



Helen R. Seymour

February 19, 1933 - November 12, 2020

Helen was born on February 19th, 1933 in the Bronx, NY (not in Manhattan as her birth certificate says) to deeply observant Jewish parents, Max Kane & Rose (Katz) Kane. Helen was the first-born of 3 children and is survived by her 2 younger siblings: Susan (Kane) Jacobs and Josh Kane. Helen is also survived by her 3 daughters: Beth Concannon, Joni DeGroot, and Ivy Callaway, and her 6 grandchildren: Matt, Chris, and Eric Concannon, Rachel (Concannon) Smith, Dylan Callaway, and Hally DeGroot.

Helen grew up on a tree-lined street in Brooklyn, NY in a lovely home on Winthrop Street. After attending Erasmus High School, she married her first husband, Bob Reicher, and gave birth to her first child, Beth Jo. This marriage ended when Beth was about 2 years of age; and, within the following year, Helen met and married Matthew Schwartz who quickly adopted Beth.

Shortly thereafter, Helen gave birth to twin girls, Joni and Ivy. For 10 years, the family that Helen and Matty created lived on East 104th street in Canarsie in Brooklyn. This was the 1st home that Helen owned! While living there, Helen enjoyed participating in temple-affiliated theater productions which included opportunities to dance. Helen enjoyed modern dance very much during those years, even if it was done in her own living room!

In October of 1964, Helen divorced Matty and in March of 1965, she married

Nelson Seymour with whom she remained married until Nelson's passing in April of 2000. During their marriage, Helen began helping run Nelson's real estate business in Brooklyn. Helen also enjoyed achieving a high level of piano playing there. It is important to note, too, that Helen and Nelson enjoyed a group of friends who were bright, young and, shall we say, typical of the Hippie days of the 1960's!!

After about 5 years living with Nelson & Beth near Flatbush Avenue, Helen, Nelson, & Beth moved to the Costa Del Sol in southern Spain where Helen's business acumen and marketing skills were on full display. She created a thriving business for the Boutique at Lew Hoad's Campo de Tennis in Fuengirola. While working at this tennis club, Helen's unusual tennis form proved to be quite effective and, almost daily, she could be seen on court 1 or 2, beating her opponents in great battles!

During these early years in Spain, Helen's twin daughters, Joni & Ivy, lived in Harrisburg, PA with their father, Matty, (and his parents, Molly and Jack) while the twins finished high school and college.

Meanwhile, in the Costa del Sol, Helen & Nelson bought a small, beautiful hillside Villa Elena (Helen's Villa) near the Campo in a small town called Mijas. At Villa Elena, they employed a gardener, Lazaro, and a housekeeper, Maria, whom Helen gained her unique brand of Spanish. These 2 employees would be 2 people who were particularly important to Helen's well-being there.

Helen also ran the Boutique & Pro Shop at the 5-star Hotel Los Monteros in Marbella, Spain. During the 12 years that she lived in Spain, Helen "schmoozed" with many actors & actresses and was quite the hub in the tennis club & boutique world at this Hotel & at the Campo. She was, also, responsible for getting her daughter, Ivy, a job there to run the tennis and squash club at the Hotel while Joni continued her schooling at Penn State

University and Beth worked in a high-end, handcrafted jewelry shop in Mijas.

Helen & Nelson traveled to Morocco often to buy caftans and other items that Helen had made popular at her 2 boutiques. She was so savvy and smart that her duties at the Campo de Tenis frequently expanded to include managing the entire Campo and its restaurant, as well as organizing the tennis tournaments held there.

Helen lived in Spain till 1982, when she and Nelson moved back to the States, choosing to live near her parents, siblings, and children. While living in Rockaway Park, Queens, NY, she and Nelson started the Exercise Club with the help of her brother and sister-in-law, Josh & Jane Kane. Helen & Nelson also started Hi-Fi Classics (audio systems) in which they enjoyed Helen's business acumen for about 5 years.

Sometime during 1987, Helen moved to San Diego, CA, where she and Nelson began buying fixer-upper homes that she LOVED to decorate and stage. It was a real passion that she enjoyed. Then, they would "flip" the homes for a profit. The two of them expanded their "house-flipping" skills & business when they moved Phoenix, AZ.

During all these years, it is interesting to note that Helen's unique fashion sense & style became noteworthy. She really enjoyed wearing leggings with oversized shirts with large graphics and bling. Her sense of style became an identifying feature that Helen enjoyed. On full display, we would see her blond crewcut combined with a variety of headbands and jangling bangle-bracelets, necklaces, and earrings! That was our Helen.

Sometime in 1994, Helen & Nelson moved back to San Diego to live near her daughters Ivy & Joni. It feels important to mention that, during these years,

Helen and Nelson loved and enjoyed their beautiful dog, Rosie (named after Helen's mom, Rose). Helen would get a little doggie in later years whom she ALSO named Rosie.) While in San Diego, they continued their real estate flipping for a few years until Nelson became gravely ill and, ultimately, died in April of 2000.

After Nelson died, Helen got a job at Viejas Casino where she worked in customer relations for about 2-3 years. She then moved to New Jersey to be near Beth. Helen owned a home in Cherry Hill for a couple of years but ultimately sold that home. She moved back and forth, renting apartments in New Jersey or Rockaway Park, Queens, NY over the next many years as she struggled to feel "at home" somewhere.

Ultimately, in 2018, Helen was diagnosed with dementia/Alzheimer's and managed to continue to live on her own near her daughter, Beth. Beth's and her husband Tim's consistent help made it possible for Helen to live more independently until July of 2019. Helen moved into Brookdale Evesham Assisted Living at that time where she received excellent care along with Beth and Tim's constant supervision of all matters Helen.

October of 2019, all 3 of Helen's daughters came together to visit with Helen at Brookdale Evesham. It was the first time in a decade that Helen had all 3 of her children with her. Also, Helen's brother and sister, Josh and his wife, Jane, and Susan joined the reunion that October to make for a loving memory for all of us.

Sadly, after struggling with the effects of progressing Alzheimer's, Helen succumbed to a lung infection. So important to acknowledge that Helen's passing occurred with the heart-warming support of her hospice caregivers. Helen passed calmly & comfortably as her daughters spoke to her via the cell/speaker phone held by one of Brookdale's nurse, Lisa

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Matt Concannon (Grandson) By Matt Concannon Grandma.

She was my Grandma, our Grandma. We lost most of other grandparents many years ago as children, so Gram Gram as we called her was the only representative of that generation and that endearing figure through most of our lives. To call her the Matriarch would be beneath her, as my brother Chris pointed out, she was clearly a Queen. She adorned herself accordingly, a cross section between Fitness model, Punk Rocker and Ancient Royalty. But even through all the charade, and when she wasn't rolling them, she had the kindest eyes of a loving Grandma, filled with real appreciation for her family. It was always a treat to go visit her and see the other worldly smoke filled managerie of black leather, white fur, and tribal artifacts. I definitely inherited some of my decorating style from her. I would rumage through her giant ornate rings like buried treasure. She was the cool grandma, she kept it real and spoke her mind. It wasn't always easy to see her joy, but when you did, she lit up a room with her smile and laugh. I wish I knew her better and treasure the moments that we had. It was never filler with her, but real genuine time. She carried her chin high till the end with dignity and pride, and I am proud to call her my Grandmother 11/20/2020 8:11:45 AM

My grandmother, Gram Gram, passed away November 12, 2020, and will be missed by all who knew her. I have such fond memories of her, albeit she was never the traditional grandmother figure. I remember while growing up visiting her in New York regularly. The smell of cigarette smoke and the cigarette holders she used. I can still see and feel some of her modern art and decor. Who can forget all all of her pictures of her when she was younger she always had on display. She was a beautiful woman and did well for herself in life. You could always count on her to speak her mind, welcome or unwelcome, and had opinions on everyone. She had a beautiful smile and her own unique fashion style and all her jewelry which made her stand out. She sometimes spoke of being a reincarnated Egyptian queen, and who knows maybe she was one. She was a special and unique person, that I will always have great

memories of, she was loved and will be missed.

Chris Concannon.....

My mom was a very unusual woman.

She was very beautiful and unique.

As my sister Ivy so wonderfully wrote her obituary and did a great job of outlining her long and rich life.

And my children have also given their take on their Gramgram.

I can just add a few things about my mom.

All of what they said is true and so well said.

Especially seeing my mom through the eyes of my children is so great!

My mom had an unsettled spirit in many ways but yet had a very special side of her that just went for anything she wanted to do. She was all about style and always looked beautiful! She loved clothing and decorating in her very modern way.. by the way I am quite opposite to her.

Being almost complete opposites we got along well. It was hard to see her not doing well at the end and I am so glad I had the opportunity to care for her when she was still in her own apartment and when we moved her to Brookdale Assisted Living.

I must say it was very hard during the main Covid months and we couldn't visit her for quite a while. My husband Tim and I were then glad to be able to visit with her again these past few months and bring her what she needed. I am also glad that before Covid came all of my children had an opportunity to visit her at Brookdale.

And that my twin sisters Ivy and Joni and I could all be together with her for the first time in 10 years. Also happy that her brother Josh and sister Sue has a good visit with her also.

I am glad we had a chance to laugh with her during many of these visits.

She kept the workers and aides on their toes at Brookdale for sure! And They

were wonderful there.

I am so glad this last month or so they got a new hairdresser at Brookdale and she was able to fix my moms hair.. I am so glad since she was able to look good toward these end weeks.

And I would always make sure she had her eyebrow pencil since I knew how important her eyebrows were to her.

Her sharpness and spicy words and attitude toward many of them at Brookdale was actually loved by them. They would always say, "I get a real kick out of your mom".

You actually never knew what she would say. So it was always interesting being with her.

She definitely was not your typical mom.

She had a child like side to her and was always like a left over hippie from the 60's

She loved the Beatles, peace symbols very modern art, and big hoop earrings.

I will miss her!

At a later date when my sisters can travel here and maybe some other family members... we will have a memorial service for her.

As we were gathered together last night with some of my children we all had many shared stories about Gramgram.

The memories of her will continue on and on. As we will all miss her being around.

My daughter Rachel just had a baby August 3rd.

This was my mom's first great grandchild but due to Covid and the baby being so young Rachel was not able to visit with him but she knew she had a great grandsonand every week I would bring her a different picture of Jerald.

One picture in particular that I just brought her a few weeks ago is of Jerald smiling and she really loved that picture it was her favorite....she kept it on her night table.

.....Beth Concannon

My grandma was a one of a kind person.....she was not you're typical grandmother....not the type to have freshly baked cookies and warm hugs but rather a fake marijuana plant on her coffee table and show off old rather risqu? pics of herself to whoever came over haha... loved to shock people with what she wore and said....I remember one Easter she wore pleather leggings with slits in them and a spiked dog collar around her neck! She was charming and witty and absolutely gorgeous....she never went anywhere without her makeup and her eyebrows drawn on, she was a smart business woman who ran several businesses in her life....she played life by her own rules, she wasn't afraid to go against the grain....she really lived a fascinating life and whenever I tell people about her life and my Moms life they always say it should be a movie haha and if you know the whole story you know what I mean! No matter how old she got she was always young at heart and I loved talking with her about makeup and clothes. She was a unique person and I don't think anyone else had a grandma quite like her.....she was the only grandparent ever present in my life and as crazy as she was in so many ways I will miss her and all of her weirdness dearly....she never got to meet my son but I can't wait to one day tell him stories about his great grandma and tell him the lessons I learned from watching her life and her choices.... she was one of a kind....I'll miss you GramGram!

.....Rachel (Concannon) Smith

From Susan Jacobs, her sister:

My sister, what can I say? To know her was to love her. Regarding her sense of style, she wore one t-shirt of sorts, that had a picture on the front, of a wolf. It was larger than life and really scared me. It covered the entire front of the shirt. She had a mind of her own and when asked not to wear it sometimes, you know that was a lost cause.

I loved her and will miss her very much.

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From Fredda Schildt, her niece:

Helen was my aunt and a friend, and we shared a special connection. She and Uncle Nelson (I never knew her first husband, and I have only vague memories of 'Uncle Matty') were the 'cool' aunt and uncle. You know--they moved a lot, they spoke their minds, they always had stories to tell, and they just seemed to like to have fun (and I use that term loosely). I remember getting cassette tapes from them when they lived in Spain; it was so tech-forward to hear their voices across the ocean! And it was Uncle Nelson, who upon hearing that I wanted to fly to visit my friend during college spring break but didn't have the money, offered to loan me the money. I was shocked, to which he replied matter-of-factly in his husky voice "well, I'll loan it to you, and if you never pay me back, I'll never loan you money again." You know I paid them back every penny!

After Uncle Nelson died, it took some time to stop saying "Aunt Helen and Uncle Nelson." They were one entity. Aunt Helen and I spoke on the phone frequently and the topics rotated like this: computer/iPad, tennis, politics, family, computer/iPad, tennis, politics, family, and so on. We had many good laughs and picked apart politics a lot. She was more tech-savvy than she ever gave herself credit for. We played a lot of Words with Friends---and she kicked my butt 9 times out of 10! In fact, one of our last conversations was about that very thing--which gave her quite a laugh. She seemed surprised that I was as bad as I was at the game.

Visiting her in Rockaway was a treat. There was always something fascinating to see in her place--photos, decorations, her latest clothing purchases... Yes,

as we've already heard, she had her own sense of style--but she wore it with a confidence that was effortless. It was just who she was. Headbands? Check. Kaftans? Check. Anything out there, or a bit off-the-grid? Check. She was just Aunt Helen. Maybe we should all take a page from her playbook; if we stop caring quite so much about what other people think about what we wear, we'd all be a little happier. She also spoke her mind--even in the famous Gigi-like stage whispers that people across the street could hear--and you always knew where you stood with her.

The last conversation I had with her was when she phoned me. She hadn't done that in a long time, so it was an extra-special surprise. We laughed, and I think she was pleased that she made me so happy by calling. She was clear, and sounded great and I was sure to tell her I loved her.

She was loved deeply and will be missed greatly.

Cemetery Details

Private

Tribute Wall



“ *Givnish Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Helen R. Seymour*



Givnish Funeral Home - November 17, 2020 at 02:31 PM



lovely collaboration of Love you all :)

Joni

Joni De Groot - November 20, 2020 at 01:00 AM



“ *Helen R. Seymour*

September 09, 2022 at 01:27 AM

“ From Helen's Daughter, Ivy:

I will miss the mom whom I knew to always be so supportive of me. For so much of my later teen years & my younger adult years, she was a wonderful friend. We could talk about anything, really.

Despite the divorce from Joni's, Beth's, & my father when I was 9 and despite the difficulties that my mom had in appreciating the obvious beauty and talents that she had, she always managed to be one of the great "cheerleaders" in my life. Also, she was a very liberal-minded woman with a readiness to laugh with her very wry sense of humor, so I really enjoyed that. And, at times, I even enjoyed wearing clothing that had my mom's style (big prints on big shirts worn with leggings) and it just didn't quite look the same on me as it did on her! (lol) :->

Her struggle to find peace-of-mind actually laid before me many new opportunities. Visiting her & Nelson in Spain and, ultimately, moving there right out of college for a few years as I traveled & worked in the tennis world and gained fluency in Spanish proved to be an essential phase in my life. This period thus developed my employability skills and gave me SOooo many varied experiences.

And, while there, I observed what-looked-to-me to be a woman who was feeling pretty well-fulfilled (despite some regrets). She was blossoming in her adventurism, entrepreneurial endeavors on 2 continents, learning a new language & culture, meeting people from all over the world, playing tennis, and, much to my happiness, exerting her influence for my benefit there! She was instrumental in getting me a great position in a 5-star hotel in Marbella. I will be forever grateful for those years!

I also got my mom's appreciation for looking at and fixing up homes. I went with her & Nelson to look at many, many homes that they wanted to fix and flip OR for them to live in -in San Diego & in Phoenix. We, also, went together to house-hunt as my husband,

Ken, and I looked for our 1st home in San Diego! She & Nelson were very generous when they gave Ken & me money to help us put a down payment for our 1st home in 1986. We could not have done this without their help (and my dad's)!

There is so much that happened between then and now. And the essence that remains is the gratitude for my mom's love and the love I share with my sisters, Joni & Beth. I will be eternally grateful to Beth & Tim for their marathon of hard work as they tried to help our mom feel at peace. It was a long 7-8 years.

I will, also, be eternally grateful that Beth & Tim (in New Jersey) did a FaceTime Video call with Joni & me (in San Diego) so that we could all be with our mom at Givinish's Funeral home one last time. We all told her how much we love her & will miss (the many different versions of) her. We were "together" as Beth & Tim stroked her hair and touched her cheek. Tim said a lovely prayer that helped us unite in sending our mom on her way.

*Thank you so much for listening.
With love & gratitude for the Life our mom gave me,
ivy*

Bconcan - November 21, 2020 at 09:00 PM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Bconcan - November 21, 2020 at 07:52 PM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 21, 2020 at 08:19 AM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 20, 2020 at 05:47 PM

BS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon. (from Aunt Sue) - November 20, 2020 at 11:54 AM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 20, 2020 at 11:49 AM

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“ *By Chris Concannon (grandson)*

My grandmother, Gram Gram, passed away November 12, 2020, and will be missed by all who knew her. I have such fond memories of her, albeit she was never the traditional grandmother figure. I remember while growing up visiting her in New York regularly. The smell of cigarette smoke and the cigarette holders she used. I can still see and feel some of her modern art and decor. Who can forget all all of her pictures of her when she was younger she always had on display. She was a beautiful woman and did well for herself in life. You could always count on her to speak her mind, welcome or unwelcome, and had opinions on everyone. She had a beautiful smile and her own unique fashion style and all her jewelry which made her stand out. She sometimes spoke of being a reincarnated Egyptian queen, and who knows maybe she was one. She was a special and unique person, that I will always have great memories of, she was loved and will be missed.

Chris Concannon.....

Chris Concannon (Grandson) - November 20, 2020 at 11:03 AM

M(

“ By Matt Concannon

Grandma. She was my Grandma, our Grandma. We lost most of of other grandparents many years ago as children, so Gram Gram as we called her was the only representative of that generation and that endearing figure through most of our lives. To call her the Matriarch would be beneath her, as my brother Chris pointed out, she was clearly a Queen. She adorned herself accordingly, a cross section between Fitness model, Punk Rocker and Ancient Royalty. But even through all the charade, and when she wasn't rolling them, she had the kindest eyes of a loving Grandma, filled with real appreciation for her family. It was always a treat to go visit her and see the other wordly smoke filled managerie of black leather, white fur, and tribal artifacts. I definitely inherited some of my decorating style from her. I would rumage through her giant ornate rings like buried treasure. She was the cool grandma, she kept it real and spoke her mind. It wasn't always easy to see her joy, but when you did, she lit up a room with her smile and laugh. I wish I knew her better and treasure the moments that we had. It was never filler with her, but real genuine time. She carried her chin high till the end with dignity and pride, and I am proud to call her my Grandmother

Matt Concannon (Grandson) - November 20, 2020 at 08:11 AM

BC

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Matt Concannon

Beth Concannon - November 19, 2020 at 05:30 PM

BC

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Beth Concannon - November 19, 2020 at 07:00 AM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 19, 2020 at 06:58 AM



“ 20 files added to the album *Life Tributes*



Givnish Funeral Home - November 18, 2020 at 01:21 PM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 18, 2020 at 10:55 AM

BC

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 18, 2020 at 10:51 AM

BC

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 18, 2020 at 10:49 AM

BC

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 18, 2020 at 09:00 AM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 18, 2020 at 08:56 AM

BC

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 18, 2020 at 08:53 AM

BC

“ 12 files added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 18, 2020 at 08:01 AM

BC

“ 7 files added to the tribute wall



Beth Concannon - November 17, 2020 at 10:54 PM

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Beth Concannon - November 17, 2020 at 10:45 PM

BC

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I loved her and will miss her very much.

Beth Concannon - November 17, 2020 at 10:37 PM



“ 100 files added to the album *LifeTributes*



Givnish Funeral Home - November 17, 2020 at 02:28 PM



“ 12 files added to the album *Memories Album*



Givnish Funeral Home - November 16, 2020 at 01:39 PM



“ 57 files added to the album Memories Album



Givnish Funeral Home - November 16, 2020 at 10:57 AM