

**Eulogy for Edward Gabriel Misey**  
**Delivered by his daughter, Johanna Misey Boyer**  
**Riderwood Village Chapel**  
**July 25, 2009**

Dad had a great deal of charm, and he was very intelligent and articulate. He was proud of his education, and his degrees from the University of Wisconsin/Madison, Columbia University, George Washington University and the National War College.

Dad was very detail-oriented, which undoubtedly served him well in school. If I didn't type his file folder labels just right or on the requested color, there was trouble. I also got in trouble for using the wrong hammer to hang a painting when he moved into Parkview. Linda, the pastoral associate here at Riderwood, told us that Dad once popped into her office to point out a typo in a brochure published by the church. And he kept a written record of the dates on which he changed batteries in radios and clocks.

Dad could also be impatient, and he wanted to control...pretty much everything in his life.

He particularly liked to control information. Many years ago, when he was diagnosed with a form of macular degeneration, he started collecting written information on the topic. He attended a low vision support group. He went to lectures. He subscribed to a newsletter.

At one point, during the last couple of weeks, he asked me to be sure to get a copy of his complete medical record from the hospital.

He also seemed to read everything that he received in the mail. And he kept a lot of it. So, as you might imagine, Dad had vast quantities of papers and files.

I frequently offered to take over what Dad referred to as...his paperwork, so he would have more time to enjoy life at Riderwood.

He ignored me.

He watched me like a hawk around his files.

When he became ill last month, I decided to...uh...take action.

It is just as parents have always feared, isn't it? Our children are, indeed, ever vigilant, looking for an opportunity to...swoop in and help out.

Well, there was quite an eclectic collection of stuff in his files:

I found...

- About...a bazillion empty envelopes—sometimes stapled to their contents; sometimes by their lonesome. My mother-in-law did this, too. Perhaps, someday, someone can explain it to me.
- Sheet music for a 1919 song, “Take Your Girlie To The Movies if You Can’t Make Love at Home” – I have no idea.
- An index card on which Dad had written one of his favorite Italian phrases – *Dolce fa niente* – which means, sweetly doing nothing. Now, I always found his affection for this line perplexing because Dad never “did nothing” – sweetly or otherwise.

One of his other favorite expressions, “a happy man is a man of habit,” is more fitting, I think.

- His report cards, in Polish, from St. Casmir’s school in Milwaukee.
- A set of placemats of Milwaukee landmarks.

Dad also had a file folder for each of his siblings. My Dad was one of eight. One brother died in infancy. Of the surviving seven, there were 2 priests, 2 nuns, 2 lawyers and 1 physicist. His brothers, sisters and parents were very important to Dad. Growing up, the family was poor. Grandpa Misey was gentle; Grandma Misey was strict. The kids always had chores to do, though my Dad often convinced his sister Genevieve to do his.

During Dad’s short illness, he had some pleasant hallucinations about family. At one point, he thought his brother Bob was in the room with him. Uncle Bob—the other lawyer—is alive and well and living in Illinois. So, Dad asked Bob a question, and I answered. Dad turned his head to me and said, “Is your name, Bob?” Now, this was just a very Dad-like thing to say.

I found a Dad-like letter in his files that I want to share with you. Dad was a charter subscriber to the *Washingtonian* magazine. This entitled him to a subscription rate for life of \$3.00 a year. Not surprisingly, over the years, the magazine tried to get him to pay more, and, not surprisingly, Dad refused. In 1977, he wrote the following short letter to the magazine:

He opens with a quote from *As You Like It*, Act I, Scene 3.

“O! How full of briars is this working day world!”

From time to time over the years, at the time of renewal of my charter subscription, I have received a notice to the effect that I will receive only one notice of renewal before service is

suspended. I also have been “encouraged” at times to voluntarily increase my “low charter rate.”

I regret to inform you that I find these notices in poor taste, lacking in grace and more befitting a third rate operation. These notices set me on edge because of their peremptory tone and of the implication that charter subscribers are now freeloaders. It may very well be that the Circulation Department did not desire that effect, but unfortunately it has had that effect on me.

Notwithstanding, I still enjoy the *Washingtonian* and am pleased to be a charter subscriber to this otherwise fine magazine.

Sincerely,  
Edward G. Misey

And, yes, when he renewed his subscription this year—the 44<sup>th</sup> year of the magazine—he paid \$3.00

Dad...you no longer have to worry about the “briars” of this “working day world.” And I know that you are now “sweetly doing nothing” with Grandma and Grandpa, the girls, Junior, Uncle Rod, my Mom and your favorite dog, Flippy.