



Celeste M. Ripanti

May 18, 2026

Celeste M. (Iacona) Ripanti, 95, of Scituate, passed away on May 18, 2026, surrounded by her family. Celeste was born in Providence to the late John and Antonetta (Carlone) Iacona. She spent most of her life in Providence until 2022, when she moved in with her daughter, Sandra, and granddaughter, Lisa.

She was the former wife of the late Algy F. Ripanti and longtime companion of the late Italo Fagnoli. She is survived by her four children, Linda (Henry) McLaughlin, Marie Hickey, Sandra Patterson, and John Ripanti. She was predeceased by her brothers, Michael, Joseph, and John Iacona; her sister, Theresa Studley-Abatiello; her son-in-law, Kerry Patterson; and her grandchildren, Sean McLaughlin and Rebecca Hickey. She also leaves seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Celeste left school in the 10th grade to work and help support her parents. She worked as a salesperson at Pinkerson's in downtown Providence at the age of 14, in a jewelry shop on Charles Street in North Providence, and eventually at the Providence Census Bureau located at Veazie Street School. While working there, she was encouraged to earn her GED. When she did and that position ended, she went to work for the Department of Employment Security, where she remained until her retirement in 1995.

Throughout her life, she enjoyed cooking, sewing, crocheting and knitting, playing cards, line dancing, and, most especially, spending time with her family both near and far. She marveled at technology and loved being able to see and talk with family members through her iPad. She especially looked forward to monthly “Family Day” dinner gatherings with her nieces and nephews, as well as luncheons with friends.

The family extends their sincerest gratitude to HopeHealth Hospice & Palliative Care for their compassionate support. We would especially like to thank her nurse, Jenn B, and caregiver, Rebecca, for the tender, loving care they provided to Celeste, treating her with grace, dignity, and kindness throughout her journey. We are also deeply grateful to social worker Laura, whose guidance and support were invaluable during the most difficult and stressful times.

Celeste will be missed by family and friends alike.

Tribute Wall



“ `<iframe src="https://www.facebook.com/plugins/post.php?href=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.facebook.com%2FMahicke%2Fposts%2Ffbid02PYvj1D8C3RTajB2UtwgDPJi366URnPC9dSkpPwTkwan4XMzJZbL2CXMRfxoQ7MARI&show_text=true&width=500"; width="500" height="590" style="border:none;overflow:hidden" scrolling="no" frameborder="0" allowfullscreen="true" allow="autoplay; clipboard-write; encrypted-media; picture-in-picture; web-share"></iframe>`

Marie - Yesterday at 06:42 PM

“ My Mom – The Paper Tape Queen

Several months ago, a very dear friend and sister in Christ created a group called “Caregivers.” A number of us were walking the same road — caring for our mothers, sharing information, encouraging one another, and helping each other through both the difficult and meaningful moments along the way.

When her own mother passed away, she stayed close beside me, gently helping me navigate the unfamiliar road of grief and all the things that come after. One day she asked me, “What do you remember most about your mom?”

At first, I thought of all the obvious things.

Mom was an amazing cook. On holidays, the buffet table looked like something out of a magazine — homemade pies, cookies, and more food than any family could possibly eat.

I remembered the countless clothes she sewed, crocheted, and knitted over the years. I remembered how she got me started with line dancing and all the fun times we shared together.

But then, after thinking a little longer, I realized there was one memory that rises above all the rest — one that still makes me smile every single time I think of it.

My mother believed that virtually anything in life could be repaired with paper tape.

Something broken? Paper tape.

Something loose? Paper tape.

Something hanging by a thread? More paper tape.

Now, whether the repair actually held was another story entirely... but that never seemed to shake her confidence in the power of

paper tape.

So over the years, she lovingly earned the title: The Paper Tape Queen. 👑

That title remained firmly hers as we continued to call her “The Queen.”

“Your dinner is ready, my Queen.”

We would bow and say, “What can I do for you, Madam?”

Sometimes we even asked, “Can I get you anything else, Your Hiney?”

Not every day during these past four years was easy or fun, but Lisa and I truly enjoyed playing the part of her loyal servants, and those are the moments I want to hold onto and remember most.

But beyond the laughter, the paper tape, and all the memories that make me smile, there is a greater faith that carries me today.

As much as I miss my mother, I do not grieve without hope. The God she trusted throughout her life is the same God who has carried our family through these past years and continues to carry us now. The memories are precious, but the assurance that this life is not the end is even more precious.

Today, I thank all of you for being here to celebrate my mother and the good she did during her life on this earth. Thank you for the kindness, support, friendship, and love you have shown to Lisa and me during this difficult time. Your presence means more than words can express.

And if I may leave one gentle plea from my heart: please seek God while you have time. Draw close to Him, not just in moments of sorrow, but every day. None of us knows what tomorrow brings, but we do know that eternity is real.

As we celebrate her today, I would love for others to share their own stories or favorite memories — funny, sweet, meaningful, or somewhere in between. The little things are often the things we treasure most, and I would be grateful to hear the memories that make you smile too.

From Celebration of Life – June 27, 2026 – Mom's Birthday

Sandra - Yesterday at 05:47 PM

MA

“ 1 file added to the album *Tribute Wall*



Marie - June 08 at 08:38 PM

MA

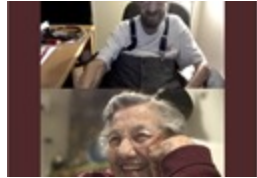
“ 4 files added to the album *Tribute Wall*



Marie - June 08 at 12:57 PM

LM

“ 1 file added to the album *Tribute Wall*



Linda McLaughlin - June 08 at 12:13 PM

“*My beautiful Mom....One of my favorite memories of my mother was hearing how she attended trade school to become a seamstress and even made her sister Terry's wedding dress. To me, that was a beautiful expression of love between sisters and a reflection of her talent, dedication, and willingness to give of herself for those she loved.*

While I have many memories of my mother throughout my life, some of the most treasured are from the later years when my mother, father, my siblings, and I would gather together each evening for our online game sessions. Those nightly moments gave us an opportunity to laugh, talk, tease one another, and simply spend time together as a family. Looking back, those evenings represented a closeness that I now sorely miss. They remain some of the fondest memories I have of both my parents.

Like every family, ours experienced both good times and difficult seasons. My mother and I certainly had our share of disagreements and periods of distance over the years, but my love for her never stopped. No matter what challenges arose between us, I always hoped we could move beyond them, and I always tried to extend the olive branch.

My mother was a hardworking woman who provided for her family and carried many responsibilities throughout her life. She was talented, determined, and resilient. She was also a person with strong opinions and firmly established ways of seeing the world. We did not always view life through the same lens, particularly when it came to money, generosity, and what it means to give freely without expecting something in return.

As I have grown older, I have come to recognize that many of my mother's traits continue to live on through her children. Some are qualities I deeply admire—her work ethic, determination, and resourcefulness. Others are characteristics that unfortunately make relationships more complicated. In that sense, I still see parts of my

mother reflected in my siblings today, just as I know parts of her live on in me.

No one is perfect, and my mother was no exception. But neither were her imperfections greater than her value as a person, a mother, and a human being. I remember her strengths and her flaws because together they made her who she was.

Most importantly, I remember that she was my mother. Despite our differences, I never stopped loving her, and I never stopped hoping for closeness and understanding. I love her still, I miss her deeply, and I always will.

May you be resting in the peace we all one day hope for.

Marie - June 08 at 11:58 AM