



Marthella Ekberg

February 3, 1935 - May 25, 2022

Born in Oklahoma in 1935 during the great depression, she learned from an early age what being frugal was. The middle of three sisters and two brothers, she learned from her mom, Dad and Grandparents how to sew, cook, chop wood, etc. Those lessons followed her in the years after she met a good-looking young Air Force Pilot in 1956 named Lt. Kenneth Ekberg 25MAY30-02AUG11(RIP). Her life would be changed forever. Traveling around the world during wartimes, (Korean War and Viet Nam) made her strong and resilient. They had 4 daughters together, and has had a child in her care for all but 2 years of her entire life since the age of 16. She raised her kids, helped bring into the world other people's children, she raised grandchildren, great grandchildren, and a great great grandchild. She learned how to cook cuisines from every corner of the world, which made it fun for us, actually. Coming home from school, I remember asking her "what country were we going to tonight?" She was so smart and such a hard worker. She made our clothes, reupholstered our furniture, painted the house, made boat seats and canvas covers, filled sand bags and poured concrete for our sea wall on lake Eustis, (usually during her lunch break from the ONE job she had during their 55 years of marriage. Nothing got thrown away, everything was fixable. There was nothing she couldn't do or wouldn't try to do. She always was willing to help and never, (I say almost NEVER) cussed because if she did, you KNEW you were in big trouble. She supported us sisters in the whatever aspirations we may have had at the time. She bought me my first guitar!

If any of you were involved in the music department at Tavares High in the early 70's through the mid 80's, then Mom sewed, hemmed, altered and otherwise handled your uniform or costume in some fashion. We, Vicki, Terri, Myself & Sonja, never knew if we were poor or rich, we were well fed, clothed and had an amazing house to grow up in. She let us throw camping/tent parties in the backyard and made sure everyone felt welcome and loved. She loved having guests and entertaining, we had some great times in that house. She always loved working in the yard and we always had the most amazing fruits and veggies in the back yard. If you called her on the phone and got no answer, you knew she was outside. She was an amazing woman, role model and Mom. There was not a mean bone in her body!

The last few years, dementia crept up on her, and this past 2 years she had been in a memory care facility as she just couldn't remember things like she used to. The last time I saw Mom, in the hospital, I kissed her on the forehead and told her that "I loved her so very much, and that I would be seeing her again soon" . As I was leaving the hospital, she looked right at Vicki and said " That girl has been my best friend since the day she was born". Yes, and you will always be my best friend, Mom.

Sadly, this morning, Dementia/Alzheimer's had taken its toll and has taken her from our lives.

She was preceded in death by a grandson, Jesse Ryan Harden ,23 (1983-2005) may he Rest In peace, and survived by 4 daughters, Vicki, Terri, Kristina and Sonja.

9 grandchildren, countless great grandchildren and a great great grandchild.

Dad's birthday would have been today, he got the ultimate birthday present, he came to take her home and have an amazing reunion.

Mom, we love you so much and miss you. Until we meet again, Rest in Peace, you will be forever in our hearts.