

My mother, Marnie Wengren, was a devoted, active member of the First Parish from the moment we moved to Lincoln in 1957. When Tucker and I moved into her house (at the top of the field overlooking the parsonage) in 1990, she told us that as (literal) neighbors of the First Parish, we too had a responsibility to be involved in the church. I hope we've made you proud Mom!!

Mom left me with two gifts.

First,

She said "**The morning is the most beautiful time of the day; don't waste it laying in bed.**" And to this day, no matter the weather or the season, I love to rise early and watch the morning come as the dark slowly fades away.

Secondly and perhaps more importantly,

she taught me to always try and view life from a positive perspective. I learned this not at my mother's knee as a young boy, but rather from observing her AMAZING capability to appreciate and see the good in whatever situation or condition she found herself in through her 99 years.

When asked what her favorite song or saying was, she would always mention the wonderful 1944 Johnny Mercer/Harold Arlen song "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive". The lyrics perfectly sum up Marnie's attitude perfectly and I thank her for being such a shining example of this.

If you want to hear my story, then settle back and just sit tight
While I start reviewin' the attitude of doin' right

You've got to ac-cen-tu-ate the positive
Eliminate the negative
Latch on to the affirmative
Don't mess with Mister In-Between

You've got to spread joy up to the maximum
Bring gloom down to the minimum
Have faith or pandemonium's
Liable to walk upon the scene

To illustrate my last remark
Jonah in the whale, Noah in the ark
What did they do just when everything looked so dark?
(Man, they said "We'd better accentuate the positive")

Thank you Mom.