



Rosemary Martha McGlynn

July 29, 1930 - September 23, 2022

McGlynn, Rosemary Martha A devoted wife, loving mother of six children, grandmother of twelve grandchildren and great grandmother of two, Rosemary Martha McGlynn, age 92, resident of Edina, MN, passed away peacefully, surrounded by her children on September 23, 2022. Preceded in death by her husband Edward Rowan, her loving parents, Leo and Anna Leski and her sisters Leona, Blanche, and Florence. Rosemary graduated with honors from St. Catherine's College receiving a BA in social work. Rosemary went on to be one of the first female police officers in the city of St. Paul. She did undercover work to solve serious crimes. In a quirk of fate, her previous experience as a manicurist aided in her getting evidence from underneath an offender's fingernails and she once posed as a bar matron to monitor illegal gambling. Rosemary, also, worked with the Ramsey County welfare board helping at-risk juveniles. She found her greatest satisfaction in helping young people to turn their lives around. Even after raising a family of six, she went back to being a volunteer probation officer and served for several years helping Hennepin County juvenile offenders. Rosemary was an extraordinary mother. She gave birth to six children in nearly as many years. She often joked that with her first baby, she would lay out fancy soaps and decorated wash cloths for the tender ritual of daily bath time, but by the third, fourth and so on, it was once a week with a spray faucet in the sink. Each of us received an abundance of her devoted, motherly fidelity throughout our lives. It would be utterly impossible to explain all the countless and myriad ways in which

she nurtured, enriched, protected, and guided our lives. The following are just brief, inadequate examples of how deeply she gave to each and all of us throughout our lives. First and foremost, she nurtured all of us as infants in nature's manner and used cloth diapers that were washed and reused. These two facts alone should suffice to explain her immense sacrifice for us. In our early years, she laid out our clothes and then trumpeted us down to a warm breakfast with a curled bronze bugle (she really did blow a horn). She hand-packed lunch for school, every single day and sometimes put notes in our lunches. Hers was a Herculean task of maintaining and cleaning a large house every day, laundering all our clothes, folding them in our drawers and making sure our two refrigerators were always filled with food. She made all our meals and did all this endless work of caring for a home and six children as though it were her second nature. In truth, she was a genius at being a mother. Of course, as we grew, (basically at seven years old we were grown) she wisely taught us how to fend for ourselves. We all learned the art of laundry, bedroom cleaning, vacuuming, and other household chores. She bequeathed to us her tough, self-sufficiency that she acquired growing up in the 1930s. When we were sick, assuming we were sick enough to merit staying home from school, which was rare. She would make us tomato or chicken soup and offer us the secret cure for all illnesses, Ginger ale and Saltines, which amazingly worked every time. Beyond the immense task of our care and keeping the house up, she lovingly persuaded us to work with her in the planting and care of enormous vegetable and flower gardens at both the Edina house and our Balsam Lake cabin, as well as, caring for nearly an acre sized raspberry patch. She grew enough tomatoes, cucumbers, zucchini, squash, peapods, beans, and raspberries to feed the family for months. On top of that she made dozens of jars of raspberry jam and pickled endless cucumbers. In short, her agricultural and household endeavors made 1800s mothers look rather lazy. Another endearing characteristic of our mother is that she welcomed and/or endured animals as well. Many animals. She allowed us multiple pets; a dog, cats, toads, salamanders, fish, a one-leg

duck, white rats and chickens. Our house was filled with fur, scales, skin, smells, and other creaturely detritus. It should be noted that the chickens and rats didn't end well. Not the least of her many gifts, our mother excelled at holidays. Every Thanksgiving found her in the kitchen for hours cooking squash, hotdish, stuffing, and pumpkin pies. Every Christmas, she stayed up all night wrapping our bountiful presents, while also making sure that every stocking was hung by the fireplace stuffed with treats, personal trinkets, and special items. She would, also, secretly place a wrapped box of new pajamas on every child's bed on Christmas Eve. Our mother always seemed to glow during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holiday. On Easters, she filled our Easter baskets with sweets upon sweets, little toys and then hid them all over the house and yard. Then, once we all found them, we stood in our Easter Sunday outfits with our baskets in hand for a photograph

She loved decorating the house for Halloween. She let us cover the kitchen with pumpkin guts as we carved our pumpkins. She helped each of us make our own homemade costumes. She would wear a tall witch hat and hand out candy with a semi-convincing witch cackle. She gave us pillowcases to fill until sagging to nearly burst open and let us sort our bounty into piles in the living room, then eat candy late into the night. In short, holidays brought the best out in our mother. She seemed filled with a cheer and enthusiasm for the spirit of the events and the gift of her children. She truly made each of us feel special and adored on holidays. Then, there were the vacations in the station wagon. On every road trip for our Florida vacations, she would make sandwiches, snacks, beverages, and desserts to last the entire two-day trip. She would hand out our lunches by name and as we munched on our delicious, handmade car picnic, she would read Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew stories aloud to us. When we finally arrived at Destin, Florida, she let us run wild onto the beach and joined us in running into the surf. She laid in the sand and watched us swimming in the waves. She laid on the beach watching all her children rampaging against the ocean waves and shouting with glee. There

are so many stories we wish we could recount of our mother's jubilant and indomitable spirit. So many memories of our mother's unique devotion and fun-loving nature. There are her "let down her hair" evenings when our dad was on business trips. She would let us eat our dinners in front of the television and stay up late with her, provided we gave her a back rub. She would let us eat huge bowls of ice cream and watch scary movies. When our dad arrived home from these business trips, our mother had us loudly bang pots and pans with wooden spoons to welcome him home. She loved directing us in this ragtag kitchen band ritual. We loved it, too! When we got dropped off by the school bus, as we walked down the driveway, she would look through the window and make silly faces at us to cheer us up after a long day of school. She put out a snack for us every afternoon on the big round green table. We were greeted by Ding Dongs, Ho Hos, Twinkies, or something equally delicious. Thank goodness we grew up before the health food movement. There were times you might find her on a Saturday afternoon at the piano. Her favorite compositions to play were by Grieg. She also loved Flight of the BumbleBee, Chopsticks and Chopin's Polonaise. She loved playing cards with us and, rarely, if ever, would lose. She was nearly a card pro, unbeatable at gin and hearts. (She continued playing cards with all of us up until a week before her passing and, of course, she continued to win!) At the family cabin, she would lead her brood in swimming over a mile and a half, back and forth, across the east bay of Balsam Lake. We must have been a sight on a hot, summer afternoon, all six of us swimming beside her. Her courage, vigilance, and endurance in letting us do this with her is remarkable. It must have looked very much like a swift mother goose with all her splashing goslings in tow. We were so proud to swim beside her and make it all the way. I am sure there are boaters and anglers somewhere out there who still pass down the strange story of the swimming McGlynn family as legend. Finally, it must be said in her body, heart, soul, our mother was a truly gifted and masterful gardener. Her gardens were the envy of her Edina neighborhood, which is a remarkable accomplishment given that most gardens in that

neighborhood were done by hired, expensive landscape artists. It must be declared that despite all the best efforts of professional gardeners in the yards around her, she put them all to shame. Her hundreds of tulips in spring, tall, lush climbing roses in summer and bountiful mums in fall offered breathtaking beauty to all who visited or passed by the house. Watching her bending down, caring for and moving patiently in her gardens was like watching a beautiful bird cross gracefully in the sky. There is no way to summarize the life of our mother. She was extraordinary in her love, devotion, and sacrifices to her husband, children, grandchildren, her sisters, and her friends. These recollections, then, are a humble offering that barely touches upon all the profound, enduring love she gave to her family. Thank you, beloved wife, mom, and grandma, for the seeds you planted and cultivated in all our lives. We are your garden. We are blessed because of you. We bloom into the future and perennially because of you. We love you dearly. You will be missed beyond measure. Rosemary is survived by her younger sister, Kathy Silva, and her six children Sara, Joel (Leslie), Nora (Rick), Edward Jr (Jessica), Molly (Martin) and Paul; grandchildren, Meghan, Sean, Kelly, Matt, Nick, Laura, Kylie, Zack, Caylin, Shana, George and Owen and great grandchildren. Funeral services will be held October 7th at 9:30 am at Washburn-McReavy in Edina on Vernon Avenue. Visitation on Thursday evening October 6th from 5-8pm at Washburn-McReavy at the same Edina location. washburn-mcreavy.com Edina Chapel 952-920-3996

Cemetery Details

Fort Snelling National Cemetery

7601 34th Avenue South
Minneapolis, MN 55450

Previous Events

Visitation

OCT **6**. 5:00 PM - 7:00 PM (CT)

Edina Chapel
5000 West 50th & Highway 100
Edina, MN 55436

Chapel Service

OCT **7**. 9:30 AM - 10:30 AM (CT)

Edina Chapel
5000 West 50th & Highway 100
Edina, MN 55436

Tribute Wall



“ *Seriously this obit*

Nancy Peter - October 03, 2022 at 04:08 PM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Rosemary Martha McGlynn.*



October 02, 2022 at 10:32 AM