



Isabelle A. Jacobson

11/08/1925 - 03/31/2018

Isabelle A. Jacobson, 92, of Neenah, passed away on Saturday, March 31, 2018, at home with her family by her side.

She was born on November 8, 1925, in the Town of Rushford, the daughter of the late Fredrick A. and Anna (Henke) Merkey. On June 12, 1943, she married Robert Jacobson at Grace Lutheran Church in Omro, and their journey together began. Their marriage together would span 72 years. Along the way, they were blessed with four children, who made them grandparents to 20 children, great-grandparents to 32 children and great-great grandparents to nine more children. We won't mention all the pets that warmed Isabelle's heart and came to call her home theirs.

Isabelle liked pampering her flowers, feeding the birds, tidying things up, keeping track of the weather in her almanac, spoiling her pets, polka dancing, Sunday drives visiting friends and snowmobile rides. She was a longtime member of Our Savior's Lutheran Church in Neenah.

Survivors include four children, Sandra (Larry) Jungwirth of Medina, Don (Sandy) Jacobson of Appleton, Karen (John) Christofferson and Dave (Karen) Jacobson both of Neenah; a sister, Olive (Geno) Kempken of Tomahawk, many other relatives and friends.

Along with her parents, Isabelle was preceded in death by her husband, Robert (2016), two brothers, Lester (Margie) Merkey and Fredrick H. Merkey and two sisters, Lona (Orin) Freeman and Elaine (Pat) Trapp.

A visitation for family and friends will be held on Wednesday, April 4, 2018, from 4:00-7:00 p.m. at the Mueller Funeral Home, 904 E. Main Street, Winneconne. Visitation will continue on Thursday from noon until 1:00 p.m. at Our Savior's Lutheran Church, 809 S Commercial Street, Neenah. A funeral service will be on Thursday at the church at 1:00 p.m. with Pastor Dennis Ellisen officiating. Burial will be in Bell Cemetery, town of Winneconne.

Mom

She may be small, but make no mistake
When she was upset, the room would shake.
Set in her ways, at an early age
She'd let you know, when you rattled her cage.

Although it may seem, she projected a fear
Deep down inside, she was really a dear.
All this bark, without the bite
Was her way of coping, for the lack of her height.

A petite little lady, with a heart of gold
Made sure you did, what you were told.
She's up there in heaven, tidying things up
Bigger than life, but still half a cup.
John Christofferson

