



Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024



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Page-Theus
Funeral Home and Cremation Services

Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Events	Page 13
Tribute Wall	Page 14
Media	Page 17



Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

Joan Letita Harris "Jo", 90, of Leesburg, FL, passed away on January 13, 2024 at home with her two sons by her side. Joan was born on August 11, 1933 in Washington, MD to her loving parents; Robert M. and Carrie J, (Miller) Layton. Joan moved to Florida from Richmond, VA in October of 2005. She was of the Methodist faith and was a very active member of her community at the Plantation Retirement Village. Joan worked for many years with manufacturing companies, specifically with Westinghouse Aerospace and eventually retired from Xerox. Joan was present in many social clubs and enjoyed playing bingo and mahjong with friends. She loved tennis and sewing and was an amazing cook. Most importantly, Joan was an amazing mother to her children and a devoted wife to her husband, Jack, of 61 years before his passing in December of 2019.

Joan is survived by her two sons; Timothy W. Harris and Kevin D. Harris.

Joan is preceded in death by her beloved husband, John "Jack" Harris, and a son, Keith D. Harris.

A visitation will take place on Thursday, January 18th, 2024, from 2pm to 4pm at Page Theus Funeral Home.

A visitation will be held on Thursday January 25, 2024 from 11:00AM to 1:00PM at Bliley's Chippenham Chapel in Richmond, VA with a Graveside service will follow at 2:00PM at Dale Memorial Park Cemetery.

Joan Letita "Jo" Harris

Graveside Service

Dale Memorial Park



Obituary

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AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

January 25, 2024 – Thursday, 2:00 p.m.

Conducted by Oliva Bauer Chaplin / Celebrate

Bliley's Funeral Home

Welcome and Introduction

We're gathered here this afternoon to honor the life of Joan Letita Harris, and to commit her body to its final resting place.

Jo was a consummate mother, who loved her children and family passionately, and dedicated her life to caring and providing for them. She was warm, and loving, she had a beautiful laugh – and she lived a full and accomplished life – 90 years of it. Jo was genuinely loved by all her family and everyone who knew her – and today, we remember that profound grief is simply the price we pay for profound love.

Today, we are saying a final goodbye to Jo – another in a long series of goodbyes you've made over the last few weeks – and we're offering her our blessing. And then when we leave this place today, we will leave Jo here, just as you left Keith here all those years ago, and then Jack in 2019 – and while perhaps there's some comfort in leaving them together, you're now facing a future without your mom, your aunt.

Reading: "Poem for Mother" – Author Unknown

Your mother is always with you –

She's the place you came from; your first home.

She's the map you follow with every step that you take.

And nothing on earth can separate you.

Not time – not space –



Obituary

Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

Not even death will ever separate you from your mother.

You carry her inside of you.

Opening Prayer: Psalm 23

Tribute from Brad (nephew):

Entire tribute (from Brad) available on obituary comments.

Jo was always kind and warm. A wonderful smile and voice. I loved her accent, being I am from California. We were miles apart but when families connected on occasion she was always welcoming and loving. She was smart, she listened, and she told stories. I remember her laugh. She was an integral part of the extended Harris family. I have many pictures of the families with Jack and Jo and the boys. Uncle Jack and Aunt Jo will always be remembered in the most loving way. Like my mother and father, they had great character and poise. They were role models and someone we loved to be with. They will be dearly missed but never forgotten. And as with my own mother, when I'm quiet... and still.... I can hear Jo's voice almost as though she's right here.

Tribute from Kevin (son):

Mom, I would never have imagined this day would come; my heart will forever be broken. Life as I know it will forever be changed.

I will always remember a prayer you placed on our bedroom wall, as I was a child, which I still say nightly, and goes like this:

Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
guide me safely through the night,

wake me with the morning light.

Amen.



Obituary

Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

Mom, my prayer for you:

Now it's time for you to rest,

no more worry, no more pain,

I pray to the Lord your soul to keep,

to guide you safely through the night

and wake you with his morning light.

Amen.

Mom, this letter is only a few words of remembrance and things I will miss when you've gone home to heaven. I cannot place a lifetime of words on paper; I'd rather live them with you than write them here. Reality as we know it comes to an end and our new eternal life will begin. We are not guaranteed eternity here on this earth; our Lord and savior is calling you to heaven, to be with him, to spend eternity with him, with Dad, with Keith, family and friends that have gone before us.. to be together, forever and eternity.

Mom, you sacrificed your time to teach, for me to grow and learn new things, for that I am most grateful; you were always there for me when I needed you most. You make life warm and brighter for everyone. You have this way of listening and understanding that makes anyone feel "at home." You opened your heart to others with a Christmas kind of spirit all year long, it's just who you are.

I'm proud to have your example in my life. The person I am today is because of the unconditional love you have shown me every day of my life. You taught me to be confident, to be gentle, patient, resilient, to be kind to others; to have faith, learn new things, to do the right thing or to let go; and for this, I am thankful. Thank you for protecting me. Thank you for supporting my decisions. Thank you for loving me unconditionally. I believe wholeheartedly that a Mother's love and touch can never be matched by anything else in this life or beyond.

As we were younger, I remember going off to elementary school, you would give us a kiss and hug goodbye as we ran to the bus stop, every single day; and you would be right there upon our return



Obituary

Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

excited to hear how our day went. I remember you taking us to the community pool to go swimming or just watching your tennis matches with the other players.

I was so excited to know you and Dad made the decision to move to FL; you'd be closer to me, and I would be able to see you even more. I'll miss driving down, I could not wait to come through the door, wrapping my arms around you and getting the biggest hug and kiss. I'll miss taking you places, shopping, out for lunch or to dinner, or just going to the grocery store; spending every minute visiting with you; and when it was time for me to get back on the road, I'll cherish those hugs and kisses forever; I'll be careful Mom, I Promise.

I'll miss our weekly calls, asking you how you've been doing. I will especially miss your sweet voice on the other end.

I'll miss your cooking! Your wonderful evening dinners, a tradition to sit together at the kitchen table. I will savor the flavors forever. I have your recipes, but they won't taste the same.

I'll remember and cherish all the wonderful holiday gatherings, especially Christmas and Thanksgiving, where you tirelessly prepared the turkey or main dish on that special day with all the fixings for our family, setting up the dining room table for just those special holiday occasions with the good China and silver; how it was just perfect every time.

I miss seeing you and Daddy getting all spiffy for a special occasion, going to a dinner, a party or family gathering: Daddy looking so dapper and you looking so beautiful and classy. I'll cherish your perfume, which will remind me of these special occasions and all the great vacations going to the beach or road trips to see family. I'll cherish the photos forever.

I will miss picking the perfect card for you on any occasion, reading every word, and saying to myself: this is the one! The words were perfectly selected just for you and meant so much to me.

I'll miss buying you the perfect gift, for Christmas, birthday, or Valentine's Day; sending you flowers and seeing your smiling face when you receive them.

Mother's Day, will be especially hard going forward. I will be heartbroken on this day. I will look to the stars and wish you a Happy Mother's Day in Heaven, and hope you hear my voice as I wipe my tears from my face; because I will miss you terribly on this day. I will remember all the



Obituary

Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

Mother's Days past and how special this day was to me. This day will never be the same without you, or any day for that matter...

As Tim and I were at your bedside, little chirping birds flew in and perched outside your bedroom window. I believe they were our family of angels, ready to guide you to our eternal home in heaven. The days, months, and years will come and go, but you'll live on forever in my heart. I'll have wonderful memories, but I'll miss making new ones with you. I'll be thinking of you every waking day. I'd give anything to turn back time for one more hug, your touch and one more kiss from my Mom. Tim and I will be Ok, it's just going to take some time to face this new reality. There is no one on this earth who could ever replace you. When our Lord calls upon me, I can't wait to get that hug and kiss once again. You are everything a son could ever ask for. Wait for me. Until then, my dear Mom, rest now in heavenly peace. You are my heart, my soul, my everything, my forever. I love you Mom, forever and eternity and beyond.

Tribute from Tim (son):

I...am a fortunate man. A gift was given unto me that is as precious as life itself. That is the gift of loving parents, a warm and comfortable home, and childhood memories that I have cherished my entire life. As many of you know that are gathered here today, there is no true replacement for family. What may be taken for granted or underappreciated in our younger years, certainly becomes more apparent and of utmost importance as we grow older. A supportive family and the entire family experience helps to build a foundation that brings benefits beyond what words can describe. There is no such thing as the perfect family, but in my opinion, mine was undoubtedly one of the best.

At the heart of most families is Mom, as I called her. I believe my mother captured the essence and true meaning of motherhood. She was nurturing, caring and instilled within me the traits and personal characteristics that enabled me to appreciate the triumphs in life and to endure the tragic ones as well. My mother knew what love was, and it came quite naturally for her to put it into practice every single day. That's not easy to do. It's true what they say, a mother will do almost anything for her children. It's incredible to me what mom would endure and tolerate in order for her children to feel secure, loved and provided for. I am no different than many sons, I held my mother in the highest regard, and she could do no wrong.

Life is short, no matter how long you live. Tell the loved ones in your life that you love them.



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AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

Mom lived to be 90 years old, I was fortunate enough to have her in my life for 58 of those years.

As the years went on, mom's love was steadfast and unchanging. Although distance may have separated us, I could always feel her presence, and always knew she was there for me.

Goodbye mom, until we met again, my love is eternal and everlasting.

Reflections

The reality is there's no way describe in anecdotes, in a handful of descriptors – all that a person's life means. A life – Jo's life – was far too extraordinary for that; far too vast in scope and significance. Think, for a moment, what it means to have a life – to be alive – for 90 years; that's 90 years of remembering the past, and worrying about the future; of waking up every morning, and going to bed every night; of learning, failing and trying again; being bored and proud; in love and heartbroken; scared and sad and everything in between. Jo lived a life that will never be lived or experienced again, a beautiful life, and one that changed each of your lives, made you who you are – and all we can really do, in a ceremony like this, is to gather here in awe: that Jo – lived. Her life mattered, immensely, and you will remember it, for the rest of your lives.

Hopefully most of you had the opportunity, toward the end of Jo's life, to find closure in your relationship – to say goodbye, and to let her know what she meant to you. But there may still be any number of things you wish you could say to her now.

Maybe it's a promise to her, about how you'll be okay, you'll be there for each other, or how you'll never forget her. Maybe it's gratitude for something she taught you, or helped you with, or a time she was there for you. Or maybe it's just your own sense of awe, for life itself, and that you and Jo got to share it together.

In a few moments, we'll offer Jo a blessing together, representing not just her children and her grandchildren, but all the folks Jo has known and loved in her 90 years of life. As I say some words aloud, I'll encourage you to offer your own blessing for Jo in your heart: whatever it is you wish for Jo; all your gratitude, your promises, your love.

Reading: "How Do We Let A Mother Go" – Author Unknown



Obituary

Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

How do we let a mother go?

How do we say "I'm ready now to go on without you"?

How can we ever have a clue what that really means?

And all of a sudden the moment is upon us, and there's no turning back.

And then we know what grief is – and guilt, and love, and things undone.

Try to prepare and we will fail in some way, be it subtle or looming.

But there is peace too.

Peace and acceptance and overwhelming love that we weren't even aware of.

Waves and waves of conflicting emotion.

And laughter too!

And memories we hadn't bothered to recall lately come flooding back in shared company.

And there's gratitude – so much of that –

that we had you: such a wonderful mother.

A part of you has passed away, but much is carried everyday within us,

and will be, as long as we are here.

This may be a final tribute, a day to celebrate your life and say goodbyes,

but it's not really final.



Obituary

Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

Every day I'll celebrate in some way, just by virtue of how you shaped my life:

the absolute and incredible good fortune

that I knew you,

As a mother, as a woman, as a friend.

Final Commendation and Committal

Maybe you think of the group on the other side, eagerly welcoming Jo, just as you're tearfully saying goodbye – Jack, and Keith, her parents, and so many others whom she's loved and lost in her 90 years of life, who welcome her home.

Or maybe you're comforted by what modern physics would tell us, about how energy is never lost, and that in some mysterious way we couldn't possibly understand, Jo is still with us – will always be with us.

Whatever else you may believe, Jo is at peace. Now, it's just up to us to bless her, and let her go.

Almighty and Loving God,

Thank you for the life of our beloved Jo.

Thank for all the memories each person carries, and all the love that was shared.

We ask that you bless this final resting place, as we commit her body to it;

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

May the Lord bless her and keep her,

The Lord make his face to shine upon her and be gracious to her,

The Lord lift up his countenance upon her and give her peace.



Obituary

Joan L. Harris
AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,

And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever.

Amen.

Closing Remarks Open to Audience




Ceremony Concluded and Closed by Chaplin / Celebrant

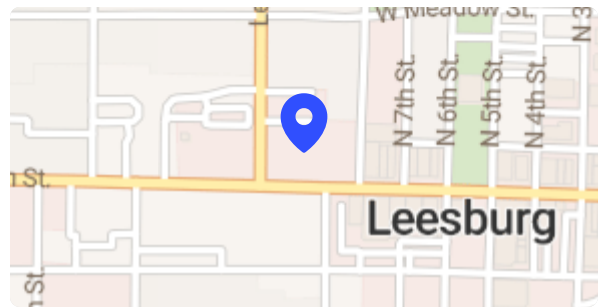


Events




Joan L. Harris
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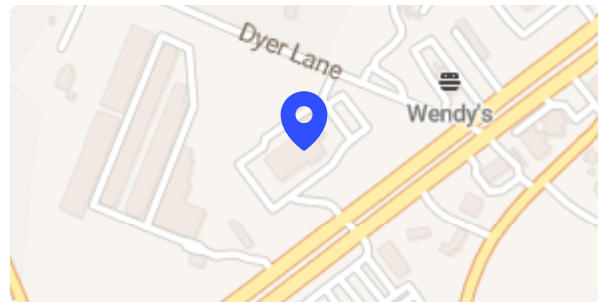
Visitation

-  **Thursday**, January 18, 2024
-  2:00 PM - 4:00 PM ET
-  **Page Theus Funeral Home Chapel**
914 W. Main Street, Leesburg FL 34748






Visitation


-  **Thursday**, January 25, 2024
-  11:00 AM - 1:00 PM ET
-  **Bliley's Funeral Home**
6900 Hull Street Road, Richmond VA 23224



Graveside

-  **Thursday**, January 25, 2024
-  2:00 PM ET
-  **Dale Memorial Gardens**
Chesterfield VA

Cemetery Details

-  **Dale Memorial Gardens**
Chesterfield VA



Tribute Wall

Joan L. Harris

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Page-Theus Funeral Home And Cremation Services shared an album called **Service Record.**



March 1 at 12:57 PM



Tim Harris posted:

Tribute to mom from Tim, excerpt from Graveside Service Tribute from Tim (son):I....am a fortunate man. A gift was given unto me that is as precious as life itself. That is the gift of loving parents, a warm and comfortable home, and childhood memories that I have cherished my entire life. As many of you know that are gathered here today, there is no true replacement for family. What may be taken for granted or underappreciated in our younger years, certainly becomes more apparent and of utmost importance as we grow older. A supportive family and the entire family experience helps to build a foundation that brings benefits beyond what words can describe. There is no such thing as the perfect family, but in my opinion, mine was undoubtedly one of the best. At the heart of most families is Mom, as I called her. I believe my mother captured the essence and true meaning of motherhood. She was nurturing, caring and instilled within me the traits and personal characteristics that enabled me to appreciate the triumphs in life and to endure the tragic ones as well. My mother knew what love was, and it came quite naturally for her to put it into practice every single day. That's not easy to do. It's true what they say, a mother will do almost anything for her children. It's incredible to me what mom would endure and tolerate in order for her children to feel secure, loved and provided for. I am no different than many sons, I held my mother in the highest regard, and she could do no wrong. Life is short, no matter how long you live. Tell the loved ones in your life that you love them. Mom lived to be 90 years old, I was fortunate enough to have her in my life for 58 of those years. As the years went on, mom's love was steadfast and unchanging. Although distance may have separated us, I could always feel her presence, and always knew she was there for me. Goodbye mom, until we met again, my love is eternal and everlasting.

January 15 at 5:12 PM



Tim Harris posted:

Graveside Sermon and Service Agenda content file available upon request. Dale Memorial Park, Chesterfield Virginia January 25, 2024 – Thursday, 2:00 p.m. Conducted by Olivia Bauer Chaplin / Celebrate Contact Tim Harris

February 18 at 12:26 PM



Tribute Wall

Joan L. Harris

AUG 11, 1933 - JAN 13, 2024



Anonymous sent a Red & White Sympathy Basket to the Harris family.



January 18 at 6:02 PM



Brad D Harris posted:

Greetings Tim and Kevin, As with the passing of family members from Jo's generation it seems rather hard to express the loss adequately. And a few sentences cannot possibly capture how important these people are to our family and this world. But sometimes something needs to be said as difficult as it might be, and the tears will flow I'm sure as they are while I write this. So please do with these words what you may, and I hope they provide some context to how grateful I and others are for Jo. We are comforted knowing she was with you Tim and Kevin at the end. Paula and I were with my dad as well as it should be. And now this, Jo was my aunt married to my father's brother. I can remember her as far back as I can remember. My family lived in California, but my father always loved Baltimore where he grew up. Most, if not all, of our extended family lived on the east coast. Baltimore, Virginia, and other places. I admired my father's love for these places. He would sometimes take us there on vacations to Baltimore, the eastern shore, Chesapeake Bay, and Virginia where Jack and Jo lived. Our families were tight as I recall, despite the distance between us. The cousins were always fun being we are of the same generation. We were always treated so nice. Everyone was friendly and loving. Sometimes Jack and Jo and the boys would come to California. And Tucson where my family lives. And it was always a treat. Hanging out as teens and as adults was great. One time long ago, when Keith was visiting he wanted to go to Guitar Center and buy a bass guitar. Well, we connected on that trip like no other. He bought the guitar he wanted, and we really enjoyed that. So, our families had a lot in common and when we all got together it was almost like we never were apart. Once I had work activity in Virginia and I stayed a couple weeks and visited everyone including Jack and Jo. Once Sue and I went on a cruise out of Florida and after the cruise, went and visited Jack and Jo. And life went on with other visits both on the east and west coasts. Now about Jo..Jo was always kind and warm. A wonderful smile and voice. I loved her accent, being I am from California. We were miles apart but when families connected on occasion she was always welcoming and loving. She was smart, she listened, and she told stories. I remember her laugh. She was an integral part of the extended Harris family. I have many pictures of the families with Jack and Jo and the boys. Uncle Jack and Aunt Jo will always be remembered in the most loving way. Like my mother and father, they had great character and poise. They were role models and someone we loved to be with. They will be dearly missed but never forgotten. And as with my own mother, when I'm quiet... and still.... I can hear Jo's voice almost as though she's right here. Love Brad

January 15 at 5:12 PM



Tribute Wall

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Marykay Crosby And Jane Tucker sent a Floor Plant for Sympathy to the Harris family.

January 17 at 5:16 AM



Anonymous sent a White Standing Spray to the Harris family.

January 16 at 7:39 AM



Anonymous sent a Lavender & White Sympathy Floor Basket to the Harris family.

January 15 at 5:12 PM



From The Harris And Freedman Families planted a Memorial Tree in honor of Joan.

January 15 at 5:12 PM





Page-Theus Funeral Home And Cremation Services shared 6 photos to the Service Record album.

March 1 at 12:57 PM

goodbye – Jack, and Keith, her parents, and so many others whom she’s loved and lost in her 90 years of life, who welcome her home.

Or maybe you’re comforted by what modern physics would tell us, about how energy is never lost, and that in some mysterious way we couldn’t possibly understand, Jo is still with us – will always be with us.

Whatever else you may believe, Jo is at peace. Now, it’s just up to us to bless her, and let her go.

Almighty and Loving God,
Thank you for the life of our beloved Jo.
Thank for all the memories each person carries, and all the love that was shared.
We ask that you bless this final resting place, as we commit her body to it,
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
May the Lord bless her and keep her,
The Lord make his face to shine upon her and be gracious to her,
The Lord lift up his countenance upon her and give her peace.
Amen.

The Lord’s Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever.
Amen.

Closing Remarks Open to Audience

Ceremony Concluded and Closed by Chaplin / Celebrant

the past, and worrying about the future; of waking up every morning, and going to bed every night, of learning, failing and trying again; being bored and proud, in love and heartbroken, scared and sad and everything in between. Jo lived a life that will never be lived or experienced again, a beautiful life, and one that changed each of your lives, made you who you are – and all we can really do, in a ceremony like this, is to gather here in awe: that Jo – lived. Her life mattered, immensely, and you will remember it, for the rest of your lives.

Hopefully most of you had the opportunity, toward the end of Jo’s life, to find closure in your relationship – to say goodbye, and to let her know what she meant to you. But there may still be any number of things you wish you could say to her now.

Maybe it’s a promise to her, about how you’ll be okay, you’ll be there for each other, or how you’ll never forget her. Maybe it’s gratitude for something she taught you, or helped you with, or a time she was there for you. Or maybe it’s just your own sense of awe, for life itself, and that you and Jo got to share it together.

In a few moments, we’ll offer Jo a blessing together, representing not just her children and her grandchildren, but all the folks Jo has known and loved in her 90 years of life. As I say some words aloud, I’ll encourage you to offer your own blessing for Jo in your heart, whatever it is you wish for Jo, all your gratitude, your promises, your love.

Reading: “How Do We Let A Mother Go” – Author Unknown

How do we let a mother go?
How do we say “I’m ready now to go on without you?”
How can we ever have a clue what that really means?
And all of a sudden the moment is upon us, and there’s no turning back.
And then we know what grief is – and guilt, and love, and things undone.
Try to prepare and we will fail in some way, be it subtle or looming.
But there is peace too.
Peace and acceptance and overwhelming love that we weren’t even aware of.
Waves and waves of conflicting emotion.
And laughter too!
And memories we hadn’t bothered to recall lately come flooding back in shared company.
And there’s gratitude – so much of that –
that we had your such a wonderful mother.
A part of you has passed away, but much is carried everyday within us,
and will be, as long as we are here.
This may be a final tribute, a day to celebrate your life and say goodbyes,
but it’s not really final.
Every day I’ll celebrate in some way, just by virtue of how you shaped my life:
the absolute and incredible good fortune
that I knew you,
As a mother, as a woman, as a friend.

Final Commendation and Committal

Maybe you think of the group on the other side, eagerly welcoming Jo, just as you’re tearfully saying



from my face; because I will miss you terribly on this day. I will remember all the Mother's Days past and how special this day was to me. This day will never be the same without you, or any day for that matter...

As Tim and I were at your bedside, little chirping birds flew in and perched outside your bedroom window. I believe they were our family of angels, ready to guide you to our eternal home in heaven. The days, months, and years will come and go, but you'll live on forever in my heart. I'll have wonderful memories, but I'll miss making new ones with you. I'll be thinking of you every waking day. I'll give anything to turn back time for one more hug, your touch and one more kiss from my Mom. Tim and I will be OK, it's just going to take some time to face this new reality. There is no one on this earth who could ever replace you. When our Lord calls upon me, I can't wait to get that hug and kiss once again. You are everything a son could ever ask for. Wait for me. Until then, my dear Mom, rest now in heavenly peace. You are my heart, my soul, my everything, my forever. I love you Mom, forever and eternity and beyond.

Tribute from Tim (son):

I am a fortunate man. A gift was given unto me that is as precious as life itself. That is the gift of living parents, a warm and comfortable home, and childhood memories that I have cherished my entire life. As many of you know that are gathered here today, there is no true replacement for family. What may be taken for granted or underappreciated in our younger years, certainly becomes more apparent and of utmost importance as we grow older. A supportive family and the entire family experience helps to build a foundation that brings benefits beyond what words can describe. There is no such thing as the perfect family, but in my opinion, mine was undoubtedly one of the best.

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Mom lived to be 90 years old, I was fortunate enough to have her in my life for 58 of those years.

As the years went on, mom's love was steadfast and unchanging. Although distance may have separated us, I could always feel her presence, and always knew she was there for me.

Goodbye mom, until we meet again, my love is eternal and everlasting.

Reflections

The reality is there's no way describe in anecdotes, in a handful of descriptors - all that a person's life means. A life - 90's life - was far too extraordinary for that, far too vast in scope and significance. Think, for a moment, what it means to have a life - to be alive - for 90 years; that's 90 years of remembering

grateful, you were always there for me when I needed you most. You make life warm and brighter for everyone. You have this way of listening and understanding that makes anyone feel "at home." You opened your heart to others with a Christmas kind of spirit all year long, it's just who you are.

I'm proud to have your example in my life. The person I am today is because of the unconditional love you have shown me every day of my life. You taught me to be confident, to be gentle, patient, resilient, to be kind to others, to have faith, learn new things, to do the right thing or to let go; and for this, I am thankful. Thank you for protecting me. Thank you for supporting my decisions. Thank you for loving me unconditionally. I believe wholeheartedly that a Mother's love and touch can never be matched by anything else in this life or beyond.

As we were younger, I remember going off to elementary school, you would give us a kiss and hug goodbye as we ran to the bus stop, every single day; and you would be right there upon our return excited to hear how our day went. I remember you taking us to the community pool to go swimming or just watching your tennis matches with the other players.

I was so excited to know you and Dad made the decision to move to FL; you'd be closer to me, and I would be able to see you even more. I'll miss driving down, I could not wait to come through the door, wrapping my arms around you and getting the biggest hug and kiss. I'll miss taking you places, shopping, out for lunch or to dinner, or just going to the grocery store, spending every minute visiting with you; and when it was time for me to get back on the road, I'll cherish those hugs and kisses forever; I'll be careful Mom, I Promise.

I'll miss our weekly calls, asking you how you've been doing. I will especially miss your sweet voice on the other end.

I'll miss your cooking! Your wonderful evening dinners, a tradition to sit together at the kitchen table. I will savor the flavors forever. I have your recipes, but they won't taste the same.

I'll remember and cherish all the wonderful holiday gatherings, especially Christmas and Thanksgiving, where you tirelessly prepared the turkey or main dish on that special day with all the fixings for our family, setting up the dining room table for just those special holiday occasions with the good China and silver, how it was just perfect every time.

I miss seeing you and Daddy getting all spiffy for a special occasion, going to a dinner, a party or family gathering; Daddy looking so dapper and you looking so beautiful and classy. I'll cherish your perfume, which will remind me of these special occasions and all the great vacations going to the beach or road trips to see family. I'll cherish the photos forever.

I will miss picking the perfect card for you on any occasion, reading every word, and saying to myself: this is the one! The words were perfectly selected just for you and meant so much to me.

I'll miss buying you the perfect gift, for Christmas, birthday, or Valentine's Day; sending you flowers and seeing your smiling face when you receive them.

Mother's Day, will be especially hard going forward. I will be heartbroken on this day. I will look to the stars and wish you a Happy Mother's Day in Heaven, and hope you hear my voice as I wipe my tears



Tribute from Brad (nephew):

Entire tribute (from Brad) available on obituary comments.

Jo was always kind and warm. A wonderful smile and voice. I loved her accent, being I am from California. We were miles apart but when families connected on occasion she was always welcoming and loving. She was smart, she listened, and she told stories. I remember her laugh. She was an integral part of the extended Harris family. I have many pictures of the families with Jack and Jo and the boys. Uncle Jack and Aunt Jo will always be remembered in the most loving way. Like my mother and father, they had great character and poise. They were role models and someone we loved to be with. They will be dearly missed but never forgotten. And as with my own mother, when I'm quiet... and still... I can hear Jo's voice almost as though she's right here.

Tribute from Kevin (son):

Mom, I would never have imagined this day would come; my heart will forever be broken. Life as I know it will forever be changed.

I will always remember a prayer you placed on our bedroom wall, as I was a child, which I still say nightly, and goes like this:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
guide me safely through the night,
wake me with the morning light.
Amen.

Mom, my prayer for you:
Now it's time for you to rest,
no more worry, no more pain,
I pray to the Lord your soul to keep,
to guide you safely through the night
and wake you with his morning light.
Amen.

Mom, this letter is only a few words of remembrance and things I will miss when you've gone home to heaven. I cannot place a lifetime of words on paper; I'd rather live them with you than write them here. Reality as we know it comes to an end and our new eternal life will begin. We are not guaranteed eternity here on this earth; our Lord and savior is calling you to heaven, to be with him, to spend eternity with him, with Dad, with Keith, family and friends that have gone before us... to be together, forever and eternity.

Mom, you sacrificed your time to teach, for me to grow and learn new things, for that I am most



Joan Letita "Jo" Harris

Gravestone Service
Oaks Memorial Park
January 25, 2024 - Thursday, 2:00 p.m.
Conducted By Olive Bauer Chaplin / Celebrate
Bible's Funeral Home

Welcome and Introduction

We're gathered here this afternoon to honor the life of Joan Letita Harris, and to commit her body to its final resting place.

Jo was a consummate mother, who loved her children and family passionately, and dedicated her life to caring and providing for them. She was warm, and loving, she had a beautiful laugh - and she lived a full and accomplished life - 90 years of it. Jo was genuinely loved by all her family and everyone who knew her - and today, we remember that profound grief is simply the price we pay for profound love.

Today, we are saying a final goodbye to Jo - another in a long series of goodbyes you've made over the last few weeks - and we're offering her our blessing. And then when we leave this place today, we will leave Jo here, just as you left Keith here all those years ago, and then Jack in 2019 - and while perhaps there's some comfort in leaving them together, you're now facing a future without your mom, your aunt.

Reading: "Poem for Mother" - Author Unknown

Your mother is always with you -
She's the place you came from; your first home.
She's the map you follow with every step that you take.
And nothing on earth can separate you.
Not time - not space -
Not even death will ever separate you from your mother.
You carry her inside of you.

Opening Prayer: Psalm 23



Memories only last if you share them

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



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