



Theresa Marie Langenderfer

September 21, 1936 - December 1, 2025

Theresa Langenderfer, aka Mom, Grandma, Great Grandma, The Silver Fox, passed away peacefully on December 1, 2025, after a brief battle with cancer. She was a lifetime Toledoan, proud Italian and avid Notre Dame fan. She graduated from St. Ursula Academy in 1953, attended the Davis Business College and began working for the Social Security Administration from 1954-57.

During this time, Mom joined the St. James TCCY, a local Catholic youth group, where she met a number of young adults who would become lifelong friends. One of the group members was a young man named John Langenderfer, hmmm. It all depends on who is telling the story as to who pursued whom but, suffice it to say, John was smitten with his kitten and they were married in 1956. A family of six children would eventually follow.

While living in the Old South End as their family was growing, her father-in-law joined the household, bringing the total to eight. In 1965, the family experienced the loss of newborn son/brother Martin at two days of age. He was gone but never forgotten and mentioned in prayer at every meal.

As with any large family, thrift and resourcefulness became daily practices. Groceries were only purchased with coupons and the requisite detailed and calculated shopping lists resulted in stops at Kroger, Food Town and Joseph's

grocery stores. As the daughter of a retired deli owner, Mom knew how to find a bargain.

The thrift and resourcefulness extended beyond the grocery store. With eight to feed, home canning and freezing became a constant part of the late-summer early-autumn routine. Fruits and vegetables were purchased in bulk from the farmers' market. The various preserving processes were run with efficiency and a sharp eye on food safety. Everyone had age-appropriate tasks and everyone participated. The shelves in the basement would begin to fill with the recently utilized Ball jars of various sizes, shapes and contents.

With five children, not only do you need a lot of food, you also need a lot of clothes. New clothes happened three times a year in our house, back-to-school, Christmas and birthdays, all were special occasions. To help alleviate some of the clothing issues, sewing projects were constantly underway. For my brothers and I, pants had the knees patched, repatched and re-repatched until they were deemed to be too short, at which time they were cutoff and became shorts. The majority of my sisters' clothes were homemade and often the envy of their friends. There was no fashion deadline that could not be met. Store-bought dresses were considered an extravagance, especially since Mom could make them at a fraction of the cost and of much better quality. Not expensive but always very stylish labors of love. Despite the modest means, her Italian sense of style always emanated.

Our home was always in good order. The laundry was washed and precisely folded, the kitchen was spotless when not in use, which was seldom. It was a perpetual cycle of tasks, all important, and we helped with what we could. The reality was that much of the work fell on Mom, as we were busy being kids, and she was in a steady, constant state of work. There were no wasted movements and no wasted time, the epitome of efficiency. Eight people make for a busy home.

As in most households, Christmas was a special time of year. One of my Mom's greatest undertakings each year was the baking of the much-anticipated Christmas cookies. I do recall for a fact that there were no less than twelve types of cookies baked each year, but several of their names escape me. This feat was accomplished by Mom starting shortly after Thanksgiving and baking in the kitchen several evenings a week. They were not to be eaten before Christmas. Besides trying to snatch raw cookie dough, which was never permitted but always somehow happened, the ultimate challenge was in sneaking the baked hunks of deliciousness from their temporary homes, wrapped in wax paper, in their special metal canisters. Those canisters were stored on the shelves in the basement near the previously canned food. That location provided ample opportunities to sample the goods.

In 1977, when the last of us kids were entering high school, Mom began working for Sr. Nancy Westmeyer at the Dioceses of Toledo. It was the perfect opportunity for Mom to brush up on her secretarial skills and re-enter the outside workforce. She also enjoyed the office comradery, forming a number of additional long-lasting friendships.

In 1978, she began a 31-year career working at the Medical College of Ohio, in the Physician Assistant Graduate Program. It was also a career she greatly enjoyed. She worked with her sister Joann and formed another group of close friends. Mom's work there consisted of processing applications for perspective students and assisting current students with administrative matters. I'm not exactly sure what they were doing at MCO, but I do know that they had elevated the office potluck to next-level and any occasion qualified. It was a great place for Mom.

As Mom's rediscovered work career was taking off, so was her family. Beth and Steve provided the first two grandchildren. It was an amazing phenomenon to see how quickly and frequently Mom and Dad could make it down to Cincinnati to "check on the grandkids," who were always just fine.

Although the grandkids were doing well, not everyone else was. Carol had received a medical discharge from the US Navy following a distinguished but sadly brief career. After her five-year battle with cancer, Carol passed away peacefully at home with Mom and Dad present. In 1990, Dad also passed away at home, six months after being diagnosed with cancer, as the result of work exposure to asbestos. Some dark days for sure, but Mom persevered.

The next few years saw many changes taking place in the family. In 1995, first Matthew and Rachel and then Mark and Maureen were married. Mom entered full-on grandma mode as another seven grandkids were ultimately added to the family, bring the total to nine. Two of those nine grandchildren gave Mom five great grandchildren. She couldn't have been prouder.

In 1996, at the chipper age of 60, Mom took up golf. Besides be a highly social sport, it was also another style opportunity. A golf bag, head covers, towel, balls and tees. The opportunities to accessorize were limitless. And that doesn't include the golf "outfits," all of which were purchased on sale.

For the grandkids, Mom's house was always a haven, not a care in the world. Visits there were a total immersion event. The moment they walked in the door they were greeted by the smells of air fresheners, immediately followed by a big hug from Grandma and her perfume, enveloped in love. They knew where the toys and games were in the front closet and they knew where the candy bag was located in the laundry room. (She claimed the candy was 'just some leftovers' from her card games and dominoes with friends but no one really believed that.) Everything was in its place. As the grandkids grew older,

they came to appreciate Mom's game playing skills and overall cleverness. That awareness, and Mom's changing hair color, garnered her the "Silverfox" nickname.

As her granddaughters grew older, they would watch mesmerized as Grandma meticulously applied her makeup, styled her hair, and added a tasteful item of jewelry here and there. Her clothes were always pressed and her jeans were always creased. No detail was too small. The various fragrances of the hand soaps and lotions were always the topic of much discussion.

Mom was much loved and will be greatly missed by her family, her brother Albert Puccetti and sister Joann Braatz, her cousins and many dear friends.

On Sunday, December 21, a visitation will be held from 2P-6P, at Coyle Mortuary, 1770 S. Reynolds Rd., Toledo.

On Monday, December 22, a visitation will be held from 10A-11A, followed immediately by a Funeral Mass at St. Joan of Arc Parish, 5856 Heatherdowns Blvd, Toledo. The Funeral Mass will be livestreamed at <https://www.youtube.com/@StJoanofArcCatholicParish> Burial will be at Resurrection Cemetery, 5725 Hill Ave, Toledo.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations be made to the charity of your choice.

Cemetery Details

Resurrection Cemetery

5725 Hill Avenue
Toledo, OH 43615

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 21. 2:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Coyle Funeral Home
1770 S. Reynolds Road
Toledo, OH 43614

Scripture Service

DEC 21. 5:00 PM (ET)

Coyle Funeral Home
1770 S. Reynolds Road
Toledo, OH 43614

Visitation

DEC 22. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

St. Joan Of Arc
5856 Heatherdowns Blvd
Toledo, OH

Funeral Mass

DEC **22**. 11:00 AM (ET)

St. Joan Of Arc
5856 Heatherdowns Blvd
Toledo, OH

Tribute Wall

MS

“ Some of your descriptions of the household and kitchen are spot on....and I can only remember a few times of staying at your house. (Pretty sure I stayed at your house during the days of my Dad's funeral.) I can now say, I know the heartache of missing your Mom. I hope to see you all at church...travel weather permitting. Remain in my prayers



Mike Sexton - December 15, 2025 at 09:29 AM

NS

“ Such a beautiful tribute to a beautiful mom. My mom treasured her friendship with your mother. Prayers and hugs to all of you.

Nancy Sottek Sohalski

Nancy Sohalski - December 14, 2025 at 04:13 PM

CA

“ There are so many memories of Aunt Theresa that I can't begin to start to list them. Please know that Aunt Theresa and Uncle John and all of you are in our prayers. Candie and Ron

candie - December 12, 2025 at 04:44 PM