



Linda C. Amatrudo

May 23, 2017

Linda C. Amatrudo of Roslyn, NY on May 23, 2017 in her 76th year. Visitation Friday 5-9PM at the Roslyn Heights Funeral Home 75 Mineola Ave. Roslyn Heights, NY. Funeral Mass Saturday 9:30AM at St. Mary's RC Church Manhasset, NY. Interment to follow at Nassau Knolls Cemetery Port Washington, NY.

"If you would like to give something in Linda's memory, the family would prefer donations to the organizations listed below in lieu of flowers. Thank you."

Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center (MSK)

P.O. Box 5028 Hagerstown MD 21741 www.Giving.MSKCC.org

or

Hope Lodge Jerome L. Green Family Center

132 West 32nd Street NY, NY 10001

212-492-8405 email: mady.schuman@cancer.org

Cemetery Details

Nassau Knolls Cemetery

500 Port Washington Blvd
Port Washington, NY 11050-4295
(516) 944-8530

Previous Events

Visitation

MAY 26. 5:00 PM - 9:00 PM (ET)

Roslyn Heights Funeral Home
75 Mineola Ave
Roslyn Heights, NY 11577
(516) 621-4545
roslynheightsfh@gmail.com
<https://RoslynHeightsFH.com>

Funeral Mass

MAY 27. 9:30 AM - 10:15 AM (ET)

St. Mary's RC Church (Manhasset)
1300 Northern Blvd
Manhasset, NY 11030

Tribute Wall



“ Roslyn Heights Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Linda C. Amatrudo



Roslyn Heights Funeral Home - May 25, 2017 at 04:32 PM



“ Linda C. Amatrudo

November 16, 2022 at 07:31 PM



“ *It was 54 years ago that I walked into Linda Caccavo's homeroom class in Fort Hamilton High School, a 16 year old wide-eyed student never before inside a public school. I think it was Linda's first year as a teacher, and had she not been standing in the front of the room it would have been difficult to discern that she was not one of us. And that is the way she conducted herself and her class for the rest of that year, as one of us, a style that brought together a disparate bunch of odd and rowdy kids and shaped us into a group of decent people. I do not think there was anyone in that class who left it at the end of the year less than grateful for having known her.*

Last time I saw her--late 70's probably--she was married to Frank Amatrudo and had two young sons about the same age as mine. Though I heard from her only once since then--a congratulatory note when I did some TV I think--I've always been comforted by the thought that she was someplace in Rosalyn, that she was someplace at all. It was a shock just now to google her name and come up with an obit. I'm sorry. But I can comfort myself with that she was, even if she is no longer.

Goodbye Miss Caccavo.

Joe Bruno

Norwalk CT

Joe Bruno - October 06, 2017 at 03:17 AM

“ *She tried new things up until the very end.*

Even though she was afraid of big dogs most of her life, she opened her arms and heart to my Murphy at age 62, and quickly grew to love him and Bubba soon after really as her first grandchildren, who taught her that you can teach an old doggie new tricks.

She loved Broadway shows, movies, and tv shows on a wide range of topics and styles, as long as there was not a lot of violence—I’d often tell her, “I think you’ll enjoy this, but not sure about Dad or Aunt Gloria—probably a little too racy.”

She LOVED music—from the Beatles in her youth to artists that released their debut albums in the last year or two—she would eagerly await the next mix of current music my wife Kathryn would make her, and I’m sure she enjoyed the one playing last night. Her dying day she asked me to pump up the volume of Kaleo as we had a little dance party in the ICU.

After being inspired by a documentary about his early days of basketball, she became a LeBron fan a few years back, and thus a Heat fan, and now a Cavs fan—her passion inspired my Dad and Aunt Gloria, and even me to start rooting for them.

She eagerly learned how to use a computer, digital camera, email, texting and an iphone in recent years.

She travelled as much as she could, across the country and all over Europe, relishing in meeting new people and seeing new places, and enjoying being the only person in her tour group to hop on a camel.

I’d be remiss if I didn’t say what a legendary English teacher she was—her friends here from Van Buren would know better than I how she was in the classroom, though of course I credit my writing ability to her, and think I have a pretty good idea how great she was from how she taught us at home. Steve and I often heard stories through the years about how other teachers would use her lesson plans and how loved she was there by students and faculty alike. But more importantly than what she taught them about Shakespeare or Salinger, I know she touched the lives of so many of her students, as Alan can testify to perhaps better than anyone- she loved you like a son- and inspired them to be good people and to approach life with the curiosity and wonder and appreciation that she always did.

Another one of my mom’s favorite quotes posted in our kitchen, from Shakespeare, is, “There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.” Mom, I don’t know if you’re looking down on us from above or your positive energy is all around us, but I do know we were so lucky to have you for the time we did, that you made us be and want to be better people, that you’ll always be in our hearts and minds, and that we will pass down all you taught us to our children and their children. And so on this Memorial Day, dubbed by my son Leo as “Remember Nana and Murphy Day,” let us grieve her loss, be thankful for all she gave us, be inspired by the person she was, and celebrate her life.

“and your love for and devotion to her has always been unwavering. I know our wives appreciate what a role model you have been for me and Steve. Aunt Gloria and Steve, you’ve always been right by her side whether at our house or on the phone, making her laugh, listening to her, and helping to give her strength to get through what she did. Mark, Brian, Gerry and Jim, we can’t thank you enough for all you’ve done for them. Caitlin, you were there giving us invaluable medical advice right up until the end Blossom, Beth, Josmana and all the other nurses and caregivers from Catholic Home Care, and all her doctors at Sloan, helped extend her life longer than the odds predicted, and helped her be as comfortable and well-cared for as possible under very difficult circumstances. She always had a sunny disposition, always smiling and laughing and looking on the bright side of life even on her last day. We had a good laugh last week when I had to explain to a doctor that the reason one side of the sonogram was coming up cloudy was that there was no lung there—she could not believe she was not on oxygen. “How can you walk or make it up stairs?” she asked. “I manage” my mom said with a smile. After spending Tuesday in shambles and worrying how I was going to pull myself together, I woke up Wednesday and thought, mom held it together so well for so long for us-- we can do this. After all, I’ve got 2 lungs, not even one type of cancer, and the best mom a person could ask for to inspire me. Her courage and self-sacrifice and generosity are only some of the many ways my mom is inspirational. She loved Neil Young’s Heart of Gold-- we were singing it together last week in the hospital—in which he sings that he keeps searching for a heart of gold, but he’s growing old, meaning he can’t find it. Steve and I did not have to search at all—we couldn’t be luckier to have her and our dad as our parents. They gave us everything we needed and then some, but did not spoil us (that was Nana’s job). To say she had a positive impact on our lives or made lots of sacrifices for us would be an even bigger understatement than saying she was brave. She stayed home to raise us, to teach us how to read and write, and teach us how to be good people, both by word and more powerfully by example. She scrimped and saved for us while buying very little for herself. These past few days we keep asking, how would mom have wanted it? It’s become clear to me that asking what mom would do- or what Linda would do- is a pretty good way to live your life. Honesty was always paramount with her. “Oh what a tangled web we weave when at first we practice to deceive” from Sir Walter Scott is one of her favorite quotes, which hangs in my parents’ kitchen. Perhaps most importantly I think Father Jiha would agree, she always treated everyone as she would like to be treated-- with kindness, respect, eagerness to help however she could, and class.

My most eloquent friend, Fred, put it beautifully: “Grace—this is the word that comes to mind when I think of your mother. It was evident in how she treated me and in the very tone of her voice. It was present, too, in how she dealt with the afflictions that she should not have had to bear. Grace is a quality that is hard to describe and even harder to find. It is a certain balance of soul, a blessed poise amid the world’s folly. It is a gentle and noble nature.” Clearly he knew my mom well.

But maybe my favorite thing that she taught us is to always keep an open mind about everything. And she lived this quality even more than she said it. Oscar Wilde wrote, "The tragedy of old age is not that one is old, but that one is young." I interpret this to mean essentially that life is short, and although our bodies grow old, our hearts and minds may still be young and wanting to see and experience the world. If anyone can be said to be young at heart, it was my mom. Perhaps this is why she loved children so much—and animals. (Continued)

Vince - July 26, 2017 at 06:58 PM

“ Thank you all for coming-- I saw a lot of friendly faces last night and here today-- a lot of people I know love my mom and who my mom loved very much. She touched so many lives. It means a lot to us that you are joining us today in remembrance of such a truly amazing woman— our mother, nana, wife, sister, mother in law, aunt, great aunt, cousin, teacher, and friend.

It is actually quite fitting that it is Memorial Day weekend, for those who know her well and what she went through these last years know that she truly was a soldier-- a soldier who fought for life til the very end— so that she could be with me and Steve and Dad and Aunt Gloria and all of you here today.

So that she could celebrate our life events with us—I’m sure most of you have heard the stories of her making my college graduation shortly after her first lung cancer surgery, which was no small feat. She needed the assistance of a wheel chair for some of it, but there was nothing that could stop her from being there for me, beaming with pride.

I saw this same joyful expression on her face at Steve and Caitlin’s baby shower and Christening of Juliana.

She fought so she could go to Broadway shows—she must have attended hundreds-- and concerts and movies and Oscar parties and watch basketball games and enjoy the holy peacefulness of Catholic mass and take Murphy and Bubba for long walks and tour the scenic lighthouses of Cape Cod. I don’t think I’ve met anyone with a lust for life like hers.

Perhaps most strongly she fought so that she could become a Nana and shower Leo, Charlie, and Juliana with her love—and of course, with lots of toys and treats. So that she could feed them bottles, play and be silly with them, read to them, and, like my Nana before her, give them as much as she possibly could. Some of our fondest memories are of her laughing with Leo as he doused Papa with water from the hose in our backyard, or with Charlie or Juliana as they made a mess at the dinner table. She loved taking them for Yolo froyo—because of Charlie’s milk allergy she made sure to find a place that has dairy-free so that he would not be left out.

The last couple of years were her toughest, yet she made it to Leo’s 4th birthday, Greg’s wedding, Mitchell’s Bar Mitzvah, and I’m sure I’m missing others since frankly it was always difficult for me to keep up with her social schedule. She was so sad she couldn’t make Tina’s graduation last week—it’s amazing she was actually considering attending. I’m so happy we were able to spend mother’s day weekend with her a couple of weeks ago—although I knew she wasn’t feeling well, she hid it well, and just as she was on a mission to make my graduation, she was on a mission to get Leo a bike for his 5th birthday, and so she did. I can still see the smile on her face as he went racing with me down Ridge Drive West. Indeed her last words were to have us send gifts to the children, but really it was her love that she wanted to give them, and all of us, and gave it she did, by the bucketful.

To say she was brave would be an understatement. Most people would have given up years before she did. And her body paid no small sacrifice to weather

the battles she did. But she never showed even a hint of fear, and never complained about the pain she was in or mountains she had to climb. But that doesn't mean she didn't have help—every soldier has an army supporting them. Dad you gave everything you had to take care of her and made sure she was in the best care possible, schlepping her back and forth to Manhattan almost every day at times, battling traffic on the LIE and Grand Central, taking her to countless other doctors, getting her whatever she needed to be as comfortable as she could be—you were basically running an infirmary out of our house, (Continued)

Vince - July 26, 2017 at 06:56 PM

TB

“ A beautiful tribute to a beautiful lady. I am honored to say I was your friend. We enjoyed many great times together, lots of laughs, many July 4ths and New Years Eves. We saw our sons grow and mature to be very successful , fine men and loving fathers. We shared numerous stories of our precious grandchildren. Linda was so enthralled with them. Linda, you fought a great battle. I am confident that your pain and suffering are gone and you are at peace. You will be missed but never forgotten. Frank, Vincent, and Steven who were all blessed to have been in Linda's life, you were her life. Love Teddy & Mario

Teddy Boffa - May 26, 2017 at 05:44 PM



“ Sentiments of Serenity Spray was purchased for the family of Linda C. Amatrudo .



May 26, 2017 at 09:01 AM



“ Heavenly Heights Bouquet was purchased for the family of Linda C. Amatrudo .



May 24, 2017 at 09:23 AM

AH

“ My sincere condolences go out to Linda's family. I will always remember the dinners we shared with Barbara T., Barbara Y. Nora T. and Peggy F. Linda always had us laughing until we cried! Rest in Peace, Linda. You will be missed
~Andrea Hill

Andrea Hill - May 24, 2017 at 07:48 AM

GJ

“ REST IN PEACE LINDA. GOD BLESS YOUR BEAUTIFUL FAMILY YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WITH THEM. JOHN AND GEORGEANN

georgean john - May 23, 2017 at 06:33 PM