

Celebrating the Life of Margareta Rodica Tanciu (Scarlete) a.k.a. Mama and Grandma

Born 1933-06-15 in Plenita, Romania
Deceased 2017-07-17 in Montreal, Canada



- Married since 1953 to Nicolae Tanciu (deceased) from Bailesti, Romania.
- Mother of Christina, born 1955-09-23 in Craiova, Romania, residing in DDO with her husband Louis.
- Grandmother to our children, Melina and Daniel
- Aunt of Mihai Scarlete, who lives in Roxboro with his wife, Mihaela.
- Aunt of Oana, Mihai's sister, who lives in Romania with her husband Catalin.
- Great-aunt to Irina, daughter of Mihai and Mihaela, who lives in Vancouver with her husband Gorka and their 2 kids Leo and Tomas.
- Great-aunt to Sonia, Oana and Catalin's daughter.
- Sister-in-law to Mura, wife of Rodica's brother Pompei (deceased), mother of Mihai and Oana, who lives in Romania

Mama Rodica and her older brother, Pompei, grew up during the 2nd world war, in Plenita.

Over the years I heard many stories of life in the Scarlete household in that little quaint town.

They had a happy childhood, insulated as much as was possible from the ravages of the war.

After the war however their lives were turned upside down by the communist regime that took their house and my maternal grandfather's livelihood and dignity. A lawyer, one-time judge and mayor of Plenita, he was stripped of all this and had to struggle to make a living as a daily laborer. Yet he managed to provide for his family. They eventually moved to Craiova.

Rodica completed her high-school in Craiova and attended the Polytechnical Institute in Craiova for a few years, studying electrotechnics. Unfortunately during that time, her mother, Lucia, fell ill with cancer, so Rodica, who was engaged to Nicolae, a medical student, had to drop out from her studies and care for her mother. She married Nicolae with little ceremony, in a rush to fulfill her mother's wish of seeing them married before her imminent death.

Rodica and Nicolae (aka Nae) lived together with my maternal grandfather, Constantin, in a tiny house in Craiova, where I was born and grew up until age 8, after which we moved to Iasi.

My mom started working when I was little, first in Craiova, later in Iasi, at the Polytechnical Institute. She'd not finished her Polytechnic studies, so her job was more clerical in nature. She was happy in that job though, with a good team and a good boss, until the year we left Romania to seek refuge in Italy in 1971.

In 1972 we were able to immigrate to Canada and settled in Montreal. She worked a bit here and there but eventually, after my father managed to regain his physician status, she settled into a home life, where she enjoyed cooking and entertaining frequently for the friends they'd made since arriving in Montreal.

They spent a couple of years in a small town, Ville-Marie, where Dad got a job in the local hospital. After I got married to Louis in 1976, Dad decided to go to Germany to work as a surgeon (something he'd not been able to achieve in Montreal), so they moved there for a

couple of years. Then back to Montreal when Dad got a job with the Federal Government, where he worked until his retirement, some 10-11 years ago.

Throughout all these moves and life changes, Mom stood firmly and selflessly by Dad and by us.

When at last Louis and I had our first child, Melina, Mom babysat her a few days a week until she started school. This is how Melina got to learn Romanian, since she got to speak it with her grandparents.

Rodica shared her June 15 birthday with her grandson, Daniel. Actually when Daniel was born, we jokingly told her this was her birthday present. And every year since then we've always tried to celebrate both birthdays at the same time.

My parents loved traveling. They visited a lot of Canada, the US, Mexico, Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, the UK, Ireland and Russia. From each trip they brought back beautiful presents: artwork, jewelry, clothes, shoes...

Oh yes, Mom loved shopping. She absolutely needed to buy something nice for each of us from every place she visited. She also loved shopping in Montreal and everywhere else for finery, much of it meant for us, our kids, my dad and some even for herself. She loved coral and emerald jewelry, hats and shoes. When she was younger she loved wearing all these elegant things. Older she loved giving us nice things.

Rodica loved cooking traditional Romanian dishes and many delicious cakes. One never left the dinner table unless bursting, because in good Romanian tradition, you got to eat more else maybe you didn't like it? Then she'd find something else to serve.... And left-overs to take home too.

Mom was a very strong woman who sacrificed a lot for her mother, her father, her husband, myself and her grandkids. Her legacies are Melina's ability to speak Romanian, the few cooking recipes I am able to follow and a lot of sweet and often funny memories.

Rest in peace, Mom.