



## Laura D. Cherluck

October 24, 1933 - February 6, 2021

CHERLUCK, LAURA DORIS Age 87 February 6, 2021.

Beloved wife of Walter for 68 years. Loving mother of Marilyn (Bill) Cole, Joseph (Jean), James, Robert (Michele) and the late Walter Jr (Christine). Dear grandmother of Mads, Meagan, Marlaina, Keith, Kevin, Jay, Lauren, Andrew, Joseph, Kate. Great-grandmother to Michaline, Mirek, Jude, Ace and Eloise. Daughter of the late Frank and Mary Turowski. Dear sister of Rita, Jerome, Margaret, and the late Rose Mary, Gerald and Frank Jr., and over thirty nieces and nephews.

Private Funeral Tuesday Instate 9:00am at St. Blase Church 12151 15 Mile Road (Btw. Dodge Park & Schoenherr) until time of Mass at 9:30am. The family suggests memorial donations to the American Brain Foundation (<http://www.americanbrainfoundation.org>). In urnment at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Share memories with the family at their "On Line Guest Book" @ [WujekCalcaterra.com](http://WujekCalcaterra.com)

# Comments

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“ I will never be able to understand people who only visit their grandparents out of obligation. They are a wealth of valuable life experience and family history, and we would not even exist if they had not decided to have children. I was lucky enough to have a grandma who did not only fulfill the stereotypical "grandma shoes," but who was also a mother to everyone she shared a bloodline with. She made me laugh until my belly hurt more times than I can remember and I never felt like there was something I should keep from her. Generational differences did not matter. If you needed to talk to her you could discuss absolutely anything and she would listen and offer advice with an open mind and an open heart. She knew that her age did not mean she knew everything, and she was always happy to continue learning from those around her.

Now I come to the frogs, because I don't think you can talk about her without mentioning the frogs. I think it brought me just as much joy watching her unwrap countless frog gifts over the years as it brought her to open them. She knew almost all of her gifts would be frogs but she still got excited or laughed every time she saw a new one. She once showed me an article about a lady who has something like a million or three million...some kind of million frogs in her collection. She looked at me with the article in hand and said, "I wanna beat her." Well, she may not have gathered a million frogs in her lifetime, but she definitely had that lady beat in frog stealthiness. I swear, we could deep clean every room in her house for the next 20 years and we would still be finding more frogs hiding in every corner. I think she probably did that on purpose, to some degree, once she realized her health was taking a nosedive. She was not one for self pity, so she probably thought it was hilarious to hide frogs all over the house so that after she was gone and we tearfully cleared out her home we would laugh every time we stumbled upon one.

I could be strong and show a stiff upper lip and behave as though I can carry on with no problem. I could say, "don't you cry. She wouldn't want that," all day long and continue on as though it never happened, but there is something about that idea that just does not sit right with me. Be strong and keep on going. What a strange thing to say. It is so strange to believe that not crying or not being sad is the only representation of strength. Surely, if we cry here and there for the rest of our lives it means she left a deep mark on us. When we reach a milestone in our lives or we find something on our travels that we think she would have loved, wouldn't shedding a tear or feeling a light ache in our heart in that moment mean that she filled us with so much love that we will never be able to forget her? I think that true strength comes from admitting that we will cry or miss her sometimes, because she was such an amazing part of our existence that the idea of living on without her feels strange. Holding it in and not allowing ourselves to openly grieve from time to time would only lead to inner anger and deeper hurt over time, and not feeling any loss or sadness would mean that she left no true legacy.

So, I can honestly and openly say: I am glad my grandma made me cry.

I am glad because each tear that escapes my eye is proof that she loved me more than anything in this world and that I will always love her more than anything, and I can think of no greater gift that she could have left me than proof of her love.



**Mads Cherluck** - February 16, 2021 at 02:25 PM

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“ Growing up, my parents would bring me to grandma and grandpa's house often. Usually the visits were for the holidays but we would squeeze in visits between the holidays too. Whenever we would go, I remember enjoying my time there but usually my sisters and I would hang out in the livingroom together. I never fully appreciated the experience of going over to our grandparent's house. Since grandma's health went down about 8 years ago, I started seeing them more and actually taking in all of the moments with them. I would sit at the table on pancake Friday and pray to God and thank Him for this special time with them. I was constantly reminded by friends and family that they never got to experience this. I would sit and watch old game shows, Caesar Millan, wheel of fortune, shark tank and would laugh with them as the Red Wings continued losing. The day I was truly touch was the day she called me by name. Growing up, she could never tell the 3 of us apart so it really hit me hard. With her memory constantly coming and going, I couldn't believe she actually knew exactly who I was. We would sit and play balloon toss, get her ready for the pro basketball tournament and usually end up throwing tiny footballs at grandpa. Grandpa loved her more than anything. From the time he made her a mini heart shaped pancake for Valentines day, when he would get her flowers every visit to the grocery store, and he would prepare any meal she wanted even if it was coleslaw and cheetos. Anywhere this woman would go, she made everyone either smile or laugh hysterically. That dry sense of humor was there up until the end when she looked at her nurse while at home and when the nurse asked her "how do you feel?" Grandma raised her fingers and said "duh, with my fingers!" You left the world smiling behind you, sunshine. I have endless memories now and I thank God for pushing me towards you and helping me appreciate it more as I grew up. You are so loved and always will be. I love you queen of the frogs.

**Marlaina Trevino** - February 07, 2021 at 09:51 PM

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“ Laura was an amazing person. She had a quick wit, enjoyed a good laugh and loved baseball + hockey. It doesn't get any better than that!

As a kid (then teen) I was always over hanging out with Mare so at times was invited to join in on running errands (canned whipped cream! LOL) have dinner (marshmallows on top of yams!?! ) and we even took a short flight in Walt's (dad #2) plane once.

I have fond memories.

Rest In Peace you spectacular lady! I'm a better person for knowing you (mom #2).  
xoxo

**Angela Giorgio** - February 07, 2021 at 12:20 PM

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“ Everybody who knew Grammy knows how much she loved frogs. She had a whole shelf at home filled with her frog collection. She even had 2 pet frogs at one time. She was fun, silly, and sassy. Rest In Peace, Grammy.

**Meagan** - February 07, 2021 at 11:54 AM