

THE FUNERAL, AND AUGUST, 1965

First, to back up a moment: two pages earlier in this book I mentioned where I thought you lived in the summer of 1965. After writing that page, I asked both Grandma Kent and Grandpa Bernard. Because we're talking about almost 17 years ago they couldn't remember for sure. But it is reasonably certain that for much of June you stayed in Minneapolis with Grandma Kent, David and I; then you went back to Grand Forks with Grandpa and Grandma Bernard till after the funeral. Dad recalls your Uncle John (who was then 17) complaining about having to babysit that summer.

Barbara's funeral was on July 29, 1965, at St. Catherine's Church in Valley City. Because she had so many friends, and because her death was at so young an age, there were many people at the funeral. As I recall it, there were three priests and a minister officiating at the funeral service - very unusual.

As I recall, the day of the funeral was, for a time, rather breezy and threatening. At the burial itself, I was standing by the grave with relatives, and my Aunt Jean Busch was holding you. As she recalled to me: "you are correct about the metal from the protective tarp (over the gravesite) striking us as I held Tommy. Bumped his forehead - didn't hurt me and he quit crying when his Daddy took him. . . ."

After the funeral - well, let Jean Busch continue: "then, since we were together for such a sad occasion - we became mighty busy and held the 62nd anniversary park gathering for Ferd and Rosa (Busch)." This was my Grandma and Grandpa Busch.

Actually, I believe the anniversary celebrated was their 60th and it was a very late celebration - as they were married in February, 1905. But Jean was correct. . . since most of the Busch clan were together for the funeral, we all went down to the Grand Rapids Park and did have a reunion on July 29th. I don't remember much about that day anymore. I do remember being worried about you getting into some mouse poison that was inside the building we were in.

What happened in the month after the funeral remains very cloudy in my mind. I do know that I came back to Minneapolis to live again at 3315 University Avenue SE, and that I was back by August 4, 1965. I know that because I have a letter I sent to Grandma Kent on that date.