



Mrs. Ann C. Hoskins

December 31, 1935 - April 28, 2020

Mrs. Ann C. (Iodice) Hoskins, 84, of North Adams, died on April 28, 2020 at Williamstown Commons.

She was born in Newton, MA on December 31, 1935, daughter of the late Armand and Susan (Callese) Iodice. She attended schools in Watertown and graduated from the former Rosary Academy Catholic High School in Watertown.

Mrs. Hoskins worked as an x-ray technician for the former North Adams Regional Hospital until her retirement. She had also been Peace Corps volunteer from 1962 to 1964 in Brazil.

Her husband, Joseph M. Hoskins, whom she married on November 11, 1967 died in 1995.

She is survived by her son, David Hoskins of Winchester, VA and one granddaughter, Boston Hoskins.

She was predeceased by a brother, Arnold Iodice and by two sisters, Linda Iodice and Marie Flewelling.

Funeral services will be private.

Tribute Wall



“ *JUst discovered Ann's obit. I was in the Peace Corps with her in Brazil. Wonderful gal, full of life and energy. Condolences to the family.*

Ken Fliés

Ken Flies - March 24, 2021 at 02:07 PM

“Ann had a warm, compassionate heart. She was like a second mother of mine at a crucial moment of my life, in parallel to the love I got from my also sweet soul, mother Isabel. Ann was a decisive mentor at a fundamental crossroads of my journey. She came to cross my way as if fallen out from the sky. I was a 12-year-old poor kid living in Três Marias, Minas Gerais, Brazil. She was a Peace Corps Volunteer. An x-ray technician volunteer at the local hospital, that was her professional role in town. Having no pedagogical expertise in her background, speaking very little Portuguese, she decided to teach English to local kids as well. For free. None of the kids seemed to want it, and nobody seemed to understand the privilege and value of this gift, except for a dreaming body who wanted to be an airline pilot and travel the world, having NASA astronauts as his role model heroes. At 17, I was living in San José, Costa Rica, with Ann and her husband, Joseph Hoskins. There I wrote my first signed stories for a newspaper. Ann opened the door for me. The door to “The American Advisor,” a weekly aimed at the huge local North-American community. At 18, there came a period of extraordinary cultural growth for me, as I dove in the aftermaths of the extraordinary counter-culture movement that had changed everything in America. Thanks to Ann. I spent some months living at her parent’s house. Armand and Susan, dear “Mrs. I” (of Iodice), as we called her, a warm kind Latin heart from her Italian ancestry. Ann’s sister, Linda, lived there as well. 254 Mount Auburn Street, Watertown, MA, five minutes by bus to the Harvard University campus, one of the epicenters of the cultural tsunami late waves that were still rocking and rolling. There, very close to the entrance. Underground movies, rock and rock concerts at the nearby park, even Jimi Hendrix and Joan Baez and Bob Dylan were said to be scheduled to play around somewhere some time. Protests against the Vietnam war were still running once in a while. Most spectacular for me, however, was the fascinating immersion of mine at the local newspaper stands, browsing over the outstanding pages of magazines like *The New Yorker*, *Atlantic*, *Esquire*, and underground newspapers. There I found my hero-writers Tom Wolfe, Norman Mailer, Gay Talese. There I developed my passion for new

journalism and its embracing cultural umbrella, literary journalism. That cultural immersion would be the seed for my future scholarly career, centered on literary journalism. Back in Brazil, I would, in time, get my Ph.D., become a scholar at the prestigious University of São Paulo. In time, I would open this field of research and education in literary journalism for Brazil's scholarly community. It is today a consolidated field. A new generation of scholars, researchers, and professors have entered this road I was glad to pave open. The gateway for many of them was the fascination that new journalism stirred in their minds and hearts, and I was their mentor to this world in the scholarly community. However, Ann had grounded the first foundation, even though she had no idea where her kind gesture in the 1960s Brazil would lead in the 1990s Brazil. This is my public tribute in honor of her memory. My eternal gratitude. My prayer of peace to her soul. My prayer that the All-Mighty may support her in His endless mercy and love. That her Self - that essence we all have and goes on beyond biological death in other dimensional forms of existence - keep shining and growing in the evolutionary program that the Creator designs for His creatures. That we all may release in peace our beloved ones who may departure this world in this pandemic times of ours. No fear. Here we stand our love, our gratitude, beyond space and time and forms of existence, towards their souls. That they may receive the deep affection and love that beam from our hearts to their souls, wherever they are.



Edvaldo Lima - May 26, 2020 at 02:56 AM

EL

“ *Edvaldo Pereira Lima lit a candle in memory of Mrs. Ann C. Hoskins*



Edvaldo Pereira Lima - May 25, 2020 at 11:16 PM

HG

“ *I worked with Ann at NARH where I was a radiologist. I remember Ann as a dedicated, caring person. She will be missed.*
Hank Gold, MD

Hank Gold - May 10, 2020 at 08:42 AM