



Diane Ruth Lavery

April 3, 1946 - December 30, 2014

Diane Ruth Lavery, age 68, of Gainesville, VA passed away Tuesday, December 30, 2014 at the University of Virginia Medical Center in Charlottesville, VA.

She was born on April 3, 1946 in Scranton, PA the daughter of the late Thomas and Mildred (Guennel) Loscombe.

Survivors include her children, Dana Sensi of Gainesville, VA, Matthew Geddings of Culpeper, VA and Steve Sloper of Gainesville, VA; three grandchildren, Brandon Corwin, Alyssa Corwin and Bryce Geddings.

The family will receive friends 5:00-6:00PM Saturday, January 17, 2015 at Pierce Funeral Home, 9609 Center Street, Manassas, VA where a memorial service will be held at 6:00PM with Rev. Dr. Billy G. Tatum officiating.

In Lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the ASPCA in loving memory of Diane Ruth Lavery.

Previous Events

Family to receive friends

JAN 17. 5:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Pierce Funeral Home
9609 Center St.
Manassas, VA 20110
(703) 257-6028
pfh@piercefh.com
<https://www.piercefh.com>

Memorial Service

JAN 17. 6:00 PM (ET)

Pierce Funeral Home
9609 Center St.
Manassas, VA 20110
(703) 257-6028
pfh@piercefh.com
<https://www.piercefh.com>

Tribute Wall

SS

“ *Diane Lavery is my step mother! At least I looked at her that way and I'm sure she felt the same. We did meet 27 years ago when she allowed me to invade her life with the help of her daughter and become part of their family. She helped me in more ways than I can remember and was a sounding board for any and all issues. I didn't always take her advice, but probably should have – I could never repay what was given.*

Diane was a diehard Redskins fan and would always give me grief about Romo and the Cowboys in general to the point where I didn't take her calls sometimes as she wanted to rub it in.

I didn't care much for politics until living with her and while we agreed early on. My outlook changed as we grew older or maybe I just like to argue with her.

A Mother and Grandmother she was a great cook, a true lady and I miss her more than I can express.

Steve S.

Steve S - January 19, 2015 at 03:09 PM

“ MY BELOVED SISTER DIANE

How did I meet Diane? It was 1977, I was living in a terrace level apartment in Chelsea Apartments in Greenbelt, Maryland. I returned from a weekend away to find the ground level bedroom window to my apartment broken. As I was unlocking my door, a beautiful, petite blond haired woman carrying a child size broom came running down the stairs to inform me that kids rolled tires down the hill and broke the window. She had been watching my apartment all weekend. I remember thinking how thoughtful and kind she was to do this for a stranger. And how funny she looked standing there with a child size broom. This was the beginning of a friendship that was to last for 37 years.

Over the years we shared the stories of our lives in person, on phone and email. I can still hear Diane's laugh, which I inherited by the way, which was infectious and uplifting. One of her gifts was to say the driest of comments in response to stories of woe I might share. She had a rare talent for getting someone to laugh in the toughest of circumstances. It is this laughter and fun which I remember the most now. And how it is difficult to comprehend how I will never hear it again.

When I was adopting the first of our two daughters from China, Diane drove up to Saratoga Springs, NY to spend time with us. When we opened the door after the long trip home, she greeted us with fresh baked bread and homemade stew. Since neither I nor my husband had living parents, it was priceless to be welcomed home with such love and warmth. Diane spent six weeks helping me take care of Alexandra. I remember her cozzied up on the kitchen couch, reading with her dark rimmed glasses, intermittently watching tv with cats, and there were many, nested around her so she couldn't move.

The following year when she visited, there was the day we dropped Alexandra off at school. Spontaneously we ended up in the township of Burnt Hills en route to country stores, where Diane

noted that the name Burnt Hill Fire Dept didn't exactly inspire confidence. We returned home ten hours later after ending up in Massachusetts where we toured every country store and boutique.

One of the funniest days of all: shopping at Suttons Country Store in the Adirondack Mountains where for some reason I thought it was a good idea to buy a 5 foot furry bear which stood upright. It only cost around \$250, a real steal, for what, neither of us knew, and of course, Diane, being the accomplice she was, helped carry the bear out of the store. So, there we were, each of us with an arm under one arm of the bear on each side, walking through the store, while shoppers turned and just stared as we passed by. I remember we joked that if I got stopped for speeding we would tell the officer that the bear was driving. But in the end, we put the bear in my husband's home office and dressed him in his clothes, flannel shirt and all. He stands there still.

And there was the time we were walking down Broadway in Saratoga Springs, NY and a wife of a professional colleague asked if Diane and my brother were my parents. I corrected her diplomatically. After they walked away, Diane, sensing I was repressing laughter, started swearing at me with a few choice words, which catapulted me and everyone else into hysterical laughter amidst my brother commenting, "that woman needs glasses."

How will I remember Diane? With the love she has for Dana, Matt, Brandon, Bryce, Elysa, Steve, Suzanne, myself and her cats and dogs. Her infectious laugh, sense of humour and warmth and her appreciation of the irony of life's events. So full of life she truly is. Independent and resourceful as life's challenges sought to diminish her. I see her now as young, healthy and surrounded by her cats and dogs. Always loved. That is what she would want us to remember. And, she would want us to be well in our lives.

*With love and loss,
Lois Shapiro Canter*

Lois Shapiro Canter - January 17, 2015 at 02:16 PM

SM

“ I have 46 years worth of memories of Diane and do not know where to begin. I have always thought of her as being my sister. She was ALWAYS there when I needed her. Since her death, I have felt like I am disconnected from anything or anyone. To even try and think of living the rest of my life without her is so unbelievably painful. How will I get through the next presidential election????

She even filled in for me when my daughter gave birth to her first child. I was in California and couldn't attend the event, so Diane told the nurses that she was the "step-mother" and joined my ex-husband in watching the birth. Imagine the surprise of the "real" step mother when she was denied access to the delivery room because her spot was already taken!!

I just can't believe she's gone.....

Suzanne

Suzanne MacGuineas - January 14, 2015 at 11:30 AM

DS

“ I would like to share several memories of Diane. First, I want to Thank Diane for taking the role of being a 2nd mother for my brother Stevie after our mother past away. I believe they shared a nice relationship that some people never find in life. She help mold him into the great young man he is today. My favorite memories of Diane were calling her on the phone. She would sit and listen to me and my silly stories. She always laughed and provided me with some type of support or guidance. As life went on we didn't keep in touch as much. However, a few years ago she was over for my Dad's 79 B-day party and we picked up like we have been talking for years. Once again she would listen and laugh to my silly stories. She was a jewel and I am so glad that she is no longer suffering.

Dee Sloper - January 11, 2015 at 09:03 PM

MM

“ Marilyn Meyer lit a candle in memory of Diane Ruth Lavery



Marilyn Meyer - January 10, 2015 at 12:25 AM

MM

Red is the color chosen for Diane's candle, as she was always full of life, spirit, and love. She was a real trooper both in personal and business dealings. She is gone way too soon.

Marilyn Meyer - January 10, 2015 at 12:27 AM