



Beata C. Edwards

October 25, 1931 - June 15, 2016

Though she was born in the small Minnesota town of Jeffers, on October 25, 1931, Beata Cecelia Edwards had the ambition and vision to graduate from the Mayo Clinic as a registered nurse, travel throughout Europe, work in England as a nurse, and receive a Bachelor's Degree in International Affairs from Lewis and Clark College. But, beyond any of these achievements, she was the beloved daughter of Elmer and Marie Peterson, sister of Morris and Marion, the treasured "Katrinka" to her husband Dr. Thomas Allen Edwards, and cherished mother of Barbara, Gwen, Nancy, Mary and Tommy.

Her innate curiosity and interest in the world around her made her life vital and engaged. She had the opportunity to live in many different cities and states including Salem, Oregon; West Lafayette, Indiana; Johnson City Tennessee, Silver Springs, Maryland; Salem, Virginia; New Jersey; Richmond, Virginia; Suffolk, Virginia, and finally returning to Oregon. She made the most of each move, enjoying the different cultures of each and involving herself in the community through the Literacy Guild and AAUW, and association of women college graduates who did community outreach work. But particularly special to her heart was her work with the Literacy Guild where she volunteered to teach reading. More than anything else, Beata was a voracious reader, and it was this vital connection to the whole world that she gave to her children and even other friends and family. Other than simply being who she was to those who loved her, it was her greatest gift. We all miss you and love you so

deeply! We have great sorrow that you have left, but rejoice in all the memories you left with us!

It has been said that when a ship leaves a shore, there are always many people standing on the shore waving tearful goodbyes. As the ship moves away in the distance, getting small and smaller, and then out of sight, those loved ones on the shore might feel great sadness. But they should remember that as the ship slips over the horizon out of their sight, on another shore, there is great shout of joy and greetings as other loved ones stand to welcome a the cherished home! To that which is truly home, an everlasting home, a perfect home where we are surrounded by loved ones once lost, but now found for eternity! Mom, I know that your parents, your sister Marion, your daughter Gwen, son Tommy, and husband Tom, and so many departed friends, were all there to greet you with open arms and loving, grateful hearts! We must remember their new joy and yours and let it temper or own sorrows!

Tribute Wall

MT

“ Mom,

I so much wish I could give you a huge hug and tell you thank you for teaching us to love reading, the out doors, and so many other things in life! I see you as being at peace now and I look forward to being with you again.

Here is a W. C. Bryant poem from a tense time in life and it helped me get through:

Blessed are They that Mourn

*OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.*

*The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.*

*There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.*

*And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.*

*Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.*

*For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.*

*Love,
Your daughter Mary*

Mary Thro - October 26, 2016 at 01:54 PM

NA

“ From your daughter Nancy, who loved you so!:

It is impossible to write in a few words what you have meant to me. Not only have you enriched my whole life with your presence, but these last ten years living together has been such a wonderful blessing, not a gift that too many mother and daughters get to share! Every day of that time, every minute of those days was a great gift, and I am grateful that I never took it for granted. We had such wonderful fun together! So many laughs we shared and times we quoted Blake Shelton's "That's what she said." which would have surprised everyone! I will think you so many times every day, many times a day, but it will be so hard to watch our favorite programs like "The Voice," and "Jeopardy" every night without you! I will keenly miss you every time I go for a drive through the Oregon countryside, something that you loved to do so much! But because of all those lovely drives we took together, you and memories of you, are now traced into the grassy slopes, the ferny forests and tree-lined lanes. How fortunate we were that just the week before you left we spent memorial day at the falls at a State Park, and had an ice cream cone afterwards!!

And though I will love you and miss you with every day, you left me with so much that gives my life depth and beauty, a gift you offered to all your children and those who loved you! For what I value most, beyond just your being my mother, was your sense of the world that you passed on to me. You had the mind of a writer, the eye of an artist, and the soul of a musician, even though, as you said, you couldn't carry a tune, you could run along side it quite handily! The week before you passed away, I had bought you a collection of song of singers from the 1950's on CD. How lucky we were that we both loved Frank Sinatra, Gogie Grant, Vic Damone and Doris Day!! Not many mothers and daughters have the same taste in music, but you and I shared so much, I guess it is not so surprising that you gave me a love for so many kinds of music! You never had a chance to hear that new collection, but I hope that some day soon I can listen to it for the both of us, and remember you with gratitude

when I do! And I do thank God that I was there in the hospital that last day and I was able to sing you your favorite hymn "How Great Thou Art" and Vince Gill's "Go Rest High Upon That Mountain," even though my singing voice is pretty bad!

And I think of all the art I recognize because of you! You used to put a copy of a great painting on the refrigerator and we had to name it and the artist before we could have dessert! What a gift that has been! Your last weekend, we were just picking out art for the house we shared, and because you taught me so well, we mostly agreed! Such a love of great art works is something that I will have forever because of you, and when I share it with others, it will still because of this wondrous gift you gave!

When I was about ten years old, you had us memorize one poem a night out of a Children's Poetry Collection, which I still have. One of the first poems we memorized was "Certainty," by Emily Dickenson. No only did I still remember it, but on your last day here on earth, in the hospital, we recited it together one last time. Of course, I didn't know yet how fitting it would be, I probably didn't want to know then, but I am so glad we had one last chance to say it together.

Certainty

*I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather look,
and what a wave must be.*

*I never spoke to God,
Nor visited in Heaven,
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if a chart were given.*

This poem is just one of the many visions of beauty you have left printed on my heart, that made me who I am. There are so many more poems, books, pieces of music, and wonderful conversations

that are now mine to keep and share with others, and in so doing, share your love of the world too.

continued...

Nancy - July 11, 2016 at 11:20 AM

NA

“ *continuing...*

For all the things that we shared, for all the things we meant to each other, this is one last “I love you so much,” one final “I miss you so much!” But I know that it is a temporary pain, hard though it may be . For someone who valued John Keats' “Truth” and “Beauty” so much it is comforting to know you are now in the place where perfect Truth reigns, in the place where perfect Beauty dwells with Our lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, on the right hand of His Father, The Lord Almighty! How fitting! How joyous! How vastly sublime! You are now at the source, the Fountainhead, of the beauty you sought so much on Earth! Until I can rush into your arms once more,

Love Always, Nancy!

Nancy - July 11, 2016 at 11:19 AM

MP

“ We Petersons called her Beata, but we found in later years that many preferred Bea. I’m not sure why her parents chose that name. (I’ve always assumed that it was because our Mother – Marie was very religious.) When we were growing up in Jeffers, our older sister Marion and I (the “brat”) never quite thought of her as “blessed”! Our house in that small farming town in southwestern Minnesota was conveniently only a block from the school. (Of course, nothing in a town of about 400-600 people is more than a few blocks away!) Bea was the class valedictorian, following in Marion’s shoes. Bea studied hard and got straight A’s, Marion didn’t study and got straight A’s, and I did neither! Bea left for training at the St. Mary’s nursing school associated with the Mayo Clinic in Rochester before I entered high school. I’m not sure, but she might have chosen the medical field because our Mother had been/was a nurse. (I use the word “was” because Mother was the “town nurse/doctor,” much to the discomfort of our Dad – Elmer, who often remarked “Are you going out to help again?”) During Bea’s work as a nurse, she met Dr. Thomas Edwards. I remember hearing that Tom insisted on not only meeting Bea’s parents but also seeing Jeffers. (It didn’t take too long for him to see it all!) They made more trips to Minnesota, including those for Mother’s wake in 1984 and Dad’s in 1999. Sandy and I visited Tom, Bea and family in Indiana in 1978 after returning from our honeymoon to Jeffers to see my parents. Tom and Bea visited us in Arlington, but Sandra and I did not get to visit them in Alaska, Tennessee or Salem, Virginia. We did visit Bea and Nancy when they were in Midlothian and Suffolk, Virginia, and we had hopes of making the trip west to see them in Sweet Home, Oregon.

Morris Peterson with Sandra Horvath-Peterson

Morris Peterson - July 06, 2016 at 07:28 PM

HE

“ I love the pretty picture of Bea that was selected for the obiuary, when she was when she was young and busy, managing a household of four children and a wonderful, busy husband. Bea achieved remarkable things in her life. Even though she suffered the heart wrenching loss of her son and husband as well as serious medical problems of her own, she continued to be a strong pioneer woman who affirmed life and the power of the mind. Even after her stroke which hampered her recall, she worked to be able to move beyond her own anxieties into important issues of life and reality. Although I was not able to spend much time with her except for a delightful Elderhostel with Tom and Bea in Vermont, I always felt a shared experience with her as my sister-in-law. She is part of my memory treasure chest.

Harriett Edwards - June 26, 2016 at 09:44 PM



“ 8 files added to the album Memories Album



DeMoss-Durdan Funeral Home and Crematory - June 23, 2016 at 02:52 PM

BA

“ Mom,

When I was young, one of the things that made you stand out from the mothers of my friends was your very conscious decision to teach us to look for and celebrate beauty. From your pictures of art masterpieces stuck on the refrigerator door to your meticulously designed home interiors, you modeled the gift of appreciating beauty.

My proudest moment as a college graduate was not the handshake from the dean or the reception of my diploma. It was the look of pride and enjoyment on your face when I shared my slides of great art and landscape slides from my graduation trip to Europe.

In my adult life, I made my career as a family therapist who sought out and celebrated balance and beauty in the lives of my clients. I also successfully passed your gift on to your two grand-daughters.

The older now looks for beauty in the lives of her at-risk girls in her non-profit mentoring program, while helping them maintain a precarious balance in their ugly worlds. My younger daughter is dedicated to finding symmetry and meaning in the countless cell slides she examines in her cancer research. A few years ago, she was wildly applauded by her team for being the only one who successfully saw a cell pattern that led to a breakthrough in their research project.

I will hold these things in my heart and reflect on the continuing movement of your gifts through our lives.

Barb

Barb - June 21, 2016 at 11:03 AM