



Gilman Ellis

JUL 15, 1913 - SEP 22, 2008



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Anonymous posted:

It is impossible to sum up what my Dad meant to me, but I wanted to make a try at it and so here are the remarks I spoke at Dad's memorial service, December 12. First I'd like to state for the record that I feel pretty inadequate to this assignment, but at the same time I am very proud and honored to stand here as Edwin and Fern Nye's daughter. And I include Mom in this because she and Dad were, and still are, a team. I'd also like to acknowledge all of you present here today. Dad touched many lives and your presence here is a tribute to that. Dad asked that we celebrate his life today. And it is indeed a life to be celebrated. While obviously he had regrets and made mistakes, he lived a full and honest life and tried to do good – a Christian life. What a wonderful role model for me – and a very difficult one to live up to! When I think of quotes to describe the philosophy of life that Dad imparted to me, I keep coming back to one by Robert Louis Stevenson: "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be happy as kings". He took joy in life. He was an adventurer and a poet and a scientist, what an awesome combination! While he was sorry to leave us all, he was also anxious to continue the spiritual journey he was on. Dad loved to explore: the physical world, the world of the mind and the world of the spirit. He was always interested in understanding and "figuring things out". One of my memories of our home was the number of books it had. I loved to just pull down a book at random and skim through it. Unfortunately I didn't have the patience to actually read the books! But I'm pretty sure that Dad had read just about all those books. His joy in the pursuit of knowledge was so contagious that it is one of the many great gifts that he gave me. He tried to make every day count. I'll always remember him complaining that they shouldn't give awards at school for perfect attendance because just showing up isn't enough – It is what you do once you are there that counts. "Be up and doing!". Another of my fond memories is going on berry picking expeditions, scouting wild raspberries or blueberries, enjoying the scenery along the way, singing silly songs, looking for signs of animals. Berry picking is one of the most satisfying things to do. You have the excitement of the search for the elusive berry patch, and then the delicious reward of your fill of just-picked, sun-warmed berries. Through those many hikes in the woods, a love of nature was another of Dad's gifts to me. "Life is what happens while you are making other plans". That saying keeps coming up for me lately. However, when I think about it in terms of Dad, I realize that it really isn't as appropriate for him. Dad seems to have a pretty good track record of getting his plans into action. Except for the last few weeks, which definitely did not go "according to plan", it seems that Dad was able to do what he set out to and managed to accomplish a lot, and touch a lot of lives. He and Mom joked about his "open door policy". He always seemed to be available to talk and help when people asked, regardless of what else was on his agenda at the time. There is no way that I can hope to capture all the facets of Dad in these brief remembrances. I guess basically I want to say, "thank you, Dad" for all the gifts you have given me. ##imported-begin##Sarah Nye Heller##imported-end##

December 16 at 1:02 PM



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Anonymous posted:

I remember Ed as the big brother who showed the way for my sisters and me. He showed us how to make a game of household chores like shelling peas. He made toys out of odds and ends. He biked or walked to high school six miles away, arising early to stir up the wood fire and reheat the oatmeal. He defended me when my sisters mocked me as I practiced piano. When I went off to college, he was there as an instructor and kept an eye on my sister and me. One summer when I was working away from home I suffered a concussion in a bicycle accident. He was the one who was concerned to inquire after my condition. When I married I chose him as one of our wedding attendants. And when our children celebrated our golden wedding anniversary, he and Fern traveled to attend. I shall miss him all the rest of my life, but I am deeply grateful for his life --a life well lived.##imported-begin##Dorothy Raymond##imported-end##

December 11 at 5:45 PM



Anonymous posted:

I remember Ed as the big brother who showed the way for me and my sisters. He showed us how to make a game of household chores like shelling peas. He made toys out of odds and ends. He biked or walked to high school six miles away, arising early to stir up the wood fire and reheat the oatmeal. He defended me when my sisters mocked me as I practiced piano. When I went off to college, he was there as an instructor and kept an eye on my sister and me. One summer, working away from home I received a concussion as a result of a bicycle accident and he was the one who was concerned to inquire about me. When I married, I chose him as one of our wedding attendants. And when our children celebrated our golden wedding anniversary, he and Fern traveled to the party. I shall miss him all the rest of my life, but I am deeply grateful for the gift of his life.##imported-begin##Dorothy Raymond##imported-end##

December 10 at 7:14 PM



Anonymous posted:

Hi Father, I hope you had a nice trip to visit our Almighty Father. I will miss you a lot. I will make sure that Mother is taken care of and looked after. I will make you proud of me. Thanks for the best 39 years a son could ever receive. Love you! :-))##imported-begin##Benjamin Nye##imported-end##

December 2 at 12:50 PM



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Anonymous posted:

We send our prayers for comfort and strength at this time, and our deepest sympathy. Knowing that Ed is home now, with all the saints, we are assured of the grace and joy of the resurrection in which we will all share.##imported-begin##Bill and Genie Rayner##imported-end##

December 2 at 5:51 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Gilman by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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