

March 16, 2019

Dad's Eulogy

My name is Mary Eiberger, Carl Eiberger's daughter. Thank you all for coming today and celebrating my dad.

A few months ago, I asked Dad, "How do you make Holy Water?"

He thought about it and thought about it and finally said, "**YOU BOIL THE HELL OUT OF IT!**"

My dad taught me in high school to open a speech with a joke.

My dad was a genius, a great lawyer, and a wonderful dad.

He was so accomplished and I was so proud of him. Anybody that would listen to me, I would tell them all about him.

He was the smartest man I ever met. I was often told that he was the smartest man that anybody had ever met. My brother Jim would call him "Google". Years ago, we would call him, "Encyclopedia".

My dad would read all the time. He had an amazing memory. If you told him where you were from and if he had been to that town, he would probably know your street.

My dad had a hard life to start out with. He came from extreme poverty in Denver, near the Five Points area. His dad, Carl Sr., had only one leg and only went to school through the 3rd grade. I could tell his dad was smart, though. My dad's dad wrote a poem called, "I Have a Boy". It is in the insert of your folder. In one of the lines it says that "it pays to be honest and upright and good." Carl Sr. did raise an honest boy. Now as a schoolteacher, I want you to read the insert later and pay attention to me.

My dad was so intelligent that he was valedictorian as well as algebra, and debate champ of all of the Catholic high schools in Colorado. He turned down a full-ride Princeton scholarship because his school counselor said that he wouldn't fit in. He was just too poor. My dad luckily chose to go to Notre Dame and he split his scholarship with Jim Sheehan. Notre Dame became a second home for dad. Dad had to work hard at Notre Dame as a garbageman and a dishwasher (54 hours a week). He always said the clanging of the plates caused his hearing loss.

Dad was magna cum laude in his undergraduate degree in Chemistry and in law school. Dad finished law school in 2 years, instead of 3 years. Only a genius could do that. He took the Michigan Bar exam and passed it even before finishing law school.

My dad was an outstanding lawyer. He was honest and ethical. Does that go together: ethical and lawyer? Just kidding!! I know there are some lawyers in this room. He learned ethics at Notre Dame. He told me never to cheat on my taxes. He never did and neither have I.

Dad was an outstanding lawyer for 65 years. He would win 99% of his cases. He was the best of the best. He represented 14 states with Mountain Bell and travelled a lot.

He worked in labor law. He represented the unions. He wanted people to be treated fairly. Some of his clients were: Conoco Oil, Proctor and Gamble, Rocky Flats Nuclear Plant, and the Denver Post (38 years). He served for 50 years on the Notre Dame Law Board and continued to be an active member of Notre Dame until the end. He was given endless awards from Notre Dame and the communities he served.

He hired young lawyers that are now top lawyers and judges in Denver. He was "The Man".

My dad saved South Table Mountain from destruction with over 23 years of free legal work. He gave over one million dollars of pro bono work for the citizens of Golden and Colorado, so that there would not be a quarry mine on top of the mountain. He met with Governor Dick Lamb and the members of the United States Department of energy atop South Table Mountain to help establish the Solar Energy Research Institute (SERI), now known as the National Renewable Energy Laboratory (NREL). President Jimmy Carter flew to Colorado to visit SERI.

Dad saved the "Gateway to the Rockies". He loved nature so much that he wanted to preserve it. When you leave tonight, look West and realize that the view is there because my dad **SAVED** it. He loved to watch the sunsets over the mountains and always said, "This was God's Country!"

My dad loved to learn and in turn loved to educate others. He loved to teach us kids. He was all about education. He believed in education so much that he would always buy my college books before he would buy anything else. He used to take us to museums. He would read every and I mean EVERY display. He was a speed reader. He loved museums! He told me that he was so poor that his dad and him went to them for fun.

To educate us more, Dad would pile us four kids and my mom, Margurette, and the kitchen sink, into the station wagon. He would take us on 3 week-long trips during the summers to travel across the country and stop at the most important monuments along the way. Just to name a few we went to: Williamsburg Virginia where they would act out what it was like to live in Colonial times, Civil War battle sites, and Ellis Island. We even got up at 4 am and saw a satellite launch at Cape Canaveral.

My dad was a bridge builder. When you have time please read the "Bridge Builder" poem in the folder. It says, "I am building the bridge for him." My dad was building a bridge through education for his children.

While my dad worked, my mom raised four kids under 6 years old. All four of us ended up in college at the same time.

I didn't want to go to a state university. I had worked myself to the bone in high school and I wanted to go to Colorado College, which is private. This was a very expensive school, especially since my three siblings would all be in college too.

I always said, Dad, you went to a great school and you are a great dad and lawyer!" He said, "If I am so great, where's the money"? I said, "Dad you gave it all away helping others."

My dad encouraged me to pursue a degree beyond a Bachelor of Arts Degree in biology. I wanted to go pre-med or pre physical therapy. My mom had always encouraged me to be a teacher. I am glad that I listened to my mom. I have taught science in high school for many years. My mom, Margurette, was an awesome teacher and mother. She was the "Pioneer Woman of Regis College!" (now, University). When mom graduated Regis in 1957, she was one of only three women in the entire University.

My father never gave up. The man was a walking miracle!
My dad was stoic. He was made of steel.
My father taught me how to never give up.

I got married when I was 50. I did it!!! Whoo hoooo!!!! I married my soulmate, Tito. I got married on June 22nd, 2017. In May 2017, Dad, took us to Hawks Nest Marathon in the Florida Keys. Dad would do daily water-walking exercises to get strong because he wanted to walk me down the aisle. His exercising paid off. Tito and I were married at 8,400 feet at the Wild Basin Lodge in Allenspark, Colorado.

Dad started walking me down the aisle and after 3 steps with his cane, he said, "to heck with that" and threw his cane to the side in the meadow. It was so funny!!!! It was so classic of Dad. He had a great sense of humor. When he got me to the alter, there was a big hug between Tito and Dad. Dad said, "take care of my precious daughter." Dad loved me very much and I loved him very much too.

Dad and mom were always fabulous dancers. They would dance all the time. They would win dance contests. My mom was Dad's Monday night dance partner at Elitch Gardens. My mom had 9 guys ask her to marry her, but Dad was the lucky one.

About 5 years ago, I invited my dad to come dancing with me and my church group at the Grizzly Rose, a Country bar, in Denver. He looked SO Very handsome that night. He wore his

bolo tie, which he loved to wear. I was out on the dance floor two-stepping and I thought my dad would be bored sitting there watching everyone dance. But I looked over and dad was on the dance floor dancing with one girl on his right, another girl on his left, and yet another girl in front of him. OMG I was so happy!!!! Really not surprised, but I was like, "way to go dad!" He could out dance the best of us.

Growing up, Dad would take the family snow skiing and sit in the lodge and do his law briefs. He must have written the equivalent of hundreds and hundreds of novels with all of the law briefs he wrote.

Finally, when Dad was 50 years old, my sister, said, "Dad, we have to teach you how to ski". He learned quickly, as Eileen was a great ski instructor. He was a good intermediate skier. He snow-skied until he was 78 years old.

My mom taught my dad how to waterski. During the summers we waterskied every weekend at Sloan's Lake or Carter Lake. We would take our annual family vacation to Bullfrog, Lake Powell. We loved to go to Rainbow Bridge which was a very long 50-mile boat ride. Dad, unbelievably water-skied until he was 80 years old.

My dad loved to look at the wildflowers with me. He loved nature and he loved animals. He hiked with me to the top of Grays Peak and to the Boulder Field of Longs Peak. These are some of my fond memories that I will always cherish.

During the summer of 2015, Dad and I had a father-daughter trip to Crested Butte. I showed him the wildflowers over Cottonwood Pass. We went to the research station at Gothic in Crested Butte and we saw all the amazing wildflowers there too. We saw countless wild sunflowers, lupines, and columbine. It was so very gorgeous!!! It was one of the best trips and one of the best memories with my father.

My dad was always working. He would take me to Rolling Hills when I was younger and I would say, "Dad, take a break from work and let's swim together". Dad did take a break and we swam laps together.

In more recent years, on Monday nights, I would make a date night with my dad. I would pick up dinner and we would watch *The Bachelorette* or *The Bachelor* together. My husband, Tito, always joked that I lost IQ points because I watched those shows. Haha

I would also make breakfast dates with my dad every week. We would go to Denny's, which he loved. All the workers at Denny's knew and loved dad. He was such a character. The waitress at Denny's would say, "do you want sugar and cream with your coffee?" My dad would say, "just put your finger in the coffee, stir it up, and you will make it sweet." Ha-ha

One of the last great memories happened just two weeks ago today. I was with dad watching Rudy, the classic Notre Dame movie. He held my hand tight. His hands were so big and warm. It was such an awesome feeling of love while I held his hand.

Dad would always ask, "what can I do to help others?" He loved the Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi. He followed this prayer the best that he knew how to. Please read this in your folder. "For it is in giving that we receive". He also loved the 23rd Psalm.

He was always helping his community. Even in his later years, he was asking what more he could do to help the community.

Dad was always helping his family. He worked hard to provide a nice home, great education, and things his father and mother could never provide for him. He never wanted us to live a day in poverty like he had done. He told me that many times.

He worked with Jimmy on rentals and gave Jimmy great law advise. I know that he gave Carl great law advice too. He was such a great lawyer that any time I got a speeding ticket he would reduce my points. I probably had the cleanest driving record in all of Colorado because of dad. Now, don't you go thinking I speed a lot. I don't. Actually, the last time I got pulled over it was because I was going to slow. Can you imagine that???? Ha-ha

I know my dad loved St. Patrick's Day. He loved to celebrate the Irish. The Notre Dame Irish!!! My dad was mostly German, English, and a little Scandinavian. That is where he got his Big beautiful blue eyes. I know my dad is looking down from Heaven and is going to enjoy the bagpiper today playing "Danny Boy". He will be with us tomorrow celebrating St. Patrick's Day.

In conclusion, my father was the authentic servant Christ always mentioned as the being most cherished by God. Through his life he sought ways to make a better life for his children and to help others and firmly believed what Christ said, "whatever you do for others, you do for me". I thank God for giving the world a person who cherished his family, loved and served Notre Dame, honorably served his country in the Army, and touched the lives of thousands in positive ways. He saved Open Space and South Table Mountain for generations of people to come. He built the bridge for God, us, and those who will cross it in the days and years to come. Thank You!

