

MY PERSONAL MICHIGAN HERO

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When I look up in the sky at the shape of the clouds or the stars shining bright, I see those that have passed looking down on me. Alice Sophie (Gluchowski) Stieber born February 23, 1917, is not here with us anymore. She went to her glory on April 6, 2018 at 101 years young here in Michigan. My great grandma was the perfect example of how to live life in a way that impacted, as well as influenced those around her. She was completely devout, compassionate, crazy about working hard, selfless, and full of joy.

Say your prayers, wash your hands, do your exercises, help others, don't be afraid to get dirty, and do some yard work are the words that define my great grandma. She refused to say no to the simple question of "Would you like a Pepsi?" whether you wanted one or not was not heard of. At 101, she still felt the need to serve others and, most importantly, listen to others. She was always asking questions about my day, my school, my friends, my sports, and my church. Great Grandma Alice led life by example.

As Grandma Alice neared triple digits in age, her short-term memory began to fade. She still lived on her own in her own house, she still worked in the yard, she still shoveled her walk, and she still prayed and exercised daily. One of my many memories of her was when I was in 4th grade. Our football team played a playoff game and we lost. We made a surprise visit to her after the game and I was still in my uniform. "Oh, what a surprise! You are in a uniform. Did you win or lose? Tell me all about it!" I shared with her how the game went and how we lost and I was sad about it. Within five minutes she again noticed I was in my football uniform and excitedly asked, "Oh joy, you are in uniform did you win or lose? Tell me all about it!" I again shared with her how our team did. This happened a few times over our short visit. I never cared that she continued to ask me the same question, because I knew she really did want to know how I felt, and she attentively listened to me every time.

They say life is short, but for Grandma Alice life was long. If angels lived with us on this earth, Grandma Alice was one of them. She could take

any type of situation and make it okay, somehow even joyful. How many people in your life do you know that can do that? My Great Grandma lived through World War I, World War II, the Great Depression and all of the other horrid things our country has gone through. Throughout it all, she stayed positive and she stayed strong. Strong in her religion, strong with her daily rosary, strong with her exercises, strong with her work ethics (she could outlast her grandkids working on her lawn and garden). To me that is what a hero is. A woman of the hour is one of the definitions of a hero. My Great Grandma is a woman of every hour, of every minute, of every day. She truly made those around her leave with a smile and want to be a better human being.

Although she is not here with us anymore, I can still hear her. I still smile and feel joy when I think of her. She is a hero by the way she lived life. She taught me by example to work hard at all I do, care more, listen always, pray with your heart, say your rosary, go to church and always take home a goodie bag.



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