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kept her family of five children under one roof with her even though it be only a two-room apartment for the six of us. Though uneducated, she began at the age of three to teach herself how to play the piano. Her greatest pride was when she learned to play Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor without ragging it. Later in her fifties she taught herself how to play the electric organ. She was always in demand at her children's parties and her thirteen brothers and sisters. Oftentimes, friends would call and invite us to a party and would say, be sure and bring Ceil. I cannot say that she was a saint, but to me a woman who would go to church on Sunday and give her last dollar, knowing that she would have to walk to work the next day, is very much a saint. But she was a real human being and a lively one right to the day she had her fatal stroke. She loved playing the piano and she loved to play poker, but no matter how late it was at night when we finished playing the cards or the piano I always remember going past her bedroom and seeing her on her knees saying her night prayers. She believed in charity even though she had little to give. Mother was criticized by some of her friends and relatives because when she sat down and fed her children she also fixed a plate for an old black janitor who lived in the furnace room of our apartment building. Some people thought it was terrible she didn't give it to him on a paper plate but instead used the same dishes as the family. She taught me many lessons and one was, that I never forgot, is that charity isn't measured by how much you give away but by how much you keep for yourself. I think what kept mother and my brothers and sisters going was her tremendous sense of humor and ability to laugh at herself. When she was seventy years old she moved in with me and my husband. For many months she talked about some day she would like to know what it was like to sleep on satin sheets. So that Christmas we bought her satin sheets and she put them on her bed that day. Christmas night after we had gone to bed I heard this horrible loud thump. I felt sure mother had fallen down. When I rushed into her bedroom there she was in her nylon nightgown on the floor laughing uproariously. Finally, when she was able to compose herself she looked up and said, well, I got into the bed with the satin sheets and when I reached over to turn off the light, between the nylon nightgown and the satin sheets I kept rolling and rolling until I rolled right out of the bed. And she laughed so hard, she cried. I will always remember the good times we had together playing the piano and singing, the laughs we