



Frances Marilyn (Heinisch) Roberts

October 6, 1929 - January 11, 2016

My Mother...A Legacy of Love Frances Marilyn Roberts Frances was born on Oct.06, 1929 in the Bronx; historically, the year of the great Depression. She was the only child of Anna and Frederick Heinisch. Her father was a custodian for the NYC school system. Her mother was a professional piano teacher and gave piano lessons in their apartment on Valentine Ave. Frances learned to play the piano and loved the Ragtime music of Scott Joplin. We remember going to grandma's house and watching the ivory keys of the old- time player piano magically play on its own. Frances was artistic and attended the Parson School of Design to study fashion couture. I remember benefiting from that training as a little girl when my mom sewed designer gowns for my Barbie dolls. Frances was practical and studied secretarial skills and excelled in Gregg shorthand. She worked as an executive secretary for several attorneys in Manhattan and later when the family moved to the suburbs. Frances met my father, Robert Elliot Roberts at City Island, where her father had a small outboard motor boat. My mother was an avid swimmer. My Dad was in the Maritime service and was there on leave. Thus began their love story. After, the Maritime service, Bob Roberts was a bookkeeper at the Bronx terminal market,. He worked on their books at night, and his college books by day. Dad attended City College and earned a Masters in Education. He worked as a mathematics and career counselor at a High School in the South Bronx. Together they shared a love of reading and life- long learning. Fran and Bob had two children, Roberta Lee and Jay Lance. My brother, Jay was born at

home in the apt. on Grant Ave. Our dad delivered him and it made the front page of the NY Post. They said he used a nautical knot to tie the umbilical cord. That Naval training really came in handy! On week-ends, the family went to our grandparents summer cottage up in the country, in Putnam county.. Mom's father, Fred built most of it himself . Her mother, Anna, gave the house to Frances when grandpa died. My Dad winterized the cottage and we moved in. While Dad commuted to the city, Frances took drivers lessons on the back woods dirt roads and got her driver's license at age 40. Frances started to work for Graymoor Atonement Friars in Garrison, a short mile from our home. She was the executive secretary for the priests and nuns at New Hope Manor and Mother Lurana Villa. Frances worked for Father Dan Egan, also known as 'the junkie priest' who rescued young women addicted to drugs from the city , bringing them up to the retreat at Graymoor. Here they rebuilt their lives and recovery from addiction. Frances became their house mother, sharing in this powerful transformative ministry. Here is where, Frances became devoted to the Church and was baptized Catholic. Frances converted from Judaism and led the way for her children who also were baptized at Graymoor in our teens. Frances was dedicated to the mission of New Hope Manor and followed the program when it moved to Barryville NY, near Port Jervis. She commuted every week, working tirelessly on site with the young women and staff, returning home on the week-ends. One of the highlights in her life was accompanying Sister Margaret Murphy, assistant director of the program overseas on a pilgrimage to the Vatican and the Shrine at Lourdes. When Frances retired from the Archdiocese after 35 years, she was awarded a plaque that she received as the highest honor; it read; "To Frances, for 35 years of Loving Us." Frances was an avid reader, devouring 7 books a week. She was a lover of the mystery novel genre; some of her favorite authors Agatha Chrystie, Elizabeth Petersen and Mary Higgins Clark. She was a regular at the Peekskill library with stacks of books waiting for her weekly at the reserve desk. When mom moved to the nursing home, at Cedar Manor, the recreation staff made special trips to the Ossining library

for her and delivered armfuls of the large print volumes, she so loved, to her room each week. It was almost impossible to pick a title that she had yet to read. But even then, mom would graciously accept any book, with sincere gratitude and say, 'that's alright dear, I'll just read it again.' Mom loved the beauty of words; she was a wiz at doing crossword puzzles, from the difficulty of the Sunday NY Times to solving the Daily News jumble. She was my go-to consult for proper grammar and vocabulary- I would call her if I was looking for a synonym or the correct spelling of a word. I sure will miss those calls Mom. My mother was very proud of us: from my brother's athletic prowess at Little League to his successful growth and development as a father. She was proud to be the mother of a nurse, and would sign her name on every card and note she wrote to me as 'MRN', mother of an RN. Frances also endured hardships and heartbreak during her lifetime, as all of us have. She dealt with these times, with quiet grace and dignity. Our parents separated and Dad moved to Hollywood, Florida to be nearer his sister, Judy and nieces, Debbie and Rita Durst. They all loved "Aunt Frances" dearly and remained close through calls and cards. One day, on Frances' 49th birthday, she decided to buy a bicycle. While she was at the laundromat, she went next door to a used bike store. She met the shopkeeper, Herb Edelman, who offered to deliver the bike. That was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. We shared many wonderful times over the years with Herb's children, Ronni and Jay Edelman. Our combined family gatherings brought new joy and laughter to Frances' life. We remember celebrating the many birthdays, holidays with our extended family at the lakehouse and later in the "gingerbread cottage" at Vails Gate in New Windsor after she sold the house in Garrison and moved to be closer to Jay and his family in Newburgh. Mom enjoyed the impromptu barbecues at Oscawana Lake at Herb's place. We all loved the lake and especially seeing Frances, out rowing or pedaling in her paddleboat. My mother loved the sea; we shared many happy hours by the water; whether it was taking a sailboat cruise on the Soundwaters schooner out of Stamford, or

a ferry to the Sheffield Island Lighthouse in Norwalk, CT. We took many long mother –daughter weekend trips over the years to Cape May and Newport, Rhode Island. My husband, John , loved to see my mother sitting on the boardwalk , watching us ride our bikes, at Ocean Grove New Jersey. When she was no longer able to travel with us, we would bring a cell phone to the beach and walk to the ocean's edge. I would call and say hi Mom, guess where we are? I could hear her delight as she answered, 'I hear the waves, you're at Ocean Grove!' Frances loved cats and she was a wonderful grandmother to her Grandchild kitty, Scampi. But nothing compares to the indescribable joy of being grandmother to Jayanna Roberts, her one and only granddaughter. The look on my mothers face whenever she was near her granddaughter, says it all . This is captured in the lovely video montage and photographs chronicling my mother's life. Mom, on Sunday , January 10th , it was pouring rain outside your hospital window. Suddenly, the dark thunderclouds gave way to a radiant sky; the afternoon sunlight streamed in through the shades. And then it was There.. A Rainbow.. Stretched right overhead.. And not just any old regular rainbow ; but a Double Rainbow.. Two sets of all the colors, from red to orange to indigo and violet-just like the acronym - ROYGBIV . An archway across the Heavens, upon a crystal clear crisp blue winter sky.. The next morning on Jan, 11th, around 11 am, beneath a sun-kissed morning sky, My mother took her last breathe.. At that moment, I realized what the rainbow signified.. God's own gateway welcoming my darling mother into the everlasting Glory of paradise.. Angels were preparing the way and opening the entrance through the Rainbow's door... It is of no coincidence that my mother loved to hear her granddaughter sing her favorite song, 'Somewhere over the Rainbow.' Mother darling, just as a lighthouse offers a flickering ray of Hope across the darkened sea and moonless sky, may the Light of your Love continue to shine through the fog of our tears. We rejoice as we know that our prayers are being answered and you have been safely guided to Heaven's shore. To know my mother, was not only to love Her, but was to know what it meant to Be loved. My mother, Frances Marilyn

Roberts, her life's legacy is a love story to celebrate and cherish... From your loving daughter on behalf of the Roberts extended family, Roberta Lee Roberts –Reynolds and John Reynolds (son-in-law) Jay Lance Roberts- son and Lourdes (daughter-in-law) Jayanna Rose Roberts- granddaughter and Anacita Roberts (mother) Debbie and Rita Durst- nieces The Edelman family- Herb, Ronni, Jay, Syndee and Sarah

Tribute Wall

MV

“ *Roberta,
I am so sorry to hear of the loss of your beautiful mom. She was truly a special lady with a heart of gold. May warm memories of her bring you comfort and peace always.
Margaret*

Margaret Vascones - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

PL

“ *My sincere condolences Roberta, Jay, and family. I joined the New Hope Manor family in August 1986 after they moved to Barryville. I worked in the cottage that Frances lived in during the work week. I came to know Frances as a warm, loving, and caring friend. May you rest in peace Frances.*

Pam Lass - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

LF

“ *Jay and family,
Condolence!
She is now with God and may her soul be in peace with the love of her family and friends.*

Liskowiak family - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

EV

“ *A candle was lit by Evez

on January 17, 2016 11:14 PM*

Evez - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JH

“ *Though years may pass,
and we will be separated by
time and space...
Though the seasons change,
and with them, our worlds become
filled with new hopes and dreams
though others may become
a part of my life...
Always know that you were
first in of my life,
And my heart will always be
filled with love for you today,tomorrow,and ever..
The love for a Mother
is never ending...*

My thoughts and prayers are with you during your time of grief

Always JoAnne

JoAnne Hultenius - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

MA

“ *What a wonderful woman! All of us at new hope loved her and were recipients of her love as well. She taught me a lot not the least of which was the beauty of clear, accurate writing,the enjoyment of Mary Higgins Clark books, and the pleasure of crocheting which I still enjoy after almost 40 years. She deeply loved her children and grandchild. May you find comfort in many happy memories. You are in my thoughts and prayers. Love, Sr. Maureen*

Maureenconway - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

DL

“ A Mother's Love

*When you were small I held your hand
And bandaged wounded knees,
I wiped your tears and calmed your fears
And listened to your pleas.
My child, a mother's love won't end-
And I've loved you from the start.
Now you've grown and moved away
But still you hold my heart.
So when you're sad and lonely
And life has let you down
Remember that I love you so.
My love goes on and on.*

*And when I'm gone, God willing,
I'll love you just the same.
If you ever need me
Simply call my name.
I will come to you in dreams, dear,
And wrap you in my love.
For nothing on Earth or in Heaven
Can end this mother's love.
By Susan E. Abel*

Debbie and Rita and Larry - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

DD

“ Meeting my aunt Frances for the first time...

I was a very young child when I was introduced to Frances by my Nanny (grandmother). Nanny said to me "come meet your aunt Frances you'll both get along swell". She was right!

Nanny knew a persons character just by looking at them. She wanted me to make up my own mind about my new aunt and I did exactly that. After aunt Frances hugged me in a loving, lingering embrace I became acutely aware of who she was, a mama bear protecting her cub (that was my reference then as a child).

To me she was beautiful like a princess. Her smile was warm like the sun. Her heart was as big as the ocean. Her kindness shone around her like a bright light. It made her more beautiful like a queen.

When I was in my teens I visited aunt Frances in her home in Peekskill, New York. She showed me around the town by taking me to an antique country store. To my delight we realized we had the same taste of the items throughout the store.

I remember wearing a purse with a long strap and almost broke a glass figurine.

With her calm demeanor and a smile she said to me don't worry if it breaks I'll just pay for it and think of it as a donation to a good cause. We so enjoyed the day as we laughed and talked about everything under the sun.

I always admired aunt Frances being aware of doing what's right. My entire life I felt a deep connection with her. We use to laugh about being kindred spirits. Note - My nanny knew I was going to love my aunt Frances as she did. My nanny had a piano in her own apartment, but no one played, but aunt Francis did. I think it was put there in her honor.

To my cousins Roberta and Jay take comfort in God and be there for each other. Love, Debbie

Debbie Durst - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JR

“ *I want to thank everyone who came to our Mother's funeral this past Thursday. You took time out of your busy life's to share with us in our most profound loss. You now have become part of our wonderful memories with our Mom that we will always hold dear! And thank you all who took the time to write your kind, uplifting messages in Mom's guest book. I will read and reread them often thinking of the love she gave and received living her life with us. And thank you for all those who have been apart of my Mom's life. I know you will miss her gentle spirit, her fits of laughter and her loving heart. Peace and love be with you all!!*

Jay Roberts - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

SC

“ *My thoughts and prayers are with you at this difficult time. Your mother was a great person and great to work with. She had amazing skills and I missed her after she retired from New Hope. May you be consoled knowing she is at peace.*

Sr. Pat Conway - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JR

“ *My Grahamcracker I miss you so much. I am so thankful for all the memories we have and you will forever be in my heart. I love thinking about the times I would sleepover your house on the weekends. I remember watching a Charlie Chaplin movie for the first time and really enjoying it even though it was so silly to me that they didn't talk. I loved munching on dried apricots with you. I loved spending time with you and our family. Today we visited Lake Oscawana and it was so nice to reminisce about the summers we spent there. I remember this one time we were at the beach there and I was too afraid to go far in the water because there were so many tiny fish. You walked right in and all the little fish started nibbling at your toes and you showed me that they were nice and only tickled. I am so happy and grateful that I was your granddaughter and was able to be loved by you. I love you so so much. Mwah*

Jayanna Roberts - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JE

“ *What a beautifully written, heart driven story about Frances' life. I loved her and I am thankful for having the opportunity to have known her as a close member of the vastly extended family and someone that my father cared for deeply. Syndie and I have thought of her often over these recent years. The last time we saw her she was convalescing and still full of the positive stuff that we could all use more of. I can still hear her "haw haw" laugh. My daughter, Sarah (now 30) knew Frances since toddler days and has many fond memories. I regret my inability to join the services and be present to say goodbye to Frances. My deepest sympathies are felt for Roberta and Jay and John and Jayanna and everyone in the family. I am glad to have had the chance to know her and all of you. Jay E*

Jay Edelman - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JJ

“ *Roberta,
Yours and Jays testament of your mom was so beautifully written.
Thank you both for sharing your heart. Your mom sounds like such
a wonderful person and it is apparent she was well loved. We are
very saddened to hear of your loss and pray that your grief will be
short as warm and fond memories fill your heart.
Love,
John & Linda Johnson*

John & Linda Johnson - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

AL

“ *What a beautifully written tribute to such a beautiful lady. I always
remember her kindness and gentleness.....but most of all how she
made me feel loved. May she rest in peace. Lovingly remembered,
and with deep sympathy for her family, Alba*

Alba - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

AL

“ *A candle was lit by Alba

on January 14, 2016 6:14 PM*

Alba - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

LC

“ *A candle was lit by Lou and Daniela Capozzi

on January 14, 2016 3:32 PM*

Lou and Daniela Capozzi - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

LF

“ We are so sad about the loss of your mom! Our prayers and thoughts are with you at this difficult time. We love and miss you!
Love The Capozzi family.

Lou and Daniela Capozzi and family - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JO

“ Sorry for your loss Jay, Roberta and family ... I'll remember her quick wit, her "hello my dear and thank you my darling" comments, and her great love for her family especially how much she adored Jayanna.
You'll always hold a special spot in my heart mom Frances.

Joy - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

LP

“ A candle was lit by Lois Powell

on January 14, 2016 1:59 PM

Lois Powell - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

RR

“ Today I looked out of the frosted windowpane and saw a light blanket of white snow carpeting the ground. Pristine and pure. Somehow I believe that you had something to do with sending me the message that all is right and you are safe in your new Home. Thank you Mommy- I got the message.... from your loving baby girl, Berta

Roberta Lee Roberts - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

AC

“ A mom can never be replaced but her memory will always be with you. May you be comforted by the promise of our Lord.

Anita and Bob Collarile - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

LO

“ Mom Frances, On that day you accepted me as your daughter until to your last days with us you never stopped showing me how much you loved me. I'm so grateful for that, I felt my own mother is with me always because of you. I will miss the days when we're together and talking. Your voice that always saying to me "I love you honey!"... Thank you so much for the love Mom. I know your in our God's hand now. So long... Til we meet again! I love you Mom! ?????? Your daughter-in-law (Lou)

Lou - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

LP

“ Dearest Roberta,
I am so sorry to learn of your mother's death. After reading your wonderful tribute to your mom I feel like I knew her. How lucky you and your brother are to have had her as your mother, friend and confidant. No wonder you are such a dynamic nurse.
My deepest sympathy to You and John, and your entire family.
Heaven has gained another Angel.
Much love,
Lois

Lois Powell - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

NO

“*Roberta, how my heart aches for you and your family. I wept as I read your beautiful tribute to your mother. I wept even more after reading your brothers. Your mother must have been an amazing woman. I wish I would have known her. I pray that God gives you and your family the strength you will need during this difficult time. Hugs and more hugs-Noelia*

Noelia - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

RO

“*Dear Roberta & Jay. There is so much regret but I will stay with the positive. I never told you how much your Mom meant to me, especially since I don't have much of a relationship with my own Mom. At first it seemed that Frances and I wouldn't be able to connect but, once we did, I grew to deeply love her and looked forward to her returning to the lake every Friday for the weekend. Once she got all the food out of her car ;) she would quickly get into her bathing suit and get right into the lake. We had so many good times out there, like a real family. She became one of my best friends. She let me call her "Frank". It was our little joke. She was a straight shooter and had no fear expressing the truth about a situation but was always, ever kind about it. She loved you all as much as it is possible for humans to love and you were blessed to have her for your Mom. I never saw my father laugh and relax as much as when they and we were all together. He misses her very much. I just want you to know that we never stopped loving her and we are very sorry for the way it all turned out. But, I am grateful that you have a treasure of happy, loving memories. Matthew 5:4*

Ronni - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JR

“ My mother Frances Roberts had two children. Roberta, her only daughter, was the gregarious and self assured one. Her only son, thats me, was the troublemaker. My troublemaking days started early in life, the very day I was born when I decided to make my entrance into the world at our Bronx, NY home. Luckily for mom, dad knew how to tie knots and at least for that moment trouble was put on hold. Trouble continued for my mom when as a teenager I decided to buy a motorcycle without the proper gear or paperwork. After she paid the fines in court the motorcycle was eventually released from impound. As time passed I decided to blame my very mother for my trouble. She agreed to pay for my counseling even though her income was modest. I wish I could say I brought joy and peace and pride into my mothers life. The opposite of that is closer to the truth. But even through all the trouble I caused her, she continued to love me and have faith that one day I would become the man she knew I could be. That day for my mom came when my lovely daughter Jayanna was born. Bless the children! My mother couldn't be happier spending time with her only granddaughter. And in time the whole family was coming together. We came together for all the birthday celebrations and all the holidays too. These are the times that I'll never forget and will miss the most. I wish I could say that I told my mother I loved her enough but I didn't. But to her it didn't matter. She knew it! I love you Mom! Thank you for never giving up on me! Thank you for all the wonderful memories we've shared. Thank you for all the love you've given us all. We will miss you! I will miss you! I love you!! Your son, Jay Lance

Jay Roberts - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

“ Hello John and Roberta,

Thank you. We love you too. I apologize for being a day late with my reply. I am fighting pneumonia and I am moving pretty slow just now. I have been praying for you, your family and your mom since I received your email last night, and the Holy Spirit gave me these words to pass along to you. I pray they bring you some measure of comfort:

Jesus said, “God has sent me to bind up the broken hearted and to comfort all who mourn.” He also said, “As a mother comforts her child, so I will comfort you.” God understands the sorrow people feel at the loss of someone they loved. He knows what it’s like to lose a loved one. Remember...he lost a son! But he does more than just understand. He shares that sorrow. And He will bear that sorrow with you today...If you will let Him. Just ask Him too.

If Jesus were standing here today, He’d repeat something He said long ago, “Come to me all you who are weary, and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

Roberta, your mom is no longer weary...She is now resting with Jesus. And that resting place is where all of us who believe, want to be ourselves. Our grief is always going to be tempered by that fact.

If either of you need me, I am a nothing more than a phone call away. I do not wish to intrude in this time of heartache, but if you want someone to talk with, pray with, or cry with, please do not hesitate to give me a call day or night. I am sure your pastor has this all well in hand, but if you need any help with the services, or planning, please get in touch with me and I will support you in any way that I am lead and able to do for you. I have copied Bob and Anita on this email, as I am sure they wish to join me in supporting you and your family as you travel this hard road today. Words from Jesus have helped me in my own times of sorrow. I will leave you with the gif of Jesus' words for you on this day of sorrow: "I will

never leave you; I will never forsake you." It has always calmed me to think that at the same time that I am in the palm of God's hands being comforted, my loved one who has passed on is too.

Love and blessings to you both. Please reach out if I may serve you in any way. I am here for you.

*In His Care,
Pastor Michael Duffy
pastormichael@gothopeministries.com
321-615-2639
Christ Church of HOPE
250 N. Babcock St.
Melbourne, FL 32935
www.christchurchofhope.org
"Be not afraid; only believe" (Mark 5:36)*

Pastor Michael Duffy - Christ Church of Hope - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

BA

“*Dear John and Roberta,
So sorry to hear the news of your mom, Roberta. My prayers are with you during this very trying time. I know how difficult it is to lose a mom or a dad but let us rejoice in the Lord as only he can provide the comfort we need at this time. The Bible say'sBlessed are those ...whose hope is in the Lord their God" (Psalm 146:3,5).*

Be assured Anita and I may be in Florida but our hearts are prayers are with you at this time and always. We love you both and continue to count the day's until we see you both again.

*In Christ, always
Bob & Anita*

Bob & Anita - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

GF

“ Jay our condolence.i remembered Your mother as very charming and kind hearted lady. She was adorable and caring mother to you and grandma to Jayanna. She is in better place now And she may rest in peace. ...

Candle and Gloria

Gonzalez family - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

JR

“ John 14:1-2?

1 "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God; trust also in me.
2 In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I am going there to prepare a place for you.

John N Reynolds - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

“ *My Mother...A Legacy of Love*

Frances Marilyn Roberts

Frances was born on Oct.06, 1929 in the Bronx; historically, the year of the great Depression.

She was the only child of Anna and Frederick Heinisch. Her father was a custodian for the NYC school system. Her mother was a professional piano teacher and gave piano lessons in their apartment on Valentine Ave. Frances learned to play the piano and loved the Ragtime music of Scott Joplin. We remember going to grandma's house and watching the ivory keys of the old- time player piano magically play on its own.

Frances was artistic and attended the Parson School of Design to study fashion couture. I remember benefiting from that training as a little girl when my mom sewed designer gowns for my Barbie dolls. Frances was practical and studied secretarial skills and excelled in Gregg shorthand. She worked as an executive secretary for several attorneys in Manhattan and later when the family moved to the suburbs.

Frances met my father, Robert Elliot Roberts at City Island, where her father had a small outboard motor boat. My mother was an avid swimmer. My Dad was in the Maritime service and was there on leave. Thus began their love story.

After, the Maritime service, Bob Roberts was a bookkeeper at the Bronx terminal market,. He worked on their books at night, and his college books by day. Dad attended City College and earned a Masters in Education. He worked as a mathematics and career counselor at a High School in the South Bronx. Together they shared a love of reading and life- long learning.

Fran and Bob had two children, Roberta Lee and Jay Lance. My brother, Jay was born at home in the apt. on Grant Ave. Our dad delivered him and it made the front page of the NY Post. They said he used a nautical knot to tie the umbilical cord. That Naval training really came in handy!

On week-ends, the family went to our grandparents summer cottage up in the country, in Putnam county.. Mom's father, Fred built most of it himself . Her mother, Anna, gave the house to Frances when

grandpa died. My Dad winterized the cottage and we moved in. While Dad commuted to the city, Frances took drivers lessons on the back woods dirt roads and got her driver's license at age 40. Frances started to work for Graymoor Atonement Friars in Garrison, a short mile from our home.

She was the executive secretary for the priests and nuns at New Hope Manor and Mother Lurana Villa. Frances worked for Father Dan Egan, also known as 'the junkie priest' who rescued young women addicted to drugs from the city, bringing them up to the retreat at Graymoor. Here they rebuilt their lives and recovery from addiction. Frances became their house mother, sharing in this powerful transformative ministry. Here is where, Frances became devoted to the Church and was baptized Catholic. Frances converted from Judaism and led the way for her children who also were baptized at Graymoor in our teens.

Frances was dedicated to the mission of New Hope Manor and followed the program when it moved to Barryville NY, near Port Jervis. She commuted every week, working tirelessly on site with the young women and staff, returning home on the week-ends. One of the highlights in her life was accompanying Sister Margaret Murphy, assistant director of the program overseas on a pilgrimage to the Vatican and the Shrine at Lourdes.

When Frances retired from the Archdiocese after 35 years, she was awarded a plaque that she received as the highest honor; it read; "To Frances, for 35 years of Loving Us."

Frances was an avid reader, devouring 7 books a week. She was a lover of the mystery novel genre; some of her favorite authors Agatha Chrystie, Elizabeth Petersen and Mary Higgins Clark. She was a regular at the Peekskill library with stacks of books waiting for her weekly at the reserve desk. When mom moved to the nursing home, at Cedar Manor, the recreation staff made special trips to the Ossining library for her and delivered armfuls of the large print volumes, she so loved, to her room each week. It was almost impossible t

LP

“ *A candle was lit by Lou's family from the Philippines*

on January 13, 2016 9:19 PM

Lou's family from the Philippines - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

VI

“ *Praying for your mom's sweet repose, Jay. Her life story was quite a joy to read! Very inspirational and lovely! I am with you in celebrating her well lived journey here on earth and may she remain your guiding light in yours!*

Venus Ignacio - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

ES

“ *A SPATHIPHYLLUM was sent by Peter & April Valente on January 13, 2016*

Expression of Sympathy - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

KR

“ *To my Star Wars sister, Roberta: My condolences to you and your family. I know now why you are such the "fashionista" as you got it from your beloved mother. Your passion and love for all of us here at work is incomparable; another trait from your parents. You are hard-working like them, have love for all people (special ministry) like the one your mom served. You should be proud and I know that your mom is proud of you. Just a note to let you know that your team is thinking of you and praying.*

Kimberley Blacks-Pickett RN - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

CM

“ Joe and I send our condolences. We have good memories of Francis as a our neighbor on Old Albany Post Road and remember her work at New Hope Manor.
She led a life to be admired. Now she is enjoying her rewards of peace in the next life.
In sympathy,
Charlotte and Joe

Charlotte and Joe Moran - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

HK

“ Jay, I am so sorry to see this! May she rest in peace! She's up there with my mom and Dad and all the rest of her family!

Helice Koplín - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM

ES

“ A TRADITIONAL FUNERAL BASKET was ordered on January 13, 2016

Expression of Sympathy - March 28, 2019 at 04:59 PM