



**Mary Frances Burke Riggs**  
**February 15, 1945 – February 1, 2018**

---

*Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.*

*William Wordsworth, "Ode..."*

## All About Mary

Mary Frances Burke Riggs, 72, was born February 15, 1945, in Riverside, California, the second of five kids to Mary and Gerald (Jerry) Burke. She died on February 1, 2018, at home in Newbury Park, California, surrounded by her family. She is survived by her husband of 51 years, Larry Riggs, her four kids, Cathy, Jenny, Brian and Dave, five grandkids, two wonderful daughters-in-law, Marion and Jen, her 97-year-old father, Jerry, her sister Teresa and her brother Michael.

Mary, affectionately known to her family as “Muffy,” moved 14 times with her husband Larry, a computer programmer with wanderlust, from the time of their marriage in 1966 until finally settling in Newbury Park in 1980. They lived in various parts of Southern California, Northern California, New Jersey, and England, where her youngest son, Dave, was born. Mary was a middle and high school teacher and took more than a decade off



**At 26, a Mother of Two Girls**

work to raise her children. She eventually attained a Master’s degree and retired in 2014 as a linguistics professor at California State University at Northridge.

Mary was an accomplished painter, avid gardener, prolific reader, master storyteller, maker of outstanding jams (especially her apricot jam), and crocheter of afghans, scarves and hot pads. She never missed an opportunity to surprise a native Spanish speaker with her proficiency in Spanish, learned as a young exchange student in Argentina. She learned some French and Greek while living in England, and could speak German to her daughter-in-law Marion.

In 1997 Mary was diagnosed with breast cancer. She received treatment and lived almost 20 years in remission until that same cancer reared its ugly head again, having metastasized throughout her body, in 2016. She again received treatment for the cancer and lived long enough to meet her youngest grandson, Lucas, but the cancer eventually won the fight. Mary’s greatest hope was that someday there would be a cure for cancer and no one else would have to fight like she did.

Funeral Liturgy for  
**Mary Riggs**  
St. Julie Billiard Catholic Community  
**Celebrant: Father Paul Hruby**  
Music: Leanna Brand • Pianist: Lisa Wall-Urgero

---

Entrance Hymn	♪ Amazing Grace ♪
<b>Decade of Rosary</b>	<b>The First Glorious Mystery: the Resurrection:</b> Make Sign of the Cross Say: one “Our Father” • 10 “Hail Mary’s” Say: “Glory Be to the Father” • Sign of the Cross
<b>Eulogy</b>	<b>Larry Riggs</b>
<b>First Reading</b>	<b>Wisdom 3:1-6, 9</b> <b>Brian Riggs</b> “The souls of the just are in the hand of God...they are in peace.”
Responsorial Psalm	Psalm 23:1-6      ♪ The Lord Is My Shepherd ♪
<b>Second Reading</b>	<b>Philippians 3:20-21</b> <b>Cathy Riggs</b> “He will change our lowly body to conform with his glorified Body...”
Gospel Acclamation	♪ Celtic Alleluia ♪
<b>Gospel</b>	<b>John 14:1-6</b> <b>Deacon Dave Smith</b> “Jesus said to him, ‘I am the way and the truth and the life.’”
<b>Homily</b>	<b>Father Paul Hruby</b>
<b>General Intercessions</b>	<b>[Mary’s mom &amp; siblings]</b> <b>Deacon Dave Smith</b>
Offertory Hymn	♪ You Are Mine ♪
<b>Presentation of Gifts</b>	<b>Larry Riggs, Cathy Riggs, Tori Kahoe,</b> <b>Jenny Riggs, Brian Riggs, David Riggs</b>
Liturgy of the Eucharist	♪ Holy ♪ “When we eat this bread...” then ♪ Amen ♪
Communion Hymn	♪ I Am the Bread of Life ♪
Meditation	♪ Ave Maria ♪
<b>Recessional Hymn</b>	♪ <b>Go in Peace</b> ♪

## In Memoriam



17 years later, there are 4 kids from 3 to 14. →

And 32 years after that, there are four grandkids. →

← And two months before Mary died, along came Lucas! Photo is from Christmas Day—Lucas is 3½ weeks old. →

*Set me as a seal on your heart,  
as a seal on your arm;  
For stern as death is love,  
relentless as the nether world is  
devotion;  
its flames are a blazing fire.  
Deep waters cannot quench love,  
nor floods sweep it away.  
Were one to offer all he owns to  
purchase love,  
he would be roundly mocked.  
Song of Solomon 8:6-7*

