



Mrs. Wanda Waldorf Anderson

January 7, 1930 - April 11, 2020

Wanda Waldorf Anderson beloved wife of the late William Grafton Anderson III, dear mother of Cary William Anderson and the late David Steven Anderson, adored daughter of the late Anna Mary Theresa Waldorf (nee Zachman) and the late Jesse William Waldorf, cherished friend, darling honorary aunt and grandmother passed away at 90 years of age.

Wanda, my mom, lived a great life. She was born in Baltimore and grew up in Park Heights. She went to Girls Latin and then to the University of Maryland. After college she worked for an ophthalmologist in Baltimore. She met my dad one day while waiting at a bus stop and after they married they traveled to Bermuda, the Virgin Islands, Miami and other fun destinations. Once I was in the picture we would travel to Virginia Beach, Ocean City, Rehoboth Beach, DC, West Palm Beach, New York and Los Angeles. The three of us always had fun because of her, even when we were trapped in a hurricane at the beach or during a trip to New York City in a very memorable storm.

Mom had a lifelong love of fashion and was the queen of the fashion catalogues. She'd review probably two or three catalogues a day and send friends clippings of the designs that impressed her. She loved documentaries about fashion designers, Bergdorf Goodman, the Met Ball and the history of The Carlyle Hotel. She adored Cole Porter, Gershwin, Broadway musicals like Camelot and Company, and recently became a fan of the Carlyle's legendary

lounge singer Bobby Short.

Mom loved dining at Petit Louis, Chez la Mer, Tersiguel's, Peerce's, The Russian Tea Room and The Milton Inn. She humorously told me once about being on a double date with my father, in the fifties, at The Milton Inn. She was so embarrassed by the drunken behavior of the other couple that she walked to the entrance of the restaurant and told my dad that they had to leave. She stomped her foot down on the restaurant's old wooden floor to stress that point... and the old wooden floor cracked, sending her foot through it. Going to a fancy restaurant with my mom was always a joy, but she would never like the first table we were offered and would request, "Could we sit over there at that table? It just seems a little nicer." She particularly didn't want to sit in the middle of a dining room because she didn't want to draw any attention to us or feel on display. It amused me that she didn't think walking around a crowded dining room with a maître d' evaluating and rejecting a first table, and sometimes even a second, would draw any attention from people dining.

She was always striving to make things better for dad and me and had a great sense of humor. She would say some wonderfully sarcastic things when life didn't go according to plan. It had become a running joke with us that she once said after seeing a movie or having some meal, "I knew I wouldn't like it, but I thought I'd like it a little bit." That line is Bartlett's Quotes worthy in my eyes.

My father was a bay pilot, which meant he was away from home piloting a ship on the Chesapeake for days at a time. There was no regular pattern to his work schedule so mom was the constant presence in my life. We watched a lot of movies when dad was away working. She loved movies, especially comedies, Cary Grant films, Tootsie and A New Leaf. The Mary Tyler Moore Show and Curb Your Enthusiasm were her favorite TV shows. She gave me a love of film and TV and inspired me to follow my dreams of working in the

entertainment industry.

After graduating from film school at NYU, I worked as a production assistant on a Woody Allen film. I met Katharine Hepburn when I was standing outside of her brownstone in Manhattan near the film set. It was a very cold day, and Ms. Hepburn stuck her head out of her front door and invited me in for something warm to drink. Mom wrote Ms. Hepburn a thank you letter for being so nice to me and that started a correspondence that lasted between them.

Mom was a homemaker, a short story author, and she advised me on my career in film, but at the end of the day her life was all about being my mom. She adored me and I adored her as both my mom and my best friend. One story that I have never told sums up her absolute love and devotion. I was in my early twenties and I was starting to go bald. I was very embarrassed and I met with plastic surgeons to discuss getting hair transplants. I found a plastic surgeon that I liked but I was too scared to have an operation. I couldn't go through with it even though I desperately wanted to look better. So unknown to me, my mom, with a full head of hair, made an appointment with the plastic surgeon and got ten hair plugs just so she could tell me what the operation was like and for me not to be scared. Who would do such a thing? My mom would. This is one of the countless selfless things she did for my dad, her friends, and me to make our lives better, protect us, and to make our dreams come true.

I am so proud to be her son. I was the luckiest guy in the world to have her as my mom for almost 53 years. I will be heartbroken for the rest of my life. I am happy that she is now in heaven having a nice vodka martini with my dad, my brother, my beloved grandmother, family, friends and hopefully Cary Grant.

Service and interment private.

Please omit flowers. Memorials in mom's name may be made to Make-A Wish at www.wish.org, The Christopher & Dana Reeve Foundation or The Kennedy Krieger Foundation

Tribute Wall

JR

“ So sorry for your loss. I am just finding out about Mrs. Anderson's passing. I use to be Dr. Foster's secretary that is how I meet Mrs. Anderson. It was a pleasure to know her over the years. She always treated me like family. Always asking me about my daughter. She was one of the sweetest patients I ever met. I will miss her very much!

Joanna Robinson - July 20, 2020 at 06:32 AM

CA

Thank you so much. I really appreciate your kind words.

Cary W Anderson - April 11, 2025 at 12:28 PM

CM

“ I did not know your mother or you family. But after reading her obituary in the Baltimore Sun Paper today I felt compelled to message her son - Cary. I felt as though after reading her obituary that I knew her. I know those that did truly loved her. I could tell the love that her son had for her and will always have remembering this wonderful fun lady. In this time of quarantine taking a peek into her well lived life gave me a lift this morning. She was a blessing to her friends and family and truly a blessing to her son. God Bless, Carol Middendorf

Carol Middendorf - April 19, 2020 at 10:48 AM

CA

Thank you so much. I can't tell you how much I appreciate this. This has been really rough for me. Cary

Cary Anderson - May 18, 2020 at 12:29 PM