



Jean R. St. Peter

September 2, 2012

Jean (Renehan) St. Peter, of West Hartford, 84, the beloved wife of Arthur J. St. Peter, died Sunday Sept. 2 2012 in West Hartford. Born in Hartford, daughter of the late Dr. John L. and Marie (Schanberger) Renehan, she was a life-long resident of the area. A graduate of Mt. St. Joseph Academy and St. Joseph College, Mrs. St. Peter received her M.S. degree from C.C.S.U. and her Sixth Year Certificate from the University of Hartford. She began her teaching career in 1950 at St. Anthony's School in Hartford, later moving to St. Patrick-St. Anthony School. In 1967, Mrs. St. Peter transferred to the Hartford Public School System and taught at the Barnard-Brown School for 22 years, retiring in 1989. Mrs. St. Peter was a communicant of St. Peter Claver Church, West Hartford, and a member of the CT Association of Retired Teachers, Hartford Federation of Retired Teachers, and the Wampanoag Country Club. In addition to her husband, survivors include a son and daughter-in-law, Gary J. and Joanne (Rinaldo) St. Peter of Canton; a daughter and son-in-law, Christine (St. Peter) and Thomas P. McGree of Norfolk, MA., seven grandchildren; James and Abigail St. Peter; Tucker, Colin (and his wife Brianne), Sean (and his wife Emily), Meaghan, and Kaitlin McGree, and several nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by her infant granddaughter, Emily Elizabeth McGree, her 2 brothers and a sister-in-law John L. (Jack) Renehan, Jr., Robert G. (Pete) Renehan and Mary Ann Renehan. Private family services were held in West Hartford. Donations in her memory may be made to Children's Hospital-NICU (Neo Natal Intensive Care

Unit) 300 Longwood Ave. Boston, MA 02115. Online remembrances may be made at www.molloyfuneralhome.com

Tribute Wall

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“ I was a student in Mrs. St Peter's second grade class at St.Patrick & St Anthony School. (1958-1959) As a little girl who had lost her mother, I found her dedication to teaching to be a source of encouragement and her kindness a source of comfort. All of her students were blessed to have such a wonderful lady for a teacher. My deepest sympathies to her entire family. Carla Miano Unwin

carla Miano Unwin - September 13, 2012 at 04:29 PM



“ Mrs. Jean St. Peter was my second grade teacher from 1965 to 1966 at St. Patrick and St. Anthony School. My fond memory of Mrs. St. Peter was when I needed extra help with my math studies. She took the time from her busy schedule to tutor me from her home. She was a very kind and caring lady who was very passionate and dedicated teacher who inspired her students to reach their true potential in life. I was always be truly grateful to have known her. Thank you Mrs. St. Peter.

Mary A. Pace

Mary Pace - September 08, 2012 at 10:12 PM

SA

“ Mrs. St. Peter was my second grade teacher at St. Patrick-St. Anthony school. Even after all these years I still remember her and consider her my the best teacher, ever. She very patiently taught a very shy girl how to read . I never forgot her and I wanted to be a teacher because of her. My MS degree is in remedial reading because I wanted to help other children read the way she helped me. --Susan Amenta

Susan P. Amenta - September 07, 2012 at 02:29 PM



“ This was Jean's Eulogy from her family on 9/5/2012 at the Saint Peter Claver Church in West Hartford, CT:

We are all here today to say goodbye to a wife, mother, mother-in-law, grandmother and friend who lived a full life – family, a wide circle of friends, a career, travelling and I think, in general, a life of overall contentment. Jean grew up in another era of Hartford – 84 years ago - the daughter of a fairly prominent Hartford dentist, she lived a short way from Mark Twains house on Farmington Ave and large brownstones were the norm in her neighborhood. With this comfortable childhood also came an instilled work ethic and in spite of her occasional seemingly lack of ability to deal with the neighborhood mechanic , her gene pool gifted her with a certain Irish toughness and stoicism. Pete and Jack, her 2 WW2 veteran brothers wouldn't have had a sister who was otherwise.

A lasting childhood memory will always be there - my mother is driving Chris + I to The Cathedral Grammar School in Hartford, having 1st picked up another kid in Newington who needed a ride, going on to her teaching job at St Patrick-St Anthony School, later in the day, picking us up and dealing with the after-school life of 2 kids, making dinner -----her Crisco meatballs were gastronomic legend -- --- taking care of her mother - our grandmother who was no wallflower and who lived with us, and in her spare time - she took classes at Central and achieved her master's degree. And through it all and through-out her life and in her dying days, she never complained – she dealt with whatever life tossed her way, she did what had to be done and she had a certain equanimity and dignity about it. No one gave her anything – it was all earned through hard work and through the lens of someone who knew what was good for her family and who knew how to be a decent person. She suffered no fools but she was inherently kind, she was always gracious and her love for her grandchildren was unconditional.

Most importantly of all though, she loved all of our pets and welcomed every one of them into her home – white carpet and all - how could anyone have thought otherwise about her.

Kay – you have always been Jean’s soul connected special friend from when both of you met in grammar school some 70 plus years ago. Whenever together, I never remember a time when you and Jean had depleted the things to talk about pool – you and Jean could talk for hours, every occasion was if you hadn’t seen each other in years when in fact it may have been a couple of weeks and I’m thinking there were undoubtedly numerous phone calls in the interim. It was impossible to not recognize the special bond between 2 lifelong friends. We should all be so fortunate!

You and John and Heidi and now Steve + Mave were always considered part of our family. There was way too much shared history for it to be otherwise. Christmas Eves, Labor Day cookouts, vacations at The Thousand Islands to Lily Bay were an indelible, savored memory for Jean as they are now for our family.

Equally indelible is the image of Jean at the bow of a small wooden boat, John and DaDa piloting, bouncing on the waves of Moosehead, in the middle of nowhere, slight look of terror on her face, enveloped in an over-sized life jacket, cigarette protruding from one hand, as she, Kay, John and Art surprised the St Peters and McGrees at a fairly remote Maine campsite.

Jean hardly seemed like the remote campsite type of person but she was always a sport and she always lived her life on her terms and in her own way.

This is how we will remember our spouse, mother, mother-in-law, grandmother and friend.

Jean, Mom, Nana – you enriched all of our lives and we will miss you.

zxcvbn - September 06, 2012 at 10:01 AM