



Yola Giannunzio

Yola Giannunzio

IRON MOUNTAIN - Yola M. Giannunzio, our beloved mother, born Nov. 22, 1915, left us on Tuesday, April 20, 2004, to be with the Lord and her one true love, Louis, who she shared life with for 69 years.

She was a blessing to all of us, her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and friends. She will be missed. Her sweet smile warmed our hearts and all of those who knew her.

Yola was a wonderful cook. She had a love for good books, hiking outdoors and sharing time with family. She worked for five years at Perfix and a few years in dietary at Pine Manor.

She leaves her daughters, Beverly (Ben) Garcia of Shawano, Wis., Yola Chapman of Akron, Ohio and Arlene (Roger) Mielke of Iron Mountain; her son Louis (Diane) of Marshall, lower Michigan; her 15 grandchildren; 27 great-grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by three brothers and five sisters.

The greatest gift she left are beautiful memories, generous in her love and acceptance of us all. We rejoice to know she is in now in Heaven, happy and healthy and enjoying a joyous reunion with all her loved ones.

Visitation will be held on Friday from 4 p.m. until 8 p.m. and on Saturday from 2 p.m. until 3:30 p.m. at the Erickson-Rochon and Nash Funeral Home in Iron Mountain.

Funeral services will be on Saturday at 3:30 p.m. at the funeral home. Rev.

David Anderson will officiate. Burial will be in Cemetery Park in Iron Mountain. The family would like to thank the staff at Freeman's Convalescent Home for their wonderful and compassionate care they provided to Yola during her short stay.

Condolences may be expressed to the family of Yola M. Giannunzio online at www.ernashfuneralhomes.com.

The family has entrusted the Erickson-Rochon and Nash Funeral Home of Iron Mountain with the funeral arrangements.

Tribute Wall

“If You Whistle While You Work”...“Could I Have This Dance...for the Rest of My Life”. Grandma would always whistle and hum. She was up early in the morning to make breakfast...always strong coffee for Grandpa. Do the dishes, make the beds..whistling and humming all the while. “Don’t waste the furniture polish or the Spray starch” she would remind me while helping her with household chores. We would walk down the steep hill, stop in and visit with grandpa and maybe get a soda from the drug store. She told me that her most favorite gift was an orange. It was during the depression and Grandpa had recieved an orange (they were like gold) and instead of eating it himself, he gave it to her. Her son Louis's birth was a celebration that marked the end of the Great Depression. If you know her, you know the stories. She did not have the kind of life a small child should nor teen years of fun and laughter. When you survive what she did, you find pleasure in the warmth of a sunny day, smell of homemade apple or berry pies, family gathered together around a holiday table and best of all...silent nights of watching American Movie Classics til the wee hours of morning. My grandma Yola and I had a bond...“You think too much Cheryl!” she would scold. I would tickle her chin, kiss her cheek and say...“Aw...but that is what you love about me...I see things as they really are, I put the pieces together...I am a writer because I think. She smiled. On Easter day 2004...we cuddled. There was one moment where her steely blue-gray eyes stared intently at me...my brown eyes met hers and not a word was spoken for a few moments...and then I said...“I hear you...and I love you...she smiled and said...I love you!” A lifetime all captured in that one single moment in time...all was all and that was that. I shall carry her in my heart forever...she was much much more than a grandmother too me and I too her. Some relationships are just that way. May God Bless Aunt Yola and Aunt Arlene for their constant and daily vigil in the care she was given...especially these last few weeks, days and the final hours. She was blessed. May God Bless all of us with her stamina, will and determination to survive and move forward...always. Love always...her granddaughter...Cheryl

Cheryl A. Schmidt - April 21, 2004 at 12:00 AM