Eulogy for Maureen Martin

By Janet Reabe
Green Lake, Wisconsin, March 1, 2013

What an honor it is to be asked to pay tribute to Maureen today and to remember who she was.

Maureen knew so many people and touched so many lives, often in caring and helpful ways, often in ways that only she and another person were aware of. She was a special person, unique in so many ways.

When I think of Maureen, I remember what a great story teller she was, and what a good friend she was as well. She told me stories about some of her interesting life experiences, including:

- Stories about growing up in Chicago, about what her schooling was like, about her dad who worked as a meat cutter on the south side of Chicago, about a relative who owned a rental apartment building, and how the laws and culture of that time affected her business.

- She told me about her love for science and which classes she took, about teaching science courses for a time, I think at the high school level.

- She even told me stories about cats she had owned, especially one which was not particularly affectionate, but which seemed to sense that her dad hated cats. One time, when Maureen and kitty visited her parents, kitty made a beeline for her dad, leaped into his lap, and proceeded to bestow the utmost love and affection on him, rubbing her head against his chin and neck, purring loudly and contentedly the entire time. Kitty melted his heart.

Maureen talked about the neighborhoods of Chicago, about the political culture, and how, after law school, she became a part of that culture as a community organizer, like so many others. There were plans for her to rise in the political structure, working in the legal field to help advance the causes they wanted to advance. But something happened. She saw with her own eyes how corrupt and unethical the programs and people were. Their agenda really wasn’t about helping people, but it was all about acquiring power and money. Maureen’s eyes were opened, and she converted to conservatism.

She became an advocate for protecting our rights and freedoms, a crusader for finding the truth. She became the kind of citizen that our founding Fathers implored each one of us to be—someone who pays attention, is informed, and who is willing to speak up in the face of dishonesty and corruption.

I loved her stories about being a news reporter for the Chicago Daily News, tailing elected officials who didn’t appreciate having the light of day shone on their activities and
decisions. What a concept! Holding elected officials accountable for what they were doing! She was fearless, even when she was shaking in her boots.

At some point, Maureen became involved with Heartland Institute and the work that they do, and that’s where her passion for protecting our rights and freedoms really had the opportunity to blossom and grow. She and I often talked about issues and she would tell me “Wait till you hear about what I’m working on now. You’ll LOVE it!”

I do love what Heartland does, and am so honored to have known someone personally who contributed to their research and writing. They are all about finding the facts, finding the TRUTH—something our country desperately needs much more of right now. I just received an article by email about one of the premier issues that Heartland addresses—the total fraudulent scam of global warming—and I wish I could discuss this bold, blunt article with Maureen.

We’ve lost a great patriot who defended the truth.

But, more importantly, many of us have lost a good friend. She was helpful to so many of us, in dealing with vexing issues that invaded our lives. Her friendship and love embraced kids, especially school children, who face so many different issues in their daily routines (such as bullying), and who face decisions they need to make about their futures (such as which courses to take, and which colleges to attend). She was there for them.

Here is what one mother has to say:

I have a heart full of things to say about Maureen. She was humble, kindhearted and passionate about truth. In my opinion her greatest pet peeve was content’ ignorance (being content with not knowing much about anything). She was so intelligent and wished for others to be as passionate about life as she had been.

She loved young people. She loved young minds that were ambitious and bold. She took one of my daughters to hear a speaker one time, and my daughter came home inspired to do great things. She was full of hope and vision for the young people of tomorrow.

The last Thanksgiving, we took a Thanksgiving Dinner up to her, since she was not well enough to come to our home. She surprised us back with a beautiful holiday plant. She was always very gracious. She was an inspiration to us all, was no quitter and had a lot of fight in her for what she loved most, the preservation of families, truth and our country’s foundational principles.

She did not have a lot of patience for people who were content with mediocrity and was quite outspoken when she felt the need to impress a truth on some one. She cared little what others thought of her, she loved them anyway. She was a rock, and very strong. She liked being alone and did her best work that way.
Self pity was her arch enemy and she never made excuses for herself or anyone else but stayed on task, as well as encouraged others to do so. She was a woman of action, she did what she said she would do, and if she could not help you, she would point you in the right direction. A kind loving heart with a deep reverence for God that she did not speak of often but was reflected in her passion for the preservation of justice, truth and love she lived for. We will all miss her. She spoke often of her niece as if she were her greatest asset, and was very proud of her.

So beautiful! That really captures it.

We saw that love in her involvement with the kids sponsored by the Rotary, whether it was the student exchange program, the soccer camp, or any other project that they sponsored. Rotary was her family and here is what some Rotarians have to say:

- She handled serious matters in a light hearted way.
- She was one of the very best writers we have known.
- We enjoyed her participation in Rotary, as a member and as President.
- Some of us were personal friends!

Maureen’s kindness extended to a dad she worked with who was concerned about curriculum matters in our local school. She did research and provided information concerning issues the local school board had to address, pointing them in the right direction. Her calm, common sense encouragement kept a couple of school board members going, when they felt like giving up.

Maureen provided direction and answers to questions to help an overwhelmed woman sort out her options while going through a divorce. She pointed a citizen in the right direction when he experienced fraudulent activity during the never ending recall election season here in Wisconsin. And she doggedly pursued defending the rights of private property owners in the use of their properties—one of the fundamental rights recognized by our founding fathers to be foundational to freedom.

All of these people considered Maureen to be their friend. There are many more. Including me.

As a political person, I am constantly critiquing the issues, trying to sort out fact from falsehood. My credibility is crucial. My work depends on people like Maureen finding the facts and the truth. She became a mentor to me, one of several. Her calm, reassuring manner and methodical laying out of the facts, pro vs. con, was enormously helpful, and became the model for how I try to approach my work.

My last email to her was on the weekend of Feb. 2 and 3 with a question I had about states’ rights and nullification. She replied to me on that Sunday, Feb. 3, in which she presented a simple, well thought out discussion answering my question, and cited several Supreme Court cases to bolster her case. Typical Maureen. I will really miss that, and miss her.
She was the person who taught me the most basic functions of my computer, sitting by my side and taking me step by step through each process. She also gently warned my husband that it was important for me to do everything by myself, so that I would learn how to do it. Both of us really valued her friendship.

Maureen was a good friend to many of us and we will really miss her. But this is not the end. All of us have another friend, the best friend of all--His name is Jesus. Because of the work He did to save us, we can live with Him forever in heaven--and we can see Maureen again. Someday. See you there.

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