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Ralph H. Albinson • James W. Albinson • Daniel R. Albinson
6855 Rowland Road • Eden Prairie, Minnesota 55344

(952) 914 ~ 9410

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Mary Ellen Greener

Mary E. Greener (G-ma) died on December 23, 2007.
At the age of 92 years and 24 days.

Born in Dhamtari, India, the daughter of Mennonite medical missionaries, she grew up in India, and attended Woodstock School there. She graduated from high school in Elkhart, Indiana and attended Goshen College where she graduated as a teacher of English. In 1951, she and her sons moved to Peoria, Illinois, where she earned her Masters Degree from Bradley University. She worked for the Peoria Public Library before becoming an English teacher with the Peoria Public Schools. She retired in 1980 and moved to Minneapolis in 1999.

A true Anglophile from her days in India, Mary loved to read, write, and memorize poetry and could name all the kings and queens of England in order. She was a dedicated Bible teacher and touched the lives of those in her church in Peoria for many years. She also spent many hours committing scripture to memory. Always with a book, she was a life-long learner who would never miss an opportunity to do a crossword puzzle or double-crostic or share something from what she was reading. She was known at many restaurants as "The Lady with the Book".

G-ma adored her family who will miss her deeply and who will never be able to forget the legacy she left with them.

SERVICES TO BE PRIVATE.

SHE IS SURVIVED BY

2 sons, Bert (Jean) and Ken(Nancy) Greener

6 grandchildren,

Eric (Terri) Greener, Erin (Aaron) Becker, and Nick (Jen) Greener
Kelli (Jeff) Whiteside, Kristin (Bob) Dettmer
and Jennifer (John) Berge

18 great grandchildren,

Jake, Josie, Max, and Libby Greener
Isaac Becker, Christian and Ava Greener
Allison, Andrew, and Lillian Whiteside
Abigail, Caleb, Benjamin and Hannah Dettmer
Luke, Micah, Hope and Rachel Berge



"Mr. Browning Says"

"Grow old along with me"
Is not what it's cracked up to be.

For bones do creak and eyes grown dim
And aches and pains invade the limbs.

And sometimes sound becomes a buzz
And memory's not what it was.

I wonder if the poet gauged
Ben Johnson's "misery of age".

And did he realize he knew
That what he said was also true.

For as he also looked ahead
"The best is yet to be" he said.

For after age and life's alarms
I'll rest in the eternal arms.

Written by Mary E. Greener
March 2006