



Judy Lorraine Nord

June 4, 1944 - June 15, 2021

Judy Lorraine Wilson Nord, 77, passed away peacefully at her home in Alpharetta, Georgia on Tuesday, June 15, 2021, after battling a number of health issues.

Judy was born on June 1, 1944 and grew up on a farm in the prairies outside of Aberdeen, South Dakota, as the second of five daughters. An avid reader from a young age, Judy explored the world through reading and accumulated an encyclopedic knowledge of many subjects – with a particular love for archeology and biology. She was proud to have read almost every mystery book and National Geographic issue ever written. When she recently downsized and moved into assisted living, she donated thousands of books to bookmobiles in underserved areas.

In 1967, she married Roger H. Nord and together they raised three children. When the kids were young, she was an acclaimed party host and hosted events including all-night cross-country ski parties at their house for the entire Minneapolis office of Arthur Andersen (now Accenture). Judy loved to cook and was famous for her fabulous soups, gravies, and baked goods, which warmed many friends and family members during the long Minnesota winters. An avid conversationalist, Judy could talk with anyone about any subject. Even if she didn't know a topic well, she made you think she did, to the delight of many. She always had an opinion and advice to offer. Judy also had a legendary gift for shopping, and she was famous for finding ridiculously good deals. In fact, she often left the tags on gifts so she could brag about her latest "find."

A survivor of many illnesses and injuries over the years, Judy had a deep knowledge of all things medical and, as a result, became a trusted advisor to anyone with a medical malady. At times, she was even known to diagnose a person's medical condition (including the occasional pregnancy) before the person had even received confirmation from a doctor.

Known for her creativity, Judy took every hobby to an extreme. When she took up stamping, she amassed thousands of art supplies, enough to fill an entire room. The

homes of family members are filled with her handmade cards, painted birdhouses, elaborately decorated Easter eggs, and other creations. Over the years, she also collected handmade Noah's Arks, which her children and grandchildren will treasure.

Judy loved to travel from an early age and was quite the road warrior on the open road. She was endlessly curious about all things, including other cultures. Over the years, she and Roger enjoyed traveling the world through cruises, visiting places as far away as Singapore, Turkey, Egypt, Greece, and Norway.

She was generous with her time and talents, volunteering in a variety of capacities over the years – from working with the Children's Hospital in Minneapolis to tutoring ESOL students to serving on the Altar Guild, and many more.

Judy started life as a prairie girl but always seemed to have a love of water. She and Roger eventually moved to a house on Lake Minnetonka where she finally got to see the water every day. Later in life, Judy would insist she and Roger retire to the intercoastal waterway off the coast of Savannah where she could see the tides each day, along with the pink and orange sunsets dancing across the water each night. She has asked that her ashes be laid to rest in the ocean she loved so much.

Judy will be dearly missed by her husband of 53 years, Roger, and her children and their spouses – Peter Nord (Joey), Mary-Meghan Olmo (Nord) (Luis), and Andrew Nord (Demme), her four sisters (Sandra, Sue, Verla, and Twilla), and her six beloved grandchildren (Emily, Tyler, Athena, Ben, Sophia, and Audrey) as well as a host of nieces, nephews and extended family members. She was preceded in death by her parents, Vernon and Wanda Wilson.

A celebration of her life will be held as soon as practical. In lieu of flowers, we would like to request donations in her name to The Ocean Cleanup (<http://www.theoceancleanup.com>).

Miss Me – But Let Me Go
by Christina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.

Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little – but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me – but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss me – But let me go!