



Susan Ellen Mihalyi - Sue was a renaissance woman. Smart, organized and compassionate, she could sing an aria, make a gourmet meal for hundreds, facilitate a meeting, grow beautiful vegetables...and hold it all in a vision for a just world. She believed in recycling, finding good deals and saving things! She used what was available to create beauty. In Sue's neighborhood, a reclaimed lot became a paradise of flowers, paths, places to sit, all built with reused bricks, discarded plants and found objects. A house, once abandoned, became a lovely home: delicious meals were created from the garden, quilts sewn from found scraps and lost cats found a sanctuary and became family. Food and music wove through her work and her love for the earth grounded her. We are lucky that she moved among us, the world is a better place because of her.

William Ziegler - William volunteered for service in the United States Navy at the ripe old age of 17 and immediately realized he didn't much enjoy being bossed around. He only stuck it out for one war. Before his discharge, however, the government exchanged numerous ribbons and medals for various honorable acts. Upon his return to the City of New Orleans in 1971, thinking it best to keep an eye on him, government officials hired William as a fireman. After twenty-five years, he suddenly realized that running away from burning buildings made more sense than running toward them. He promptly retired. Looking back, William stated that there was no better group of morons and mental patients than those he had the privilege of serving with (except Bob, he never liked you, Bob).

Severn Brown has passed away in the 97th year of what he referred to as a "heck of a good run"; he was a Christian gentleman of the old school. (Married to his first wife for 41 years and his second for 20) Once asked for a longevity tip, he quipped, "if nothing else, I know how to marry well."

Jacklyn R. Muolo - Jackie was a smiling, crazy, lover of life. She was an avid fisherwoman and a creative cook. Jackie will be remembered as a big hearted friend to the world. She would light up a room with her antics and sense of humor.

Michaela Dieterich - For those who knew and loved Michaela, it is her love of the life that is most memorable. Wherever she went, everyone she met was moved by her heart. Her true legacy is one of love. She loved fully and completely and everyone she touched felt moved by her amazing soul.

Lucia Ann Shealy - ...her most epic ski day ever was in December 1965, at Canandaigua's then brand-new Bristol Mountain - undaunted by cold that sent her friends to the lodge, Lucia waited in the singles line and boarded the double chairlift with a stranger (a beginner from Alabama who was stationed at nearby Hancock AFB). After 1,200 vertical feet, she exited the chair with Jasper (her very best friend and lifelong love). Within months they were married, and for the next 54 years, they skied happily ever after.



Catherine “Kay” Schwalenstocker - Kay always had soup bubbling on the stove, flour on her apron, and cookies in the oven. She positively beamed when holding babies. She found humor in things that didn't go as planned and joy in things that made others happy. She welcomed new family members with open arms and a ready laugh.

Annamarie Pinto - Annamarie had a rich life in many ways. She was a voracious reader, a dog lover and a painter. She brought a stylish and tasteful aesthetic to her appearance and her homes. As a volunteer, she taught English to prison inmates and literacy to Bosnian war refugees. She was a strong, accomplished, creative, loving, trailblazing woman who stopped to smell the flowers.

Mary Patricia Stockes - Pat Stocks, 94, passed away peacefully at her home in bed July 1, 2015. It is believed it was caused from carrying her oxygen tank up the long flight of stairs to her bedroom that made her heart give out. She left behind a hell of a lot of stuff to her daughter and sons who have no idea what to do with it. So if you're looking for 2 extremely large TV's from the 90s, a large ceramic stork (we think) umbrella/cane stand, a toaster oven (slightly used) or even a 2001 Oldsmobile with a spoiler (she loved putting the pedal to the metal), with only 71,000 kilometers and 1,000 tools that we aren't sure what they're used for. You should wait the appropriate amount of time and get in touch. Tomorrow would be fine.

Pat was world-renowned for her lack of patience, not holding back her opinion and a knack for telling it like it is. She always told you the truth even if it wasn't what you wanted to hear. It was the school of hard knocks and yes we were told many times how she had to walk for miles in a blizzard to get to school, so suck it up. With that said she was genuine to a fault, a pussy cat at heart (or lion) and yet she sugar coated nothing. Her extensive vocabulary was more than highly proficient at knowing more curse words than most people learned in a lifetime. She liked four letter words as much as she loved her rock garden and trust us she LOVED to weed that garden with us as her helpers, when child labour was legal or so we were told.

Daniel John Cohen - If Daniel's life could be summed up at all, it might involve a mantra from FX's The Bear, a show that (like so many) he championed early in its run: "Every second counts." Every Daniel story reflected his irrepressible desire to experience life at its fullest. Sometimes that meant dragging family and friends to obscure restaurants or museums, only to have them leave with new enthusiasm (and lots of pictures). He could walk out of any new venue he entered with – if not some sort of prize – at least a friend or two. Daniel brought people together, basking in the delight of sharing something new or absurd. Brilliant, hilarious, steadfast... present. The world misses him already.



William Freddie McCullough - The man. The myth. The legend. Men wanted to be him and women wanted to be with him. Freddie loved deep fried Southern food smothered in Cane Syrup, fishing at Santee Cooper Lake, Little Debbie Cakes, Two and a Half Men, beautiful women, Reeses Cups and Jim Beam. Not necessarily in that order. He hated vegetables and hypocrites. Not necessarily in that order. He was a master craftsman who single-handedly built his beautiful house from the ground up. Freddie was also great at growing fruit trees, grilling chicken and ribs, popping wheelies on his Harley at 50 mph, making everyone feel appreciated and hitting Coke bottles at thirty yards with his 45. He attracted more women than a shoe sale at Macy's. He got married when he was 18, but it didn't last. Freddie was no quitter, however, so he gave it a shot two more times. It didn't work out with any of the wives, but he managed to stay friends with them and their parents.

Freddie was killed when he rushed into a burning orphanage to save a group of adorable children. Or maybe not. We all know how he liked to tell stories.

Bill Eves - On Saturday February the 8th Molson's stock price fell sharply on the news of Bill Eves' passing. Senior executives at Molson called an emergency meeting to brace for the impact of the anticipated drop in sales.

As a highly regarded principal for 33 years, he created many fond memories for staff, students and families. After his retirement he pursued some of his many hobbies including cooking, carpentry, gardening and sending daily joke emails to family and friends. Perhaps most important to Bill was educating people on the dangers of holding in your farts. Sadly, he was unable to attain his life-long goal of catching his beloved wife Judy "cutting the cheese" or "playing the bum trumpet" -- which he likened to a mythical rarity like spotting Bigfoot or a unicorn. He also mastered the art of swearing while being splattered by grease cooking his famous wings. In fact, he wove tapestry of obscenities that still hangs over the Greater Kingston Area. Before passing Bill forged a 76 year trail of laughter, generosity, compassion, and wisdom.

While his whole family is deeply saddened by Bill's passing, there is a rumor floating around that he told some the nurses at St. Mary's of the Lake that this was all just an elaborate plan to get out of shoveling the driveway. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

Sybil Marie Hicks - It hurts me to admit it... but I, Mrs. Ron Hicks from Baysville, have passed away. I passed peacefully with eldest daughter, Brenda, by my side. I leave behind my loving husband, Ron Hicks, who I often affectionately referred to as a "Horse's Ass". I also left behind my children whom I tolerated over the years. Bob (with Carol) my oldest son and also my favorite. Brian (with Ginette) who was the Oreo cookie favorite, Brenda AKA "Hazel" who would run to clean the bathrooms when she heard company was coming. Barbara (with Gordon) the ever Miss Perfect and finally Baby Bruce who wouldn't eat homemade turkey soup because he didn't want to be alert for bones while he ate. Thank you all for sharing my life with me. I am off to swim to the buoy and back.



Frank W. LaDue - In his 81 years, Frank W. LaDue taught us many things. He always warned us of the dangers of taking Nyquil; "It will give you nightmares." He showed us all that "hotdog soup" was the best meal in the world. He got us hooked on his homemade Marshmallow frosted cakes. Most importantly, Frank taught us how to love unconditionally. Oh, and we all learned from him how to have a wicked and sarcastic sense of humor.

Frank was a BIG personality. If he liked you, you were picked on, relentlessly (he would give a little smirk to let you know he was joking.) He was not for the faint of heart. And that's exactly what drew people to him. He was the KING of nicknames. Many of us call our kids or friends "Chum," because he called everyone that. He'd be ready with a pot of coffee and many stories. In those moments he would convince you that wrestling was, in fact, real, and that you did NOT need to shut the breaker off while doing electrical work. "You'll just get a little poke." He loved company and lit up when people stopped by.

Frank hated cold weather. When the kids were young he had the wood stove so hot that they'd all be in their underclothes or face the consequence of possible heat stroke. Eventually he and Phyllis spent their winters in Florida where they enjoyed walks and dinner with friends. On the surface you would have assumed Frank was a tough, unemotional guy, but if you saw him tear up when he held his granddaughter (Emma) for the first time or hugged his "Little Punky" (Josh), you knew it was all an act. He was a softy. After his wife had a stroke, he cared for her every need with devotion and love and without complaint. He did that for 25 years, all the while offering his family and friends help when needed. He was an example of what real love is supposed to be.