



## Judith Sarver

December 31, 1969 - May 24, 2007

Obituary of Judith Sarver Mrs. Judith "Judie" Sarver, 64, passed away at Munroe Regional Medical Center, Ocala, Florida on Thursday, May 24, 2007. A native of Naturita, Co., she relocated to Marion County in 1987. She was a retired insurance secretary/claims adjuster. Judie was an avid bowler, bowling with Nite-Owls bowling league, she was a Brownie and Girl Scout Leader, enjoyed sewing, crossword puzzles and bingo. She is survived by her husband of 47 years Raymond "Ray" Sarver of Ocala, son Richard "Rick" Sarver, Front Royal, Va., daughter Dawna R. Hess, Ocala, brother, Robert "Bob" Albertson, Cummings, Ga. and a grandson, Steven Hess Ocala. She was preceded in death by a grandson, Matthew Hess.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Judith Sarver*

June 20, 2014 at 12:00 AM



“ *MOM Just sitting here thinking of you. I miss you so very much. Life is not the same anymore. Say hi to Dad too. Hugs*

**DAWNA HESS** - August 28, 2013 at 12:00 AM



“ *All the staff here at Roberts Funeral Homes want to express our condolence to the family of Judith "Judie" Sarver at the difficult time.*

**Patrick Cooney** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *I am Mary's Mom and I have known Donna for along time. I really didn't know Donna's Mother and only met her once or twice. I am sincerely sorry for your loss and I leave you now with this prayer that the Lord Jesus will reveal himself to each on of us, he will show us that he alone can fill our hearts. God Bless you and may the joy of Jesus be always with you.*

**Sherrill Ferrera** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

HB

“ Just think, you were 13 1/2 & I was 15 when we met at the bus stop. We were inseparable. My dad loved you like you were his own. The money he put into your wallet when you weren't looking & how many years later did you find out where it came from. The many late night long distance calls when you were in Colorado. I never did make it out there to see you. You will be greatly missed. I wonder what you did with our ring.

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**Helen Brook** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

BO

“ I can remember so well after high school coming to visit AJ with Lynne, Robin and Cathy v. We rode horses and got her a dog at the pound and ate like kings. She (and UR) treated us like we were their kids. I will never forget my first vacation without my Mom and Dad at AJ's house in the mountains. She always took care of us. Took us to Canyon city, Garden of the gods etc... We miss you so much AJ!!!  
Bob and Lynne

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**BobAlbertson** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

RO

“ After a while you learn the subtle difference between holding a hand and chaining a soul and you learn that love doesn't mean leaning and company doesn't always mean security. And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts and presents aren't promises and you begin to accept your defeats with your head up and your eyes ahead with the grace of woman, not the grief of a child and you learn to build all your roads on today because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain for plans and futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight. After a while you learn that even sunshine burns if you get too much so you plant your own garden and decorate your own soul instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers. And you learn that you really can endure you really are strong you really do have worth and you learn and you learn with every goodbye, you learn... i will miss you Aunt Judie.....and Uncle Ray and Dawna and Rick will miss you even more.....please watch over them...they need you still.

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robin - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM

BO

“ Sis I've not been able to write this message..still not sure that I can. I miss you over the mountains and there are not ever enough words that can express that. The following comes close. My love forever, Bobby: You run like rivers not yet sure of destinations or of roots. The sweetness of you covering everything it touches so that a smell, a feeling lingers even when you've passed. Having not yet bitten or gouged your way into the earth you move directionless and yet with such a sense of sureness that almost no one notices the way that you take over everything you touch. It's as if an alien angel arriving in the night spread her cape and as it then unfurled each pass she made made morning one shade better. Standing still you do so in a way that calm pervades a room, the garden, the hill, the street, the beach, the world where you choose to stand. You are not so much a woman as you are a wonder. You are not so much a young girl standing as you are a gift unopened, a flower budding with weeks away before your bulge and blossom fill the eye. Gone a moment, a day, a month, more, you are not missed so much as you are mourned for, needed, absent as an afternoon that God forgot to make.

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**Bob** - December 12, 2008 at 12:00 AM