



Therese M. Michaud

August 6, 1928 - January 9, 2007

Auburn-Therese M. "Terry" Michaud, 78, a resident of Auburn died Tuesday January 9, 2007 at the Hospice House of Androscoggin. Born in Auburn August 6, 1928 the daughter of George and Alexina (Gregoire) Bernier. She was married to Bertrand Michaud who died on June 20, 2004. She worked in the textile industry before her retirement and also did volunteer work for Hope Haven Gospel Mission and The Good Shepard Food Bank prior to her illness. Therese was a member of St. Louis Church, she enjoyed gardening and taking care of her cat Truman. She is survived by a sister Laurette Caron of Auburn, a cousin Lillian LaLonde; four nieces; Judy Bolduc, Linda Vallee, Nancy Spaulding and her husband David and Karen Bernier-Shoneck and her husband Ted, three nephews; Danny Caron and his wife Claire, Jim Cote and Jeff Bernier and many great nieces and great nephews. Besides her husband she is predeceased by two brothers; Lionel and Gregoire Bernier, and three sisters; Mignonette Cochran, Irene Fogle and Georgette Cote. She will be sadly missed by all those who's lives she touched. Notice Michaud-Died in Auburn Jan. 9, 2007. Therese M. age 78 a resident of Auburn. Funeral Mass will be celebrated Saturday 11 AM at St. Louis Church. Interment Maine Veteran's Cemetery, Augusta. In lieu of flowers donations may be made in Therese memory to either Hope Haven Gospel Mission 209 Lincoln St. Lewiston, ME 04240 or The Good Shepard Food Bank 3121 Hotel Road Auburn, ME 04210. Online condolences may be expressed at www.lynchbrothers.com At the request of the family there will be no visitation. Arrangements by the family owned Pinette & Lynch Funeral Home 784-4023.

Tribute Wall

MB

“ I don't think I could remember a single day of my childhood that didn't involve Terry. Not the funny ones, anyway. When Michelle and I were really little, Terry and Curley had a camper on the side lot of the camp. Every summer, Curley would be fishing in the front of the camp, and Terry would be cooking, or singing. One day she gave me some bacon, and told me the best part of the bacon was the fat. And of course, I being the big mouth, marched straight into the camp and told my Memere. Needless to say it didn't go down well. Terry was always there for all of us. She was the less fiery Leo. My memere had temper enough for the entire family, but Terry was the funny one, who loved to sing, play cards, and laugh. I remember the day I boastfully told my memere that my mommy smoked pot. Well, when Memere exploded, I ran to Terry's house. And I hid there until my angry mother arrived to pick me up. When I was really little, I used to sneak into Terry closet and try on her fancy shoes. She had all of these extravagant shoes in her closet that she bought in Vegas, but never wore. She always told me she would give them to me when I got older. I don't think they would fit today. There was never a Saturday night on Sixth Street without beans and cards. Even though I was little, I was usually allowed to stay up long enough to watch a few hands. These card games were always at Terry and Curley's house at their kitchen table. They usually involved vast amounts of beer, some fishing hat, a great deal of arguing, and a few farts from the beans. The card game always ended with some sort of an argument. But, nonetheless the next Saturday, a fresh pot of beans would be made, a new game was started, and everyone was back at Terry's table. Then there was the year after Memere died. Years before, I couldn't wait to get to Walton school so I could go to Memere's after school. I was so lost and heartbroken after she died. And one day I stopped into see Terry on my way home from school. She made me feel so at home, as if she knew I why I was there. I think we will all have our Terry memories, and they are all filled with life, love, and laughter. I think this is that way she would have liked to have been remembered and celebrated. She had a long and wonderful life. And now she is back safe in Curley's arms and will forever be in our hearts. Melanie Bolduc

Melanie Bolduc - January 10, 2007 at 03:41 PM

“ Terry will be sadly missed by the staff, volunteers, and friends at the Good Shepherd Food Bank. She spent countless hours volunteering her time and expertise to help those less fortunate. She shared many stories about herself and her husband and was full of "one-liners". She would always joke, "2 more payments and I will own this food bank", and if someone was teasing me she would bark out, "no more questions, I'm his attorney. If you want to talk to him you'll have to go through me." She kept us on our toes and always made my day more enjoyable. I first met Terry at my first day at the food bank and she immediately eased my tensions. She easily made everyone smile and she proved to me that hard work pays off. I will miss her sense of humor, her work ethic, her laugh, and her caring. Thank you Terry for making my world a better place.

Jason Hall - January 10, 2007 at 03:41 PM

“ Our Terry was loved and will be missed This is a day to remember and honor Terry and her lively history. I wish that I could be here with all of you to celebrate her life. It was a good one. The memories always start at the camp for me. Everyone seemed happy and we centered ourselves around the campfire. Those are my first memories of Terry. We would start off with roasting marshmallows, (she taught me how to make the perfect ones). While most of the adults would be off skinny dipping, we would bathe in OFF and battle the mosquitoes while she and Curly would tell us one ghost story after another. They would continue until we were too scared to sleep. We would beg to stay up just a little bit longer and maybe eat a bit more air-popped popcorn. Those were good times. Daytime at the camp with Terry was just as fun. We would head out for walks to the Birches and check out the lights on all of the campers and maybe get an ice cream at the little store. I was big on the sports bars. Yummy. Picking berries along the way entertained us and held us over until we got back to get ready for safari! That's right, get on your hats ladies and gentleman we are tying up and heading out. The parade of boats, all roped together, only included one motor but with song power to move all 6-8 vessels including the styrofoam chair taking up the rear. We set out to sea and sang to our hearts content. Terry and Georgette would lead the pack in creativity, laughs, song and spirit. Terry didn't have children of her own but she never shyed away from engaging with all of us kids. She taught me how to bait my hook, take off my fish, etch my sketch, play old maid and poker too. She put on the Santa suits and delivered gifts. I remember all us kids lined up in a row at my grandmother's house waiting for Santa. Everyone but me was excited. For me, it was pure dread but at least her years as Santa seemed less threatening and her jovial spirit shined through her red suit. It was always a party with her and Curly. They led the pack in cards and always got the games going. Cards slid easily across that glossy table. What a way to liven up a bunch! While they played cards, I remember, Mel and I cruising the basement. What excitement lived there, canned vegetables that she and my grandmother would make every fall, monkeys clanging symbols, interesting bits of history and more importantly a crawl space where we could create another world in while the jokes and chips flew till late in the night. She never lost her sense of humor. Just a few months ago, when we learned that she was sick and in the hospital, I sent her a care package. In my package, were a few trinkets and a pair of cozy socks. I promptly got a thank you card back. She told me in her note that she had worn the socks to her first radiation treatment and one of the gals there had said, those look like nice, warm socks and that she had replied, well they should be they are from Florida! I laughed for a good 5 minutes after reading that. That kind of wit was her way and it was always refreshing and engaging. I will miss that. Terry and Curly had a love that is special. They laughed together, played together and loved each other fiercely. That is a one of a kind love that will live on in our memories and they will forever share with each other. Thank you for the inspiration. You will be missed and remembered.