



Dolores D. Heikes

July 9, 2019

Dolores DeLasho Heikes was reborn into new life after a brief illness of pancreatic cancer.

Born to Peter and Mary (Hoyo) DeLasho in Yonkers, New York, the oldest of four children. She is survived by her siblings Theresa (George) Varjan, James (Frances) DeLasho, Peter DeLasho and nephew Peter (Gerri), children Mia and Zeke and niece Elaine, children Jessica and Jimmy.

Dolores was predeceased in death by her parents and husbands Bob Hart in 1958 and Dana Heikes in 1970, special friend Allen Teddone in 2017, as well as many dear friends.

Dee possessed a special flair. She lived life with spirit and strength. She loved the arts, fashion, her garden and a varied business career. Active in her Long Island community, she especially enjoyed her participation in the Chaine des Rotisseurs.

She is dearly missed.

Cemetery

Events

**Gate of Heaven
Cemetery**
10 W Stevens Ave
10532
Hawthorne, NY,
10532

JUL Visitation 03:00PM - 07:00PM

15

Edwards - Dowdle Funeral Home
64 Ashford Avenue, Dobbs Ferry, NY, US, 10522

JUL Funeral Mass 10:00AM

16

Our Lady Queen of Peace Chapel (Located on the grounds of
Gate of Heaven Cemetery)
10 West Stevens Ave., Valhalla, NY, US, 10532

Comments



“ 4 files added to the album Memories Album



Dr. Larry Lachman - August 14 at 03:35 AM



“ I am very very sad to hear about Dolores' death. I have known her since 1974--for 45 years! She first contacted me when we had an ad in the local Manhasset Press paper announcing the first meeting of our Parapsychology Phenomenology Assemble Group in the Spring or Summer of 1974. Our friendship grew from there. I will always cherish our kitchen talks around her small circular table, positioned on her fashionable black and white tiled kitchen floor, watching the MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour on PBS, over some--as we would refer to it-- "druthering" tea.

My buddy James and I cleaned up her back yard full of leaves one fall. Dolores and I shared a love for animals; I remember her grey cat "Lily," fondly as she remembered my Yellow Lab, "Tozai." I remember traveling with her up to Yonkers to visit her family. I remember her hosting our get togethers and parties, including one for my former wife and I after we were married. I remember long talks and lemonade on her rear porch during the hot humid Long Island summers and long walks around the neighborhood during the fall.

Dolores was fearless. Her strength and spirit surpassed what most people are capable of and what they would ever achieve in their life time--especially given the death of her two husbands.

She was a brave warrior...leading the charge against ignorance, prejudice, Lyme Disease, potential strokes and--I gather from this obituary posting-- pancreatic cancer.

I will miss my dear friend. I will miss our far reaching talks on microcosmic and macrocosmic issues which frequently covered questions about our existence, spirituality, faith and religion. In recent years, we shared stories via phone including about Martin acoustic guitars--with building a collection since 2010 and with her still having one of her late husband's Martins.

For the last year--year and half, I began "sensing" something was up. We would previously connect every month or so on the phone. I hadn't heard anything from Dolores. I attempted many phone calls. Left many messages on her answering machine. Was worried about her. Fearing for her safety, I had twice asked the Nassau County Police Department's local precinct to do a welfare check on her. No

one answered. Neighbors didn't know or wouldn't say. Short of breaking the door down, that's all I could do from 3,000 miles away.

I am sad that my concern, intuition and fear has now been realized. Dolores was one of a kind; a rare gem; and a fiercely loyal and faithful friend. I have and always will admire her greatly. I will always miss her. I will never forget her. She was there for me when it really counted. She not only "talked the talk," but she indeed, "walked the walk." And if she's up there in Heaven looking down on me as a type this memory share on my computer in Monterey, California, all I can say is, "Hey my druthering friend. Are you up for some tea and talk? Let's do it." --with love and sadness, Larry Lachman

Dr. Larry Lachman - August 14 at 03:04 AM