



## Lucille Eckert

June 18, 1922 - April 14, 2009

Lucille "Seal" Eckert (nee Barnett). Beloved wife of Emmanuel "Manny". Loving mother of Anita, and Amanda (Richard) Eckert-Swift. Proud grandmother of Haley. Dear sister of William A. Barnett, Sr. and Anita Mae Hull. Fond aunt of many nieces and nephews. Member of the Chicago Walker's Club, and Chicago Teachers Union. Visitation Friday 3 to 9 p.m. at Barr Funeral Home, 6222 N. Broadway, Chicago. Funeral leaving 9:30 am Saturday for 10 am Mass at St. Gertrude Church, 1420 W. Granville, Chicago, 60660. Interment All Saints Cemetery, Des Plaines, IL. Donations to St. Gertrude appreciated.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Lucille Eckert*

October 08, 2023 at 11:31 AM



“ *You've done a good job.*

**adidas f10 i trx fg** - April 02, 2014 at 12:00 AM



“ *Thanks for the memories! Also..thanks for all those Time magazines you gave our family...God bless you Manny!Martin Conboy*

**Martin D. Conboy** - June 16, 2009 at 12:00 AM



“ *Dear Manny, Nita and Amanda,My thoughts and prayers are with you at this difficult time. Aunt Seal will truly be missed, she was always my favorite.*

**Janet Hull** - April 17, 2009 at 12:00 AM



“ *Our prayers & love to your family during this very trying time. Lisa Arreola Verdon*

**Lisa Arreola Verdon** - April 17, 2009 at 12:00 AM

JT

“ We send our deepest sympathies to Lucille's family and friends. Clara has very fond memories of participating with Lucille in the Writing Group. Both Clara and Julia enjoyed the lunchens with Lucille. Clara Johnson Julia Takarada

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**Julia Takarada** - April 16, 2009 at 12:00 AM

GL

“ Amanda and family, I was so very sorry to hear about the passing of your mom. Please know that you will be in my thoughts and prayers over the days ahead. Hang in there. I recently came across this poem, and it seems appropriate:“I am standing upon the seashore.A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and startsfor the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.Then, someone at my side says;“There, she is gone!”“Gone where?”“Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her load of living freight to her destined port.Her diminished size is in me, not in her.And just at the moment when someone at my side says, “There, she is gone!”There are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout;“Here she comes!”And that is dying.” --Henry Van Dyke

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**Gary Litavis** - April 16, 2009 at 12:00 AM