**Good morning,**

My family and I would like to thank everyone who took the time today and yesterday to celebrate my Aunt Anne’s life. There were many memories and stories exchanged, our family is truly grateful. And this morning, I would like to take this opportunity to share more memories and the themes on which they belong.

**She was a friend.**

My mom loved my aunt so very much. Aunt Anne always had this need to take care of my mom. One day, she even painted her living room on a whim- and then gave up half way- leaving her living room half brown and white. Her intentions were always good- even though the execution was less to be desired. I can say, there wasn’t a single day that went by that Aunt Anne didn’t call my mom and check on all of us- talking for hours, although these conversations often occurred around the TV shows of Big Brother and Jeopardy. She loved her “shows”.

When my sister Mary Jo was a little girl, before her “amazing siblings” came along, my aunt was her playmate, her first friend. She took her to parks and played on the swings with her. She often played with all the kids in our family and if we were at a get together, and you didn’t know where Aunt Anne was- she was usually playing with the children. When I was a kid, we had “stuffed animal parties” where we gathered all our stuffed animals on my mother’s couch, and we sat and read stories to them and laughed.

She made a friend wherever she went. She had just an ease about it. We all were in amazement of her gift of connecting to people. She could walk down the street and talk to complete strangers as if she knew them for years.

When my husband first met her- he shared jokes and stories from the firehouse where he worked, and until I told him, she was a nun, he had no idea. She gave a connection that was pure.

**She was always Present.** When her schedule allowed and she was able to come to town, she visited as many people as the hours allowed. She gave her full attention when visiting others and was so appreciative of their time- she often had gifts for everyone. I knew when she said “Amy, can you help me get some bags out of the car?”- that she had a “little something” for each of us that we didn’t know we needed. One story, I somehow lost all the soup spoons in my apartment – the next time I saw her she gave me a pack of soup spoons (I never told her I needed them)- she had such a great intuition.

She gave so much and asked for so little in return. So many of my siblings and cousins’ packages filled with educational toys, books, and pens. And because she loved her city, I believe every one of my family members here was given a “Our Lady of Lourdes” hat, apron, towel, or pen. It was a joy, later in her life, we were able to send her gifts in return. She was always so thankful and sent a card in return.

**She was smart and valued education.**

As a child I struggled with reading and writing. My aunt took the time to teach me, sitting me down on my mother’s old desk (a spot had a inkwell) and placed lined paper, where we practiced and practiced- until I got it. She bought me phonics books and checked on my progress during phone calls or other visits. She truly cared about how we learned. Even when all of us had children, including my cousins, she would send us books, magazines, dictionaries- highlighting certain words or items. To this day, I can say I know more Spanish than my friends do- as most of her books sent were in Spanish ☺

My brother Jeff also had trouble in college, and she helped him get the confidence to go back and do better. She truly cared.

She was not just school “smart” but street smart. My brother Jeff visited my aunt a few years ago in Camden with his family and showed him around the city and gave him advice of “not looking anyone in the eyes” while casually speaking to the residents as she walked. See -that connection again- My twin brother, Justin visited Aunt Anne with his friend, Brandon many years ago and stayed at Our Lady of Lourdes, where she gave him a run down on how to take care of himself when he visited NYC- including self- defense, subway and sights to see. She even gave them a tour around Camden, and if didn’t know Camden is a rough area of NJ- and my brother was so surprised on how she cared for its people.

**She cared for those less fortunate.**

When my mother fell on hard times and she could not afford to give us gifts, Aunt Anne provided. I fondly remember her leaving easter candy for us with a note saying the “Easter bunny could not give a lot of candy this year, but he still loves you very much”. She always made things better or tried to.

**She was so funny and a rascal.**

She had the best laugh. The most gleeful laugh. I remember when I was little, our whole family visited her in Alleghany to meet some of her friends, and I remember one of them (Sr. Gloria?) . She had this condition if she laughed too hard, she would hiccup uncontrollably. Well, leave it to Aunt Anne to make her laugh, she told a corny joke and Sr. laughed so hard, she was hiccupping for over an hour. And just when she stopped and gained her composure, she’d tell another joke! Later my mom took a picture of Sister Gloria standing on her head to make the hiccups stop. I know you are up in heaven Aunt Anne with your best friend FJ making Sr. Gloria hiccup again.

**She loved animals.**

When she lived in Camden, she had a dog named Missy- She carried her around all the time. Even dressed her in a coat and hat. And when she visited me this summer- her and my dog Scooby who she fondly called “Snoopy”, bonded very quickly. She even trained him on how to get over some of his fears.

**She loved her sweets- and Buffalo food**

She had a checklist when she came into town- (1) Eat at Teds, (2) get a chocolate DQ cone or hot fudge sundae, (3) get a pizza or roast beef on weck and (4) ask my sister Mary Jo to pick her up her favorite walnut pastry (one to take home and one to eat while she was here).

In fact, when I had her visit in July, we engaged in all the above - she especially loved her hot fudge sundae and McDonalds. This of course was after we shopped until we dropped at the local thrift stores which built up our appetite.

**She loved her family and was always there for them**

She attended countless games, sports events for the kids whenever she could when she was in town. She even attended my brother Jeff’s Karate championship game in Princeton which meant so much to him. She was invested in our lives – and you always knew she was thinking of you. She sent endless letters, packages, and toys. Once we saw the UPS truck, we knew- oh this is a package from Aunt Anne. Her working in the Lourdes mailroom certainly had its benefits.

During the summer, Aunt Anne and I had the best talks, we sat up until late at night talking. She always was invested in your life, she gave me such good advice, one of which I will share- on a post it note she wrote : “When things don’t go right- go left”.

These memories of Aunt Anne are ones we will hold in our hearts, that will keep us warm when the world feels cold. Thank you Aunt Anne for loving us, we will miss you.