

The Collector Chronicle

North American Recovery

August 2024

America's Collection Authority

LAST MONTH'S LUCKY WINNER

The lucky winner of our client prize for July is Transwest Credit Union. They have been using our agency since 1996! We will be sending them a gift basket from Harry & David's. Enjoy!



THIS MONTH'S PRIZE

This month we will be giving away a gift basket from Harry and David's. Each client who sends new accounts during the month of August will have their name entered into a drawing. At the end of the month, we'll draw a name, and if it's yours, you'll win the gift basket!

***Don't miss out on your chance to win!
Send new accounts before the
end of the month!
Good luck!!***

Harry & David

I want to tell you about my sister-in-law, Jeanne. The first thing you need to know about her is that she very well may be the biggest University of Utah fan on the planet. I'm serious.

I attended the second Rose Bowl the Ute's played in on January 2, 2023, with Jeanne and my brother-in-law Brian. Our hotel was the official location for Ute fans. From the moment we got there, we were surrounded by fellow Utes. Everyone in red. Smiling, waving, holding doors open for each other, giving the thumbs up, high fives, making the "U" sign, random people yelling "Go Utes!" followed by Jeanne shouting back the same in reply. Jeanne was in heaven.

I don't remember one moment during those two days when Jeanne wasn't at maximum smile. In the elevator, in the lounge, walking to breakfast, walking to the pep rally, during the pep rally, lunch after the pep rally, before the game, for the first three quarters of the game, actually, during the entire game, in the bus back to the hotel, everywhere. Always. Maximum smile. Those of us who know Jeanne can't think of her without seeing that contagious smile. That maximum smile. Jeanne was in heaven.



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The day before the game, at the pep rally, we cheered on the players, sang the University of Utah Fight Song, "Utah Man!" took a picture in front of the "U" team bus and so on. The energy and anticipation were palpable. We were all loving it, and Jeanne was in heaven.



On game day, we took the Ute bus, full of Ute fans, to the stadium. It was a noisy ride. A good, positive kind of noise that led to an energy that AMPED. YOU. UP!!! Excitement and optimism filled the air. Jeanne was in heaven.

We arrived early because we wanted to enjoy the pre-game party. And this was much more than a traditional tailgate party. It was a proper celebration. They had a 20-foot blow-up Swoop mascot at the entrance, and we of course had to stop and take multiple pictures with our hands making the U sign. Jeanne was in heaven.

When we entered the party, Brian and I set out searching for just the right beverage, while Jeanne made her way to the area in front of the main stage, where a band was playing. And, of course, she started dancing. By herself, head bobbing, arms moving, legs gyrating, maximum smile on full display. I looked over and realized she was on the big screen behind the stage,

dancing solo, happy as can be. Maximum smile for all to see. She was in heaven. [Dancing1](#) [Dancing2](#)

As the party continued, we enjoyed food, talked to other fans, and quickly discovered that the family at the table next to us was a group Jeanne and Brian had met at the Rose Bowl the previous year. One of the young men in the group was going into mining engineering. When Brian heard that, he found his way over to the engineering student, and they started talking. Jeanne and I sat back and listened for a long time. I looked over at Jeanne while she was watching Brian, and she was beaming. Maximum smile, eyes fixed on the love of her life. Proud as anyone could be of her Brian. It was beautiful. Jeanne was in heaven.

As game time approached, we started the walk to the stadium, making sure to take a picture with the "Rose Bowl" sign above our heads.

We made videos going down the tunnel, took pictures of the field, the crowd, the three of us, etc. Our seats weren't the best, but we were fairly close. And we were at the Rose Bowl!!! With the Utes primed for a win. It was electric. Jeanne was in heaven.

Unfortunately, the game didn't turn out the way we had hoped. And I distinctly remember that



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during an especially sad part of the third quarter, it started to rain... I thought, "Yeah, that's about right." We put on our rain gear, and I had to take a picture. I took one of just me and Jeanne, and while I was feeling down, getting rained on, and anticipating the disappointment of a looming Ute loss, when I look at the picture now, the one I took at what I felt was the lowest point of the trip, what do I see? Jeanne's maximum smile. While the rest of us were doom and gloom, Jeanne was in heaven.



As we walked to the bus for the ride back to the hotel, Brian and I weren't interested in conversation. We clomped along through the rain and mud, head's down, backs hunched over, grumpy looks on our faces. We were probably grunting and dragging our knuckles as well... We begrudgingly found seats on the bus. There were only random seats available here and there, so none of us sat together.

Everyone on the bus was in the same foul mood as me and Brian. It was dark. It was still raining outside, and we had just lost *for the second year in a row!* No one was talking. I mean no one. However, after like, one minute, I heard a sweet

voice striking up a conversation. It was Jeanne. She started talking to the nice old lady seated next to her. The two of them were the only two people on the bus who were talking for what seemed like forever. We were all listening intently. That conversation had a powerful influence on every single passenger on that bus that night. We listened as this sweet, sincere, young stranger was engaging the nicest old lady in a meaningful, loving conversation. The old lady was proudly talking about her family. Her children, her grandchildren, her life experiences. It was beautiful. Jeanne was talking to this stranger like they were lifelong friends. Sincerely interested. Genuinely happy. Clinging to every word from the old lady. And responding with depth and meaning.

It warmed the hearts of everyone on that transport. By the time we pulled up to the hotel, we were all talking. To each other, to strangers, to new friends. The mood on the bus had brightened. Who cared about the loss anymore? Um, hold on, maybe I'm taking it a bit far... 😊 But it was a beautiful thing to witness. Without even trying, and by just being herself, Jeanne made the lives of those sixty people better. Maybe for just a moment, and maybe only a little better, but better nonetheless. Jeanne was a true angel in that moment, just like she is in most every moment, and she was in heaven.

Now, Jeanne is in heaven. Making heaven a better place, like she did while she was down here on earth. I love you, Jeanne. Thank you for brightening our lives.

Your brother,
David

[Jeanne Roblez Howell - Larkin Mortuary Obituaries](#)



The Collector Chronicle is published monthly by NORTH AMERICAN RECOVERY for prospective and current clients. Please direct questions or comments to the editor, Dave Saxton, at DaveSaxton@North-American-Recovery.com.

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