



# Iris Herkender Boydell

JUL 20, 1924 - JUL 9, 2011



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# **Iris Herkender Boydell**

JUL 20, 1924 - JUL 9, 2011

**I**ris Herkender Boydell passed away Saturday, July 9, 2011. A resident of Covington, she was born July 20, 1924 in New Orleans, LA to the late John and Esther Cannor Herkender.

The beloved wife of the late Earl J.M. Boydell, Sr., she is survived by her daughter, Cheryl Boydell Brauner; two sons, Earl Boydell, Jr. and Keith S. Boydell.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to gather at E.J. Fielding Funeral Home, 2260 W. 21st Ave. Covington, LA 70433 for a time of visitation and fellowship on Friday, July 15, 2011 from 9:00-11:00 AM.

Graveside services will take place at 12:00 Noon at Lakelawn Park Mausoleum in New Orleans following the visiting hours in Covington.



## Tribute Wall

**Iris Herkender Boydell**

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RC

**Robert Chaney Jr** lit a candle in honor of Iris.

Her son and I were friends. I hope she is in heaven. God bless her soul

October 12 at 7:27 AM



EB

**Earl M.J. Boydell, Jr.** posted:

I find that I have actually grown accustom to the sense of confusion. I never expect to know the day, hour, or month when I first awaken. This morning (9-10-11), it was not until I completed brushing my teeth, taking my pills, and dressing, did I know it was Saturday, and not Sunday. It has become very difficult to tell dreams from real life. Very few people talk to me anymore. There are days that come and go, and I realize that I have spoken to no one. When I do have occasion to speak with someone, I quickly notice that I have said something inappropriate, and the person is attempting to leave politely. After thinking about it, it is obvious that I really have nothing to say; therefore, the words that do come out make for terrible conversation.

September 10 at 3:50 PM

EB

**Earl M.J. Boydell, Jr.** posted:

It is now September 10, 2011, and neither my father nor my mother have returned in any form. I am not certain for the reason, except that my father was waiting for my mother. I do not believe anyone ever understood their relationship. But the house is empty; Keith and I naturally occupy the house, but all evidence and sense of spiritual being is missing. At one time, I would be upstairs knowing full well that my father was downstairs with Keith and the dogs. That feeling of security is now gone. Dust seems to gather faster than ever before. I never said it, but my mother knew I wanted her to return if she could. Just as I am not allowed to visit them; it is now obvious that they are forbidden to visit us. This begs the question of how my father managed to stay from May of 2003 until July of 2011. Keith is crabbier than ever. The two dogs have become my only companions. Time has lost its meaning. I never know what day of the week it is, and I must ask about the month.

September 10 at 3:26 PM



## Tribute Wall

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**Earl M.J. Boydell, Jr.** posted:

It appears that everyone is leaving, one by one. In this case, it is clear to me that two spirits have left together. My father always was somewhere about the house. But now, neither spirit is taking up occupancy in the house. I became quite comfortable with my father's presence, and was looking forward to my mother's presence. That is not to be. It is obvious to me that I have indeed over stayed my welcome. Some people offer to talk to me. I do not even know them. What could a stranger possibly do to take this pain away? They can do nothing. No one can create something from nothing. I have been nothing for so long, it is an impossible task to create something from me. Talk to you again, real soon. Your son, Earl

July 17 at 10:51 AM



# Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Iris by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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