



Rita May Taylor

May 23, 1934 - June 25, 2024

TAYLOR, Rita May. Age 90. June 25, 2024.

Loving mother of Cindy (Gary) Romanow, Ann Marie (Ed) Land, Marian Sproviero, Russ (Mary) McClarren, Theresa Matusick and Leon (Cindy) McClarren. Grandmother of 12. Great-Grandmother of 20 and Great-great Grandmother of 2. Rita was Real Estate Agent as well as Mary Kay Representative for 10 years. Rita was also a talented seamstress, and able to make much of her own clothing including suits and dresses. Visitation 9:30 am with a Memorial Mass at 10:00am on August 10, 2024 at St. Jane Frances de Chantal Catholic Church, (38750 Ryan Rd, Sterling Heights, MI 48310). Interment Christian Memorial Cultural Center. Donations preferred to Right to Life of Michigan. Please share memories with the family at their "On-Line Guest Book" @ WujekCalcaterra.com.

Tribute Wall

AF

“ I have lots of memories of you from long ago. I wish I could have seen you one last time. You are the very last 1st cousin that I had left.now that I am back in Michigan. I have planned my own funeral and will be with my mother Hazel Gorog and grandma Renaud and many other relatives at Our Lady Of Hope. Remember all the times we were at the lake with Father Page and you and your children. Test in peace love you. Your cousin Anailia Ficek

anailia ficek - August 26, 2024 at 07:46 PM

TM

“ 3 files added to the album RITA TAYLOR



Theresa Matusick - July 12, 2024 at 01:04 AM

“ God knows! Hey came across this letter I penned on mom's 84 birthday. Hope you like it: My 84 year old mother has macular degeneration. She was diagnosed at 60 and was legally blind at 70. Mother held many occupations, and worked as a seamstress, cake decorating, Mary Kay, besides holding down a full time job and keeping a roof over her six kids. She would drop whatever she was doing to give us a ride or pick us up. Mom wasn't into school or parent teacher conferences. She did make many of my Track meets, or my brothers football games. My mom wasn't your perfect mom. She made mistakes, and asked forgiveness. I think that was one of the first and best lessons I learned from mom: to be able to forgive someone you love who has hurt you. It's not hard to forgive or ignore hurt from a stranger or acquaintance. Forgiveness for a friend or family is harder because when they wound you the heart bleeds. Gods forgiveness is like that, when I sin it wounds deep, once I acknowledge my error and ask forgiveness sincerely he forgives me. Mother taught me to forgive and to be forgiven. She also taught about Gods love. Even though she had six kids, she loved each of us like we were her one and only. She made each of us feel like her favorite. God love each of us so much he sent his son to die for our sins. God loves each of us as much as we are capable to receive his love. St Teresa was asked how much does God love us. She got out different size water glasses and filled each to the brim. God loves us like that not the same amount, yet the same quality as much as each vessel will hold. Thus goes the saying for the grace of God there go I .

Anyway I was just thinking about my mom and how every gift and everything she did required eyesight. Now that's been taken away. She has adjusted with the help of my siblings. She sings amazing grace I once could see but now I'm blind and chuckles, she still tries to do what she can, and my sisters are with her to get her out. She listens to her books from the library of the blind. I call her almost everyday 3:00 my time and 6:00 her time to say our evening prayers. I'm usually her last phone call of the day. I'm so blessed to be able to pray with mom and tuck her in at say goodnight. I'm going to miss it one day. That day is today miss you mumma love

Theresa

Theresa Matusick - July 12, 2024 at 01:00 AM

TM

“ Dear Rita,

You are personally invited to the White House for a State Dinner hosted by The President of The United States.

The Whitehouse belongs to everyone. Few are chosen to visit enjoying a state dinner. Please bring your invitation with you as it is yours alone. The name on the invitation will match the name in the guest book.

You may not have known it, you have been preparing for this Galla your whole life. First you will need to cleanse wash shower. The water is special water from the finest purest stream called the blood of the Lamb. This water cleanses all the hurt caused by others, all the hurt you May have caused to others, all your mistakes. This mystical water washes away any trace of sin into the sea of forgetfulness. It rejuvenates your body and soul transforms you to your best self, making you whole and perfect. You are given your youth and strength according to the amount of forgiveness you gave to others. Now that you are pure and cleansed you pass through another door:

To make you even more presentable your hair and nails must be detailed cut cleaned polished according to all your acts of charity. The more charity the finer the coffuier / hairstyle.

Now that your washed, hair and nails completely done you are in a pure white dressing gown. As you enter the dressing room hanging next to the mirror is the most beautiful dress you have ever seen. It had to be made by the best designer ever! You step into it the attendant helps you, it's a perfect fit, made just for you. You can hardly believe it's you in the mirror, you skin is radiant, the gown reflects a glow, you are beautiful. You look heavenly. Your excitement fills you as you ask the attendant "who made this dress"? She replies "Made by Rita." "Me?" "You question "I made the dress?" "Yes," she says "every prayer you ever said was a sequin or a bead, every prayer for others is a jewel or button or clasp, every act of love and kindness is a thread of the finest silk. Rita you are wearing your life's work of love."

Now my child you can't go out without a cape or wrap. Here is your wrap my dear; it's gorgeous made from all your good works service

to others will keep you warm. Next is your jewelry and of course your Tiara. Your Tiara is made from the communions you received. Your crown marks you United with Christ our King. Now you are completely pure and dressed ready to be received at the dinner. You arrive feeling apprehensive, fearful, anxious, excited. "I don't know anyone, what will I say, who will I talk to, what table will I sit at and with who?" In the atrium you hear the most beautiful music, the aroma of the fresh flowers, the fragrance is indescribable, everything is so beautiful and calming. Your feeling nervous about so many strangers alone in a big crowd, you hand the doorkeeper your invitation he checks the guestbook there's your name! You walk through the atrium you are standing at the top of the stairway as they announced your name for entrance. The crowd turns quietly to acknowledge you. The Senator's turn into every Saint you ever share devotional love, the heads of state and other guests are people who you prayed for and never met, the servants and attendants are really angels.

You are in awe. You can't move as you realize this isn't the Whitehouse at all. Suddenly the Queen of Heaven is at the foot of the stairs she motions to you to take her arm, still stunned and in awe you find yourself being escorted by the Blessed Mother Mary. She's walking you to the throne of the one true Holy God CHRIST THE KING with the HOLY SPIRIT descending and filling up the room. You bow and curtsy before our Majesty. Christ rises takes your arm from his mother. He escorts you to a place at the table he has prepared for you. Wow this is too wonderful for words. The table where you are seated with everyone you ever loved and all who loved you. You are not alone. The conversation is all singing and praising our glory.

Theresa Matusick - July 12, 2024 at 12:52 AM