

SEPTEMBER 14, 1938 - JUNE 22, 2020

Gordon T. Lefto



EULOGY

Gordon Thomas Lefto, Dad, Papa Gord, G Diddy, Lord Gord, Magic Man, Gordo...

However you knew Gord, the person who touched us all, our family thanks you for sharing with us in this moment to honor your sibling, friend, co-worker, patient, grandpa, great grandpa, or, for me, Dad!

For a stranger who may pause by Gord's final resting place at Fort Snelling National Cemetery, he will be remembered as Gordon Thomas Lefto, a Navy Veteran who was born on September 14, 1938 and who passed away on June 22, 2020 and those mere facts put him in a special category of people for whom National places of remembrance are preserved – for he served.

If someone in the future showed an interest, they could use public records to learn more. They could easily find out that Gord was the son of Delores and Anthony Lefto, that he grew up in St. Paul alongside his siblings Gene, Bill, Carol, and Joe. They would learn that he worked as a Pipefitter for Local 455, and married my mother, Judy Welligrant. It would be easy to find out that he raised 5 children of his own who went on to raise 14 Grandchildren and 2 Great Grandchildren....so far (any announcements?).

With a little more research, they would start to get a glimpse of my Dad. They could find out that he opened his home up to numerous foster children. That he was a Lion's club member in Stacy, MN. That he served as a baseball coach, football coach, and was fundamental in creating the Stacy-Lent Area Athletic Association. He was a member of various churches, and, later in life, was an avid prop creator for many years at the Phipps Center for the Arts in Hudson, WI.

There is more public information – police reports would show some activity as well, some expected, and some involving a dog sidekick named Ben. (Ask me later!). Other legal records would show a divorce, a few home sales, and an unusual amount of vehicle and motorcycle transactions!

Those are the stats. That is Gordon Thomas Lefto to someone in the future.

Thank God that isn't my Dad....My Dad is every moment between those Stats!

Gord wasn't perfect, but he was present. He came to everything, fixed everything, drank all our coffee, and ate all our sweets. He celebrated birthdays, sports, recitals, holidays, weddings, babies, and even baptized his horses!

Gord wasn't Proudful, but he was proud! – Gord hated having his picture taken – but look, as you view the pictures on display today. I challenge you to find one picture with an arm around a grandkid where he wasn't beaming!

Gord wasn't always adhering to time tables– but he always made time! He also didn't always let you know when he was making time for you as he would show up on your doorstep... thankfully, he liked loud pipes on his truck or motorcycle.

Gord wasn't a professional comedian—but you wouldn't know it. He had a quick wit and was masterful with the one liners.

Gord claimed he was a poor student – but I found him to be the best teacher. When it came to fixing or building anything, my dad taught it...not through instruction but by letting you get in there and do it!

To be honest, my Dad had struggles like so many do. In his own thoughts as he recorded in journals, you got a sense of him questioning his impact and being loved...and that is why it is so important for me to stand up here today and say "Yes", you had a major impact on each of us in the room. I would like to believe that Gord has a seat (at least 6' away from you) in this room and is probably complaining that we weren't allowed to have coffee or treats. I believe that he can hear and see everything that is taking place.

So Dad, our wish for you is to see, hear, and feel the love that you spread and the impact you had on every person in this service, all those who will pass through this building in the next few hours, those who wrote notes online, those who sent flowers, or those who simply stopped to remember you and smiled at the memory.

No, the future may not be able to find great achievements in the record books of time on Earth. Those achievements are etched in the most valuable place – our Hearts. Rest in Peace knowing that fact! Amen!
