



Elsie E. Lyttle

October 1, 1923 - September 26, 2015

Elsie E. Lyttle, age 91, of Mentor for the past 30 years, died Saturday, September 26, 2015, at Salida Woods Assisted Living, Mentor. She was born October 1, 1923, in Maynard, OH.

Elsie was a graduate of John Adams High School, Cleveland, Ohio, class of 1940.

Survivors include her sons Stephen (Susan) Lyttle, Donald (Sissy) Lyttle, Kevin Lyttle and Michael (Josie) Lyttle; 9 grandchildren; 8 great-grandchildren and brother Walter (Barbara) Zlatoper. Preceding Elsie in death is her husband Eugene Lyttle; parents Andrew and Katherine Zlatoper and 8 sisters and brothers.

Private family service was held and interment was in Mentor Cemetery.

Family requests contributions may be made to Purple Heart Veterans.


Arrangements entrusted to Brunner Sanden Deitrick Funeral Home & Cremation Center 8466 Mentor Ave., Mentor, OH. Send flowers or offer condolences at www.brunners.com

Cemetery Details

Mentor Cemetery

6881 Hopkins Rd.
Mentor, OH 44060
(440) 974-5733

Tribute Wall

 Kristin
Raap

“ There are so many things that I could say here. How do you sum up thirty years of being unconditionally loved?

I could mention all the amazing summers she gave me as a child, catching fireflies and playing wiffle ball in the backyard. The card games. The hoard of comics she stored all year long for us kids. I could talk about the beauty of filling her flowerbeds with fabric flowers when she could no longer care for her own garden, or the hours and hours she spent on the phone with me telling me about every aspect of my family and then pushing me to talk about myself.

She always supported me. She always told me how proud of me she was. She always told me she loved me. Every call. Every last one. Even when she wasn't well, when she had to do something else, when I had foolishly called during an Indians game. She always stopped long enough to make sure I knew that I was loved.

I never told her this but the greatest gift Elsie ever gave me was the drive to question, to push, and to find the proof to back yourself up. I remember vividly one summer when we came to visit and apparently Grandma had become so tired of the constant jokes about her height that she greeted us in the driveway, a piece of newspaper clenched in her hand and waving about. Before hugs or comments on how glad she was that we made it safe she cried triumphantly, "See Don? I told you I wasn't always short! I shrunk!"

I don't know how long she stored that article about people shrinking as they grew older. I can imagine how her face lit up, that sly and knowing smile she had, and how she clipped it in her own delicate and deliberate way before putting it into a drawer and waiting for her moment. She was as sharp as she was kind, and that's a powerful combination.

Grandma Elsie gave me a lesson that day that carried me through four years of undergraduate work and another two of Masters. I never told her that. I never told her that she was such an incredibly

huge influence on my life. That she was the kind of woman I always wanted to be. Tough, enduring, loving, unending Elsie.

I think she was wrong though. In my opinion no matter how old she became, or how sick, Grandma Elsie never shrank. She only grew as the years went on, and even now she is a giant in my eyes.

There's a line from grandpa's favorite hymn, "Oh divine master grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console", that I think sums her up so perfectly. Grandma Elsie was an anchor in troubled years. A beacon that I could always navigate to. When I questioned myself, my worth, my choices, there she was just loving me not for who I could be or who I should be, but for who I was.

I would like to say that the world is a little darker now, but the last time I spoke to her she told me how happy she was to know that soon her long wait to be back with Grandpa Gene was almost over, and that even when she was gone she would still love me just as much as she did that day and the days before. She may not be here physically anymore, but I still feel that love and that is a gift for which I can never ever thank her enough for.

I love you Grandma Elsie. Thank you. So much.

Kristin Raap - September 30, 2015 at 06:57 PM