



## Marie Moeller

December 31, 1969 - May 25, 2009

Obituary of Marie Moeller Marie Theresa Moeller, 64 died Monday May 25, 2009 at Tuscany Hospice House in Summerfield, Florida after a long battle with cancer. Ms. Moeller was born in Washington D.C. October 23, 1944. She was the eldest of three children. Ms. Moeller graduated with a Masters Degree in Social Work from the University of Florida. She worked for Kids Central Inc., a contracted agency for The Department of Children and Families as a Senior Family Care Manager. She was dedicated to her career because it was very fulfilling to her to touch the lives of so many children. Her work was who she was and she handled every aspect of her life with stern persistence and a soft touch. Ms. Moeller loved a good debate and could sever the views of an opponent with her wit. Ms. Moeller is survived by her Children, Annis Workman, Darran and Ginger Moeller Christine Gagne and Tonia Moeller as well as her grandchildren and step grandchildren, Nicholas Peace, Susie Hoce, Darran Moeller, Ashley Martin, Krystin Nieves, Jessie Estock, Austin Worrell and Chase Worrell and her great granddaughter Alexa Martin.

# Tribute Wall

TA

“ *The DASH Poem; I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a freind. He reffered to the dates on her tomstomb from the begining to the end. He noted that first came the date of her birth and spoke of the following date with tears, But he said what mattered most of all Was the dash between those years. For that dash represents all the time that she spent on earth and now only those who loved her know what that little line is worth. For it matters not, how much we own, the cars, the house, the cash, what matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash. So think about this long and hard; Are there things you'd like to change? For you never know how much time is left that can still be rearranged. If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real, and always try to understand the way other people feel. And be less quick to anger and show appreciation more, and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before. If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile, remembering that this special dash might only last a little while. So when your eulogy is being read with your life's actions to rehash, would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash? I grew to love Marie like she was family. I know she spent her dash serving the helpless children in our community. I don't have one doubt that she is in heaven looking down and proud of how she spent her DASH! I love and miss her terribly!*

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**Tammy Albert** - June 11, 2009 at 12:00 AM

TM

“ *One time we got mom to get on the jet ski. She had a big belly and skinny little legs. When she put on the like jacket she looked like a balloon with her legs as 2 little strings. She got on the jet ski and went a whole 2 miles per hour around the lake. I swear it took an hour forher to make it around that small lake. It was hilarious.*

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**Tonia Moeller** - May 29, 2009 at 12:00 AM

AW

“ Momma I will not forget you and will miss you I love you And I will forget all the good times we had and always miss some of our fights and I think that is what makes me stronger And your grandson loves you and wants to make you proud of him. The one memory I cherish the most is the day I went in labor was how you rush me to the hospital and got to see Nicholas come into the world I love you and miss you

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**Annis Workman** - May 29, 2009 at 12:00 AM

CP

“ Marie, my Native American sister, our souls have shared many lives in the past. We have shared this life time as sisters and our souls will share many lives in the future. I hope that I have fulfilled all the promises that I made to you in this life time. This Native American prayer, I will share with those who read it and hope that this brings them comfort: "Do not stand at my grave and weep: I am not there. I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow. I am the diamond glints on snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain. I am the gentle autumn's rain. When you awaken in the morning's hush, I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight. I am the soft stars that shine at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry; I am not there. I did not die." Until our souls meet again, my friend, AHO!

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**Colleen Parker** - May 29, 2009 at 12:00 AM