

Remembering

ERNA MICHEL

11/20/37 ~ 02/07/26



Viewing 10:00am to 11:45am
Service 12:00pm to 2:00pm
Gathering 2:30pm to 4:30pm

Rose City Cemetery
5625 NE Fremont St,
Portland Or 97213

Grandma was born in the Ukraine in November of 1937. She was born while her family was fleeing WW2. You could say fighting was in her blood. She was strong, proud, loyal, loving and selfless. If life was a battle field she conquered it until her dying breath.

Grandma had a short hospital stay after falling ill. She was brought home on hospice to spend her last moments surrounded by her grand children. She died wrapped in the same love she spent her life teaching us to give.

Grandma made it her life's mission to give, to fill the world with better than what it ever offered her. She was not one to back down from a challenge, whether she was standing by your side lifting you up, or putting you in your place, her loyalty never wavered.

Grandmas passion was taking care of people. She has given so much to not only her biological family but to her chosen family as well.

The stragglers and "rift raft" that completed her family tree. She loved all of us very much.

Thank you to everyone for being a part of her life. There will now be an open stage for people to share memories and stories.





Erna has gone to be with her loved ones.

Her children, Karin and Lars.

Her husband Fred Michel

Her parents, siblings, her granddaughter Alexis, friends, people she has taken care of and many more.



Grandma lives on in her remaining family,

Grandchildren -

Angel, Miranda, Darnell, Gabrielle, Danielle

Great grandchildren-

Destiny, Nate, Paje, Devo, Mariah, Eulissiyah, Amarion, Ayden, Breese, Darnell, Myles, Amaya, Avian, Armon, Dallas and Alina



Step children -

Ron, Rosemarie, David

Siblings -

Willy, Margret, Ruth



Order of service

Viewing 10am to 11:45am

Service 12pm to 2pm

Officiating - Danielle Wiklund

Family sharing

Friend sharing

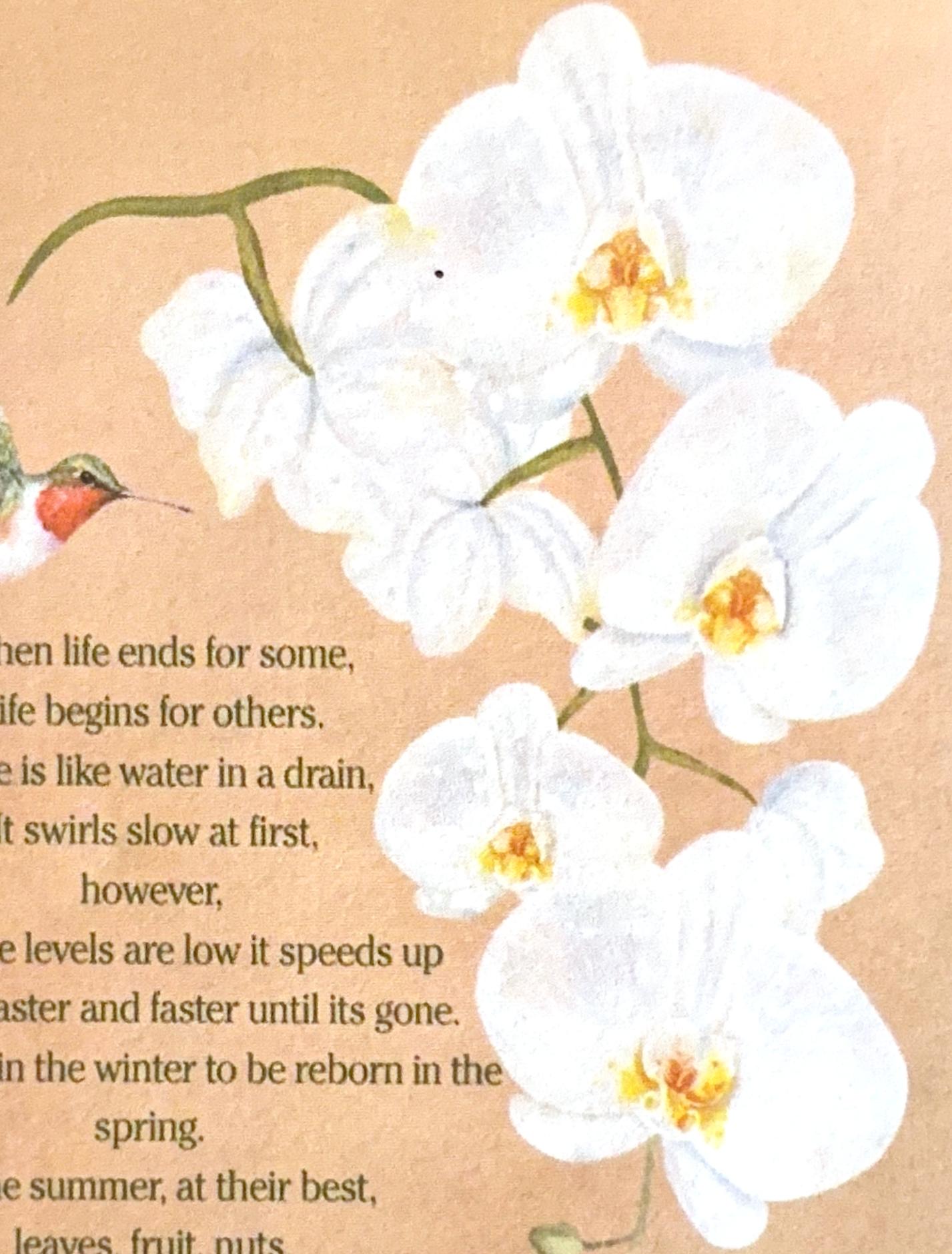
Gathering 2:30pm to 4:30pm

German American Society

5626 NE Alameda St,

Portland, OR 97213

*Our laughs
Limitless,
Our Memories
Countless
Our
Friendship
endless.*



When life ends for some,
life begins for others.
Time is like water in a drain,
It swirls slow at first,
however,
when the levels are low it speeds up
swirling faster and faster until its gone.
Trees sleep in the winter to be reborn in the
spring.
In the summer, at their best,
leaves, fruit, nuts.
In the fall, a slow descent into hibernation.
In winter they sleep to start
overcompensating.
So life is for all others
When our winter comes, we die,
just to be born in our spring.

Poem by - Karin Wiklund

