**Sean’s Eulogy for Nana**

First of all, I’d like to thank my Uncle Rob for reading this for me today since I can’t be there in person.

Hello everyone. I’m Sean Branagan, Mavis’s grandson from Massachusetts. I would like to share a few thoughts and remembrances of my Nana.

As a younger boy, I saw Nana as caring, but in a sharp and stubborn kind of way. She would try and correct my behavior and thoughts in a unique manner.

Still, we had a lot of fun together. We used to go play mini-golf in Tucson – Mom, Nana, Papa and whoever else was around. Every year we would alternate courses. Mid-way through, there was a vending machine where we’d get sodas. Nana and I enjoyed feeding bird seed to the koi fish they have there in the pond and laugh about it. After the game, Nana and Papa would sit outside on the terrace, sharing a Diet Coke while Mom and I played in the Arcade. Then I’d take all the tickets and go to the counter to cash them in for prizes. Sometimes Nana and Papa would come in to give me suggestions on which prizes I might like best.

We also went to the zoo together to visit the animals. Afterward, we’d have a drink and maybe a bite to eat. Often, our activities involved having a snack at the end. I also remember eating breakfast out, frequently at the Egg Connection. Once I was diagnosed with Celiac Disease, it got a little trickier but we always found something good for me to eat.

New Year’s Eve was always a really great time. For many years, we went to the last show at the Gaslight Theater. At midnight they released the balloons and Nana and I jumped up to stomp on them. Sometimes, we would bring some home to pop back at the house.

I gave Nana and Papa the very best of the dove-tailed boxes I made in woodworking class in high school which they proudly displayed in the guest bedroom. One year, while I was actually in Tucson, I made Nana a model of a British Spitfire airplane from World War II which I think she really enjoyed and kept out in the kitchen where she could look at it every day. I also made her a woodcarving of that plane and gave it to her since, after all, she had lived through that war.

Sadly, Nana and I haven’t seen each other as much in the last few years given COVID and two new jobs on my part. Recently, Nana wasn’t really feeling up to taking many phone calls. So, I sent her a video and some pictures of me playing with my new puppy Molly. She pronounced her very cute but didn’t recognize me at first. I think my appearance has changed a lot in the last couple of years.

I really wish I had been able to come to Tucson for Hanukkah and Christmas this year to be with Nana one last time. I love her and will miss her very much.