



## ELISABETH ANNE BAKICH

August 20, 1954 - August 31, 2014

### OBITUARY FOR ELISABETH ANNE BAKICH

BAKICH, Elisabeth Anne, age 60, of Middletown, Ohio, passed away suddenly on Sunday, August 31, 2014 at Atrium Medical Center. She was born August 20, 1954 in Holyoke, Massachusetts. She spent her childhood in Erskine, Minnesota, and graduated from high school in Sunnyvale, California. She had a Master's Degree in Biochemistry from Purdue University. Elisabeth had lived in Middletown for four years. She was a wife and mother and home schooled her children. She was a member of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church in Enon, Ohio and a member of Christian Home Educators of Clark County. Preceding her in death were her parents, Gerhardt and Celestine (Muschinske) Geier. She is survived by her husband of 28 years, Michael Peter Bakich; three children Samuel Milovan Bakich, Peter Gerhardt Bakich and Celestine Sophia Bakich; and four brothers, Karl (Kathy) Geier, Max (Keni) Geier, Hans (Marilyn) Geier, and Joel (Becky) Geier. Visitation will be Sunday, September 7, 2014 from 5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. at the First United Methodist Church, 120 S. Broad St., Middletown, Ohio 45044. The funeral service will be Monday, September 8, 2014 at 10:00 a.m. at the church with Rev. Bruce Kramer and Rev. John Wagner officiating. Interment will be at Woodside Cemetery, Middletown, Ohio. Arrangements by Herr-Riggs Funeral Home, 210 S. Main St., Middletown. Condolences may be sent to the family at [www.herr-riggs.com](http://www.herr-riggs.com)



# Tribute Wall



“ *ELISABETH ANNE BAKICH*

September 13, 2022 at 09:07 PM



“ *My heartfelt condolences to the family for your loss. May you find comfort in your many treasured memories of Elisabeth and in the loving support of God and family during this difficult time. Romans 15:33, Psalm 55:22.*

**Linda Martin** - September 12, 2014 at 11:31 AM



“ *Carolyn Potts lit a candle in memory of ELISABETH ANNE BAKICH*



**carolyn potts** - September 12, 2014 at 12:47 AM

CP

“ I'm sorry to the whole family for this enormous loss. I didn't know Lisa, but I can tell from her photos that I'd have liked her. She looks trustworthy and kind. I would believe that of her, knowing Joel, my dear friend. I love the pictures that show her care of you, Joel. I'm sure there were many beautiful facets to Lisa, and I especially love that she looked after her young brother. Lisa's smile really makes me think of Martha Madeline Geier, another dear friend. Bless you all as you navigate this terrible grief. In Sympathy,  
Carolyn Potts

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**carolyn potts** - September 12, 2014 at 12:46 AM

NA

“ I remember Lisa taking me for walks down the "old road" at our farm next door. I loved her braids and her smile. I am so very sorry for your loss. Nancy (Lee) Aase

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**nancy lee aase** - September 08, 2014 at 04:53 PM

JA

“ I am so sorry for your loss. My thoughts and prayers are with you in this difficult time.

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**Jack** - September 08, 2014 at 09:23 AM

AS

“ Anne Sherwood lit a candle in memory of  
**ELISABETH ANNE BAKICH**



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**Anne Sherwood** - September 08, 2014 at 12:27 AM

AS

“ Lisa was my best friend during our years in graduate school at Purdue. She and Mike helped me negotiate some turbulent times and events in my life. They both had huge hearts and routinely went way out of their way to help people and animals alike. Sadly, Lisa and I lost touch several years after I graduated and left W. Lafayette, but I did hear about the birth of Lisa and Mike's 3 children. Lisa was a warm and wonderful person. She was gifted and very smart, yet so humble. She touched many people's lives in a very special way. She will be fondly remembered and greatly missed.

Anne Sherwood

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Anne Sherwood - September 08, 2014 at 12:20 AM

MG

“ 7 files added to the album Remembering my big sister



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Max Geier - September 06, 2014 at 12:18 PM

KG

*These are nice photos, Max. I haven't seen most of them before.*

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Karl E. Geier - September 06, 2014 at 07:08 PM

KG

“ I was sitting at my desk this evening and found myself looking at an old yellow plastic bowl on top of my desk used as a pen-holder and miscellaneous repository for items that had no place (paper clips, erasers, etc.) . I have had this bowl since I was just a couple of months past my 2nd birthday when the neighbors in rural Renville and McLeod Counties gave us a going away party in September 1955. I can remember that party to this very day, although I remember only one or two of the individuals distinctly. Our then small family of Gerhardt, Celestine, Karl and Lisa was moving away from the ancestral homestead in rural Stewart, Minnesota, to the open prairies of northwestern Minnesota and the Red River Valley. Lisa and I were each given one of these bowls as a going away present. Lisa was barely a year old at the time. It was 59 years ago, almost to the day.

*These bowls are very plain and simple. I'm sure there were millions of them made in the mid-1950s. They had the legend "Watertown Lifetime Ware" molded into the bottom along with "Made in the U.S.A." and an industry standard code. We used those two bowls every day, morning, noon and evening, throughout our childhood and beyond. They were used for oatmeal and corn meal mush, milk rice, the macaroni "chili" our mother used to make, and every kind of hamburger soup you can imagine. Two bowls, used every day for as long as we were part of the same household. They are as closely ingrained in our lives then and in our memories ever since as any other mundane possession possibly could be.*

*Years ago, when our mother passed away and our family was split up, a lot of the kitchenware wound up in the same house where I was living, with Uncle Phil and Aunt Ruth Muschinske. Eventually a lot of this came to me, including these two bowls. We used them for awhile in our household when our children were small. Along the way, one of them was dropped and shattered into pieces. I put it in the bottom drawer of my desk and forgot about it. The other one I put on top of the desk and used to keep the clutter down.*

*I always meant to glue the broken bowl together and then I was going to have a battle of conscience whether to send the mended one or the intact one to Lisa. I have thought about this many times over the years, and always planned to do one or the other, just as I have thought about many other things involving my sister over the years and wanted to say or do one or another thing for her. But somehow, many of them never happened. This was one of them.*

*This evening, looking at that yellow bowl on top of my desk, I thought about the other bowl lying in pieces in a plastic bag in a lower drawer. I opened the drawer and discovered that somewhere along the way, at a now-forgotten time, I must have glued the bowl back together. It has been in the drawer for how many years I don't know, perfectly intact, and looking almost as if it never were broken. I don't have any way of giving either bowl to Lisa now, and she is the only person who would have known or understood what those bowls meant to both of us. Now, they are just two plastic bowls, with no real meaning to anyone else, and I'm not quite sure what to do with them. But they do belong in memories of Lisa, and that is why I'm sharing them.*



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**Karl E. Geier** - September 05, 2014 at 11:11 PM

BG

*Karl, how beautiful. And sad. Much of what life is. I've been trying to find words to express but all I come up with are platitudes and truisms. Anyway, what I think Lisa did is look for the beauty and the good and the light in this often dark world; it is worth looking for and it can be found. Love to Mike, Samuel, Peter, Celestine and to all the Geier family.*

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**Becky Sherman Geier** - September 07, 2014 at 03:42 PM

HG

“ Dear Michael, Sam, Peter, and Celestine; I know that you do not know me except what Lisa may have told you about me. But I want to tell you that despite the distances that separate us I consider all of you an important part of my family in this difficult time for you and me. I loved your wife and mother in the way only a brother can love a sister. I have not been close to her as I should have after our mother died when i was about 13 and she was 15. Our family (karl, Lisa, myself, Max, and Joel) was unfortunately split apart and we resided with well meaning relatives and families with whom our parents had relationships with. All of our lives have been affected in fairly traumatic ways. Lisa seemed happiest when she spoke of all of you in our infrequent phone calls. I am glad she found that happiness with you. I hope as you go through your lives that you can be as resilient and happy as she was at her best. It is difficult for me to write this because I do not feel as close as my brothers particularly Max and Karl were to her. I remember going to see her when she was attending Perdue because I was thinking of going there for a degree in Ag Engineering but in reality I just wanted to see her. I also met Mike on that trip 1975 or 76. My memory is cloudy about these past events unfortunately. I apologize for not being able to attend her memorial services. I will be there in spirit. You are welcome in Marilyn and My house anytime. I know as Lisa did how traumatic it is to lose a parent and also what a personal struggle it is to maintain a certain normalcy in the aftermath. Do not hesitate to call on our family for support in the years ahead of you. Like our parents (Gerhardt and Celestine) depending on friends and family in times when they couldnt is a burden that we can share like many people did when they could not. Love, Hans.t

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**hans geier** - September 05, 2014 at 06:33 PM

KG

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Karl E. Geier** - September 05, 2014 at 12:59 PM

MG

*Here is a picture of Lisa from back on our farm. Don't think I've seen this one before.*

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**Max Geier** - September 05, 2014 at 01:18 PM

MG

*Lisa liked to name farm animals, which is never a good idea on a working farm. Once, shortly after reading *Charlotte's Web* to me, she begged our pa to get a "baby" pig. He got her two of them. She gave them names (I forget what), and then they grew up and pa sent them off to the slaughterhouse. After that, she refused to eat pork, because she was sure it must be from her pigs. It is probably better to give them names like "lunch" and "dinner".*

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**Max Geier** - September 06, 2014 at 01:25 PM

KG

*The pigs' names were Slim and Spud of the eponymous cartoon in the monthly farm magazine *The Farmer*. As I recall they went to the butcher shop and then into our meat locker at Dean's Market, not an anonymous slaughterhouse. We all knew where our food came from back then, but it is true that Lisa refused to eat those particular pigs. So our dad traded the pork for some other pork, which she did eat. The only question for me was and is whether they just traded Slim and Spud for each other or went out and got some new pigs. That is a secret our dad took to his grave.*

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**Karl E. Geier** - September 08, 2014 at 07:50 AM

MG

*Well, I am glad the slaughterhouse has a name. Too bad that the pigs also had names. I'm pretty sure we ate spud and slim.*

Max Geier - September 09, 2014 at 12:39 PM

KG

“ 7 files added to the album New Album Name



Karl E. Geier - September 05, 2014 at 11:47 AM

SB

“ *I am so sorry to hear of Elisabeth's passing. I was one of her Homecare nurses and enjoyed talking with her when I would visit. My prayers are with all of you at this time. She truly loved her family. May God bless.*



susan blair - September 04, 2014 at 10:52 PM

“ I wrote this in 1996 for my sister, Lisa, when my daughter, Mitra, turned 4.

### *Faerie Glens and Other Dreams*

*I stumbled through childhood in the bewildering light and dancing shadows of my sister's fiery intellect and blazing displays of artistic talent and imagination, and I picked my way through the glowing embers strewn along the cinder path of her burning passage through life.*

*When I was a little boy, she wore her hair in long braids that whipped through the air as she ran, and she wove garlands of flowers from clover and buttercups that I proudly wore in my hair. I followed her through fields and woods, ducking through fences and leaping over streams to reach secluded faerie-circle-hideaways she scouted on independent forays into the farmland wilderness that was our home.*

*She walked with me when our father died, and she showed me the faerie-glen where they found him, deep in the woods. We smelled the flowers and nettles to remember that place, and she sat with me on the plane that whisked us away to the paved-over paradise of Los Angeles County.*

*She played her flute as we breathed the exotic perfume of orange blossoms and waited for my mother and brothers, who seemed different than I remembered when they finally arrived.*

*She cut off her braids and we teased her as she blossomed into womanhood and pretended to abandon childish dreams. She posed in the foreground as I photographed our new house, and she baked lemon tarts for dessert with fruit from our new tree.*

*She was with me, miles away, when we learned our mother had died, but we cried together, in separate rooms, following the custom*

*of that place.*

*Still, we walked together on the blacktop roads and concrete sidewalks as she wove her dreams into stories, and I watched her visions take form on the pages of her sketchbook.*

*The year I started high school, she left for college, and I was alone for the first time since our parents died. Over the years that followed, we visited and talked on the phone, but the distance seemed always too far. She seldom spoke of faerie glens or magic circles. Those stories moved into the bottom drawers and closets of our lives, as we followed separate dreams and paths.*

*When her sons were born, I visited them with my daughter, who was three. We sat in the park on a blazing hot day with the dancing shadows of our youth and our children by our sides.*

*Now, my daughter draws pictures for me, and she runs through the grass with the wind in her hair. She holds my hand and sings songs for me, and the stories she tells are magical.*

*Some folks think it's crazy, but I think life is a dream, and I dream my daughter's faerie world began someplace back home on that farm. I dream she visited our faerie glen as we rested there in that park, and I dream my sister showed her the way through the fields and fencerows and streams.*

*I live in a house in the city now, but sometimes, when we're walking along with nowhere special to go, my daughter asks me about my farm, with the horses and cows and the barn. She asks me to bring her along sometime, just to look around. I wonder, sometimes, if dreams like these are worth holding so close to our hearts and lives, or do they belong in a faerie glen, held safe from our troubles and fears?*

KA

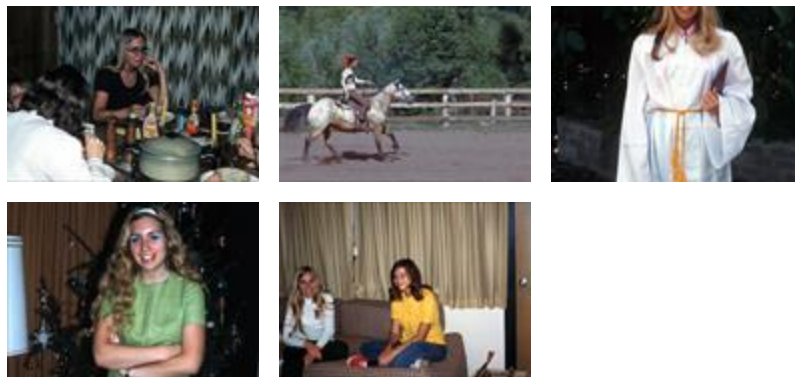
“ Our sincerest sympathy to Michael, Samuel, Peter, and Celestine, and entire Geier family. Your wife, mother, and sister (sister-in-law) will always be remembered for her kind, gentle and caring manner.  
*Kathy and Dave*

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**Kathy Adelman** - September 04, 2014 at 07:50 PM

MG

“ 12 files added to the album *Remembering my big sister*



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**Max Geier** - September 04, 2014 at 07:10 PM

JG

“ 1 file added to the album *Lisa on the farm near Erskine*



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**Joel Geier** - September 04, 2014 at 04:50 PM

JG

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Joel Geier** - September 04, 2014 at 04:48 PM

JG

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



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**Joel Geier** - September 04, 2014 at 04:45 PM

BG

*Sam, Pete, and Celestine: The first time I met your mom was when Uncle Joel and I got married in Oregon (in 1990). We were staying at your Uncle Max and Aunt Gilda's house and Lisa had arrived.*

*I was so excited to meet her and saw quickly why Uncle Joel talked so admiringly and lovingly of her! I think it was morning and the day before our wedding when Lisa, Joel and I were sitting on the porch steps. She brought out a wrapped up bundle and told us that she wanted Joel to have her mother's (your grandmother, Celestine Geier) Bible. It had a very worn cover and was obviously well-used, and it contained various letters and documents about Gerhardt and Celestine's lives, as well as those who went before them. What a gift she gave that day!*

*Your mom was kind, gentle, loving, and genuinely interested in other's lives. Her laughter was infectious. She is still with you and loves you and your dad more than anything in this world. I think she is happy and at peace and is still watching over you all. May her memory be eternal and may you find comfort in her love and all those who love her.*

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**Becky Sherman Geier** - September 07, 2014 at 04:55 PM

JG

“ 5 files added to the album *Lisa on the farm near Erskine*



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**Joel Geier** - September 04, 2014 at 01:48 PM

JG

“ 2 files added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Joel Geier** - September 04, 2014 at 01:37 PM



“ *Lily and Rose Tribute Spray was purchased for the family of ELISABETH ANNE BAKICH.*



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September 04, 2014 at 10:44 AM