



Anna-Mae Fedina Maglaty

WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE BY MICHELLE MAGLATY MOSTELLO

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“To whom much is given, much is expected.”

As my children can well attest, my mother often repeated this line to those in her care. It served as a challenge, a guideline, and a rubric for evaluating one’s choices. It is a fitting statement from a devoted educator, wife, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, and I believe it is a fitting summary of my mother’s life.

Anna-Mae Fedina was born into a family of great affection and humble means. She dearly loved, and was dearly loved by her parents and younger brother, Henry. From an early age, my Babci recognized in my mother a great intellect and a deeply-rooted motivation. Mom loved books. She would sneak into the bathroom of their home on Huyshope Avenue late at night to continue reading. A pillow and blanket was placed in the cast iron footed tub to make a cozy nest. Of course, she was always found out and chastised. Babci accepted her passion and was determined to provide my mother with the education she yearned for. With funds she scraped together and a scholarship from the Ladies Guild, Mom was able to attend Mount St. Joseph Academy. She thrived, and upon graduation with more scholarship funds, attended Regis College as a Chemistry major on a pre-med track.

But of course, you make plans and God laughs. He had another path set out for my mother, one that would include a life filled with more love and laughter than she had ever imagined. His name is Louis J. Maglaty. She was at a family function, glanced out the window and saw a young man with blond hair running across the street. He took her breath away. She quietly said, “I’m going to marry that boy.” And she did. The love she shared with my father in their 65 year marriage is a model we aspire to. That love never wavered to the very end.

Mom was a young mother but always knew how to encourage and find the best in her children. For Joe and me, in the chaos of life, Mom was the quiet at the center of the storm, the anchor of our life, the safe harbor to which we always returned.

Mom’s education and career plans were changed, but her love of learning and service would not be deterred. In the midst of raising a young family, she finished college and accepted a position as an elementary school teacher. Thus began a lifelong career in

education. My mother *loved* teaching. She was every student's champion, and committed to expecting more out of them than they expected of themselves. Under her tutelage, they always seemed to rise to the occasion. Mom would go on to become town-wide reading specialist, continuing in that role by the town's request after her retirement. Even after decades of teaching, we could scarcely open a newspaper without seeing a name she recognized. The retelling of a student's life story would ensue. Mom had a legendary and enviable memory.

On the subject of her retirement, my mother left her career at a relatively early age so that she could be an active presence in her grandchildren's lives. For my own children, she was nearly a third parent, and a formative part of their lives. She passed on her love for reading, playing Rummy, lazy beach days, ice cream sodas, and travel.

Mom's active presence continued as she became a great-grandparent. The first trip my granddaughter, Samara, made as a month-old infant was to West Hartford to meet Mimi and Grandpa Lou. There was no greater joy than the meeting of each great-grandchild.

Mom also inspired us by her humanity and social conscience. She was devoted to Polish culture and was a lifelong benefactor to the Polish charities in Greater Hartford. She never forgot the scholarships she received. She worked for years on scholarship committees, vowing to do whatever she could to enable others to fulfill their academic dreams.

As my mother's health faded in these last few years, she still remained an active and passionate force for the causes she had dedicated her life to. In reflecting on her life to put this remembrance together, I've been overcome with how much she accomplished, how many lives she touched, and the void her passing will create. My mother was blessed with many gifts - intelligence, fortitude, diligence - and she used them in the service of others and to the causes she so deeply cared for: family, education, her Catholic faith, heritage.

"To whom much is given, much is expected."

I think that's right, and Mom, I know you surpassed even your own expectations. I love you, and I miss you. We all do.



Lou and Anna-Mae –In tribute to the essence of a life of love and devotion to one another.

