



Berta E. Donnelly

March 1, 1922 - March 1, 2014

Berta E. Donnelly, 92, Cornwall, passed away Saturday, March 1, 2014 at the Good Samaritan Hospital. She was the wife of Daniel F. Donnelly whom she married May 21, 1955. She was born in Wurzburg, Germany on December 2, 1921, daughter of the late Johann Nikolas Weidt and Dagmar Techier Weidt. She had been employed as a Graduate Nurse at Norwegian Hospital, Brooklyn, NY. She worked as a civilian nurse for the US Army during the occupation of German following WWII.

Berta worshipped in the Catholic Faith. She was a member of the German American Club, Greenwood Lake, NY. She enjoyed knitting, especially blankets.

In addition to her husband she is survived by sons, Thomas D., husband of Linda Donnelly, Freehold, NJ; Joseph R., husband of Tammi Ann Donnelly, Hillsdale, NJ and 4 grandchildren. She was preceded in death by 14 brothers and sisters.

Berta's memorial service will be held at a later announced date. In lieu of flowers, the family suggests memorial remembrances in Berta's memory be made to the Wounded Warrior Project, in honor of her service with the US Army following the occupation of Germany following WWII.

Tribute Wall



“ *Berta E. Donnelly*

October 22, 2023 at 10:35 PM



“ *Berta E. Donnelly*

October 06, 2023 at 08:29 AM



“ *Berta E. Donnelly*

October 05, 2023 at 11:43 PM

JG

“ *My grandmother was one of twelve children. You could tell that she grew up with a lot going on around her because she could never sit still. She was always on the move and always trying to help everyone.*

She made me laugh all the time. In fact, she made me laugh more than anything or anyone else. When she would visit, she would bring my brother and I chocolates and candy; then she would tell us not to eat too much of it. If she disagreed with an idea, she would make a funny face and use a choice word for it in her heaviest Danish accent; which also made me laugh.

Grandma also loved walking and talking. Whenever we were together, she would want to walk and talk with me; and I'll never forget how close I felt to her on our walks. She always held my hand tightly and made me feel more loved than anyone else in the universe.

One of my fondest memories of grandma is seeing her on my wedding day, for I could tell that she was happy for me. Even though I was aware of the fact that she felt uncomfortable and was trying to come to grips with what was happening to her, she made a great effort to join in the celebration. I cherished the moments that I was able to have with her on that day - holding her hand and talking to her, showing her how we used the cake cutter from the serving set that was gifted to us from her and grandpa, taking pictures with her, and watching the caterer drive her down to the ceremony.

I have so many great memories of grandma. Although she is no longer with us, I will always remember her. While death certainly leaves a heartache that no one can heal, love leaves a memory that no one can steal.

Jennifer Bastedo - Livingston, NJ - Granddaughter - March 07, 2014 at 12:00 AM

KF

“ Our family has so many memories it is hard to pick just one. Today I will pick cooking. We very often eat dinner together. Bertha made the very best macaroni salad ever. When they would come visit us in Chicago she always made some for us. One of my funnier stories as an adult is when Bertha and Dan came to visit us in Chicago. I told my husband Joe to be sure to clean the house since he was off that week. As it turned they arrived early and made themselves at home. When Joe came home he found Bertha and Dan cleaning the lights in the kitchen. It turned out to be a cleaning trip. Over the weekend Joe was washing the car and Bertha said he should wash the front porch instead. Of course Joe said no so Bertha said that we should start. So we did. We quickly came to a spot that was too high for us to reach so she had Dan get it. Then she called out to "Joseph" to rinse the porch and before you knew it we left and the guy died up cleaning. Great strategy that I use today on Joe. We miss you Bertha.

Katherine kong Moore - Port St. Lucie, FL - Lifetime friend - March 03, 2014 at 12:00 AM

JY

“ Berta was a good friend. She would ride her bike to town almost everyday. If she saw me outside, she would stop and say hello and chat for a while. I enjoyed these little conversations. If you didn't see her you wondered what was wrong. Even today I look for her, even though she moved away some years ago. We said she would live longer than all of us because of the exercise she got, riding that bike of hers. She did! Berta this is for you. Love, hugs and memories.
Jan Howard.

Janet Howard - West Milford, NJ - Neighbor and friend, many years. - March 02, 2014 at 12:00 AM