

Thank you all for being here today to celebrate the life of a remarkable woman, my mother Maryanne. Your presence means a lot. Throughout my mom's journey with lung cancer, she was blessed with phone calls, visits and cards and she always knew she was in the prayers of many people. My mom truly loved all the cards she received. She treasured every one of them, displaying them on her entryway table. She took comfort in knowing she was so loved. Her heart would have been touched that so many of you came out today to honor her and to say goodbye.

Most of you knew her as Maryanne Meade Goldberg, but I knew her as Mom. My mom's life began in Jackson Heights, Queens. She was the second child of five to Catherine and John Meade. Marty is the oldest, followed by my mom, Barry, Bernadette, and, finally, Sean. She attended St. Joan of Arc grammar school and graduated from St. Helena's High School in 1964 and remained devoted to the Catholic Church throughout her life.

My mom often told us stories about summers spent in Rockaway Beach with her parents, siblings, and cousins. She told us how she enjoyed going to Playland and watching fireworks once a week at night. She and Bernadette had names for all the different fireworks such as, "Fishes" and "Spaghetti." She had fun coloring seashells with her cousin Kathy and selling them by the bus stop and collecting soda bottles on the beach on the weekends to get 2 cents for spending money to use at the penny candy store. She loved taking Sean in his carriage every evening after dinner and walking along Beach Channel Drive near Jamaica Bay. She occasionally went fishing with her dad, Marty, and Barry on the Cross Bay Bridge. And she enjoyed going out on the fire escape at the apartment on 89th Street to help her mom hang clothes on a pulley line. My mom treasured these childhood summer memories, calling them idyllic.

After graduating high school, my mom embarked on her career as an Assistant Secretary in the media department at William Esty Advertising. She then went on to work at J. Walter Thompson Advertising in Manhattan as a secretary for the International Media Director. Her final job was working as an Executive Assistant for Chemical Bank which later merged with Chase Bank. While working for Chemical Bank, my mom earned several awards for doing something more than her usual job description. She worked on the seasonal Blood Drive, the annual United Way Campaign, United Negro College Fund, and Back to School Backpacks.

When she was working at Chase Bank, they had a grant program called Global Days of Service. It was to encourage volunteers to become Partners in the Community by doing service projects. The grants my mom applied for helped the Hicksville Youth Council build an area for the children to have access to computers which they desperately needed.

Although she enjoyed working, my mom's true love was being a mother to me and my sister, Robin, and a wife to my father, Warren. My parents met in 1975, got engaged in 1976 and were married in 1977. Before my sister and I came along my parents had many adventures together. They enjoyed skiing with friends at Magic Mountain and Stowe in Vermont and taking motorcycle trips. Some memorable trips were riding along the Blue Ridge Parkway and Skyline Drive.

My mom traded all of this in becoming a devoted mother to me and my sister, as she involved herself in all our school activities including sporting events, coaching track, becoming a religious school instructor, and PTA vice president for which she was their honoree in both 1989 and 1995. When she was working my mom always said that

after she retired, she was going to play with dogs and cats at a local animal shelter.

After my sister and I graduated college and moved out, my mom retired and began her true passion as a volunteer at Bide-A-Wee. She volunteered at many other shelters beginning in 2005 and continuing through 2016, earning volunteer of the year at Bideawee in 2008. Another shelter she volunteered at was Little Shelter Animal Rescue & Adoption Center in Huntington. She enjoyed taking dogs to adoption events. One of her favorite adoption events was the Pet-A-Palooza fundraiser event which took place at the shelter one weekend every August. My mom and my dad fostered 150 kittens over a nine-year period. Photos of all of them are in albums with their names, dates, and rescue organization. Here is a short story that was recently told to me by Kathy, one of her friends from Little Shelter. She said it is one of the best memories she has of my mom, and I think it demonstrates her love for helping people and animals. "One event we had was the Cow Harbor Parade. Me being a newbie with the shelter working as the volunteer coordinator, I was in charge of organizing the event. Well, after we all marched through Northport and were exhausted, we realized we had no way of getting 15 volunteers and dogs back up to the school where the parade started from. Your Mom, being the sweetest thing ever, was like, 'No problem! She went and flagged down a trolley in downtown Northport and somehow talked the driver into taking us all back up to the school. Volunteers AND dogs all piled into the trolley and laughed and laughed the whole ride back!" My mom said she found volunteering at the shelter to be a rewarding and satisfying experience and it's also how she met some of her closest friends.

In 2008, my mom was one of 40 women who received the Nassau County Women of Distinction Award. She was recognized for her work

with Hicksville PTA, Chase Bank, Hicksville Youth Council, and Bideawee Animal Adoption Center.

The years after her retirement were also spent enjoying life with my dad. They liked spending time with friends and family, seeing Broadway shows, attending concerts, eating dinner at nice restaurants, and going on vacations and cruises. Although she never had an official "Bucket List," my mom always thought she'd like to go to Australia when she retired. In 2008, she and my dad visited Australia and New Zealand. My mom described it as, "a memorable, once in a lifetime trip."

Some of my favorite memories of my mom include listening to the Clancy Brothers when driving back and forth to Southampton to visit Nana and Pop-Pop, going to track meets together, and Mom helping me decorate my classrooms. She would always help me with anything related to my teaching jobs. During my second year of teaching, I was notified at the last minute that I had gotten the job and needed to prepare the classroom for the following day. We finished around 11:00pm! The room looked beautiful and was ready for the children when they arrived the following morning. I never could have done this without my mom's help.

Though we mourn her loss, we can take comfort in knowing that her legacy lives on. She touched so many lives with her love, kindness, and generosity. She will be deeply missed, but her memory will always be a source of inspiration for us all. She always wanted to be a mother more than anything else and I was fortunate to be able to call her Mom! Mom, I know you are in a better place now, but I still wish you were here with us. I know that we will see each other again one day, but until then, I will cherish all our memories together. I love you, Mom. Rest in peace.

I want to leave you with this poem my mom wrote in her sophomore year in high school in memory of her dog, Brownie, who had died several months before.

A Dog

A dog is gentle as can be
As man's companion you can see
The love this creature does impart
Can warm even the coldest heart.

Just to see him wag his tail
Give his paw, or track the trail
The satisfaction is enough
To fill a heart with love and trust.

When God sees time to call our friend
We must not let our feelings tend
To lead us ever to forget
The love which in our hearts has set.