



Florence M. Reggio

March 22, 1923 - October 1, 2014

Florence M. Reggio, age 91 of Shelby Twp. passed away October 1, 2014 at Sunrise of Shelby Twp. Beloved wife of the late Gabriel. Dear mother of Judy Hawley and Karen Richard Bentley. Loving grandmother of Erika Bonifacio Rodrigez, Matthew Chrissy Bentley and Meggan Rob Beebe. Loving great grandmother of Haiden, Josephine and Michael Bentley. Dear sister of Arnold Irene Stirrett and the late Idora Sharrow and Gordon Stirrett. Friends may visit at Wm. Sullivan & Son Funeral Home, 8459 Hall Rd. 3 blks. E. of Van Dyke Utica on Sunday from 2:00 - 8:00 p.m. Funeral Service Monday at Utica United Methodist Church, 8650 Canal Rd., Sterling Heights where she will lie in state from 10:30 a.m. until 11:00 a.m. time of service. Interment Utica Cemetery. Memorials suggested to The United Methodist Woman's Group or Seasons Hospice. Please share a memory at www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com

Tribute Wall

DE

“ Dear judy and Family, Florence was a very wonderful, loving, caring person. We thank God for her long life and the loving christian family she has raised. She made her "Footprint" here on earth and now joins her loving husband.

Diane and Ron Ewert - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

DE

“ Dear judy and Family, Florence was a very wonderful, loving, caring person. We thank God for her long life and the loving christian family she has raised. She made her "Footprint" here on earth and now joins her loving husband.

Diane and Ron Ewert - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JA

“ I am so sorry for your loss. The Bible provides comfort during difficult times. We are promised at 1Corinthians 15:26 that, very soon now, "death will be brought to nothing". Then, we have the prospect of being reunited with our loved ones right here on Earth. John 5:28,29. I hope this has brought you some comfort and hope. Sincerely, Jan

Jan - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JA

“ I am so sorry for your loss. The Bible provides comfort during difficult times. We are promised at 1Corinthians 15:26 that, very soon now, "death will be brought to nothing". Then, we have the prospect of being reunited with our loved ones right here on Earth. John 5:28,29. I hope this has brought you some comfort and hope. Sincerely, Jan

Jan - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SF

“ Judy, I am so sorry to hear about your Mom. I remember your Mom coming into Frank's every week and then English Gardens to shop. I always enjoyed hearing about her projects. She always had a kind word to say and a smile every time I talked with her.

Sue Fissette - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SF

“ Judy, I am so sorry to hear about your Mom. I remember your Mom coming into Frank's every week and then English Gardens to shop. I always enjoyed hearing about her projects. She always had a kind word to say and a smile every time I talked with her.

Sue Fissette - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JR

“At evening time it shall be light.”—Zechariah 14:7. OFTENTIMES we look forward with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that at eventide it shall be light. To many saints, old age is the choicest season in their lives. A balmy air fans the mariner's cheek as he nears the shore of immortality, fewer waves ruffle his sea, quiet reigns, deep, still and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the more real flame of earnest feeling remains. The pilgrims have reached the land Beulah, that happy country, whose days are as the days of heaven upon earth. Angels visit it, celestial gales blow over it, flowers of paradise grow in it, and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure, but it is an Eden on earth. We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves and be satisfied with hope until the time of fruition comes. The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendour of glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down. Pain breaks not the calm of the sweet twilight of age, for strength made perfect in weakness bears up with patience under it all. Ripe fruits of choice experience are gathered as the rare repast of life's evening, and the soul prepares itself for rest. The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in the hour of death. Unbelief laments; the shadows fall, the night is coming, existence is ending. Ah no, crieth faith, the night is far spent, the true day is at hand. Light is come, the light of immortality, the light of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed, see the waitingbands of spirits! Angels waft thee away. Farewell, beloved one, thou art gone, thou wavest thine hand. Ah, now it is light. The pearly gates are open, the golden streets shine in the jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen; adieu, SISTER, thou hast light at even-tide, such as we have not yet.—Morning by Morning, C.H. Surgeon

Jim and Jeanne Reggio - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JR

“At evening time it shall be light.”—Zechariah 14:7. OFTENTIMES we look forward with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that at eventide it shall be light. To many saints, old age is the choicest season in their lives. A balmy air fans the mariner's cheek as he nears the shore of immortality, fewer waves ruffle his sea, quiet reigns, deep, still and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the more real flame of earnest feeling remains. The pilgrims have reached the land Beulah, that happy country, whose days are as the days of heaven upon earth. Angels visit it, celestial gales blow over it, flowers of paradise grow in it, and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure, but it is an Eden on earth. We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves and be satisfied with hope until the time of fruition comes. The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendour of glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down. Pain breaks not the calm of the sweet twilight of age, for strength made perfect in weakness bears up with patience under it all. Ripe fruits of choice experience are gathered as the rare repast of life's evening, and the soul prepares itself for rest. The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in the hour of death. Unbelief laments; the shadows fall, the night is coming, existence is ending. Ah no, crieth faith, the night is far spent, the true day is at hand. Light is come, the light of immortality, the light of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed, see the waitingbands of spirits! Angels waft thee away. Farewell, beloved one, thou art gone, thou wavest thine hand. Ah, now it is light. The pearly gates are open, the golden streets shine in the jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen; adieu, SISTER, thou hast light at even-tide, such as we have not yet.—Morning by Morning, C.H. Surgeon

Jim and Jeanne Reggio - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

CR

“ Dear Judy and family I was blessed to meet Judy in 7th grade. We have been friends all these years. Her mom Mrs Reggio to me was a wonderful mother and had such a welcoming home. Her cooking was as many know delicious and served with grace. She had always had a smile but would listen without comment to your girlish concerns and challenges. She is a person Who's memory sets an example of how to contribute and support your family and community. I know she had great faith and trust she is at peace

Carolyn Rose - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

CR

“ Dear Judy and family I was blessed to meet Judy in 7th grade. We have been friends all these years. Her mom Mrs Reggio to me was a wonderful mother and had such a welcoming home. Her cooking was as many know delicious and served with grace. She had always had a smile but would listen without comment to your girlish concerns and challenges. She is a person Who's memory sets an example of how to contribute and support your family and community. I know she had great faith and trust she is at peace

Carolyn Rose - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

PG

“ Judy, Karen and family -Heaven just gained one more incredible angel. She was loved dearly and will be missed greatly. My thoughts and prayers are with you.

Peggy and Gary - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

EJ

“ Karen and Judy, so sorry to hear about your mom. Aunt Florence was such a fun-loving soul. Always positive and smiling. We are going to miss her. God bless, Evan and Julie

Evan and Julie - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM