I do use an electric razor but mine gave out today of all days. So today is the first time I have shaved with an injector razor. I remember watching Dad when I was younger going through his morning ritual.*

*Dad has been gone for a few years now. As I sit here, I remember a time I had shaved someone before with a razor. When Dad was in the hospital with his heart attack, he asked me to shave him with his injector razor. I remember my hand shaking as Dad said..."hey you are not going to cut me are you?"*

*I remember chuckling and saying "I hope not"*

*I sat there sipping on coffee and wonder, did Dad come to me this morning in the mirror or was my imagination. I smiled, today was Father's Day. I knew.*

*Warren Arend Oct 28, 1920 - June 9, 1988*



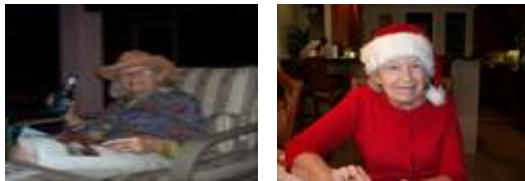
“ INCLINE THINE EAR

*Incline thine ear, O Lord,  
unto our prayers,  
wherein we humbly pray  
thee to show thou mercy  
upon the soul of thy servants,  
whom thou hast  
commanded to pass out of this world  
that thou wouldst place them  
in the region of peace and light,  
and bid them be a partaker  
with thy saints through  
Christ our Lord.  
Amen*

John Arend - November 08, 2013 at 04:48 PM



“ 2 files added to the album New Album Name



John Arend - November 08, 2013 at 04:45 PM



“ 4 files added to the album Pics of Toot's thru the years



Patricia Lenander - November 04, 2013 at 06:47 PM



“ Suzie lit a candle in memory of Lucille Arend



Suzie - October 18, 2013 at 11:12 AM

SU

*Missing my mommy today...It still overwhelms me that your earthly presence is gone. I miss you.*

Suzie - October 18, 2013 at 11:14 AM

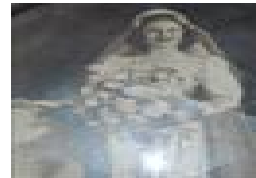
LI

“ *A ship sails and I stand watching till she fades on the horizon, and someone at my side Says, "She is gone". Gone Where? Gone from my my sight that ia all;she is just as large as when I saw her... the diminished size and total loss of sight is just in me, not in her, and just at the moment when someone at my side says" she is gone," there are others who are watching her coming, and other voices take up the glad shout, "there she comes!"...and that is dying. Mom and Dad Thank you for the great childhood, all the camping, sking, skating, sliding, horses, there is so much more, the list is endless. I LOVE You and think of you often. Linda*

Linda - October 17, 2013 at 04:10 PM

ST

“ *7 files added to the album Pics of Toot's thru the years*



Suzanne Trowbridge - October 07, 2013 at 02:07 PM

GE

“ *Mom,  
I am going to miss you and I never realized how much I loved. Rest in peace and we will all be together some day.  
Love you and Dad lots  
Love the picture of you with that little smirk*

Georgia - September 16, 2013 at 12:00 AM

JA

“ Mom and Dad,  
Your journey continues with God once more together.

Miss you both  
Love John

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**John Arend** - September 15, 2013 at 12:00 AM

PL

“ The Angels, whispering to  
One another, can find,  
Among their burning terms  
Of Love, None so devotional  
As that of "Mother".

Edgar Allan Poe

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**Patricia Lenander** - September 15, 2013 at 12:00 AM

LA

“ Grandma  
we love you. We are sure you are so very healthy, happy, and in the arms of all of  
loved ones who went before you. We will think of you often

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**Laurie** - September 13, 2013 at 12:00 AM

SU

“ You will forever hold a burning candle close to my heart. I love you and miss you  
sooooo much. You and Dad gave us a good--wonderfu --life. Thank you.

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**Suzie** - September 13, 2013 at 12:00 AM

CT

“ Love you, Grandma xoxo

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**Casandra Trowbridge** - September 13, 2013 at 12:00 AM

TN

“ *Ed and Ed's family:*

*How are you doing? I am so sorry for your loss. Thing like this we never want to happen in our life.*

*?Death leaves a heartache on one can heal, love leaves a memory no one can steal?*

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**Tien Nguyen** - September 10, 2013 at 12:00 AM