

Obituary Examples

Obituary Example #1

Dr. Julie Todd Raymond, MD of Rapid City, South Dakota - beloved wife, mother, sister, daughter, friend, mentor and community member passed away on Thursday, March 17, 2022 at the age of 57. She was devoted to her family, friends, and patients and will be very sadly missed by all who loved her.

Julie was born in Olean, New York April 13, 1964, the youngest child of John G and Patricia J. (Kelsey) Todd. She grew up with her family in Eldred, PA and graduated from Otto-Eldred High School in 1982.

Julie married her husband, Louis Raymond, in July 1994 and moved to Rapid City, SD where she served as a general surgeon at Ellsworth Air Force Base. Julie was the proud and devoted mother to William (2000), Bridget (2005), and Sophia (2007); her cell phone moniker was Mother Goose. She was actively engaged in her children's activities including tennis, soccer, and music. She is the sister of Mary Jane Eckel (Tim), John Todd, Jr (Pam), Amy Wojcik (Thaddeus), and William Todd (Mary). She was the devoted aunt of many nieces and nephews and relished in their many accomplishments. Her passions in life included her children, her extended family, sailing, skiing, traveling, sewing and quilting, as well as supporting her patients' well-being. Julie lived in Rapid City, SD for the past 28 years and was an active supporter of many civic and community ventures.

Dr. Julie Todd Raymond specialized in breast surgery, focusing on providing comprehensive care to her patients. She practiced breast and general surgery at the Rapid City Medical Center, LLP (since 2016).

She served as Associate Clinical Professor of Surgery at the University of South Dakota Sanford School of Medicine and mentored many physicians over the years. Julie was a general surgeon at South Dakota Regional Health (2006-2016), a general surgeon at Rapid City Medical Center, LLP (1997-2006), and a staff surgeon for the United States Air Force (1994-1997).

Dr. Julie Raymond completed medical school at Hahnemann Hospital in Philadelphia, PA (1985-89) and was awarded her Doctorate of Medicine (M.D) in 1989. From 1989-1994, she completed her General Surgery Residence program at Hahnemann Hospital. Following her residency, she was stationed at Ellsworth Air Force base in South Dakota in 1994, and her husband, Louis, began his own medical practice in the community. Prior to completing medical school, she studied at Gannon University (1982-85), and completed her Bachelor of Health Sciences specializing in Biophysics in 1985.

Dr. Raymond had been the Director of the Monument Health Breast Care Center since July 2019, was a member of the American Society of Breast Surgeons, a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, and a member of the Rapid City Regional Physicians Group.

Private family services will be conducted on March 23, 2022, at Canyon Lake United Methodist Church. A social gathering in honor of Julie will be held at Arrowhead country club from 5-8 pm on Wednesday. In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations to the Cancer Care Institute at Monument Health.

Source: <https://www.osheimschmidt.com/obituary/julie-raymond-md>

Obituary Example #2

Erin Wagman, also known as Erin Borgmann, died of acute alcohol poisoning on October 19, 2013 in Rapid City. She was 42 years old. She died alone.

Erin was born on January 15, 1971 in Rapid City. For her new, 18-year-old mother, she was a handful--precocious, bossy, cranky and unusually independent for a tyke who still wore diapers. She attended Rapid City schools, where her favorite classes were Art and Music. Her favorite place was her grandparents' ranch, out in the paddock where her grandmother taught her horseback riding. She loved grooming and could turn a burrsnarled mare's tail into a salon-worthy coif like a pro. Erin loved DuranDuran, double denim, and after a hellish time learning how to drive a stick, her crummy little first car, a tiny white two door named "Shoe."

In spite of her rocky "wild child" adolescence, Erin graduated from Stevens High School in 1989, then went on to earn an MFA in Studio Art from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. She then attended Eastern Virginia Medical School, where she was granted an MS in Art Therapy. She became a Licensed Clinical Therapist in Denver, where the steep Rocky Mountains and a crush on Lance Armstrong turned her into a devoted cyclist. She joked that her bike was worth more money than her car and for years, used the power of her own legs to commute 20 miles to and from work.

Surely Erin's descent into alcoholism happened incrementally, but most of us witnessed just the four final years, the point at which she had fallen so deep that she couldn't be reached. Like that independent toddler, Erin did alcoholism her way, and along the path--tragedy after tragedy and crisis after crisis--her strength never wavered.

She was an optimistic drunk, a drunk with hopes and dreams, a drunk that was going to make it. She hoped someday to write a book about her recovery. Erin is survived by her

son Charlie Borgmann, age 9, of Westminster, CO; by her sister Rachel Bredemus, her crazy dog Hope, and her parents Bruce and Deborah Wagman, all of Lawrence, KS; as well as her grandfather Mick Vickers of Rapid City. She will also be loved and missed by her friend Lawton Thompson of Tulsa, OK. With heartfelt gratitude, the family thanks all of those who cared for, counseled and even incarcerated Erin during her journey. Erin's memorial service will be held at 1:30 pm on Friday, October 25 at Osheim & Schmidt Funeral Home, 2700 Jackson Boulevard in Rapid City, with Father Brian Lane officiating. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Pennington County Humane Society.

Source: https://www.osheimschmidt.com/obituary/5715875?fh_id=15660

Obituary Example #3

Mullaney, Mary A. "Pink"

If you're about to throw away an old pair of pantyhose, stop. Consider: Mary Agnes Mullaney (you probably knew her as "Pink") who entered eternal life on Sunday, September 1, 2013. Her spirit is carried on by her six children, 17 grandchildren, three surviving siblings in New "Joisey", and an extended family of relations and friends from every walk of life. We were blessed to learn many valuable lessons from Pink during her 85 years, among them: Never throw away old pantyhose. Use the old ones to tie gutters, child-proof cabinets, tie toilet flappers, or hang Christmas ornaments.

Also: If a possum takes up residence in your shed, grab a barbecue brush to coax him out. If he doesn't leave, brush him for twenty minutes and let him stay. Let a dog (or two or three) share your bed. Say the rosary while you walk them. Go to church with a chicken sandwich in your purse. Cry at the consecration, every time. Give the chicken sandwich to your homeless friend after mass. Go to a nursing home and kiss everyone.

When you learn someone's name, share their patron saint's story, and their feast day, so they can celebrate. Invite new friends to Thanksgiving dinner. If they are from another country and you have trouble understanding them, learn to "listen with an accent." Never say mean things about anybody; they are "poor souls to pray for." Put picky-eating children in the box at the bottom of the laundry chute, tell them they are hungry lions in a cage, and feed them veggies through the slats.

Correspond with the imprisoned and have lunch with the cognitively challenged. Do the Jumble every morning. Keep the car keys under the front seat so they don't get lost. Make the car dance by lightly tapping the brakes to the beat of songs on the radio. Offer rides to people carrying a big load or caught in the rain or summer heat. Believe the hitchhiker you pick up who says he is a landscaper and his name is "Peat Moss." Help anyone struggling to get their kids into a car or shopping cart or across a parking lot. Give to every charity that asks. Choose to believe the best about what they do with your money, no matter what your children say they discovered online. Allow the homeless to keep warm in your car while you are at Mass.

Take magazines you've already read to your doctors' office for others to enjoy. Do not tear off the mailing label, "Because if someone wants to contact me, that would be nice." In her lifetime, Pink made contact time after time. Those who've taken her lessons to heart will continue to ensure that a cold drink will be left for the overheated garbage collector and mail carrier, every baby will be kissed, every nursing home resident will be visited, the hungry will have a sandwich, the guest will have a warm bed and soft nightlight, and the encroaching possum will know the soothing sensation of a barbecue brush upon its back. Above all, Pink wrote - to everyone, about everything. You may read this and recall a letter from her that touched your heart, tickled your funny bone, or maybe made you say "huh?"

She is survived by her children and grandchildren whose photos she would share with prospective friends in the checkout line: Tim (wife Janice, children Timmy, Joey, T.J., Miki and Danny); Kevin (wife Kathy, children Kacey, Ryan, Jordan and Kevin); Jerry (wife Gita, children Nisha and Cathan); MaryAnne; Peter (wife Maria Jose, children Rodrigo and Paulo); and Meg (husband David Vartanian, children Peter, Lily, Jerry and Blase); siblings Anne, Helen, and Robert; and many in-laws, nieces, nephews, friends and family too numerous to list but not forgotten. Pink is reunited with her husband and favorite dance and political debate partner, Dr. Gerald L. Mullaney, and is predeceased by six siblings.

Friends (and strangers she would love to have met) can visit with Pink's family at the Feerick Funeral Home on Thursday, September 5, from 3 until 7 PM with prayer service at 6:45 PM. Mass of the Christian Burial will be celebrated at St. Monica's Catholic Church in Whitefish Bay on Friday, September 6, at 3 PM.

Dress comfortably with a splash of pink if you have it. In Pink's memorD, donations may be made to Dominican High School, 120 E. Silver Spring Dr., Whitefish Bay, WI 53217, or Saint Monica Parish, 160 E. Silver Spring Dr., Whitefish Bay, WI 53217, or any charity that seeks to spread the Good News of Pink's friend, Jesus. Valet Parking in front of the funeral home on Thursday.

Source:

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/jsonline/name/marymullaney-obituary?pid=166788>
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Obituary Example #4

Thomas Craig Pfeifle, 19, son of Jane and Craig Pfeifle, died August 29, 2016, at Harborview Medical Center, Seattle, WA, following complications from a devastating brain injury suffered in a fall while descending Granite Peak in Montana.

Tom came into the world—on time for the first and only time in his life—with his big heart beating so fast that it presaged the rest of his life. His quick heart kept him in the hospital for a few days, and when his brother and sisters finally got to see him, his brother said, "now we're a family."

And we were.

Never content to let being youngest stop him, Tom asserted his strong will from day one. As a five-year-old, he wanted to play with his older siblings and their friends, but his siblings had little patience for his tears. His mother asked him, "do you want to run with the big dogs or sit on the porch and cry?" Tom knew his answer, started to run, and never sat on the porch again. Tom ran and ran, throughout middle school, high school, and into college. He worked hard and ran fast, but he is mostly remembered for his inclusivity. Tom knew that a team cannot succeed without everyone, so he made everyone feel like an integral part of the team. From the star to the newbie, Tom was a friend, a coach, a mentor, and a staunch supporter.

Tom did not confine himself to one arena. In middle school, he and his friends performed a memorable Justin Bieber song and dance. He carried that musical talent forward. From the viola, to the piano, to the guitar, to the ukulele, to the pipe organ to his voice, Tom was a well -rounded, and sometimes self-taught, musician. He joined orchestra and choir and was a four-year member of All State orchestra and selected for All State choir. He gave memorable performances as Will in Oklahoma! and as Gaston

in *Beauty and the Beast*. His vivacity, charm, talent (and arm muscles) were on full display.

Tom loved the limelight, but he also loved the sunlight. He was an avid outdoorsman. Inspired by a month-long tour of the western United States with his family when he was seven, Tom took every chance he could to hike, run, ski, climb, and camp outside. He spent his free time researching his next adventure. Some of his favorite trips included 2016 spring trips solo through western national parks and Canadian national parks; a five-day backpacking trip with his close friends in Glacier National Park; rock climbing in Washington and South Dakota with his siblings; and summiting some of the highest peaks in South Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana. Tom never met a mountain he didn't want to climb because he believed in living life to its fullest, highest, and best. Tom knew that life was meant to be filled with family, friends, laughter, kindness, and adventures. He packed as much as he could into each day and constantly pursued his passions. Tom was an outstanding student and writer. He honed his writing skills as a young boy when his siblings tried to bribe him to write their thank you notes. He was curious, well read, articulate, and an engaging companion.

Tom was looking forward to his fall semester at Pacific Lutheran University majoring in Geosciences and History, as well as his spring semester in Oxford, England. Tom was our baby precious and a well-loved child, sibling and friend.

Tom is survived by his parents, Jane and Craig; his sisters, Amanda (Michael) Stroud of Severna Park, MD, and Anne Pfeifle (Seattle, WA); his brother, Dan (fiancée Hannah Grimm) of Vermillion, SD; nieces, Audrey and Cara Stroud; his grandmothers, Betty Pfeifle (Sioux Falls, SD) and Mary Louise Wipf (Wagner, SD); uncles, David Wipf (Starkville, MS), James (Kathy) Wipf and David (Lynda) Pfeifle (Sioux Falls, SD), and Thomas Pfeifle (Jachelle), Colorado Springs, CO; and aunts, Paige Carda (Jon) (Sioux

Falls) and Julie Wipf (Loveland, CO); cousins, Grace, David, Nathan (Kelly), Keegan, William, Isabel, Nicholas, Maggie, Quentin, Luke, Tyler, Mark and Kate and his wonderful, wide group of friends. Tom was predeceased by his grandfathers, Allen Pfeifle and Owen Wipf; uncle, Jon Wipf, and cousin, Christian.

In keeping with Tom's express wishes, Tom was a donor and wished his body to benefit others. If you wish to honor Tom, reduce, reuse, and recycle. Buy from the local thrift store. Camp under the stars. Hike a new trail and invite a new friend. Learn a new skill. Send a postcard.

Tom was dedicated to the exploration and conservation of America's wild spaces. In his will, he named his choice of charity to be one "dedicated to the unflinching support of American wilderness west of the Missouri." If you are so moved, Tom would love it if you honored his life's passion with a donation. The Wilderness Society and The Wilderness Land Trust are two of our favorite choices.

A Celebration of Life service will be held at Stevens High School Milo Winter Theater on Sunday, September 4, 2016, at 1:30 p.m. Reception to follow at South Canyon Lutheran Church.

Source:

[http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/argusleader/obituary.aspx?page=lifestory
&pid=181241113#sthash.RJeRCOTI.dpuf](http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/argusleader/obituary.aspx?page=lifestory&pid=181241113#sthash.RJeRCOTI.dpuf)

Obituary Example #5

Walter George Bruhl, Jr. of Newark and Dewey Beach, DE is no more, he is bereft of life, he is deceased, he has expired and gone to meet his maker. He drifted off this mortal coil on March 9, 2014 in Punta Gorda, Florida. His spirit was released from his worn out shell of a body and is now exploring the universe.

He was surrounded by his loving wife of 57 years, Helene Sellers Bruhl. He is also survived by his son, Walter III, wife Melissa; daughters, Carly and Paige and son, Martin, wife Debra; son, Sam and daughter, Kalla. Walt loved and enjoyed his grandkids.

He was born in Phila. PA. on April 20, 1933 to Blanche Buckman Bruhl and Walter George Bruhl. He drifted through the Philadelphia Public School System graduating from John Bartram High School in 1951. Walter was a Marine Corps Veteran of the Korean War having served from 1951 to 1954, with overseas duty in Japan. He was employed by the late great DuPont company for 32 years.

Everyone who remembers him is asked to celebrate Walt's life in their own way, raising a glass of their favorite drink in his memory would be quite appropriate. Instead of flowers, Walt would hope that you will do an unexpected and unsolicited act of kindness for some poor unfortunate soul in his name. A memorial luncheon in Walt's honor will be held on Saturday, March 15 at 1PM at Deerfield, Newark, DE.

Source:

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/delawareonline/name/walterbruhl-obituary?pid=170135568>