



## Alice A. Scheurer

October 15, 1936 - September 9, 2013

Alice A. Scheurer, nee Wood. Loving Wife of the late Jerry Scheurer and ex wife of Joseph Rodriguez. Loving Mother of Anthony (Carmine) Rodriguez, Doreinda (Tom) Shimak, Maureen (George) Rusnak, Joann (Gerald) Ryan, and Robert (Joan) Sanchez. Proud Grandmother of TJ, Danny, Savanna, Tommy, Nick, Adam, Allison, Trish, Maureen, Kelly, Bobby, and Justin. Great Grandmother of Dylan and Brooke. Missed by her loving pet Sassy Star. Visitation on Thursday, September 12, 2013 from 11 am until time of Service at 1 pm at Foran Funeral Home, 7300 West Archer Avenue (55th Street just west of Harlem), Summit, Illinois. Interment Resurrection Cemetery, 7201 South Archer Road, Justice, Illinois.

# Tribute Wall

AA

“ I have to admit that I was very blessed to get to see her when I made my journey around the United States from Alaska and all the way down and around the Kansas. I am just really glad that I was able to put a great smile on her face last year. I can't forget the joys I was able to spend with everyone and can't ever forget the Wisconsin trips! Even when I fell into the lake at Red Stone Park. She would always be remembered and never forgotten. Love you and the family with all my Heart. --Kandahar, Afghanistan

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**Alice A.** - September 24, 2015 at 12:00 AM

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“ At 5:15 pm on September 9, 2013, my mother took her last breath. She died at home surrounded in love by my sister Dorienda, granddaughter Savanna, grandson Tommy and my brother-in-law Tom. I will miss her. The cycle of life When we are born and take our first breath, our journey of life begins. We begin with little toes, soft skin, dainty fingers. Our tiny hearts beat with blood that is pure. Our eyes twinkle in innocence. We begin with a clean slate with no memories. We have yet to form opinions. We have yet to make decisions. We have yet to collect memories. As we begin our journey of life, we begin with our personality like the many facets of a diamond. As we travel the road life, we begin our experiences. Scents and sounds burn into our memories. Exhilarating highs and devastating lows are remembered and each alters a facet of our personality. We make decisions and live by their consequences. Our opinions are formed and change. Life increases in speed as we grow older and we begin to reminisce. And we begin to ask...what if? Life spins by until we begin to count down to our last breath as a clock counts the seconds. Time waits for no one. We leave this earth filled with memories. We leave this earth with the consequences of our decisions. We leave this earth with our tiny little toes, soft skin, dainty fingers. Our tiny little hearts stop beating. Our eyes twinkle no more. When we say you live within us mama, it is in the cycle of life that you do.

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**Alice A.** - September 24, 2015 at 12:00 AM

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“ Good-bye Mama. I can't believe you are gone. Such is the cycle of life. My heart aches and my selfish side yearns for you to be here. Your pain is gone now. You are at peace. My tears come without notice. I have never experienced these feelings before. I have never experience such sadness. The scents and sounds of our past have come flooding to my memory. Of you making tortillas in the kitchen on Lawndale, you calling me home from the front window of Racine. The lessons you taught me as a child will never be forgotten. You live with-in me now. Good-bye Mama.

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**Alice A.** - September 24, 2015 at 12:00 AM