



## Laura Mae Meaux

August 4, 2017

Laura M. Meaux

A Memorial Mass will be held Friday, August 18, 2017, at 9:30 a.m. at St. Joseph Catholic Church in Langenfeld, Germany for Laura M. Meaux, a resident of Monheim, Germany and native of Louisiana, who died on Friday, August 4, 2017, at the University Clinic of Cologne in Cologne, Germany. Inurnment will be in Forest Cemetery in Monheim, Germany.

Friends are invited to attend a Memorial Mass honoring her life on Saturday, August 26, at 10 a.m. at St. Joseph Catholic Church in Rayne. Concelebrating will be Rev. Kevin Bordelon, pastor, and Rev. Glenn Meaux. Serving will be Deacon Tommy Adams.

Laura was born May 16, 1931 in Algiers, Louisiana, and moved to Rayne at the age of seven. A Sister of Mount Carmel for 24 years, she taught at Mount Carmel Catholic Schools in Abbeville, Lafayette, New Orleans and Paincourtville. She later moved to Germany where she taught French and English in German high schools.

She was a member of the Lay Carmelites in Rayne, Louisiana and the Edith Stein Society in Germany. She was honored to read the English scriptures at the canonization of Saint Teresa Benedicta of the Cross, O. C. D., also known as Edith Stein.

She is survived by a brother, Wilson Meaux, Jr. and wife, Rose of Rayne; a sister, Mary M. Nunez and husband, F. C. of Estherwood; 10 nieces and

nephews, 20 great-nieces and nephews; 13 great-great-nieces and nephews; and three godchildren.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Wilson Meaux, Sr. and Laura Arabie Meaux; two sisters, Delores and Marcella Meaux; infant twin brothers, Noah and Joseph Meaux; and two nephews, Greg Olivier and John Boulet.

Donations may be made to: Checks to Mount Carmel Scholarship, reference her name, and mail to 405 Park Avenue, Abbeville, Louisiana 70510, to the attention of Sister Janet, O. Carm. or to Congregation of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Post Office Box 1160, Lacombe, Louisiana 70445-1160.

Friends may view the obituary and guestbook online at [www.gossenfuneralhome.net](http://www.gossenfuneralhome.net).

Arrangements have been entrusted to Gossen Funeral Home, Inc. of Rayne, LA, (337) 334-3141.

Gossen Funeral Home, Inc.

# Previous Events

## Memorial Mass

AUG **26**. 10:00 AM (CT)

St. Joseph Catholic Church  
401 S. Adams Ave.  
Rayne, LA 70578

# Tribute Wall

“The rain started three days after the trolls drove the fake tribe from Mire’s Hollow.

*Not ordinary rain.*

*This rain smelled like burnt cinnamon, rusted metal, and something old hiding beneath the swamp floor. The bayou swelled black as motor oil. Fish floated belly-up. Dogs refused to bark after sunset.*

*And somewhere deep in the marsh, an ancient machine woke up.*

*The locals called it Anne.*

*The Evil Toaster Oven.*

*Nobody knew who built it. Some said it washed ashore during a hurricane in the 1960s. Others swore it fell from the sky wrapped in green fire. It sat hidden inside an abandoned crawfish processing shack deep in the swamp, plugged into nothing... yet always humming.*

*At night its coils glowed red through the fog like demon eyes.*

*The trolls worshipped it.*

*Not because it was evil.*

*Because it judged liars.*

*One moonless evening, Babs and Ricky crept back into Mire’s Hollow disguised beneath mosquito nets and stolen raincoats. Mud clung to their boots as they whispered through the cypress trees.*

*“We can still rebuild the church,” Ricky hissed.*

*Babs clutched a sack full of fake relics and plastic crystals. “The*

*tourists don't know any better."*

*A voice echoed from the darkness.*

*"WE KNOW BETTER."*

*Tiny yellow eyes blinked open all around them.*

*The trolls emerged silently from the swamp water.*

*Dozens.*

*Their claws scraped across old lanterns and broken boat motors hanging from trees like charms. One carried a snapping turtle shell shield. Another dragged chains made from fishing hooks and bicycle parts.*

*Babs screamed.*

*Ricky tried to run.*

*A troll tackled him directly into the mud with the force of an angry bowling ball.*

*The swamp erupted in shrieks, splashing water, and troll laughter that sounded like broken accordions underwater.*

*The pair were dragged through flooded tunnels beneath the bayou until they reached the old processing shack.*

*And there it stood.*

*Anne.*

*The Evil Toaster Oven.*

*Massive. Rust-covered. Big as a truck engine. Red coils pulsed*

*inside like a heartbeat. Strange symbols were burned into the metal doors. The smell of smoke and burnt syrup filled the room.*

*A troll elder climbed atop the machine wearing a crown made of raccoon skulls.*

*He pointed at Babs and Ricky.*

*“YOU SOLD LIES.”*

*“YOU MOCKED THE SWAMP.”*

*“YOU STOLE STORIES THAT WERE NOT YOURS.”*

*The coils inside Anne began glowing brighter.*

*Ricky fell to his knees. “We can explain!”*

*Anne dinged.*

*Not a normal ding.*

*A terrible ding.*

*Like church bells ringing at the bottom of the ocean.*

*The shack lights flickered violently. Shadows twisted across the walls. The trolls began chanting in low growls while thunder cracked above the swamp.*

*Then Anne’s oven door slowly creaked open.*

*Inside was not fire.*

*Inside was darkness.*

*Endless darkness.*

*Babs stared into it and began trembling.*

*She heard every lie she'd ever told whispered back at her from the void.*

*Ricky saw thousands of glowing troll eyes staring from inside the blackness.*

*The swamp itself was judging them.*

*The elder troll raised one claw dramatically.*

*"THE BAYOU REMEMBERS."*

*Lightning exploded across the sky.*

*The oven door slammed shut.*

*The entire swamp went silent.*

*No frogs.*

*No crickets.*

*No wind.*

*Only the soft ticking of Anne cooling in the darkness.*

*By morning, Babs and Ricky were gone.*

*All that remained inside the shack were two pairs of muddy boots...  
and a handwritten sign hanging crookedly above the oven:*

*NO POSERS BEYOND THIS POINT. 🦎⚡*

“ In the drowned edge of southern Louisiana, where the cypress knees clawed out of black water like old fingers and the frogs croaked hymns at midnight, there sat a forgotten settlement called Mire’s Hollow.

*The town survived on catfish, superstition, and gossip sharp enough to skin a gator.*

*At the center of it all stood a crumbling shack church painted swamp-green. A rusted sign swung in the wind:*

*BLACKWATER BAYOU SPIRITUAL CENTER  
Truth Sold Here.*

*Nobody trusted the place.*

*Inside lived Madame Seraphine, a self-proclaimed voodoo queen wrapped in feathers, beads, and enough fake eagle talons to empty a souvenir shop. Around her shuffled a group calling themselves “The Ancient River Tribe,” though half the town remembered they’d all arrived from Ohio six years earlier in an RV convoy with dreamcatchers hanging from the mirrors.*

*They sold “moon water” in pickle jars.  
They charged tourists \$80 to hear “ancestral chants” that suspiciously sounded like karaoke over thunder sounds from YouTube.*

*And every Friday night they held ceremonies in the swamp, banging drums beside citronella candles while pretending to summon spirits.*

*At first, the tourists loved it.*

*Then the trolls arrived.*

*Not internet trolls.  
Real trolls.*

*Short, mud-covered swamp goblins with glowing yellow eyes and moss hanging from their backs like rotten capes. They lived deep beneath the bayou in collapsed Civil War tunnels and absolutely hated fake mystics.*

*The trolls believed the swamp itself was sacred.*

*And they had excellent hearing.*

*One humid night, while Madame Seraphine screamed into the fog about “unlocking cosmic reptilian frequencies,” the water behind her began bubbling.*

*One troll surfaced.*

*Then another.*

*Then dozens.*

*Tiny clawed hands slapped through the muck.*

*The drums stopped.*

*A troll with a crawfish shell helmet pointed at the fake tribe and screeched:*

*“POSERS.”*

*Silence fell across the swamp.*

*Then chaos exploded like fireworks in a microwave.*

*The trolls overturned tables, stole bead necklaces, and chased the fake shamans through knee-deep mud. One grabbed the Bluetooth speaker and hurled it into the bayou. Another stole Seraphine’s “Sacred Wolf Staff,” which still had a Made in Taiwan sticker on the bottom.*

*Tourists fled screaming into airboats.*

*The swamp itself seemed to awaken.*

*Spanish moss whipped in the wind.*

*Owls shrieked overhead.*

*Some swore the water glowed green beneath the moonlight.*

*Madame Seraphine tried one final spell.*

*She raised her hands dramatically and shouted:*

*“Spirits of the ancient realm, destroy my enemies!”*

*A troll immediately smacked her with a catfish.*

*The fake tribe scattered into the darkness.*

*By sunrise, Blackwater Bayou Spiritual Center stood abandoned.*

*Only muddy footprints remained on the porch along with a crooked sign scratched into the wood:*

**THE SWAMP KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE.**

*Years later, locals still whisper about that night.*

*Some claim the trolls still guard the deep marshes, listening for phonies.*

*Others say if you paddle too far into the fog and start pretending to be something you're not, tiny glowing eyes will appear just above the waterline.*

*Waiting.* 🐸

BD

“ I don't know her but my girlfriend does and she said Rip Mimi

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**big barb duhon** - May 28 at 01:23 PM

BD

“ I MISS MIMI. RIP.

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**Barbara Gaspard duhon** - May 28 at 01:21 PM

EN

“ I am so grateful for having known Laura. She had a combination of a very kind heart, wisdom and knowledge which made her a wonderful person to speak to. She always remembered my birthdays, and called me and my mom now and then to catch up. She was a person full of positive thoughts, even during the last years with pain. And an incredible amount of consideration for others. A very seldom kind and thoughtful soul. Thank you Laura for having been an important part of our lives.

*Egil Nygaard, Norway, and on behalf of my mother, Emmely Elisabeth "Emsy" Saoudi.*

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**Egil Nygaard** - November 26, 2017 at 05:45 AM

JD

“ I loved my second cousin very much. I got to know her well when I went to visit her in Germany when I was 23. She took me on a 2-week road trip through Germany, Switzerland & France. We got to know each other very well over those two weeks together. I will always remember that trip so fondly. She honored me with traveling from Germany to be a speaker at our wedding in Houston in 1996. I went back to see her again in 2015 with my husband Noel who loved her as well. They got along fabulously. She would call and talk to him as long or longer than me...and she could talk...just like me!! She never forgot to call me on my birthday & our wedding anniversary. She will be dearly missed by us both. Noel & Jennifer Daly

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**Jennifer Daly** - September 09, 2017 at 08:03 PM

MB

“ I had the pleasure of visiting with her last year. Such a beautiful person and filled with love. I am so grateful I had the chance to reconnect with her.

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**Michael Baudoin** - August 23, 2017 at 07:27 AM

IH

“God gave us memories in mind of roses for december“...Rest in peace dear Ms. Meaux...



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**Irene Hachem** - August 18, 2017 at 10:23 AM

IH

*"God gave us memory so that we might have roses for december" is from from J. Barrie  
(I got to know this sentence from her and I am glad to met her in my life).*

**Irene Hachem** - August 18, 2017 at 11:29 AM

BD

*Bless her soul. My 1966-69 French teacher. Such a caring person. Like many things as a teenager I did not appreciate her as I have come appreciate & thank her over the years.*

**Bernard Duhon** - August 25, 2017 at 09:40 AM

DH

*“ What a special lady. She remembered my feast day (Our Lady of Dolors on September 15) every year and called me from Germany. She will be missed by many. She was well read and so interesting to have a conversation with.*

**Dolores Hawkins** - August 17, 2017 at 10:14 AM

DT

*“ Ms. Meaux introduced herself on two occasions after Mass during vacations home to Rayne. I wish we had had more time to talk. She was obviously very well read which made her warmth and kindness all the more inviting, topped with love and piety, it's no wonder ours were the last cars in the parking lot, she was a "Love Sunday." Rest in peace!!*

**Deacon Tim** - August 16, 2017 at 05:40 AM

SG

“ *Laura Mae Meaux, or as I used to call her Miss Meaux - as she was my teacher in high school in Germany - was such a wonderful person, warm hearted and kind. As a teacher she always set the target high. She made me do my best in learning vocabulary after failing the first exam (being lazy...)*

*Growing up my view changed from having "respect" because she was a strict teacher to respect her for what she was, standing up to her believes.*

*Thanks for your patience and your influence on my life. Miss Meaux.*

*Sylvia*

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**SG** - August 16, 2017 at 05:18 AM

HH

*'Miss Meaux' was my first native English teacher at school in Langenfeld at that time (end of the seventies I think). Even though I only had lessons for one year I still remember her well as an outstanding and very committed teacher.*

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**Hartmuth Humpe** - September 28, 2023 at 11:10 AM