



## Marjorie DiSalvio

February 10, 1922 - October 31, 2004

VICTOR October 31, 2004. Beloved wife of Robert; mother of Barbara DiSalvio and Lauren (Paul) Francati; grandmother of Brian and Greg Francati; sister of, Betty Peterson of NC; Ruth Eddy, FL and aunt to several nieces and nephews. Marjorie was a well known and loved artist who painted many local landscapes, as well as the Southwest where she traveled with her husband. Friends may call at the funeral chapel on Tuesday from 2-4 and 7-9. Friends are invited to bring a written memory or photo for the family's Memory Book, Services will be held at the Lake Avenue Baptist Church, 70 Ambrose Street on Wednesday at 10 AM. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery. Contributions may be made to The American Cancer Society, 1400 Winton Rd. North, Rochester, NY 14609.in her memory

# Events

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**NOV**   **Visitation**   10:00AM - 10:00AM

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Lake Avenue Baptist Church

72 Ambrose St., Rochester, NY, US, 14608

# Comments

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“ Dear Friends: I feel that I have lost the sunshine of my life. 58 years of happiness and contentment. My best friend, my wife, my mentor, my staff, my psychotherapist, my love. We met on thanksgiving in '45 and married on thanksgiving in'46. A holiday that I am truly thankful for. As you know Marge was an artist, an artist in every sense of the word. She was a perfectionist. As an artist her instinctive values were a God given gift. She was my God given gift. She had an enthusiasm for life, when we would go on a trip I would be looking for the wild life and Marge would adsorb the feeling of the surroundings of the scenery and share them with me.. Marge taught me how to enjoy new values of life. She opened my eyes to beauty, how to appreciate color, how to appreciate the art world. As an artist, she paid a penalty for her sensitivity. Her joys were higher than mine and the dark side of life caused her unimaginable suffering. Marge loved words. Her mother was her grammar mentor. Her mother was a Phi Beta Kappa at Syracuse University in the 19th century. It was quite an experience living with a grammar teacher. It was quite an experience to live with a color perfectionist. It was a wonderful experience living with Marge. Patterns in ties to match with suits, colors to match with other colors ,good taste in clothing, too loud, too soft, too sweet, too sour always my tutor, always gentle always proper and always sensitive . Humor was her medicine to life. Her smile made my day.

Robert DiSalvio, husband - November 07, 2004 at 03:29 PM

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“ This was read at my Mom's memorial service: My Mom As I sit here today pondering what I'd like to share about my mother, years of memories swirl around in my brain, like a moving tornado that knows not its destination. What will finally settle? There are so many begging for thought. As a child growing up in the 60's, my parents would no doubt be considered strict by today's standards. I was once sent away from the table for merely speaking the truth: the spaghetti DID look like worms. I grew up in a world where there'd be half-hour training sessions on good posture. Mom would actually model walking with a stack of books on her head. Good manners were drilled into me, and selfishness was a sin. She even helped my training to be a lady by mentioning that I was the “only one she could hear” when playing outside in the street with the neighborhood kids. I eventually did learn to lower my voice some years later. Ironically, she now has a grandson that you can hear TWO streets over! She's never mentioned this, however -- her job was finished with me! I didn't give my mom too much trouble, though. The worst --and this is BAD -- was when I carved my initials, in many places, into her beautiful cherry dresser. What was I thinking? Obviously NOT a well-thought-out crime. My initials, no less. Can't very well say “it wasn't me.” But, all in all, I was given a lot of freedom. I'd spend hours playing in the fields and woods at the end of our street. I'd ride my bike anywhere I wanted. No one worried about potential kidnappings. Mom was always there to provide a moral education as well as put me in charge of the mashed potatoes for the evening meal, as well as the cookies for dessert. As I grew up and started a family of my own, I appreciated my mother even more. I realized how difficult it can be to make all those parental decisions. Mom was always there to discuss various strategies. Mom was

very direct. There was no bull. You knew where she stood on things without any doubt. She was sorry about this sometimes -- and would later apologize for being so honest. At times, she worried terribly that something she said had hurt someone's feelings. I, more than once, would get a call back the next day or so, and the discussion would ensue. That was another great thing about my Mom: she was a great communicator. She loved to analyze situations, and she loved words. She never did stop correcting my grammar, but it's ok -- I really do know it's "Paul and I" not "Paul and me" -- I just wanted Mom to feel important. Would my Mom believe this? No, but can you tell I came up with better excuses in my old age? My mom was a woman who continued to grow in many ways--not only in her talents as an artist, but also as a person. She was open-minded, and one of my biggest fans. I mean this literally. I was telling the nurses at the hospital that one of the greatest things about both my parents is their unconditional support of whatever I may decide to do. "You want to go over the falls in a barrel, honey? Sounds good to me -- whatever you think is best." I suppose I never tested their support to that extent, but it was the feeling that I came to know, and it was wonderful. I can only hope to give such a gift to my own children. I will miss you, Mom, so much it hurts. I know all your friends and family will miss you, too. Your loving husband, as well as your exceptional marriage, is an inspiration. There will always be a place set at our table for you. You are in our hearts and will continue to be. And, I still plan to talk to you every day, so be listening. I love you. Your daughter, Laurie

**Laurie Francati, daughter** - November 07, 2004 at 03:25 PM

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“ My sincere sympathy for your loss. Cherish the memories. They keep your loved one close in your heart. Although we have not had a chance to see her in many years I felt blessed for knowing her. Our prayers are with you all.

**Doris (Skelly) Bagnato** - November 03, 2004 at 03:43 PM

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“ Marge was a rare gem. She was loving, kind, generous and very talented. I will miss her as a friend and always remember her in a wonderful way.

**Gerry Schwartz** - November 03, 2004 at 01:06 PM

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“ I am very sad to say goodbye to such a beautiful human being. Marge will always remain in my heart as an exceptional woman whose love was deep and unconditional. I am thankful to have known her and I am a better person because of her. I hope her family will be able to feel peaceful knowing our thoughts and prayers are with them at this time.

**wendy maharry** - November 02, 2004 at 11:13 PM



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/we - November 02, 2004 at 11:02 PM

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Marge was one of my most favorite people in the world. She was pure sunshine and warmed everyone she was around. I will miss Marge incredibly and want to Thank her for being so wonderful and spreading joy in our familys lives. We all adored and loved Marge so very much. I will always remember her beautifully soulful voice.

**jessica maharry** - November 02, 2004 at 09:14 PM

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I'll never forget the summers on Canadagua Lake with everyone. This could not have been possible without her generosity and warm heart to put up with all of us crazy kids. I have not met many people as kind as her, and my heart goes out to all of her family and friends.

**Adam Bell** - November 02, 2004 at 06:58 PM

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I have been blessed to have such a fine person come into my life.I will never forget her quiet dignity, her wonderful sense of humor, her heartfelt concern for others, her phenominal skill as a watercolorist. Watercolor involves an excellent sense of timing. I can only regrether own timing was snuffed out all too soon. She will always remain my very best friend.

**Carol MaHarry** - November 02, 2004 at 06:12 PM

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I will be remembering your family with sincere sympathy for your loss. Your memories of cherished moments, laughter, celebrations, sorrows and tears, blessings and joys, all add up to a treasure of found yesterdays spent together. They will forever keep you close in spirit. Though I seldom got to see her in the last few years, I would think of her often when looking at her artwork. She was truly a lovely and amazing women that I was honored to know. Bless you all.

**Norma Skelly Halbleib** - November 02, 2004 at 05:25 PM

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“ I know this beloved,caring cousin would want us to --"Turn Again to Life" by Mary Lee Hall If I should die and leave you here awhile, Be not like others, sore undone, who keep long vigils by the silent dust, and weep. For my sake--turn again to life and smile, Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do something to comfort other hearts than thine. Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine and I perchance, may therein comfort you.

**Ruth Bodycombe** - November 02, 2004 at 03:54 AM

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November 01, 2004 at 11:13 PM