

"LAURI"
In Loving Memory



Margaret L. Mack

DEC 30, 1953 - APRIL 3, 2026

THURSDAY, APRIL 09, 2026

WAKE: 9:30 AM - FUNERAL: 10:00 AM

WATSON'S FUNERAL HOME
10913 SUPERIOR AVE - CLEVELAND, OHIO 44106

Order of Service

MUSICAL PRELUDE WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

PROCESSIONAL THE FAMILY

FAMILY VISITATION 9:30 AM – 10:00 AM

SCRIPTURE READINGS..... PSALM 16:5-11

MUSICAL SELECTIONS/HYMNS..... I COME TO THE GARDEN ALONE

SLIDESHOW

REMARKS PLEASE LIMIT TO 2 MINUTES

STATEMENTS OF THE FAMILY..... MICHAEL, ERIN, ASHLEY, CLARICE, MATTHEW
MELLIE, MCKENNA, PHIL

MUSICAL SELECTION GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

EULOGY/LIFE TRIBUTE DR. TRENT THOMAS
DESTINY CHURCH, CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

FINAL VIEWING THE FAMILY

BENEDICTION AARONIC BLESSING

*“The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord Make his face
to shine upon you and be gracious to you. The Lord lift his
countenance upon you and give you peace.”*

– NUMBERS 6:24-26



Obituary

MARGARET “LAURI” MACK, AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS MAMA MACK, PASSED FROM THIS LIFE INTO THE ARMS OF JESUS ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 2026.

BORN ON DECEMBER 30, 1953, TO ROY BLACKBURN AND MARGARET BLACKBURN, NÉE RIFE, LAURI WAS THE ELDEST OF THREE CHILDREN AND DEEPLY CHERISHED HER SISTERS. FROM SHARING CHORES TO SECRET LANGUAGES, THEY GREW INTO THE BEST OF FRIENDS. THEY TOOK MANY SISTER’S TRIPS, SHARED A FONDNESS FOR CRAZY HATS, AND WERE EACH OTHER’S FAVORITE ‘FIXIES!’

SHE ATTENDED MOUNT UNION COLLEGE, WHERE SHE EARNED A BACHELOR’S DEGREE IN ENGLISH STUDIES. DURING HER TIME THERE, SHE WAS A MEMBER OF THE MOUNT UNION CONCERT CHOIR WHERE SHE SANG AS AN ALTO. THERE SHE MET DEBBIE, HAROLD AND CALVIN, BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIPS THAT SPANNED MORE THAN 50 YEARS.

AFTER GRADUATING, LAURI MOVED TO CLEVELAND AND BEGAN WORKING AS A SECRETARY AT THE BENJAMIN ROSE INSTITUTE WHERE SHE MET LOREN AND DAISY, WONDERFUL SOULS WHO WELCOMED HER WITH OPEN ARMS. SOON AFTERWARD, SHE WELCOMED HER ELDEST SON AND BEGAN WHAT WOULD BECOME HER MOST TREASURED JOURNEY AND FAVORITE CALLING: MOTHERHOOD. SHE BEGAN ATTENDING ROCK OF DELIVERANCE CHURCH, WHERE SHE MET PHIL MACK, WHOM SHE MARRIED IN DECEMBER OF 1981. TOGETHER THEY WOULD WELCOME FOUR MORE CHILDREN.

ONE OF THE FIRST SONGS LAURI LEARNED IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WAS “JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN.” ROOTED IN THE BELIEF THAT GOD’S LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES, SHE LIVED HER LIFE EXTENDING

UNCONDITIONAL LOVE TO EVERYONE SHE MET. SHE TRULY NEVER MET A STRANGER. HER LIFE REFLECTED THE WORDS OF MARK 12:30-31, CALLING US TO LOVE THE LORD WITH ALL OUR HEART, SOUL, MIND, AND STRENGTH, AND TO LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR AS OURSELVES.

AS A RESPONSE TO THIS LOVE, LAURI TRANSFORMED HER HOME AND KITCHEN INTO A HAVEN THAT WAS ALWAYS OPEN, ALWAYS WARM, AND ALWAYS SAFE. HER CHILDREN'S FRIENDS QUICKLY BECAME HER FAMILY, AND HER LOVING PRESENCE IS WOVEN INTO THE CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF ALL WHO WERE BLESSED TO KNOW HER.

ONE OF HER GREATEST JOYS WAS BEING A GRANDMOTHER TO HER FIVE GRANDCHILDREN, POURING HER LOVE, WISDOM, AND WARMTH INTO EACH OF THEIR LIVES. DEEPLY SENTIMENTAL, LAURI TREASURED EVERY PHOTO, GIFT AND HAND DRAWN CARD SHE RECEIVED FROM THEM.

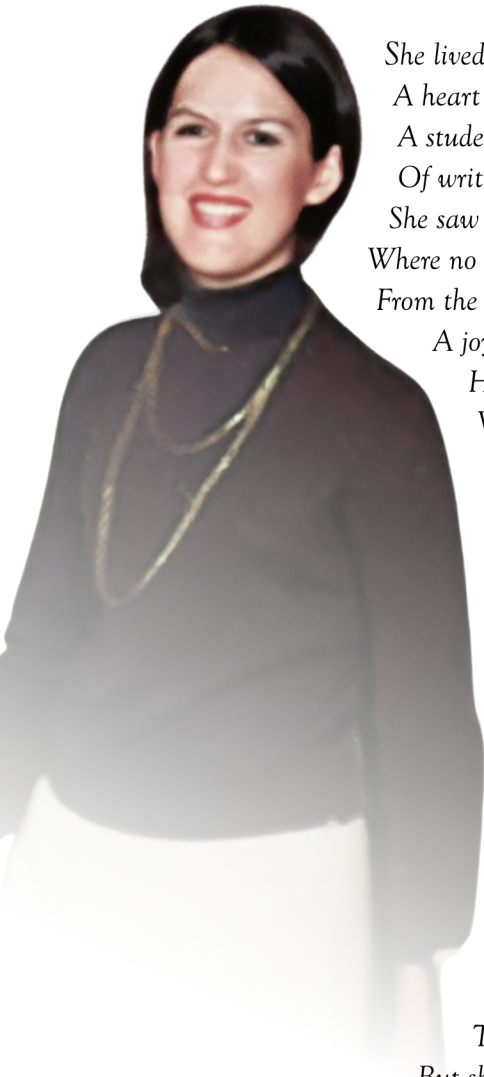
LAURI WAS PRECEDED IN DEATH BY HER PARENTS, MARGARET BLACKBURN AND ROY (CHET) BLACKBURN. SHE IS SURVIVED BY HER CHILDREN, MICHAEL (MELISSA) MACK, ERIN (KELLEN) FUQUA, ASHLEY (GAVIN) MURPHY, CLARICE MACK AND MATTHEW MACK. SHE IS ALSO SURVIVED BY HER BELOVED GRANDCHILDREN, ARIANA, MCKENNA, CHANEL, ROMAN, AND JUDAH. SHE LEAVES BEHIND HER SISTERS, KARA (SKEETER) PAINE, AND MELINDA "MELLIE" (MIKE) MCGRAW, AS WELL AS MANY LOVING NIECES AND NEPHEWS. TO COUNTLESS FRIENDS THROUGHOUT CLEVELAND HEIGHTS AND THE COVENTRY NEIGHBORHOOD, LAURI WAS MORE THAN A FRIEND. SHE WAS OFTEN A SECOND MOTHER, OFFERING UNWAVERING LOVE, SUPPORT, AND CARE AS IF EACH PERSON WERE HER OWN.

*Lovingly Submitted,
The Family*





The House of Many Rooms



She lived her life through love immense,
A heart that knew no wall or fence.
A student of words, she knew the art
Of writing grace on a neighbor's heart.
She saw the world through the Savior's eyes,
Where no soul is small, and no love dies.
From the ivory keys, a hymn would rise,

A joyful noise toward the morning skies.

Her hands were steady, her faith was wide,
With seats for all at her table side.

A mother for many learning their way,
Each covered in love while she prayed.

She knew the colors of the Father's hand,
That every child in every land,

Of every shade and every tongue,

Was a sacred song that must be sung.

She didn't just speak of the Narrow Way,

She walked it boldly, day by day.

The book is closed, the story told,

The silver cord and the bowl of gold.

On the holiest Friday, the Master came

And called His faithful servant's name.

She's traded the keys for a golden lyre,

To join the ranks of the Heavenly choir.

The house is quiet, her chair is still,

But she's waiting for us on Zion's hill.

We dry our tears, though the ache is deep,

For now, she praises at the Master's feet.

She isn't lost, nor is she far, She's just stepped through the door ajar.

SERVICES OF COMFORT ENTRUSTED TO:

Watson's Funeral Home

WWW.WATSONSFUNERALHOME.COM

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