



## Barbara Marie McCann

November 21, 2015

Barbara Marie Van Tassell McCann 83, of St.Petersburg, FL, passed away on November 21. 2015.

Born in Brooklyn, NY, she moved to Farmingdale, NY where she attended 1st grade through High School.

She attended Plattsburg College of Nursing and did her training at Albany Medical Center, where she met her future husband.

She was married in 1953, and moved to Albany, NY.

She moved to Niskayuna, NY in 1956, then to St. Petersburg, FL in 1966, where she remained until her passing.

She worked at Mound Park Hospital (Bayfront Medical) as a CNA, at Suncoast Medical Center as the purchasing agent for medical supplies for Dr. Hood & Associates, and as a secretary for St. Luke's United Methodist Church.

She then co-owned her own medical transcription company with two of her daughters.

She is survived by her husband, Vincent, four children, Deborah, Barbara, Judy and Paul (all of St. Petersburg, FL, seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held at 11 a.m. December 5, 2015 at St. Luke's United Methodist Church, 4444-5th Ave N, St. Petersburg, FL, 33713.

In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be made by mail or in person to St. Luke's United Methodist Church.



# Tribute Wall



“ *The family of Barbara Marie McCann uploaded a photo*

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August 19, 2019 at 12:00 AM

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“ *Deb McCann McWilliams - Oldest Daughter posted a condolence December 5, 2015 Dear Mom: I can't believe you are truly gone. 14 days, November 21, 2015, the worst day of my life. Your absence doesn't even feel real. There is so much pain, so many tears. Every time I see something, hear something, smell something that reminds me of moments with you I cry. I guess that will lessen with time. I know it is okay to grieve, to cry, to be angry that my wonderful mother, my best friend, was taken from me. I know God will eventually heal my broken heart. The hardest thing for me is that I can't talk to you. We shared a lot over the years and now, here I am, writing you a letter hoping that somehow you are able to read the words or hear Lindsay speaking them today. I am so thankful for having been born as your daughter. You always were there for me. You gave me my love of growing and caring for plants, animals and people. When I see the seed packets at the store I am reminded of the patches of garden you would give to each of us kids during our summer breaks from elementary school along with a variety of seeds to plant. I know you did that to give us something to do, be out of your hair and in the great outdoors but it gave me a feeling of awe watching the little seedlings turn into flowers. I still love plants and watching them thrive and grow. I am not sure what you had in your dishpan water but the Lily of the Valley growing outside the back door really loved it. You taught me how to bandage cuts and scrapes. You sure had enough practice fixing my skinned knees. I don't know if you were aware but rather than using the brakes on my bicycle I would drag my knee on the ground to stop it. You would be so frustrated with me each time I'd come in with my knees all bloody and the band-aids gone. I want you to know that I have since learned to stop my bike using the brakes rather than a body part. At my age, scraped and bandaged knees does not a fashion statement make. As kids, I thought you had super powers. No matter what we were doing, and a good many times we were doing something we were told not to do, you would know it and catch us in the act. I was sure you had x-ray vision and could see through the walls of the house because we would be outside and you would be inside and still yelling at us to stop what we were doing. How did you do that? I*

*am so thankful I got to spend time with you the Saturday before you went INto the hospital (11/7/15), not knowing you wouldn't be coming home. It was fun doing your nails with the pink polish. That was your favorite color for your nails and it had to be a subdued pink, not flashy. We also baked pumpkin spice cupcakes with that amazing maple cinnamon cream cheese frosting. Those were delicious and I will definitely make those every year around this time as our special treat to share with family and friends. I know the more we love, the more we hurt. I love you and miss you so much, mom. Your unconditional love, compassion, wisdom, sense of humor, hugs and kisses, gentle loving hands makes your presence bigger than this life. Mom, you are my best friend, my encourager, the woman I am proud to say is my mom. I am incredibly blessed to be called your daughter. The love that grew in my heart from having 61 years with you is an even more miraculous thing. God gave me you as my role model. How did I get so blessed that God would give me to the best mom on earth? I miss you mom and can only hope and pray I can be half the mom to my daughter that you were to me. I love you and hope through all our years together, 61 this past November 10th, that you know just how much. As you know, the sunflower is my favorite flower. Always has been. The earthy smell reminds me of the summers as kids watching the seeds we planted grow and some of those were sunflowers. They are like having the sun right in your garden or on your table in a vase. They are known for being "happy" flowers and they are my gift to you today knowing you are in a happy place now, free from pa*

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**Deb McCann McWilliams - Oldest Daughter** - December 07, 2015 at 12:00 AM