



# Florence Jean Smith

JAN 15, 1919 - MAY 16, 2019



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# **Florence Jean Smith**

JAN 15, 1919 - MAY 16, 2019

**F**lorence Joan Smith, age 100, passed away on May 16, 2019 in Tampa, Florida. She was born on January 15, 1919 in Luzerne, PA. Florence will be laid to rest in Memorial Park Cemetery on Tuesday, May 21st at 10am. She is survived by her son Gerald and his wife.




# Events

**Florence Jean Smith**

JAN 15, 1919 - MAY 16, 2019

## Graveside Service

 **Tuesday**, May 21, 2019

 10:00 AM ET

 **Memorial Park Cemetery**  
5750 49th Street North, St. Petersburg FL 33709



## Cemetery Details

 **Memorial Park Cemetery**  
5750 49th Street North, St. Petersburg FL 33709

 **(727) 369-8228**





TW

**Timothy Warlin** posted:

I loved my Aunt Florence. She was a straight shooter. Always said her mind no matter what. She was honest which is a rare trait these days. My Aunt had a rough life and was unfortunate to lose her husband my Uncle Albert Wili in WWII. He was in the Navy and was killed while in action in the Pacific. She had a child from Albert and had to deal with being a widow with a child at a very young age. Aunt Florence had a gift that apparently she was in touch with as her brother, my dad also possessed. Both had the ability to see what was happening at a distance in dreams. I remember her telling the story that one night she dreamed that Albert's mom was gesturing for him to come to her. A few days later Aunt Florence received a letter from the War Department telling her of his loss. I remember visiting her many times over the years. She was an animal lover. She always had dogs. I especially remember Max her black Doberman. He would come and lick my face to wake me up in the morning. Aunt Florence was also very fond of deserts. Whenever she would go out, she would always come back with a desert. I was introduced and fell in love with Flan while visiting her one time. Aunt Florence loved betting on the dogs. I remember one time visiting we all went to the dog races I believe in Sarasota. After I had watched a few dogs and felt comfortable that I might actually know how to pick a winner, I placed a bet. Since it was my first bet on dog racing, I went with the sure thing. Well I have to tell you that dog was fast, but when rounding the first corner, he fell and tumbled head over heel for quite some distance and of course did not finish the race. That was the first and last time I bet on the dogs. The last time I visited with Aunt Florence, I was married and my wife Cheri was with me. Aunt Florence spent the entire day driving us around Tampa and introducing us to the city. What a beautiful soul. My fondest memories as a young boy, were giving Aunt Florence back rubs which she always loved. She thought I was a cute kid, and I was. She will be missed. Here's to you Aunt Florence. You had a very hard life and came through with flying colors. May you now rest in the hands of God and the Angels in heaven. Please say hi to my dad and mom, and of course grandma.

May 21 at 2:38 AM



**James Warlin** May 21 at 8:12 AM

My younger brother has a much better memory of our Aunt Florence than do I, but he does not fail to credit her with an amazing ability to "tell it like it is." However, as a young boy, when riding in her car with her, Aunt Florence would always say something like, "I'm just not feeling well, Jimmy. I don't think I'm going to make it long in this life." Well.....thank God....you were wrong and we were all so very blessed to have you in our Warlin family. Once, when Aunt Florence came to visit our family in Ohio, she pulled out a \$1,000 bill. I had never seen such money before in my entire life and the fact that my aunt possessed such wealth left me stunned, amazed and very proud that we were related to someone who was "rich." Rich she was, in intelligence, candor, and the amazing love she gave to me as a boy. You will be greatly missed, Aunt Florence! Rest in Peace...no more physical maladies, no more anxieties, no more memories of the losses you experienced during your mortal life. May you walk with the angels...with Jesus as your guide. Love and prayers for you....your nephew..."Jimmy."



# Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Florence by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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