

From son Mike:

Conrad Ostberg Stone, is a full name for a full life. I am blessed along with Dad's grandson's Matt and Spencer to carry that Conrad name. But Dad had a very interesting middle name--- Ostberg. In Swedish it means Iceberg. An Iceberg is only 1/3 visible above the surface, 2/3rds of an Iceberg is unseen. So.. when you saw Dad you only saw the top of the Iceberg. What you experienced in his life was inspired by the deep truths foundational to his life; faith and commitment to God, family and friends.

The reason it is so natural for me to pray to our Gracious Heavenly Father is because I like all of us were blessed with such a gracious earthly father. Mom and Dad made sure that the Stone kids got a front row seat in church each Sunday. You also gave us a front row seat to see firsthand what an amazing love for each other, for us and for God was truly like.

In scriptures we hear numerous times the invite we use during our Lenten Services, "Return to the Lord your God for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love." Hard to think of more descriptive words to describe Dad.

Dad we will miss your gracious and steadfast love for all of us and your full engagement in life. You and Mom have always lived life to the fullest—sharing the love that you have first been given. Laura and I will never forget one of our usual Sunday afternoon calls. Dad answered. He sounded winded so we asked, "Dad are you O.K." He said "I just got off the treadmill." How many 91 year olds do you know thatwe asked "Dad where's Mom?" He said --"Oh, she went to Brookdale to lead worship for the old people there." Old people? He did not say older. They just lived life like that - full and vibrant and giving --always

The Jewish Talmud says that "we will not be judged for what we do but rather for all the good things we saw but did not enjoy." Mom and Dad enjoyed and gave thanks for every minute of life and every second of love. I just spoke with someone who had remembered Mom and Dad playing golf in our Church golf tournament some years ago. He said they were so nice but there was just one problem, I said "what was that?" Well he said, "Your Dad was really good at golf so we expected him to beat us.... but your Mom ..she beat me and my partner as well!

Dad certainly enjoyed life to the fullest—it is impossible to remember all the ways he created and gave away things-- like scones, muffins, biscotes, pizza and Granny's rolls- and that's just the tip of the Iceberg! We will miss hearing about Orchid kikis or your latest recipe for muffins. I will miss your laughter. ..Dad liked to laugh. If you listen to his phone message---he just breaks out laughing at the end of his message. I am saving that.. to hear over and over.

It is impossible to picture him right now doing anything less than smiling or laughing.

Our Men's Bible Study usually has 30 + guys. Dad & Mom would like to hear what we were studying. He and Mom read the Bible every Morning. In fact that was his job to read to mom. But even more than what we were studying in Bible Study, Dad would like to hear our jokes we that we told. One of the favorites to tell him to guarantee a laugh was about the Monk who was in a monastery –with a vow of silence. They could only say 2 words every 2 years--- After two years passed of total silence –the monk broke the silence when he went before the Abbott to share his two words -- “food cold” —was all he said. Another 2 years passed the Monk again came to the Abbott with his 2 words “Bed Hard” he said quickly —then another 2 years of silence was broken when the Monk blurted out, “I quit!” to which the Abbott said, “that doesn't surprise me a bit – all you've done is complain since you've been here!” You can almost hear his laughter ..that laughter you did not want to end. As Easter people we know that it hasn't.

One of the guys from Bible Study, was a Baptist friend. Dad would always get a chuckle when I told him that the only reason he joined us- was to get a second opinion.

This dear friend texted me a marvelous question. After hearing of Dad's death, he sent condolences and then asked, “ if your Dad could say one thing what would he tell you?” I wrote him back these words “No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has begun to perceive all that God has in store for those who love Him. Then I added - those were not Dad's words but the Apostle Paul's. I wrote I think Dad would go on to say “This place is amazing!”

Dad we had a party planned for you and Mom.....

You just beat us to it—--Save us a place, --as we all claim The Promise that we will be together, not in the better place but the best place- a place with a grand kitchen and a huge orchid friendly greenhouse, among other things ..just for you.

Dad had a Swedish toast that he was known for sharing at special events. Not really sure if it was indeed Swedish – Not even really sure how to write it but know for sure whenever he shared it, the translation was always changed to fit the party or gathering—So here it is-

“Laksa Doksa-Dinkle-Dinkle-Daksa” which means

“Dad until we all meet again-

What a party that will be!”

Love you Dad