Jean Mohr was born in May of 1919, in a small house at North English, to Elmer and Ruby Roper. She quietly slipped away to the other side in the early morning hours of December 26, 2013, at the Highland Ridge Care Center in Williamsburg. Mother’s arrival came just six months after the Armistice was signed ending World War I.

Her early education included Gritter school in North English before the family later moved to Montezuma, where she graduated from high school in 1937. She was of that generation (The Greatest Generation) that knew the struggles and hardships of little food at times, studying at night by a kerosene lamp, cold winter nights, and walking several miles to school each day and not complaining about but accepting it.

Mother was introduced to Howard Mohr of Victor and the two were married in June of 1941, six months before the attack on Pearl Harbor. This marriage gave them three children; Tom, Janie, and Bobby. She worked at the local telephone company in the early years, part-time at the Post Office in Victor and worked with my father in their oil business, Mohr Oil Company.

She had a special gift of knitting afghans, sewing quilts, creating dolls and fashioning other crafts. She was the quintessential homemaker and loved baking and being in the kitchen. Her apple pie was the best ever. It was not uncommon that she’d call a neighbor or two and ask them to stop by for a slice of pie just out of the oven.

She had the good fortune of being able to winter in Texas for over 25 years and establishing many friendships during those winter months. Mother and father moved to Highland Ridge in Williamsburg 10 years ago and more friendships and activity grew from this experience. She entered the Highland Ridge Care Center three years ago. Words cannot express my appreciation towards the kind and gentle staff and the loving care she received there.

Mother’s faith and belief in God was strong and unshakable. She was active in the Victor Methodist Church during her many years in Victor.

She endured the unspeakable hardship of having to bury two of her children; Janie in 1960 and Tom in 1981. She is preceded in passing by her parents; sister, step-sisters and step-brother. She is survived by her husband of 72 years, Howard, and her youngest boy, Bobby.

She remained “Mom”, at age 94, up until the end, reminding me to dress warm and not catch a cold. It was a gift to have had her this many years.

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