

Rose Haigan Garabedian was born to Levon and Agnes Garabedian on March 9, 1923 in Whitinsville, Massachusetts. Whitinsville at that time was predominately an Armenian community. Rose, affectionately known as "Rosie", was one of five brothers and sisters. The children lost their mother early when Rose was only 8 years old. Levon was determined to keep his family together and Rosie stepped in at that young age to care for her brothers and sister. Being a mother came natural to Rose and she extenuated this feeling of motherly love to all those around her, no matter what age your age.

Rose graduated from Northbridge high school and loved to go to all the town dances. She loved to jitterbug. After graduation, which was during the war, Rose worked in the White Machine Shop in Whitinsville. One day after her job switched her to the day shift; she accidentally caught the eye of a handsome Armenian boy from Fresno, John Garabedian (Big John). Big John and Rose set up house keeping in Hartford, Connecticut where Rose in 1945 gave birth to Cecelia Rose and eight years later in 1953 gave birth to MaryAnn. John moved the family out west to Fresno to be by his family and Johnny Jr. was born here in 1956. John and Rose however loved to travel and they were often seen loading up their car for a road trip back east. Rosie however never liked the idea of packing and always waited to the last minute. Rosie lost John in October 1989 and spent most of the next 10 years living between the homes of her children. She devoted her life to caring for her children and her beloved grandchildren, Lisa, Michael, Rosanna, Vanessa, Remmington, & Samantha.

Rose endured numerous life threatening operations during her life, most of them occurring during the last 10 years. Those of you who were close to Rose knew how much faith she placed in her doctors and in the Lord. Rose knew she was going to make it through all the surgeries. In fact, Rose tells of her first surgery where she says the Lord spoke to her and sent her back, telling her it was not yet



her time. In fact Rose did make it through each surgery. However, each one took its toll on her small body.

Rose had many relatives and made numerous friends during her 76 years. She found pleasure in speaking to everyone and making him or her feel at home. Rose has left a lasting impression on all those around her and I'm sure each of us has our own story to tell of Rose. Her children feel that she was one of God's angels whom they were privileged to call their Mother for a short time. Now God has called this angel home and we will all miss her.