



Maria Cecelia Jennings

December 23, 1937 - November 16, 2018

Maria Cecelia Jennings, 80, of Estero, FL, passed away on Friday, November 16, 2018. Formerly of Clifton Park, NY, she had been a Florida resident for the past 35 years. She was born on December 23, 1937 in Newark, NJ, the daughter of Anthony Frederick and Madeline Elizabeth (nee Monica) DePalma.

Maria received her B.S. in Primary Education from Newark State Teachers College. After her marriage to Alfred Seale and relocation to Clifton Park, New York, she established Merry Court Nursery School. While raising her three sons, she earned a Masters in Education.

Maria was involved in several organizations and was influential in establishing the Clifton Park YMCA.

Mrs. Jennings is survived by her sons, Anthony (Connie) Seale, of New Port Richey, FL, David (Kelly) Seale of Wampsville, NY, and Michael (Melissa) Seale of Lake George, NY; her loving sister Monica (Louis) DiFazio of Naples, FL; seven grandchildren, Anthony, Megan, Emily, Joseph, Dylan, Prysilla and Michael; her nephew and niece, Dr. Louis (Gina), and Monica (Robert) Azzolino.

She was preceded in death by husbands, Alfred Seale and Daniel Jennings.

Funeral Services will be held in Gate Of Heaven Cemetery and Mausoleum in East Hanover, NJ at a later date to be announced.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests that memorial contributions be made to St Jude Children's Research Hospital, www.stjude.org.

Arrangements are being handled by Shikany's Bonita Funeral Home - Family Owned Since 1978.

Tribute Wall



“ *Maria Cecelia Jennings*

October 09, 2023 at 03:40 AM



“ *Maria I will forever miss you, alway thinking of you everyday !*

Sand - December 30, 2018 at 08:33 AM



June 5 2020 I say a prayer everyday for you..so missed

Sand - June 05, 2020 at 01:50 PM

VC

“ *But what was Maria really like? Maria was a kind and gentle woman who grew up in a household with a very caring mother who tried to protect her from all of the obstacles she would face in her adult life. Maria found that after she graduated college she entered a world of solitude mostly and she grew very lonely. After Graduation all the students would go off into different directions without ever contacting the friends or relationships they had developed in college. Maria had mentioned that she never heard from any of her elementary; high school, or neighborhood friends that she grew up with either.*

But Maria was quite a woman. If I had married Maria the first time around, my asset value today would be about double. Maria could make large amounts of money in chunks. She was very adept in the business world as well as that of scholastics. During any conversation Maria was always on the same page as the speaker. It was never necessary to repeat anything to her. Discussing any problem with Maria would always produce an intelligent response and she would help in the solution or resolution of it. Another thing about Maria is that she knew how to love a man. When Maria fell in love with a man, the relationship would be complete. Maria always tried to make everyone in her life happy. Maria did things like this with her family and any friend that she ever had.

Now Maria can rest in peace in for all eternity; Born 12/23/1937; DOD 11/14/2018.

VEETZ...

Vito Corcia - December 18, 2018 at 11:26 AM

“ I first met Maria in September, 1949 when we attended 7th Grade elementary school classes at Lincoln Avenue School in Orange, New Jersey. I sat by the windows of the class in the first row and Maria sat in the far left row as you entered the classroom under the old oak clock. That old clock hung on the wall and ticked away the time of the day which could be heard in the entire classroom.

While at Lincoln Avenue School it was our first encounter with the changing of classes in our instructions. Mrs. Van Riper taught us English in her room; Mrs. Brunz taught us math in her room; and Mrs. Smith taught us English and history in our Home Room. We attended classes at Lincoln Avenue School from 1949 to 1950.

From there we went to Central School on Main Street for our 8th Grade classes in preparation for our High School classes. We changed classes at Central School too. Upon graduation from Central School in 1951 we then attended classes in furtherance of our education at Orange High School. We all graduated from OHS in 1955. From 1949 to 1955 Maria and I had exchanged about 125 words such as “Hi Maria” then her response “Hi” and that is all. So I never did hear Maria’s voice during all that time.

Then one day I got an E-Mail from Maria via Classmates. This happened about five years ago and after we had not seen nor heard from each other for about sixty-five years. She asked if I remembered her. So I responded in kind and returned a note to her how I remembered her sitting under that old oak clock at Lincoln Avenue School. Maria marveled at my memory of her. Shortly thereafter Maria began calling me up on the telephone and discussing old times. Well as ironic as it could be in all those prior years in school with Maria I hardly ever heard the sound of her voice. But now after sixty-five years she could not shut up at all. Her conversations went on in a steady stream of her daily activities in the most intricate of detail. Then I would call Maria back and engage her in conversation again for the next series of events that took up her day.

Eventually Maria got to tell me her innermost feelings and very personal events which had become her emotional disturbances. I told Maria a few times that she telling me things that really bothered her as though I was her husband. Maria replied that she knew that but she could not help herself because she had finally found someone who would listen to her. Maria held a great deal of grief inside. Maria mentioned that no one was ever interested in the details of her shortcomings not even her own sister. In fact Maria's sister always refused to sit down and listen to Maria reiterate all the mistakes she had made in her lifetime or anything about her emotional disturbances. In response to this topic Maria was told that nobody wants to listen to anyone's tale of woe because that type of conversation is boring and difficult for any listener to comprehend. Maria was also told that anyone who would listen to a story of all her mistakes in life would have past problems of their own to discuss.

Maria totally understood my point in this discussion but she still cried a lot during her long winded and streaming details all about her loneliness in the world. Maria could explain in intricate detail how her two marriages destroyed almost all of her assets. Neither of her two husbands really appreciated Maria at all. Maria wanted to mend the relationships of her three boys but none of them were interested at all. This broke Maria's heart. Maria tried to have all of her family together in her room before she left this world. But it was not to be simply because her entire family would not cooperate.

Vito Corcia - December 18, 2018 at 11:24 AM

VC

“*Maria: When I first met you at Lincoln Avenue School, I never heard the sound of your voice. One day you sent me a note via Classmates and asked if I remembered you. My reply to you was simply that you sat in the first row in home room class under the oak clock.*

Your reply was how you marveled at my memories of you. This is how our relationship took off and we communicated by phone for the next four years or more. While we were in school together I would say hello to you and you would only say hello back. But in all this time from 1949 to 1955 I hardly ever heard you say more than that to me. We never got into any type of conversation at all so I only knew what you looked like but nothing else.

However, after we began to communicate over the phone, I could hardly get a word in edgewise with you. You certainly made up for all those seven years of being so quiet in the classrooms and, most of all, with me. Our conversations were very interesting. It was never necessary to repeat anything that was said to you. You were always on the same page with me whenever we spoke. All your responses during any conversation were filled to capacity with detail.

It was easy to stay with you until the very end. I always enjoyed speaking with you on any topic. But now all your troubles are over and will never return. All your pain; agony; and sorrow are gone forever. When you called me on 16 November 2018, I could not understand what you were saying. So I asked you to go to sleep and rest. Your reply was "Yes Vito; I will now go to sleep".

I will never forget you Maria; not ever.

Vito Corcia - December 07, 2018 at 12:54 PM