



Karen L. Beres

April 15, 1946 - September 27, 2013

KAREN'S OBITUARY: Karen Beres, 67, of Free Soil, died on September 27, 2013. She was born in East Chicago, Indiana, on April 15, 1946. When taxes were coming due, Michael Beres, Karen's favorite husband (well, her only husband), always knew Karen was going to have a birthday. As with all us mortals, life dealt its ups and downs to Karen. The greatest tragedy was the death of her only child, David, on a rainy night in May of 1998 when he was only 30. The greatest joys of her life, according to her, were the below-zero January 1st early morning when David was born, and the April 1st evening, a few years earlier, when Michael escorted her into the jewelry store in downtown Hammond, Indiana, where a ring waited. Karen spent her adulthood in the Chicago suburbs, raising her son, working in and away from home, and helping her husband pursue his careers. She spent childhood in Dyer, Indiana, a Lincoln Highway suburb of Chicago just across the state line. Her favorites while growing up were her mother, Betty, as well as her maternal grandparents, whose farm in Palatine, Illinois, is now covered by condos. She also loved her brothers, Jeff and Brian, even when they picked on her. A special bond had formed between Brian and Karen. As Karen was fighting for her life, Brian, who fights for his own life, has been emotionally at her side. Karen loved smelling up the house by cooking something with sauerkraut and sausage, or sometimes stuffed cabbage. She loved her three schnauzers, Missy I (a gift from a neighbor), Missy II (rescued), and Missy III (rescued). One of her most recent fantasies, before her heart attack and strokes, was to

be driving down the road one bright sunny day and come upon a box of schnauzer puppies that had been abandoned. Karen was always good to friends and strangers, especially if they had a dog (she called all dogs puppies). Shortly before her heart attack, she bent over to pet a dog at a rest stop and had to be helped from the ground by her husband and a kind man filling the vending machines. Karen treasured her "adopted" family across the road (Lisa, Joey, Josey, and Alaina), her lifelong friend Debbie, her in-laws, Chris, John, and Roni, and all their children and grandchildren, especially when they visited her at her cottage. In recent years Karen relaxed doing water aerobics at the pool at West Shore Community College. Unfortunately, heart disease snuck up on Karen (she was not a Fortune 500* executive who keels over at business lunch and is rushed in for life saving and life changing). After the heart attack, and during surgery, she turned out to be one of a handful of people in the world whose immune system decides to attack the blood thinner Heparin. The result was a stroke shower that devastated her brain. Karen moved to Michigan as soon as she could retire with benefits from Argonne National Laboratory. She worked as a technical typist/assistant, but was actually a better editor than those who had "editor" as a job title. Karen's husband, Michael, made sure Karen always copy edited his writing before he sent it off to magazines and publishers. Karen also edited this newspaper, gleefully pointing out typos and other errors each evening. Karen fulfilled her dream of retiring on a small lake in a house she called, "the cottage." She loved the view of the lake through the windows, especially sunsets. After cremation, she wishes that her ashes be put into the lake at sunset to become one with the Earth along with the ashes of her son. In lieu of flowers (one of Karen's allergies), any thoughts and donations can be passed along to her husband Michael to distribute to Karen's favorite charities, including human shelters, animal shelters, and, especially, help for future generations and our dear Earth that Karen will forever be part of.