



## Evelyn Seifert Duke

June 18, 1935 - March 26, 2023

Evelyn Seifert Duke died March 26, 2023. She was preceded in death by her husband of 67 years Jere Ray Duke. Evelyn was born June 18, 1935 in Dillsburg, PA. She was the daughter of the late John W. and Catherine Seifert. Evelyn and Jere were the parents of Tamara (Duke) Jacobs, wife of Daniel Jacobs, and Jeffry Duke, husband of Beth (Keffer) Duke. She is survived by two brothers; Lorne Seifert and Phaon Seifert, four grandchildren; Joshua Duke, Brittany (Duke) Boldt, Sean Jacobs, Robert Jacobs and five great grandchildren.

Evelyn and Jere loved to travel and went on many river cruises in Europe. Their favorite vacations were a Safari and Nile River cruise, a road-trip of the United States and experiencing Oberammergau. She and Jere traveled frequently with friends and enjoyed playing golf in new and familiar locations.

Evelyn loved to sew and play golf, bridge and pinochle. She was president of three different golf leagues. She was very active in Trinity Lutheran Church and served as president of the Lutheran Church Women, directed VBS, narrated church cantatas, and was responsible for the church flower calendar for many years.

A memorial service honoring Evelyn's life will be held at Trinity Lutheran Church, 47 West Main Street, Mount Joy, PA 17552 on Monday, April 3, 2023

at 2 PM. Family and friends will be received at the church before the service from 1 PM to 2 PM. Interment will be private. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to Trinity Lutheran Church (address above).

# Previous Events

## Visitation

APR 3. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (ET)

Trinity Lutheran Church  
47 W Main St  
Mount Joy, PA 17552  
<https://trinitymountjoy.org/>

## Memorial Service

APR 3. 2:00 PM (ET)

Trinity Lutheran Church  
47 W Main St  
Mount Joy, PA 17552  
<https://trinitymountjoy.org/>

# Tribute Wall

JD

“ I cannot think about Grandma Duke without thinking about her house. She would always greet me with a big hug and kiss, offer me a piece of caramel cream candy, or ask if we were hungry. We would go downstairs and play in the basement, although we would stay away from the area under the stairs because we were convinced it was haunted. Whenever we would go back to her sewing shop, we would run through until we got to the safety of that room, filled with colorful fabrics and in-process projects. As a kid, if we were watching too much TV or playing too many video games, Grandma would always order us to run around the house a few times. I remember moaning about it, but it got us outdoors, it was better for us than spending hours at the Playstation. There was no arguing with her about it, though, and it was the right kind of tough love. We'd usually find something to do, like playing in the sandbox or catching lightning bugs in little jars, or climb the tree in the backyard. We'd end up having more fun than sitting in front of the TV. Years and years later, I still fondly remember all the time we spent together.

As an adult, I realized that Grandma was always no nonsense but had a deep love for all of us. Her phone calls would be short and cover the same topics--what they had for dinner, what show they saw at the Dutch Apple, how the weather was--but she loved hearing everything going on in our lives, and she always seemed so proud of us. But every now and then, she would show this incredible, almost cut-to-the-bone empathy. I will never forget the phone call where she asked how we were doing after Rachel and I suffered through a miscarriage. She told us that she knew how hard it must be, and that she understood how much we were hurting. Years later, she also gave us the sage advice to not tell people what names we were considering once we found out we were pregnant, because, and I quote, everyone was going to have an opinion about it, and everyone would be wrong. I'm glad she got to learn our son Arthur's name before she passed, and I'm sure she's excitedly telling Grandpa about him even now.

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Josh Duke - April 27, 2023 at 12:41 AM



“ People talk about love languages, and Grandma Duke looms large in my head with both her acts of service and her gift giving. There were two constants I remember most from visits with Grandma. The first was the cup of carrot sticks she would keep in the fridge for me. These were not simply baby carrots poured out of a bag. These were carefully peeled, chopped, and soaked so that they were perfect for snacking. It didn't matter what time of year—if I was coming over, there were carrot sticks waiting for me. I have never tasted carrots as sweet and perfect as the ones in Grandma's blue cups.

The second constant came every Christmas. Grandma always went all out for Christmas. The stocking bags were given out on Christmas Eve and our pictures were taken in front of her Christmas tree in the living room. But there was one gift I always knew was coming (besides an art kit): every year, I would wait excitedly for my shoebox full of clothes for my American Girl dolls. I would reverently pull out each outfit one by one and marvel at their beauty. The green tartan dress with the gold thread running through it was better than anything in the American Girl catalog. And it wasn't just that Grandma was giving me this gift, although that might have been all I realized when I was 6. It was also that she took the time and put so much care into each outfit, the love flowing through her sewing machine and into these garments for my beloved dolls and even for myself for the most special occasions. I never learned to sew, so I know I still can't appreciate just how much thought went into each piece. But I'm positive they were all made with the greatest of love and care. The fact that I still have many of those outfits over 20 years later speaks to their endurance and their importance to me.

Grandma taught me how to play Yahtzee and Rummikub at her kitchen table. I learned to husk corn and snap the ends off green beans at her picnic table. She sent me glittery pink birthday cards well into my 20s, and I laughed about them but loved them just the same. I will miss the Family Circus clippings she would send me in the mail annotated with her distinctive cursive. I will miss her fierce

*love of her family. I will miss her and love her always.*

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**Brittany B** - April 04, 2023 at 11:04 AM



“ If Dad was my hero and role model, than Mom was my champion. She shared her “can do” attitude and no nonsense, farm-girl heritage approach to getting it done from as far as I can remember. It comes as no surprise that my favorite book as a child was “The Little Engine that Could”. She repeated the mantra of the story to me many times, “I think I can, I think I can, I think I can, the little engine chugged...and he DID!” She instilled in me the ideas of resilience, hard work and determination that would allow anything to be possible.

Mom loved her family and would organize family reunions for seemingly every holiday. So many pictures found while cleaning out their home of nearly 6.5 decades, documented family gatherings of the Seifert and Duke clans. Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day...it didn't matter which holiday, the pictures are there to record the celebrations. Kids in Uncle Sam hats on parade, presents being unwrapped, talent shows, food, conversation around folding chairs...the love for family was everywhere. As a child, I'm sure I didn't appreciate what it meant to her, but now that I'm a grandfather of three boys that have completely stolen my heart 🥰🥰🥰, I can't wait for those moments myself.


Mom loved golf and the times we got to share on the golf course together will be fondly remembered. Not necessarily for any tremendous success at the game, (although she frequently reminded us that she had 3 holes in one!) but definitely for the “Evyisms”. 😊 Watching her lovingly teeing up dad's ball because he couldn't bend down, but tersely chastising him for hitting a bad shot; Affectionately referring to her as “down the middle Evy”, not because the tee shots went far, but because they rarely missed the fairway; Hitting drivers on par 3's and her “stabbing-putting stroke” which were comical but somehow worked for her. I know you and dad are finally playing together again. He's been patiently waiting for you on the first tee box. 📅 Mom loved her four grandchildren and celebrated their weddings, graduations, Christmas gifts and the births of her great grandchildren with checks she wrote on her own account from her social security payments. She was quietly

*generous in that regard, not wanting to make a fuss, but keenly pleased that she was giving.*

*Mom was generous to so many others of her time and talents. From baking cookies for the staff at Four Seasons, to sewing for her golf leagues and friends, to having treats for the EMTs that came to assist whenever dad had fallen, she never hesitated to “give.” Trinity Lutheran Church and the members of her church family we’re very important to her as well. We want to send special thanks to everyone who provided she and dad with support and assistance. You were a blessing and your generosity is enormously appreciated.*

*We felt so thankful that she was able to meet four of her great grandchildren (Riley, Abby, Andrew and Lincoln) in person and FaceTime with us to meet Arthur Ray Duke born less than 2 weeks before her passing. Joshua and Rachel chose Ray for his middle name to honor Dad. We’re so blessed that Arthur is continuing the Duke family name.*

*Beth and I are so grateful to have been able to arrive from Texas only one day before her death and to have been by her side when she passed. I will miss her every day but we are taking comfort in knowing she died only 92 days after dad’s passing and they have been reunited again, now without any pain, suffering or loneliness.*

* I love you mom. Rest in peace. You will be missed but always celebrated with exceptional memories and joy.*

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**Jeffry Duke** - March 30, 2023 at 06:59 AM