



## Helen Florence Widor

August 21, 2018

Widor, Helen Florence (Doucette), 67, of Woonsocket, passed away Tuesday, August 21, 2018 at the Landmark Medical Center.

Born in Boston, MA, on October 16, 1950, she was the daughter of the late Clarence T. and Mary F Doucette (Allen) of North Attleboro. She is survived by her beloved husband of 44 years, Anthony R. Widor. She also leaves two children Lisa (Coppinger) Dolinich and Jacques Pierre “Jake” Crossette and three grandchildren Samuel, Evelyn and Alexander. In her youth, she attended Bishop Feehan High School and completed some college, studying Anthropology. She enjoyed cooking, music, creating art, politics, learning about history, and was a voracious reader of all subjects. She was a lover of nature and enjoyed camping. She also loved animals and throughout her life, almost always had dogs or cats by her side. Her articulate, thought-provoking and challenging conversations will be missed.

A private celebration of her life will be held at a later date.

# Comments

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“ It was an honor to have shared my young life with Helen. I lived next door to Helen for 20 years and have awesome forever memories that I will always treasure. I do believe we were joined at the hips. The day we decided to become blood sisters was a forever seal of love and trust. We actually drew blood from our fingers with a dirty stick and mixed it together. We both knew this would join us together in some way forever. Helen and I enjoyed so many child and teenage days with each other. We played hours of listening to 45 records of Elvis, the Beatles, the Mama and Papas, and Roy Orbison to name just a few, We'd close my bedroom door and crank the volume and try to decide which Beatle was the cutest. The summer vacations were spent running under the sprinkler, going to the town pool, and trying to sneak in the Community Theatre to catch a flick. Neither of us had a dime to get in but we learned to blend in with the other kids that did. Summers were fun building forts in the woods. We'd even hang curtains in the windows that our Mom's would donate. It was a blast to have our lunch out there convincing each other that the Indians would be coming soon. I tried so hard to teach Helen not to scream when a bug, big or small would enter our fort because the Indians would hear her and we'd be doomed. I never was able to convince her bugs were OK. Indians never did come but we waited every day. There was an older man that raised pigeons up the road. He had 3 pigeon coops full of pigeons. He didn't live near there so we had to keep a watch out that he wouldn't show up. We both thought he'd shoot us if he saw us. We'd sit for hours waiting to see one of those pigeon eggs hatch. I can't remember if we ever did but Mr Myers yelled at us many times for being near his coops. We'd run for our lives or homes was more like it, hoping we wouldn't hear gun fire. We did. Roller skating on the road it was a blast. We both hung our skating keys around our necks and raced each other to the invisible finish line. I'd let her win most of the time because her left shoe always would fall off. Poor Bootsie a lovable pup. Helen would dress him up in doll clothes and hats and demand he stay in her doll carriage while she pushed him to our favorite neighborhood store to get her Mom a loaf of bread. Even Bootsie knew better than to jump out. There always was a reward from the store butcher of a bone or 2. That helped keep him from bailing out of the carriage on the way home. RIP Bootsie.

Helen's Mom became very ill she did more than her best to keep her happy and safe. Many times Helen and I lifted her from the floor back to her wheelchair. Promising we'd never breath a word of it to her Dad. It was a definite stress for such a young girl and it went on for many years. Helen always knew I'd help her with it. Why wouldn't I, we were truly blood sisters.

Life went on as we grew and came into different paths. We both married and had children. Helen was so so so proud of her little girl she had. She was the light of her life. Someone she could love unconditionally for life. She was so proud of her. I once told Helen if you keep kissing her so much her skin is going to fall off. This time we traveled in different directions. We did make contact I believe 2 times with the phone but we just didn't keep in touch. I can admit I always thought about that sweet trusting friend I knew was somewhere out there. With the technology we have today Helen was able to locate me and made a very important phone reunion about 6 weeks ago. I was absolutely thankful to hear her voice and feel the love we always had together. What an emotional phone call we had. It will be cherished for the rest of

my life. Thanks Tony for all you've done to keep our love strong. Tony you've been the person I always prayed Helen would have to love her. You are her guardian angel she needed to go on with a tough life she endured. Her children I hope can love her always.

Love,  
Linda Corbett

**LINDA CORBETT** - August 30, 2018 at 02:59 PM

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“ I will always remember Helens kind heart and how much she (and Tony) helped our family when we needed it. A truly sweet person that i am grateful to have known.

**Pam Bishop** - August 29, 2018 at 08:53 PM