



Marilyn Louise Wendell Malpass
July 18, 1938 - August 29, 2026
THE DAY THE MUSIC STOPPED

Marilyn was born in the Cleveland suburb of Euclid Ohio to depression-era parents having no particularly strong interest in classical music. Marilyn was a bright child who was reading at the age of three, and her musical aptitude was also recognizable at an early age. The family had an old upright piano, as did almost everyone in those days, and each morning her mother placed on the piano a short phrase of music for Marilyn to learn before breakfast. She began piano lessons at school and performed on televised talent shows even before the family owned a TV set. Ultimately she won a Baldwin Acrosonic piano, which remains a cherished possession to this day.

Her teacher, wife of the head of Euclid music departments, suggested that she also consider studying violin with him, so those lessons also began in grade school. Euclid High did not have an orchestra, so she quickly learned clarinet so she could be in the marching band. At graduation, in place of delivering a Valedictory speech - a terrifying prospect - she was permitted to perform a piano recital instead. She received a Radcliffe scholarship, but the music-scene provided minimal need for another pianist or clarinetist, so violin became her primary instrument. She joined the Harvard Radcliffe Orchestra and performed with them even after graduation, for more than 20 years, including a year as Concert Master, and a Carnegie Hall concert.

Upon graduation she joined MIT Lincoln laboratory in Lexington MA where she was employed for 33 years as a software engineer. It was during the infancy of digital computers and she was perfectly suited to it. Coincidentally, at Lincoln she met me, engineer Don Malpass, and in 1966 our 60 year marriage began in the MIT Chapel. In 1969 Lincoln offered us an assignment at Kwajalein Missile Range in the Marshall Islands, and we accepted. It was interesting work, but the mid-Pacific location also offered sailing, snorkeling, diving, square dancing, bowling, exotic travel, and other benefits that caused us to remain there for 3 1/2 glorious years. As THE island violinist, Marilyn was welcomed by the community theater group, which was performing popular musicals, including *Fiddler on the Roof*.

In 1972 we returned to Bedford MA. Marilyn increased her participation in the Concord and the Lexington music clubs, as well as becoming a member of Heritage Chamber Players, which performed recitals in Bedford and elsewhere. We also became addicted to the Newport Music Festival each July, and were fortunate enough to befriend several of the musicians. Similarly we were introduced to a chamber music workshop that we attended each October until Covid torpedoed so many music events. The instructors are some of the finest in the world, and Marilyn profited greatly from their coaching, as well as making lifelong friendships with some extraordinary people.

We would gladly continue this forever, but Marilyn's escalating medical problems began to interfere. For her last few years, rehearsing would exhaust her, and eventually she was forced to give up performing. Finally we were unable even to attend meetings and concerts. She and I were in our home together to the end, and music was much of the glue that kept us so closely together. I am assured that I will get over my current grief, but I will never forget. Marilyn was a very special person.

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Because she was emotionally unable to handle funerals and "Celebration of Life" services in her final years, her wish was not to have either one for herself. If you would have provided flowers or other tributes, we encourage you instead to support your favorite orchestra, chamber music, or Animal Welfare organization with a donation. Marilyn would have suggested Concord Chamber Music Society, Mistral, Winsor Music, Needham Concert Society, or Newport Classical. Each has a website that presumably provides the necessary hooks to allow remembrances and tributes. Mostly I just ask you to keep her in your hearts, as I shall. Thank you.

Don