



Jeanne S. Putorti

October 1, 1926 - January 9, 2022

Jeanne Putorti, 95, former longtime West Hill resident, died on Sunday, January 9th, at Ellis Hospital. Born in Whitehall, NY on October 1, 1926, daughter of Lorenzo Bigelow and Stella (Archambault). Graduate of Whitehall High School and State Teachers College in 1949. Married for 55 years to Joseph Putorti until his death in 2003. She devoted her life to raising her five children, Christine Bowie, Timothy (Patricia), Mary Swann, Joseph Jr, and Anthony . She is also survived by 12 grandchildren and 22 great grandchildren.

Funeral mass to be held at the Shrine Church of Our Lady of the America's (formerly St. Patrick's Church) at 273 Central Avenue Albany at 10:30 am Friday January 14th. Relatives and friends are invited. Interment at St. Agnes Cemetary.

In lieu of flowers, those wishing to honor Jeanne's memory ,may make a contribution to the Heritage Home for Women, 1519 Union St., Schenectady, NY 12309

Tribute Wall

 Neil
Mitchell

“ *Joe my heartfelt condolences on the loss of
your mom....stay strong brother....neil mitchell*



Neil Mitchell - January 28, 2022 at 12:16 PM

MS

“ Thoughts of my mother. Things my mother taught me.

I loved my mother. She made me feel safe and happy. She read to me endlessly and cuddled me. She would cook me breakfast, and let me choose the meal. My favorite was "eggs and toast and you feed me". Having four years between my older and younger brothers, I felt I received a bigger piece of the Mom pie. My favorite holiday was the one when I was sick and unable to go with my father and siblings to my grandparents house. My mom and I stayed home and shared the turkey she cooked. I was in heaven.

My mom shared her love of books with me. As I grew older we discussed books that reflected the turbulent times we lived in. We shared an admiration for Maya Angelou and Dr. Martin Luther King. She took me to see Robert Kennedy at the state capitol and we got to shake his hand.

My mom shared her love of animals and all living things. She fed neighborhood cats and took in stray animals of all kinds.

I was proud that my mom was a college graduate. She had lost both her parents by age thirty one. She never expected to live such a long life. I am very glad she did.

At age eighty nine my mom was diagnosed with dementia. She moved to an adult home and loved it. She loved the staff, the activities, the special visitors, the parties and entertainment. Over the last two years, she declined. She no longer recognized family, but she always remembered her name and her home town. She would visit with my sister and I, and she would sing multiple verses of her favorite Christmas songs.

Those visits will remain forever in my heart.

Goodbye Mom. Thanks for everything. Love, Mary.

Mary Swann - January 13, 2022 at 02:09 PM