

Hi. I'm Sophie and this is my sister Rachel. We are Murray's oldest grandchildren. We like to think he kind of lucked out, first time grandpa getting two for the price of two.

Our Grandpa loved us unconditionally and his influence on us is noticeable. I'd like to point out that none of his 10 grandchildren were born or, until recently lived in Wisconsin. However, we all are in some small or big way Packers fans. Kelsey, the youngest and one who lives furthest away is probably the biggest.

Grandpa was not only our loudest cheerleader but literally the loudest person in the entire crowd. He never tired of attending swim meets, football games, basketball games and tennis matches.

We also loved to visit Grandpa. From the refrigerator photo album to the family room where he kept countless peanut butter m&m's and pretzels, almost every place in his house holds a special memory. Except for the front lawn which, due to our Grandpa's desire for the perfect curb appeal, none of us have actually stepped foot on.

For Christmas, our Grandma Alice would always buy us pajamas. After she passed Grandpa took on the role of pajama man and somehow there was a miscommunication and Lucas ended up with men's bamboo tighty wightys. But more often than not he got it right. I was lucky enough to be his secret santa this year and I'm lucky enough to get to wear this sweater today that he picked out just for me.

He was an intoxicating man, one who always looked at something as an opportunity rather than a burden. I read an article online the other day that sums up not only how we believe our Grandpa lived his life but how we want to move forward living our own.

This article explained that we should not think about that thing we "have" to do but rather focus on that thing we "get" to do. I think the reason we all love Murray Kurland so much is because he never thought of going to work, spending time with his grandchildren or even mowing the lawn as something he had to do but always something he got to do.

While our Grandma watched from heaven, Grandpa got to meet his youngest grandchild Kelsey and his newest grandchild Zhenya. He got to see myself, my sister, Jack, Lucas and Carly graduate from college. He got to dance down the aisle at my wedding and made sure to remind Sophie that the "perfect guy" was still out there. He got to spend summer afternoons showing Connor and Cameron around the golf course and he got to watch football every Sunday with Maclane. He chose to devote these years to his family, his community, and fishing out golf balls on the Boulder Ridge golf course.

Fast forward to today, where we get to celebrate the life of a man who continues to live on in each one of us. Tomorrow we get to wake up and make choices that will make our Grandparents proud. And these next few months we get to travel through the life of Murray and Alice Kurland and uncover memories that will brighten our days.

Today our heads tell us we are sad, but our hearts tell us we are happy. We are happy that our Grandpa has finally decided to take that road trip North to meet up with a lovely Union Grove farm girl he managed to snag 62 years ago. It was a sudden departure but, then again, he was always a spur of the moment kind of guy. Right now, Grandma and Grandpa are at the beach enjoying a cold Milwaukee's Best while they tango down the shores of Lake Michigan. This is where they will stay in our hearts and we look forward to seeing them again one day.