



Lori A. Heggem

September 6, 1966 - September 19, 2016

Lori Ann Heggem, 50, passed away peacefully on the morning of September 19th, 2016 at her home in Bellingham, Washington. She was surrounded by family and so much love and support from many friends.

Lori leaves behind her mother, Jane, sister Cari and brother Allan, and three sons Kaleb, Sam, and Oliver, as well as countless friends and colleagues, all of whom were touched by her sassy attitude, sharp mind, and quick wit.

A lover of history, travel, food, and wine, Lori was well read and cultured. She wowed many guests with extravagant shrimp boils and Gumbo feeds. The life of many parties, Lori was outspoken and opinionated, carried a sarcastic and quick humor, and impacted countless lives through her deeply compassionate and loving soul. She lived for adventure and excitement, and encouraged others to recklessly pursue dreams. Lori truly was a great light, and possessed an energy for life that is rarely seen. She shared countless memories with friends and family, and her presence at campfires and dinner tables will be greatly missed. Lori left an impact that is difficult to express, and impossible to replace.

A Celebration of Lori's Life will be held on Saturday, September 24, 2016, 3:00pm at Moles Farewell Tributes – Bellingham.

Remember Me

Remember me not as this illness, not as sickness or as this day's sadness.

Not as the fear or the uncertainty. Not as this day, or this place or this weather or these songs. Not as this gathering. Or as a date on the calendar.

Remember me as your daughter, your sister, your Mother, your best friend. As your Aunt, as your cousin, as your dance partner, as your confidante.

Remember me as the one that held you, that laughed with you, that danced with you, that sang badly with you – and always as the one that loved you. Always that.

Remember me as the tenacious fighter for the importance of words, and for equality and for poetry and the joy of a good story. For laughter and the importance of literature and physics and history and for herstory. A lover of physics and science and mathematics and books, of big dreams and bigger hearts. Remember cold lake swims, late night fires, movie nights, back packs and passports, dinners and music and for taking you to Bourbon Street.

Remember me as the one that told you that you looked beautiful and that no one cares about 10 lbs, even though it was 20.

Remember me as the one that said that you were too good for him. And yes, you still are.

Remember me as the one that taught you to feed gnomes before bed and to awake in wonder as the bread crumbs were taken away in the night.

Remember me as the wind storms that rattle your windows and messed your

hair. I told you that if your hair is perfect, you're just not having enough fun. Remember that.

Remember me as the one that turned up the music and danced with you.

Remember me as the one that always brought the wine. Or at least the cork screw. And, you're welcome.

Remember me as the one that said, "Lets just DO it. We wont get in trouble. I promise". Yeah, sorry about that one.... Or three.

Remember me as the one that tickled your feet while you watched the movie CARRIE.

Remember me as the one that laughed too loud, too often, and frequently at the wrong time.

Remember handstands and cartwheels, soft ball games, gymnastic meets, cars and football games and concerts; parties and dances, big hair and shoulder pads and Patrick Swazey. Oh, Patrick Swazey.

Remember weddings and babies and toddlers. Halloweens and fierce teenagers. And so many many many dinners together. Coffees and wine ... and more coffee and more wine.

Remember the costumes that I made, the school projects the we barely finished on time, the packed lunches and the homework and the bed time stories. The cuddles, the tickles and how to play the game, "who can be quiet longest" in the car.

Remember how I taught you to set up the tent, how to change a bike tire, how to make a caesar salad and scramble an egg. How to turn off the cable and how to build a camp fire. How to hold the door open, how to load the dishwasher, and the many books that we shared. And I hope you remember the pride in my eyes when I looked at your smiling dirty face.

Remember when I talked you into letting me pierce your ears. Yeah, I'm sorry for that one too, Cari.

Remember cheap Goodwill wigs and dramatic break-ups and how it always ended with a good story to tell because you were there for me when I needed you. And, that made it fun.

Remember when I told you that ALL girls love a boy that can cook just so that you would start cooking dinner ? Well, it IS technically true.

Remember me as the one that made him walk home because he wasn't nice enough to you. And I would do it again.

Remember me as the one who got stuck in the late night, home-made Santa traps. Yes that was me, so stop asking me that, you are 28 years old now.

Do not remember me as this illness or this sadness or this moment – but as all of the moments that we shared – this ever living, ever alive energy. As I am and as you are. And I take your energy, these moments with me to the next adventure, the great universe. And these moments will forever be my great light, our shared light.

-Lori A. Heggem

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the

essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die discover that I had not lived.

-Henry David Thoreau

Tribute Wall

FI

“ So sorry for your great loss. My prayers continue for you all into your futures, Faith

Faith imbach - September 19, 2016 at 12:00 AM

MN

“ I'm so sorry for your loss. At times like these we wonder why these kinds of things happen, is there a purpose in life, and will we see our loved ones again? I hope you will take the time to visit www.jw.org There you will find comforting and satisfying answers to life's biggest questions. I hope you find peace and comfort in the days ahead.

Michele North - September 19, 2016 at 12:00 AM

DC

“ Oh Lori, how I will miss you! Reading your last words, I'm crying and laughing , remembering many of our times together. I loved our late night talks about anything and everything, always with lots of wine. My heart is heavy, yet light at the same time. I hope to see you on your next adventure, just not too soon. Thank you for your love and support over the past 22 years, I truly can call you one of the good ones and my friend. You will be very missed beautiful lady.

Deborah Cook - September 19, 2016 at 12:00 AM