

Robert Garton Eulogy

When I think of Grandpa, I think first of summers at his house in Columbus, Indiana: what we called “Wood Lake Camp.”

My brother, my cousins, and I would fish with him from his rowboat, play lawn darts and Chinese checkers, walk around the lake, read books, eat corn from local farms, and roast marshmallows over a little fire. They were simple things, but they are some of my happiest childhood memories.

I also had the chance to page for Grandpa in the Senate for a day. I got to see firsthand the respect he had earned from his colleagues over the years, and a different side of the man I knew as my grandfather.

But when I think of him, I picture that quiet lake, a fishing rod in his hands, and time with his family.

There was a billboard in his garage with a picture of Grandpa and me when I was a little girl. It said, “Here’s to the Future.”

Looking at it now, I’m struck by how much has happened since that picture was taken, and how lucky I was to have him in my life for all those years. I’ll always be grateful for those summers at Wood Lake and the memories he gave us.

Lian Neeman

August 30, 2026