

George A. “Bump” Powers

Eulogy by Daughter, Mary Jo

My dad was a man who loved his family deeply. He was a loving husband, father and grandpa. To know this man was to love him, and his death leaves a big void in our family.

Born on June 15, 1930, he was the fourth child of ten children. They didn't have it easy and money was scarce. Being the oldest son, he learned responsibility at a young age. He never felt sorry for himself or asked for handouts; he just did what needed to be done to help support his family. He got a job on a goat farm and was fed well there. He was allowed to bring home goat milk for his siblings. This was a lesson in nurturing, which is a trait that followed him all of his life. Quitting high school was something he *had* to do for the benefit of his family. Receiving an honorary diploma 47 years later meant a lot to him.

He was a giving man. Giving of love, giving of time, giving of firm handshakes and big strong hugs. His handshake remained strong up to the end.

You can't mention my dad without including my mom. She was his loving partner, his cook, his maid, and the love of his life. I can't count the times he told us, "I wouldn't be where I am today without your mother." And we all loved him for admitting it. She was maybe considered a silent partner but a strong one. She kept him in line and he respected her, and it showed. He was her "Bumpy" and she was his "Glor."

During his coaching years she supported him, cheered on the teams, and performed tasks that she could to help out. Probably the most remembered thing she did for his teams was baking cookies and bars that were waiting for them after their "Power Runs" from Wakota to Coach's house. I've tasted her baking and I know that was well worth the effort. She was an excellent baker. Mom and Dad were a team and she was beside him all the way. I never knew any other couple that held hands so much. It was sweet to see.

When Mom was diagnosed with Alzheimer's, Dad had a hard time grasping what that meant. He would occasionally ask, "Can't they give her a pill?" He only knew this woman as someone who took care of all of us. Someone who unselfishly put all others first and now needed help with everything herself. If there is any good in this, it is that she will be spared the heartbreak of knowing she's lost the man she adored.

Dad was a true gentleman. A lover of people, kids, and all **87** of their foster babies! He made a lot of friends who shared his love of hockey. These were the best years of his life. Through ups and downs, wins and losses, he rolled with the punches. He was always so proud of his “boys” and strived to bring out the best in them. The icing on the cake was that he always had a great bunch of parents, and it was evident that they respected and trusted him to be fair with their kids.

One aspect of coaching I know he agonized over was the try-outs. It was tough on him because he would have liked to keep them all. He wasn't good at being the bad guy. He was not only a coach but a person who really cared about the boys. It mattered to him if they were going through struggles at home or school. He would take a kid aside and “set them straight” or give life advice. He was a listening ear for some of them. They trusted him and knew that what went on in the locker room, stayed in the locker room. For this reason, he will not only be remembered as a good and fair coach but also as a loyal and caring confidant.

As a father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, he was simply THE BEST. He took an interest in all of us and would help us in any way he could. He loved being with his family. He loved getting together for holidays and special occasions. And if any of us brought any “outsiders,” well...all the better!

He was not a rich man if measured in wealth, but he had everything he needed. A deep faith in God, his adoring wife by his side and loving family to surround him. Many of us were fortunate to spend his last days with him. They were golden. The tears flowed but the great stories and everyone's love for this wonderful man shined through. As a family, we are holding each other up in sadness and will continue to lean on each other for comfort.

Dad, “I love you a bushel and a peck, a bushel and a peck, and a hug around the neck.”