

Our Mahtomedi Visions

Sam Lundy Memorial Stories Written By His Friends

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Ode to Sam

I'm not sure my words can properly convey the deep felt loss I share with Jackie, Sam's three great children and all his friends and loved ones. I've known Sam for over 30 years and will sorely miss his Bostonian accent against our little Mahtomedi brotherly band's Scandinavian littered "yah", "yahs" (mostly mine, I think), whenever we were hanging together. In all those years of friendship, I don't recall one second of bad blood or ill feelings between the two of us, which includes some pretty heated competitive games of pick-up basketball, football, darts, billiards or world problem solving debates. That alone is a true testament of our friendship and his demeanor.

Sam personified the definition of what a true friend, husband and father should be, and he was a personal example to all of us on how to be a better human being. Sam was loyal to a fault, steadfast in his convictions, witty in times of sorrow, uplifting in times of despair and most importantly, he was a loving and gentle man to his dear family, putting their needs before his own. Even though Sam's spirit will always be in our hearts, I will forever miss his companionship, head tilt with wide-eyed incredulous expressions, our competitive battles on the field of play or close to the bar stool, and his more tempered style of debate.

One comforting thought, however, is that I know that he and Curt will be right behind St. Peter at the Pearly Gates with open hands and big smiles the next time I see them. Christopher F.

Sam Lundy—His Own Man by BTS

We are a gang of about eight guys. One thing Sam pointed out about us is that we didn't wear hats. We kind of bucked trends, didn't fit into a particular niche, found ordinary conversation rather boring. Sam even bucked the norms that we clung to. The Mahtomedi Guys religiously attended the three annual gatherings. Pete and Sam seemed to be able to skip these adventures, devoting time to raising their families. Of course we gave them a good natured back stabbing, labeling them with the p-s-y epitaph for not coming.

Sam came back to be with the Mahtomedi Guys and settled in Minnesota after moving to Framingham, MA, following his Dad's transfer out there in 1979. Working corporate jobs that downsized him off the payrolls disgusted Sam. After losing his job at Braun Inter-tech, he brought a beautiful Michigan Girl of French and Indian decent home to live with him. That was Jackie. Eventually they married and had kids. She fit in with our wives and girl friends quite well.

1991 is when I got to know Sam. He was working with Steve V, a ne'er do well odd jobs man. Sam and Steve would spend the first two hours together in the morning drinking coffee at Dunn Bros, then go and get their carpentry jobs done. Pay was erratic with Steve. It didn't bother Sam, he took it in stride. Sam was a dark haired tall guy who wore a hooded sweat shirt in the autumn with trendy type jeans. Steve let me hire on for the day to

scrape a house. Sam and I asked Steve how it was looking. Steve replied, "You should never ask me that because nobody can scrape as good as I can."

Winter of 1992 was my first men's weekend with Sam. We went up to Quadna. On the way up there, Doug was driving. We didn't like Doug being the big shot. Doug was wearing this obnoxious huge fur coat that belonged to Rosey. Pete S lead us in the rebellion against Doug who took on the persona of a discredited dictator trying to restore order. First he cajoled us with reason, then threats. We hooted and hollered like French Peasants confronting the nobility. "Look," said Doug, "I'm wearing the coat. I drive the car." We stopped for gas. It was dark. Getting back in the car Sam was up in front with the fur coat on with Doug still driving. Doug turned on the interior light and Sam turned around looking at us with wide eyed innocence saying, "Hi I'm one of you guys!" Doug had stooped really low by installing Sam as a puppet in the front seat to deflect our rebellion against Doug. We cackled with unrestrained laughter because what Sam did was so true to life in the third world with puppet dictators saying they were of the people only to do the bidding of the real man in charge.

Sam and I hired onto the BN Railway in 1992. It changed our lives completely by bringing us good wages and a security we had never known. Jackie and Sam had children and lived in White Bear. Sam continued to enjoy sports and joining us on occasion for the men's weekends which were gradually losing out to staying at home with his family. Sam worked as a UTU Local Chairman for Engineers awhile. He made many friends at the railway.

Railroading was easier in the beginning for Sam than it was for me. As an extra-board guy and one of the worst switchman in Northtown, I came on a job where we'd have to go to these industries that I knew nothing about. Tangling with a crusty yardmaster by the name of Yaley, arguing against going into industries I knew nothing about, almost got me into an investigation. "Sam," I asked, "why did Yaley want to go the extra mile and try to fire me." Sam came out with the truth and flatly said, "Brian it's because you are a communist, and that makes him mad."

My last contact with Sam was a whispering of, "Lundy" in a growl over the radio when I was coming into Northtown on the St.Cloud Local. Sam remarked on the radio to switch tender Andy G. "Andy, it sounds like we have a ghost out there." I hadn't worked in Northtown for many years or seen Sam since the previous January. "How are you doing, Brian?" "Doing good Sam!" I responded. As I was leaving town on the St.Cloud Local I saw Sam in the cab of a remote control engine. This was November, at the end of December, 2009, he would be killed in a Grove Yard Industry.

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