**Pamela Blatt’s Eulogy for Mavis Blatt**

Mavis….

For us, it was May or Mom

For her, I was Pamie or her daughter

Together with Daddy we were – we are the “Blatt’s”

And as so written and chosen for the grave-stone before us; “Strength is Family, Past and Present

From the moment we met May more than 50 years ago, she became a part of us, and we a part of her.

Daddy’s only words before the first introduction were simple🡪

“You don’t have to love her, but you must respect her”

But from that first moment, the feeling of love started to bloom. We were welcomed with open arms and May’s special spaghetti sauce…. Both parents knowing the way to our hearts always started for the best times through our stomachs.

In those first few years, Daddy and May picked us up every Sunday. And after a quick hamburger lunch at “Gino’s”; we always did an “activity”.
An adventure walk in nature or a ride on their small motor-bike, or a quiz about science or discoveries…. Something always a combination of mind and body.

And then after 4 years, Dad had the opportunity to work and live in The Netherlands…. Giving us the choice to move-in with them and experience life in Europe.

And all of the sudden, May became mother of three while also being 7-months pregnant with Billy.

Karen and I chose to live with them in their house in the town of Breda… a very quaint city in the southern part of Holland.
Brother David returned back to our Mother Lillian near Boston after the first summer to start High School and follow his professional basketball dreams and later career.

We were blessed after just 2 months of our arrival in Breda, with the birth of our beloved Brother Billy.

And all of the sudden, he had 3 Mothers, holding him, bathing him, changing him, proudly pushing his stroller around the town or carrying him in our arms. The cutest baby ever !!!

The four years that May, Daddy and Billy were in Europe brought us all so close together…

We grew as individuals, we explored the wonders of the continent and most importantly we spent time as a family, discovering each other’s characters, likes and dislikes, tempers sometimes flaring (and as Karen has already mentioned, we weren’t the easiest of teenagers to live with!).

But May always remained calm, cool and collected; everything organized well in advance… and offering wise words to help us put the situations in perspective. Her shoulder was always there to cry-on or to lend a listening ear.

Leaving me behind in Holland to pursue my own life’s dreams (my choice, and my home still today); Dad and May went back to the US, and settled in Topsfield, Mass🡪 where Billy grew and blossomed in a loving family. With all of us frequently visiting and enjoying both the good and the bad that life has to offer.

The Blatt home always has an invisible sign above the door stating “The shit stops here”; which meant whatever problems or challenges we had as we walked in the door, they were free game an openly discussed, different perspectives and resolutions offered and before leaving we always seemed to have a plan or an answer which we collectively designed to help us further along the way.

Dinners were always a lively event, sharing of opinions, world events, a non-stop dialogue where everyone participates.
May carefully listening and just at the right moment offering her English dry but extremely funny sense of humor to calm us down and focus on the problem not the symptom.

When Dad retired in 1991 and Billy chose the University of Arizona, the decision to move to Tucson was made. With all of us kids scattered; Karen in Boston, David in Israel and myself in Holland; we now also had a new home-base in this gorgeous part of the world.
And May always welcoming us with her wonderful smile and warm arms.

Tucson was a continued base of the true love that May and Daddy had for each-other.
A cemented bond that allowed for individual strength, true friends and solid family.

May was a beautiful woman inside and out; she had a strong will, a soft and passionate heart and she loved us as her own.

We have been blessed with her grace, her humor, her wisdom, her faith in us to make the right decisions in life and where needed, always offering her support.

She made our father the happiest man in the world, and they had a sacred and wonderful life together.

We had the last weeks of her life at home here in Tucson, all of us together as a family surrounding her as she so wanted.
We laughed, we cried, shared stories, re-lived so many memories and adventures … We were even granted the time to light the candles on all 8 nights of Chanukah and celebrate Christmas Day together.
We were able to thank her, tell her how much we loved her, appreciated her and valued the wonderful woman and mother she was.

We lay her here to rest in peace, reciting again in May’s own wise words which we still follow to a tee;
“Life is not a Dress-rehearsal”

…. And we hand you back to Daddy with all our love and with the knowledge that you are now re-united.