



Mrs. T Kathleen Suess (nee Melocik)

November 1, 1924 - May 7, 2019

Teresa Kathleen Suess (nee Melocik), 94, passed away quietly on Tuesday, May 7, 2019 surrounded by the love of her family. Kathleen, as she was always known, survived just a short five weeks after the passing of her much beloved husband, Howard, with whom she had shared her life and marriage of over 73 years. Kathleen, born and raised in Baltimore City in the Highlandtown neighborhood, and graduated from Eastern High School. She was known for her joyful attitude and fun-loving personality. She always had a laugh and smile to share and cared deeply about her family and friends. No one, however, could mend her broken-heart after the loss of her “Howard”. Born before the Depression and Great War, the stories of Baltimore they shared were full of a bygone era – streetcars and dances, bootleggers and steel workers, telephone operators and socials, ball games and crabbing. The memories and stories were extensive but not forgotten. Asked a few days before her passing how she and Howard met, Kathleen recounted the story in detail, including her singing of the song that played for their first dance – ‘And then he kissed me...’ Kathleen could not be more loved by her family and friends.

Upon Howard’s retirement they spent 37 years in Largo Florida - not missing the Baltimore winters. She is survived by her three loving children, Douglas F. Suess, Stephen R. Suess, and Karen E. Moore, six grandchildren and many great grandchildren. Her one surviving brother, Francis Melocik, remains in

the Baltimore area (Henry, Calvert and “Sis” – though gone for many years, remained in her heart). Kathleen impacted the lives of many through her indomitable spirit and loving grace. She will be much missed. A private celebration of Kathleen’s life will be held for family and friends. A poem they kept while Howard was away at war provides a glimpse into the love and connection Kathleen held in her heart.

A Wish

I wonder as I watch the moon
bump noses with a star,
Are you watching, too,
Or is it dark and rainy where you are?
And when I turn a radio dial,
And hear some song that’s new,
I wonder if off where you are,
You might be listening, too.
Do you day-dream as I day-dream,
And miss me, too, my dear?
And when I’m wishing I were there,
Are you wishing you were here?
Your letters help a lot,
Each page is full of charm-
But, darling, they aren’t quite enough,
For letters don’t have arms.