

**EULOGY - GLENNA MOORE**  
**Jackie Moore**

My name is Jackie and I am Glenna's daughter-in-law. I am married to Trip Moore.

I was raised in a family where music is and was a big part of our life. In particular, Bruce Springsteen. My mom, brother and I did not miss him when he was in town. Several years ago, a few weeks after our son, Blair, was born, my mom and my brother and I went to see Bruce. Now bear with me, I am getting to something.

During that concert, Bruce discussed his belief that children are our windows to GRACE. That really struck me and I became aware that between tantrums, etc., it was very true. Then Hannah came along and I saw that same GRACE again. Part of that GRACE lie in their dependence and vulnerability; their humility and innocence.

GRACE is defined by many different characteristics. Grace is faith. GRACE is compassion. GRACE is gratitude. GRACE is surrender. GRACE is forgiveness. GRACE is good manners. And GRACE is reverence, just to name a few, such characteristics.

Two years ago when Glenna's journey with ALS began, that window into GRACE began again. Just like with our kids I had to look through some pretty ugly panes at times to see it, but it was always there! It started with her initial falls. I was amazed with how she fell with such grace. She never came crashing down like I do when I fall, but she merely would wilt to the ground.

Last fall, I went with Al and Glenna, to the Mayo clinic. We sat and received confirmation of our worse fears, ALS. Glenna briefly cried. All I could think of was my desire to get back to our hotel rooms so I could curl up and cry all night. Glenna looked at me as we left and said "Let's go shopping then freshen up and meet for a glass of wine before we go out to eat dinner". Obviously I obliged and even participated in a toast.

That toast was "we no longer have to search for an answer", I have never seen such GRACE!

We would attend ALS clinic once ever other month or so — a full day of evaluations and getting results of how this disease was progressing. An extremely tiring day, we never received any "good" news; it was always about the rapid decline and ways that we can try to compensate for what she had most recently lost.

However, we spent those days visiting and laughing. Again, it was her GRACE, that made these days something I will treasure. The more dependent and vulnerable she got the more clear her GRACE became.

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I would go over to their home and look at her calendar or simply look out the window, once we became neighbors, and I saw even more GRACE.

It was in the people, the community that surrounded her and began to lift her up in so many ways. It was you, her Big Spring friends, her Baylor friends, the families she raised her kids with, her tennis teammates, her bridge buddies, her dominoes friends, and countless other dear friends.

I cannot imagine having that many friends! I have never seen such an outpouring of unconditional love and friendship. Her home was filled with laughter, tears and stories being told, and when she was no longer able to tell her priceless stories, another gift she possessed, YOU began to tell the stories and kept the laughter going.

She chose to look for silver linings along the way. She got a whole lot of love and attention, which she spoke of and she enjoyed that. She had to take lots of vitamins which caused her hair to thicken and become very healthy, which allowed Sima, her long time friend and hair dresser, to crown her the “Best Hair” award. She lost weight which the people at clinic weren’t happy about, but was a “silver lining” for Glenna. She CHOSE to look for the “bright” spots in this process.

I think we thought we were there to hold her up; however, what I have learned is that we merely leaned on one another. She gave us as much as we gave her. We had a front row seat to an incredible journey. What a gift!

We all received something so beautiful from her and while we no longer have her physically, we each have that gift.

She taught me volumes about strength, courage and to NEVER take anything for granted. She showed me I could do something I was dreadfully afraid of, which was to hold someone’s hand as they left this life.

The gift I speak of is different to each of us, so I encourage you to figure out what gift you received and use it. She would love that. She stays alive inside us all if we keep her gifts and use them.