

Casimira Lack-Westerinen

January 21, 1926 - January 2, 2022

Casimira Lack-Westerinen "Cassie" passed away on January 2, 2022 at the age of 95. She was born in Hamtramck, Michigan on January 21, 1926. She was a manager at the S&H Green Stamps. She loved bowling, playing the organ, and going to the casino and bingo. Casimira was preceded in death by her parents Roman and Mary Witczak, her sons Ronald and Dennis, husbands Anthony and Laurie "Sonny" Westerinen. Sisters Helen and Irene and brother Harry. Surviving is her daughter Diane (Don) and grandchildren Sherri (Kevin), Denise (Glenn), and Donny (Rachel), her great grandchildren Allison, Joey, and Ryan, nieces, nephews, great nieces, and great nephews. A committal service for Casimira will be held at Resurrection Cemetery 18201 Clinton River Road (Corner of 17 Mile Rd), Clinton Twp. on Saturday at 11 AM.

Previous Events

Committal Service

JAN 8. 11:00 AM (ET)

Resurrection Cemetery
18201 Clinton River Rd
Clinton Township, MI 48038
(586) 286-9020

Tribute Wall

DR

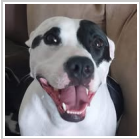
“ I will miss Aunt Cassie at all the family gatherings. Always something nice to say and quite the conversationalist. She was an ambitious lady always hard working. She lost 2 husbands as well as two children before her which is the hardest loss of all. I admire her love and care that she provided to her parents for a very, very long time. My love to you Diane and family.
Debbie Radtke

Debbie Radtke - January 11, 2022 at 06:18 PM

TS

“ May the beautiful memories of your special loved one bring you comfort. Sending you Peace, Light and Love.
Tracy Sanford & Family

Tracy Sanford - January 06, 2022 at 09:18 AM



“ Maria Mia lit a candle in memory of Casimira Lack-Westerinen



Maria Mia - January 05, 2022 at 06:54 AM

 James
Shaw Jr.

“ I always knew her as "Grandma Lack." I'm not sure at what point I realized she wasn't my biological grandmother, but it didn't matter; she might as well have been. Somewhere I have an 8mm film of her giving me my first haircut in 1978, but I don't independently remember that. The first memory I have of her is when I was four years old, sitting beside her at the Hammond organ she had at her house, playing the "Too Fat Polka" for me and trying to teach me the words to sing along, possibly to get a break from listening to my experiments on said organ. I think it was the first keyboard I ever played. I remember her telling me about this piano player named "Liberace" and how I could play as good as him one day if I practiced. She would speak to her elderly mother in Polish, which I didn't understand, and she'd teach me a handful of words that I would listen for in their conversations. I didn't figure out until I was much older that what she was doing was connecting with me, which was something she could do with anyone, even a four-year-old boy. That's who she was: someone who could connect with absolutely anyone and who could make anyone feel instantly understood and loved. That's how she spent ninety-five years: making everyone around her feel loved, cared for, and understood. Later in life, I'd understand how much she gave to everyone around her. Later in life, I got to watch her play with my own daughter and expertly make her feel the same way she made me feel at the same age, like she was instantly understood and loved by someone she'd just met but who somehow had known her all her life. But when I picture her now, I can't imagine her shorter than me, as she was for most of my life. I can only picture myself looking up at her - this towering figure who was the source of comfort and love and joy and help for so many. Casimira Lack-Westerinen was a saint. I've loved her all my life and always will. My heart goes out to all who have known the joyful glow of the powerful light that has now been switched off. You're a part of me and of so many others, Grandma Lack. The love is eternal.

James Shaw Jr. - January 04, 2022 at 04:03 PM

JS

“ Right now I hope there is Polka in heaven because I remember as a kid dancing with "Moms" and she threw me around like a rag doll. I met Mom through her son Ron when I was about seven and she has been a treasure for my family and me every year since-she was even God Mother to our daughter Stephanie. She was the mom I didn't quite have; the one with the hugs and the "I love yous"-the one who would listen to you as if you were the only person in the world, the one I couldn't lie to, the one we cherish, the one our son loves and our daughter treasured at her wedding. She taught my wife how to cut my hair and the two of them giggled like little girls. We thank her family for sharing her with us and our lives are richer with her in them and the world is somehow less as she goes to dance in Heaven. I sure hope there is one because she'll show them how the Polka is supposed to be done. Our love and thanks, Jim, Julie, James, and Stephanie Shaw

James M Shaw - January 04, 2022 at 02:39 PM

RL

“ Dear Cassie,
We had many great times and Polish dinners together, I will miss all our wonderful talks and visits. But I will especially miss you.

Love Bob and Debby



Robert Lack - January 03, 2022 at 09:34 PM