



Sample Obituary

November 10, 1969 – May 7, 2021

Jane Doe*, dedicated mother and public servant, died on Tuesday surrounded by her wife and loving friends.

Jane worked for civil rights and feminist causes years before it became fashionable. She only hated three things in this world – bigotry, country music, and whipped cream on top of a milkshake.

She met the love of her life, Alice Ann, at age 18 and they built a wonderful life together.

Jane had a life-long love affair with knock-knock jokes, Italian food, loud music, sunrises and sunsets, and red wine with dinner.

She excelled at organizing people around an idea that was bigger than herself and never met a stranger she couldn't learn something from.

Jane graduated from Sickles High School and University of Tampa. She ran Planned Parenthood for 35 years before retiring five years ago, staying on as a volunteer ever since.

Along with Alice, she visited 45 states and 13 foreign countries. She went sailing off the coast of Spain and climbed mountains in Eastern Europe. Once, in the summer of 1999, she swam in the Mediterranean Sea and shared a bottle of wine with Ben Affleck in Italy. They talked trash about the Yankees.

She and Alice lived for a time in New York City but never stopped calling Austin, Texas their home.

She loved animals with her whole heart and adopted thirteen dogs in her lifetime.

Since she won't be needing them any longer, Jane donated her organs and whole body to Science Care. (Please, let the recipients be feminists, lord.)

In lieu of flowers, please make a charitable donation to Moffitt Cancer Center.

Sample Eulogy

Jane Doe* – shy, quiet, ladylike. How you got me, mom, I have no idea.

You were captain of the cheerleaders and a hell of a writer.

National Honor Society.

You went to nursing school and, at first, it was painful to be away from your family.

You just needed someone to listen every now and then.

You had me at 24. A year and a half later, Molly arrived followed soon after by Isaac. Three kids by the age of 30.

You taught us to work hard. Because you did. You taught us to be responsible. Because you were.

You wanted to buy a home when we were little, but the banks wouldn't let women take out mortgages without permission from their husbands. You, the hardworking mother. Needed his permission.

So you took out a government loan so you could own our home. Take that, Libertarians.

When your children cried because you were going to college to get your bachelor's degree in nursing, you stopped going. You didn't want us to miss you.

Our love was more important than a degree.

We moved to Texas. Soon after, our father finally left. Thank. God. I don't know how you did it, but you raised us all on a buck fifty. You know how you did it. Thank. God.

We had nice clothes and a safe and sturdy roof over our heads. Home cooked meals. Braces. Good doctors. CCD class every Wednesday and church every Sunday.

When you finally returned to college, you graduated with honors. Eventually got your master's degree and became a nurse practitioner. We watched you do it.

You married Clark and gave us all a decent, hard-working, loving and forgiving father figure. You gave our children a kind and loving grandfather.

You were the gold standard in moms.

None of us will ever forget you or the lessons you taught us.

I love you, mom.

[Sample Social Media Post for Facebook](#)

The original Jane Doe* (Janie to friends) was a beloved wife, mother and Nana.

She always said we're each responsible for our own good time.

When she was in her teens and twenties, guys would hang out of their office windows to watch her get off the bus and walk into work as an operator.

She wore her engagement ring on the "other" hand, for ten years, because she thought eighteen years of age was too young to get married.

When Nana finally walked down the aisle at 28, she wore a blue velvet wedding gown.

Grandpa used to say, "She may not always be right. But she's never wrong."

After giving birth to six kids, most people, and society, in the late 1940s/early 1950s, thought she should stay home with them. Instead, she went to nursing school.

People thought she was nuts.

She used to say, "I did my own thing."

She had stopped going to school in the 9th grade, so when the nursing school asked to see her transcripts, she told them her high school had burned to the ground. She got into nursing school, graduated, and became a nurse. All without a high school diploma.

As she got older, she lost her sight and had to deal with arthritis, and a million other ailments, but she never EVER complained.

She died Tuesday at the age of 89.

She lives on in all of us.

* All names have been changed.