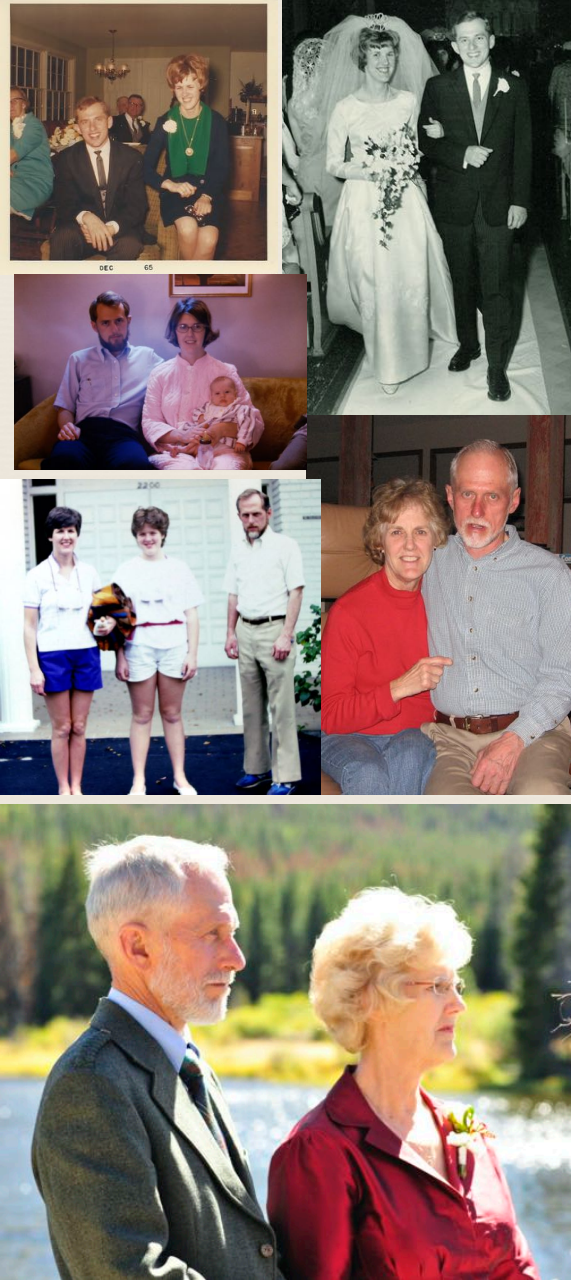


Mother



Dà chridhe mar aon
Two hearts as one
wife, friend,
partner.



Carol Ann Wegrzyn Stroyan



Born 14 May 1944
Married Keith 18 June 1966
Birthed Emily 25 Aug 1972
Died 11 Dec 2020

Mother, wife, nurse,
active member of
St. Thomas More, Free Lunch,
Quilter, Gardener, Dog Lover

I will show you my faith by my works.
James 2: 18



Childhood:

Carol grew up with loving parents, Pauline and Walter, her sister, Judy, plus Grandma and Aunt Mary upstairs. They made frequent weekend trips to the country and later had a cottage on Lake Spangenberg.



The Prairie Years:

Emily grew up in Iowa City where we thought the schools were best, but in 1990 Emily graduated, Carol recovered from breast cancer, and we fulfilled a dream to live in the country. Carol loved the house and gardens, Keith loved the little prairie, woods and ponds. We raised Labrador Retrievers. Carol played with the pups and Keith cleaned up the poop. Perfect partners.



Mother:

Carol was a compassionate nurse and dedicated contributor to St. Thomas More and Free Lunch, a quilt group, garden club, a gourmet group, who also took care of a busy husband, but her most important contribution was being a caring mother. This included an immaculate house and wonderful cooking.



We twa hae run about the braes:

Carol and Keith lived briefly in Philadelphia, California, Wisconsin and 47 years in Iowa, our home. We traveled to Europe, Canada, Alaska, but trips across the U.S. esp. mountains and National Parks were the best. Hikes out of Estes Park while Uncle Bob spoiled Emily were special.



Death of a Thousand Cuts:

A few dear friends stuck by Carol as Alzheimers took its toll, but it was too much for many when Carol couldn't participate fully. Loss of memory and affection began in 2007, at the time confused with age and menopause. She struggled mightily to overcome the destruction of her brain, losing prized skills and memories by the day for over a decade. If Carol could have talked at the end she might have repeated words from the old Scot's song: O, dry your glistening e'e, John, My saul langts to be free, John, And angels beckon me, To the Land O' the Leal.