

Anne L'Ecuyer Remarks for Bob L'Ecuyer Memorial Service

Dad's capacity to listen, analyze, and reflect was legendary. One experience common among my siblings is the moment when Dad put a question to you. Upon receiving a report card, his request wasn't for a defense of the grade. Rather, he wanted our own view on the situation. *How did we think we did?*

As a five-year-old, it was an extraordinary experience to be asked my opinion of kindergarten. He and I began a conversation then that never will end. Personhood in all its fullness is what that dialogue has offered me over time. I know many of you have also benefited from Bob's loving attention. Let me share some about how he got there.

He often reminded anyone listening that he was raised by strong women. By that he meant his beloved grandmothers Dandu and Gram, and his aunts Pinky, Finamore, Temple, Jackie, Fern, and Louella. Also the firmament of cousins and neighbors that cared for him as their family moved from place to place. He loved, protected, and admired his two sisters Sally and Mary. As their families grew, he became a beloved uncle, and a GUB (grand uncle Bob). His mother Cletta remained deeply embedded in his heart, and his stepmother Mickey was a close advisor and ally.

His father HK was loving, stoic, and a fierce intellect who challenged his first-born son to be purposeful, astute, and productive. Bob attended his own father's class in college and they talked in depth about society, business, politics, and faith. His Uncle Doc delivered him at birth, and Uncle Max gave him a job at the service station. He revered them both.

My mother Barbara and sisters Jeanine & Julie were the leading ladies in his life as they left Kansas for Tucson and later Phoenix. My brothers Larry and Paul were his first picks in all sports. Each of us has a story about a time Dad stepped out in front to take a hit that we probably deserved, or stood firmly in our corner. Above all we were a very merry band. Most of what I know about team leadership comes from my siblings and that home environment our parents afforded us.

Dad's career is Google-able. His time at UofA law connected him to a job at the Court of Appeals here in the Valley. Early research duties in both the House and Senate set in place his habit of crossing the aisle. As he rose in politics and legal practice, he lived out another bit of wisdom. You don't have to have the best solution. You need the one most of us can get behind.

He got behind a lot of important work: mental health, social services, nursing, ecumenical service. His passion was family history, and his lasting request is for us to tell our stories. He believed deeply that we each come from real people who led fascinating lives, and the tales of our good works and fun adventures are to the benefit of all who follow.

So much followed when Dad married Claudelle, and particularly when he took up his church mission. The fun times together traveling with Victoria and Grant and Kim and Rick, their in-laws, and all the kids, grandkids, greats, and two great-greats bring such warm memories. He considered his very large, loving circle the absolute triumph and blessing of his life.