

Memories of Doris Loll

I met Doris Loll through her daughter, my friend DeAnne. Doris moved up to our county from the Detroit area in 1995, to be near DeAnne, a few months after undergoing a triple bypass operation, when she was in her mid sixties. Soon thereafter she began attending our Friends Worship Group. Though she was not familiar with Friends, she felt drawn to our way of worship. We sing before our silent time, and Doris really liked that. Her father was from a Russian Orthodox family. Doris took her own children to a Lutheran church when they were growing up, but found Friends' silence to be very comfortable for her. She and I often drove to Meeting together, and enjoyed hearing each other's stories. Doris had a lively, sparkly personality that shone through sparkling eyes. Since the pandemic quarantine, Doris was confined to the assisted living facility where she had moved last fall, and not allowed visitors. We were only able to visit by phone, and Doris and I would open our Friends Hymnals and sing several hymns together over the phone. Doris always said that was a highlight of her day. When her health deteriorated in the last couple of months, her daughter was able to take her out to appointments (and a bit of sightseeing on the way!), and after she was on hospice, her family could come and be with her in her room at the facility. The Threshold Choir that DeAnne and I sing in (now on Zoom) was able to sing for Doris, outside her window and over the phone, shortly before she died. She passed on Sunday August 30, 2020 at the age of 91. Penny Herd

I have known Doris Loll only for the last eight years of her life. She welcomed me and other (relatively new) attenders at Sunday meetings, which were held at her house in the winter months. As a teacher and mentor in my community, I often brought young people to our Worship Group Meetings. Doris was especially interested and delighted in our young visitors. She shared with them some of her adventures, her love of singing, some of her writing, and some of her clothes! Although we will miss her, Doris was ready to move on to her next adventure!
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Doris and I met at Friends Meeting. She brought a special light to all of us. She was proud of the homes she had lived in and renovated. Her thumb must have been as green as here many plants. She would ask me over when she needed carpentry done and tell me about her life – which she obviously examined critically. She prepared for her next stage by getting rid of what she no longer needed. She helped others when and where she could. She is a model for us all.

Robert Foulkes