



Beverly Jane Tassone

September 28, 1938 - September 8, 2019

Beverly Jane Tassone (Hill) passed away September 8, 2019 surrounded by family. She was born on September 29, 1938 in Rhinebeck, New York. Bev served as a nurse in the U.S. Army, then later at Sierra Nevada Memorial Hospital. Her hobbies included knitting, sewing, baking, and canning, which she shared with family, friends, and her community. Lucky you, if you have one of her beautiful hand knit baby sweaters or tasted her wonderful Christopsomo bread! Bev loved to volunteer at local organizations and was a passionate advocate for others. She will always be remembered for her perseverance, feistiness, and strength. Bev is survived by her six children: Louie (Wendy), Marilyn (Dave), Angela (David), Antonina (Galen), Francis (Dawn) and Margaret (Chad); Grandchildren: Graham, Drake, Colby, Blake, Brooke, Frank, Joseph, Alexis, Ava and Ethan; Great grandchildren: Asher and Odin. She was preceded in death by husband Louis, son-in-law David Deatrick (Angela), and other family members. We express our sincere gratitude to those who provided care and friendship to Bev. Those who desire may make a donation in Bev's memory to FREED Center for Independent Living in Grass Valley.

There will be a memorial mass in Grass Valley at Saint Patrick's Catholic Church on Saturday, September 14, at 10:30am. Reception to follow at Gold Miners Inn.

Tribute Wall

“ Words for Beverly
by Graham Brown (Bev’s oldest grandchild)

I knew a woman named Beverly. Some of you knew her as Bev. I actually met her before I can remember. When I met her, everyone I knew called her mom, which was strange to me because I already knew someone called mom. Whenever I called Beverly “mom” people laughed and I could tell it wasn’t quite the right thing to call her. So, I listened when they told me I was supposed to call her Grandma.

In Grandma, I knew a woman who, for as long as I can remember, moved through the world in a very different way than anybody else. I knew a woman who, in spite of her limited mobility, chose to live in a house on a slope which must have had 30 steps down to the front door.

I knew a woman who, in spite of the full use of only one arm and one leg, drove her car; she drove it in spite of protests from her family. And not only that, she drove her car down a driveway to that house; a driveway which is probably not as steep in reality as it is in my memory, but I remember clearly that it was definitely too steep to skate down.

I knew a woman who, in spite of others’ expectations, dyed her hair bright red and pierced her nose. Which for some reason, even as a young boy garnered my respect.

I knew a woman who in spite of the extra effort it required for her, made her way into an office to work. I often heard about FREED in relation to her. I didn’t understand it at the time, but it makes sense in retrospect. She was not only a woman who refused to give up on her own fight for independence and self-determination, but also a staunch advocate for others, including those in the same struggle.

I knew a woman who always had a few quarters for the arcade at the pizza parlor. “What else are grandmas good for?” she’d say. I

suspected there was a better answer to her question than “Christmas presents too,” but I thought that it might be one of those things that was “rude to say,” even in a joking way. Luckily, I learned later that her question was a rhetorical one. So it was actually ok that I didn’t have an answer.

I knew a woman who some people would describe as difficult, stubborn, fierce, determined, tenacious, and courageous. I knew a woman who was exactly who she needed to be to maintain her identity through the circumstances she suffered.

I knew a woman who, for years, in spite of the damage caused by her stroke, lived a relatively independent life with dignity and her humor intact. I sincerely hope she was proud of that; she deserved to be.

I knew a woman who must have struggled far more than she showed, and who had the persistence to keep trying past the point of failure, maybe to a fault.

I knew a woman who up until the very end did not know how to quit. How could we expect any different from her?

I knew a woman who, for as long as I could remember, had difficulty moving through the world, but who in my mind, was always defined more by what she did in spite of those difficulties than the difficulties themselves.

I know a woman I will remember.

I want to thank this woman for showing us how someone might live with dignity and humor in spite of the improbable challenges of life.

Thank you, Grandma Bev.

Graham Brown, from Beverly’s Memorial Gathering, 9/14/19.

Marilyn Landry - September 17, 2019 at 12:55 AM

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Marilyn Landry - September 17, 2019 at 12:51 AM

MA

“ 1 file added to the album *Bev at FREED*



marilynlandry - September 12, 2019 at 08:28 PM

MA

“ 3 files added to the album *Bev Memories*



marilynlandry - September 12, 2019 at 08:27 PM

MA

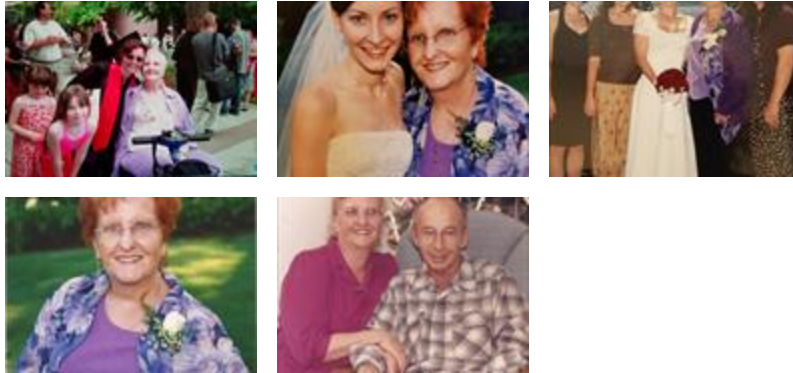
“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



marilynlandry - September 11, 2019 at 08:01 PM

MA

“ 19 files added to the album *Bev Memories*



marilynlandry - September 11, 2019 at 07:19 PM

MA

“ 1 file added to the album *Bev Memories*



marilynlandry - September 11, 2019 at 02:44 PM