



Louise A Carideo

MAY 26, 1927 - APR 5, 2020



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Louise Ann Carideo, 92, of Clearwater, Florida passed away Sunday, April 5, 2020. She was born in Mt. Vernon, New York and moved to this area in 1973. Louise was a member of St. Cecelia Catholic Church, a talented seamstress, roller-skater, animal lover, selfless person and "straight shooter" She is preceded in death by a sister, Mary Snyder and a brother, Pat; Louise leaves 2 daughters, Patricia, Carol; a brother, Ralph; and 2 grandchildren, Jordan and Merissa. Because of the current health situation all services are private.



Tribute Wall

Louise A Carideo

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MC

Merissa Carideo lit a candle in honor of Louise .



*** Please read my posts from the bottom up. I've written 3 separate posts. Scroll down and start with the one at the bottom of the page first then work your way up so you read this one last *** Thank you. But even though Granny would defend us to the death she always told it like it is. She didn't sugar-coat the truth even when we were young. Yes, she was one to always be honest and frank with people. Of course, I do remember a time when she was perhaps a bit too frank. She was once ordering food from a Chinese restaurant and legend has it when she was undecided about what to order she asked the server, "Does your food still have that funny taste?" "What taste madame?" "You know, LIKE SPIT!" Even at the supermarket if free samples were being given out she would promptly tell the sampler if she liked the sample or not. And if the free sample was particularly disgusting she had no qualms spiting the sample back out into her napkin in front of the person who handed it to her. And somehow this always happened right after she nearly toppled over a display with one of the stores electric scooters. At least we could all agree that going to the supermarket with Granny was never boring. Some might say she was a bit too honest at times, but looking back I can say with certainty that in the moments we are truly honest, we are most remembered. Granny also believed in doing you what you had to do, there was no wallowing in your sadness, pity or anxiety. I think if she knew who Yoda was she would subscribe to his mantra, 'Do. There is no try.' Although, there was another mantra that she lived by and will always last in my memory. She would always say, "All things shall pass." I particularly liked this saying of hers because it reminds us that no matter the difficult times in our life or our feelings of sadness, grief, or fear, they will not last forever. I can remember when I was in elementary school. I hated going. Actually it was more than 'hate'. It was fear. I was an anxious, neurotic, over-thinker and still am but school just had a way of bringing this out of me more. The truth was I felt very confined while I was there. It made me nervous that other adults had authority over me, adults that I didn't trust like I did my family. So every morning when I would beg to stay home or feign an illness, Granny would come bustling in and say, "You have to go with your knees shaking and your hands trembling!" I hated when she said this. Partly, because I knew I wouldn't get out of going to school that day, but mostly because I knew she was right. However, as an adult I have grown to love that saying. For some reason it seems to give me strength in a way that it didn't when I was a kid. For the rest of my life I will always face my difficulties with my knees shaking and my hands trembling. Even as I write this now her words give me strength. This is surely the most emotionally difficult thing I have ever written but I feel her right here beside me, encouraging me through my grief. At times I even find myself laughing, crying too, but laughing all the same. If I could see her now and tell her how much I missed her, tell her I don't feel like going on without her, she'd throw her hands up, twist her face in her classic scowl and say plainly, "You have to go on." So I go on. And hopefully some of the grief shall pass, although I am doubtful all of it ever will. But I do live with the certainty that we will meet again someday in that place of our heavenly Father. But for now, my Granny will always and forever be my source of love, strength and courage. You were so much more than just a grandmother to me. You were my greatest role model. I love you forever Granny.

May 20 at 9:05 AM



MC

Merissa Carideo posted:

And did I mention the vigorous defense us grand kids had the benefit of? Most of the time we could do no wrong in Granny's eyes, no matter what silly thing we got into. But I do remember a time when her vigorous defense of us got a bit out of hand. This funny story ends with the police knocking at our door but I'll start at the beginning. When I was about eleven the house directly behind mine was vacant and the old fence separating the property from my backyard was torn down. It was a foreclosure. The bank had to take it over but all we knew as kids was, 'great more space to play.' So for over a year (forever to a kid), me, my brother Jordan and our friends used the vacant yard like it was our own. We would run, play, climb the trees, pick the oranges from them and even use the empty shed as a clubhouse. Then we started to notice things, like the shed door being bared with a nail, like the yard looking neater, like the windows looking cleaner. We teased each other and said it was ghosts. It never occurred to us the vacant house might not be so vacant anymore. Until one boring Saturday afternoon while my friend was high up in one of the citrus trees and my brother and I were sitting next to a pile of oranges we just picked, when a man came angrily bursting out of the 'vacant' houses' backdoor. He identified himself as a Realtor and yelled at us to get off the property. I do remember the words trespassers and hoodlums being used. Just then Granny burst angrily from our own backdoor, probably hearing one of those words. "What did you just call my grand kids?" Suffice it to say, an argument ensued. I don't remember the exact words exchanged but I do remember some colorful profanity was used; still so young that profanity thrilled me. Then something happened that will be etched in my brain forever. Granny reached over to where my brother had left some of the oranges on our back deck, and flung one right at the angry Realtor! And she was a good throw too! Between our back deck and the back door of the other house, where the Realtor was standing, was no short distance. For one long moment, I was sure the Realtor was going to be hit square in the face. He was even too stunned to move out of the way! But at the last second the orange went a little wide to the right splattering its' sticky juices all over the freshly cleaned window he was standing beside. The Realtor, visibly flustered, seeing Granny had the ability and plenty of ammunition ran back into the house with his tail between his legs and shouted, "I'm calling the police!" My Granny shouted back, "Call the police! Call the police!" as if she were daring him. "Call them!" The man was already back in the house but this didn't stop her from saying it a few more times. Needless to say, he did call the police. Luckily, when the police officer showed up he was good-natured enough not to pursue the incident. He actually seemed quite entertained by the whole matter.

May 20 at 8:18 AM



MC

Merissa Carideo posted:

My Grandmother was not a grandmother at all. Grandmothers are those old ladies parents threaten us kids to dutifully visit. "Come on, kids! Lets take the long boring drive out to your Grandmothers house so she can torture us with her latest vacation photos and force you to wear that humiliatingly childish outfit she got you for your birthday. Don't worry about the smell, all houses have different smells." At least that's what our kids ears heard when it was time to visit Grandmother. Admit it. Luckily, this was never my experience. Like I said I didn't have a grandmother. Nope. I had a Granny. And Granny lived with us. And Granny washed our clothes, (to the very end she chased my brother, Jordan down practically ripping his work shirt off his back so she could wash it.) packed our lunches, made sure the kitchen was spotless, and by God if my brother or I entered the kitchen there was absolutely no escape until we heard a list of every single edible item it contained. "Do you want pasta fagioli?" "No." "Sandwich" "No." "Broccoli?" "No." "Scrambled egg?" "Granny, I'm not hungry." "I'll make some french toast," or, "There's no such thing as not hungry." The only phrase not part of her vocabulary, 'Granny, I'm not hungry,' although I hear many Italian granny's have not learned this one. I also remember the games she played with us, including but not limited to; Simon says, find me a souvenir and you kids go race to that tree. However, the game she played with me that comes most to my memory was simply talking to the birds. In fact, this is actually the very first memory I have of Granny. I was sitting on her lap on our back porch pointing to the birds perched on the telephone wire. When I would point to a bird she would give it a name. Not a name like, Blue Jay or Dove, but actual names like, Tweety or Petey. Then she would sing me a song and tell me a little story about what the birds were doing that day. Before I even knew of books my first stories were her bird stories. Strangely, a few days before she passed, I heard a soft knocking at my bedroom window. The sound would not let up, so I opened the blinds to see two cardinals pecking at the glass, as if they were just waiting for me to take notice of them. They left after a moment and I'd like to think that this was a message from Granny. Her way of saying she would always be with me. One last game of our first game perhaps. In a way, our little bird game was a strong testament to who she was. Because my Granny was always looking outside herself even in the small lives of birds. To this day when I see a bird or ant or even another person, I find myself pondering what their name is, what they are doing that day or what their story might be. But more importantly my Granny instilled in me a sense of understanding and selflessness. She always thought of what someone else might be going through and was able to see the point of view of others. She always wanted us to work together as a family and help one another out. Every time we went to the supermarket I'd ask her which kind of dinner or dessert she would like and to my frustration she'd always answer, "Get whatever everyone else wants." "But I want to know what you want," I'd reply. To this she would simply scowl at me and wave me off. She wanted everyone in the family to be happy and that made her happy. If only some of her selflessness could rub off on everyone, our society would be a much nicer place to live.- I guess I have a lot to say about Granny. Please read the next post to continue.

May 20 at 8:18 AM



Memories only last if you share them

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