

Etta-Rae (Lisker) Blazar



Near the end with eyes closed, she counted her babies at the beach, 1-2-3-4, making sure they were safe near the ocean.

That was Etta-Rae, always on the lookout, protecting her children, grandchildren and great grandchild.

Two months shy of 91, finally she rested after calling each of her kids to say goodbye, falling asleep for the last time on Sunday, December 14th, in Rockville, MD.

Etta-Rae (Lisker) Blazar was born on February 22, 1935, in Providence, the only child of



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She married the late Sheldon M. Blazar, also of Providence, Rhode Island, in 1959. Etta-Rae raised four children: Bradford, Bonnie (Feola), Ernest and Suzanne (Pasternak). She is survived by them, along with her great-grandchild, Etta Feola, and nine grandchildren: Brooke Blazar; Mario, Ariel, and Soren Feola; Sawyer and Elyse Blazar; and Barrie, Sierra and Josh Pasternak.

Etta-Rae also leaves behind several lifelong friends from college and summer camp more than 75 years ago, each a sister she never had. To them she was forever “Etsy.” She loved them and kept them close until her final days, sharing the joys and sadness of long lives well lived.

A proud graduate of Hope High School and the University of Rhode Island, she worked for many years as a social worker, later earning her Master of Social Work degree from The Catholic University of America, at 58.

Invoking her work experience, Etta-Rae seldom needed encouragement to speak her mind. She had the courage of her convictions and was unburdened by self-restraint. For better or worse, you always knew where you stood with her. And if you didn’t, Etta-Rae was quick to remove doubt.

Only in the last few years did Etta-Rae arrive at the frustrating conclusion (for her) that she was no longer running her adult children’s lives.

She was happiest surrounded by her kids and grandkids, kvelling at their brilliance and youth and stories and adventures and diplomas. Her children and grandchildren and their achievements were her crown jewels.

Etta-Rae was a survivor, having battled several cancers and other illnesses over many years. Second only to being a fierce advocate for all her kids, she was a tireless fighter for her own health, pressing doctors for every possible advantage, but only after checking where they went to medical school. She liked to think that all her time in hospitals credited her with an unofficial medical degree, allowing her to second-guess anyone holding a stethoscope.

She loved her native Rhode Island and especially Narragansett Beach. She enjoyed lobster, clam “chowdah,” and clamcakes along with the smell of the ocean and the sound of waves against the seawall. She loved freshly made (never frozen) Chinese dumplings, chopped liver and a toasted bagel with white fish, lox or sable. Few things for her could match the snap of a good dill pickle.

She played Scrabble like her life depended on it, once winning with a vulgar — but officially accepted — word in front of her stunned children and grandchildren while sitting at the



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forgot (or forgave him for) when he tried to play the word “flyless” – as in pants with no zipper -- for a 50-point bonus.

Etta-Rae Blazar was an outsized and vivacious presence. She leaves a legacy of fierce advocacy for her family and friends — and will be deeply missed.

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