

Eulogy for Ted:

What does one say at the funeral of someone he's known all his life? How does one encapsulate a lifetime of 89 years into a eulogy of a few hundred words? How does one describe Ted Archuleta, who, like all of us, was multi-faceted? I can think of a lot of words that describe Ted, all of which conform to those facets that made up his long and productive life.

The first word that comes to my mind is Achiever. My brother Ted was known as the Achiever in our family, not only in our immediate family, but in our extended family as well. In 1938, he was one of the few in our family to have graduated from high school. He was the first of our extended family to go to college. He was the first to earn a Master's degree. Since then high school and college and advanced degrees are routine levels of education in our family, but Ted was the first.

He was the first of our modern family to be commissioned an officer in the armed forces, although he is directly descended from a captain in the Spanish army whose job back in the early 1700s was to escort the Spanish colonists from Taos to Santa Fe in what is now New Mexico. And Ted certainly was the first and only one of our family to hold the rank of "bird" colonel.

He was the first employee hired by the president of the first community college after the Colorado legislature created the community college system. Ted was the Dean for Business Services and supervised construction of that first campus, as well as other community college campuses as the system grew.

I could list many others of Ted's achievements, but there is much more to say about him.

The second word I would use to describe Ted Archuleta is Loving. Ted was remarkably family-oriented. He loved his immediate family -- his beloved wife Marie, to whom he was married for 62 years; his children, Terry, Teddi and Emily, and their children -- and his parents, his sister and brother and his grandparents and his aunts and uncles and cousins by the dozens.

Ted tried to put on a gruff exterior, modeled after our favorite Uncle Joe, a World War I veteran who used to entertain us with tales of how he talked back to his sergeant. But both were like the word the Israelis use to describe themselves -- a "Sabra" -- like the prickly pear cactus that is thorny on the outside but soft and sweet on the inside. And while Ted thought he was tough, everyone could see through that sometimes barbed exterior and see a real softie inside.

The third word to describe Ted would be Patriot. He loved his country. He loved the American flag and flew it proudly at his home in Longmont and continued the practice at Johnstown. As a lad, he was a Boy Scout, and conscientiously learned the Scout oath and the Scout salute and faithfully attended the meetings and earned some of the merit badges.

He was a student at Denver University when crunch time came, on December 7, 1941. Within three weeks he had enlisted in the Army Air Corps as an air cadet and by New Year's Day he had left for basic training. (The U.S. Air Force was not to come until a few years later.)

Ted had good math skills and trained as a bombardier, where one had to figure out coordinates in order to drop his bombs on the target. He was one of the first to use the top-secret Norden bomb sight, a device so innovative that he was instructed to destroy it rather than to allow it to fall into enemy hands. When the B-17 was on its bombing run and Ted was using the bomb sight, he had full control of the airplane.

Ted is probably best known for his experiences during World War II. When he landed in England in the summer of 1943, the Germans were winning the war. London was being assaulted on a daily basis by buzz bombs that were self-propelled. When the buzz sound ceased, the Londoners braced themselves for the explosion that was sure to follow.

On the day Ted and his bomb group landed their B-17s in England, their air base was bombed, and a radio message was broadcast by "Axis Sally" -- the German counterpart of "Tokyo Rose" -- welcoming the 390th Bomb Group to England. The war was on for those airmen from the very first day.

At that time the 8th Air Force started its strategy of massive air power, with as many as 1,000 B-17s forming a canopy of bombers flying in tight formation. The Allies had no long-range fighter planes to defend the big planes against attack by the highly skilled German fighter pilots. So, as soon as the bombers crossed the Channel, they were on their own against attack by the German ME-109s -- Messerschmitt fighter planes -- as well as flying through a sky filled with anti-aircraft flak from the ground.

At that time, those bombing missions were so dangerous that if a flight crew completed 25 missions, they had done their duty. More than half of those crews did not complete their 25 missions. They either bailed out and were captured, or were shot down and killed in the ensuing crash. It was not uncommon for 56 or 59 or 64 bombers to be shot down on any given mission, each plane carrying a crew of 10.

We are distributing copies of an account of Ted's war experiences, so I won't go into more detail here.

I will say, though, that Ted was my hero then, and he has been my hero ever since. When we were kids, Ted was aloof from his younger sister and brother. He was born a colonel, and because he was the eldest kid, thought he also was our boss. While Irene and I liked "cowboy music" on the radio, Ted liked to listen to the opera music that was broadcast every Saturday morning. Of course, Mother sided with Ted, saying that a little culture might be good for us.

While Irene and I were climbing trees and riding bikes and playing kick the can, Ted had his nose stuck in a book. He knew all about Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and Robinson Crusoe and Green Gables and The Last of the Mohicans and other classic literature. I didn't realize it then, but some of those books in our home were the originals, printed in the 1800s or early 1900s. They were valuable then, but would be even more valuable today.

Ted participated in school activities, ranging from acting in a play to debate to manager of the football and basketball teams. A couple of times, as manager, he allowed me and one of my friends to "lime the field", which was to make the yard lines on the football field. And yes, that was real lime they used in those olden days, apparently not realizing that lime is a very corrosive substance and would damage the eyes and skin of the players. In exchange we received free tickets to the football game.

During the Great Depression, our father bought a cow for our personal milk supply. We lived on the edge of town and he kept the cow on a rented acreage nearby. That was the beginning of a herd of milk cows and a home-grown business known as Archuleta Dairy. Those were hard times, and Mother would skim the cream from the excess milk and give the skim milk to our neighbors. Times were hard, but we routinely had eggs fried in butter, cream puffs, homemade ice cream, and other delicacies made from milk. Of course, we knew nothing about saturated fat in those days. Amazingly, until Ted's death, we three siblings have survived well into our 80s, despite all that butterfat from our childhood years.

Ted was about 12 when we acquired our first cow. When we had more than a couple of cows to milk, Ted had to help milk them. As our herd increased along with milk production, my parents started bottling the excess milk and selling it. With Jersey cows, the milk tested at 6%, and in those days, it was the cream line on the bottle that defined the quality of the milk.

I must add that after I became old enough to milk cows, and Ted became more active in high school, I took his place alongside my father with those -- morning and evening, every day,

Sundays and holidays included -- chores. Looking back on those days, I suppose one could say, that it "built character".

There was a time, when Ted was in college, that our father became very ill, and Ted had to drop out for a semester to help milk the cows that had increased and multiplied into a good-sized herd. In those days, duty to family came first, and Ted never complained about the interruption of his education. That went with the territory. So the words I would use here are **Loyal**, and **Dutiful**.

I do recall one time when Ted first enrolled at Denver U. Our parents had mortgaged their Model A Ford for \$125 in order to pay the tuition. He joined the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity and washed dishes for his room and board. But he had very little money to spend for even basic necessities. He sent home a postcard -- it cost one penny in those days -- and ended his message with the phrase, "Gad, it's hell to be broke!" Later, as he became affluent, we have had fun reminding him of the hard times he experienced back in 1938.

I have digressed, and I want to use another word that describes Ted Archuleta. **Generous.** In his retirement years, through good planning, Ted became fairly well-to-do. He liked to describe himself as the "poor man's philanthropist. Whenever a younger cousin graduated from college, or got married, or had a baby, Ted always sent a generous check. He was a consistent and generous contributor to this parish, and to many other worthwhile charitable causes.

Determined would be the next word. In every endeavor that Ted undertook, he kept at it. Perhaps he did not always succeed, but even Babe Ruth struck out two-thirds of the time. Ted's determination was very apparent during these final years of ill health. Even though his eyesight failed and his hearing diminished, and because of Parkinson's disease he became weaker and less able to care for himself, Ted was still determined to attend the Friday morning meetings of the Kiwanis Club. With assistance from his friend, Ray Potter, he attended the Kiwanis Club's international conventions at Nice, France, and in Taiwan. Even when he was in a wheel chair, he still attended those Friday morning meetings. And the same with the annual reunions of his Air Force Bomb Group. Just last September he and two caregivers went to San Antonio, Texas, so he could keep his attendance record intact. When I asked him why he continued to attend those functions, he replied, "Because I don't want to give up." Again, Ted was **Determined**.

My sister Irene and I are going to miss our traditional birthday get-togethers. For the last 40 years or so, we have met to celebrate our own birthdays and those of our spouses. As we have gotten older, we have marveled that we three siblings, octogenarians all, were still able to meet, have a cocktail, or two, sometimes three, and exchange humorous and insulting birthday cards. The final card usually was the sentimental type. Those gatherings will not be the same without the old colonel, but we'll continue our tradition without him.

I already have gone on too long, but I do want to mention the caregivers who have treated Ted with such tenderness and compassion. They loved Ted and he loved them back. They are Ashley Wood, Michele Terriere, Marja-Liisa Smith and Jennifer Nitz. Kathy Witvoet, stayed at the home the last few days he was there in order to help in any way possible and who also went to sit with him at Hospice until he passed away. Thank you all very much. I also want to mention Joan Mansfield, who helped with Ted several years ago, but has remained very close to him. Two others are Katie Lucas, who took care of Ted only a couple of nights before he went into Hospice, and did everything she could to make him comfortable. And Sophia Torrez, who was there with Ted when he returned from the hospital after he broke his ankle. By the way, Ted

referred to Marja-Liisa as his "blonde from Finland" and Joannie was his "blonde from Nebraska".

And speaking of caregivers, I must express some very special words about Ted's daughter, Emily, who could not have done more for her parents. A few years ago, when it was evident that Ted and Marie needed home care, Emily came up with the idea of selling their respective homes in Longmont and moving into a new, large home at Johnstown. It has a large master bedroom suite on the ground floor, so the older folks did not have to climb stairs. That way, she reasoned, she could be the primary caregiver, after work and on weekends, with paid caregivers during the day.

For many years, with the vital help of Emily's husband, Brian, and some other caregivers, Emily had an increasing level of responsibility as primary caregiver, besides handling the business end of eldercare. They lovingly cared for Marie until her passing in 2006, and they tenderly cared for Ted to the very end.

Emily, my dear, sweet niece, no one could have done more for her parents than you have. You have devoted a substantial portion of your life, at the risk to your own health and well-being, to caring for them. I sincerely hope you'll be able to unwind and relax after the years of intense responsibility, but I also realize that you now will move from caregiver-in-chief to executor of your dad's estate.

Emily, you have more than earned your angel's wings. In the far-off future, when the time comes for you to pass through the Pearly Gates, St. Peter will look at the record and appreciate that you lovingly "honored your mother and your father". Those Pearly Gates will open wide for a grand entrance.

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven".

Thank you.