



## Sheila Jean Moore

January 31, 1955 - November 20, 2025

With deep love and profound sorrow, we announce the passing of our beautiful, angelic wife and mother, who left this world surrounded by the immense love she gave so freely throughout her life. Her kindness, grace, and gentle spirit were a light to all who knew her, and her legacy will forever live on in the hearts she touched.

She is lovingly remembered by her devoted husband of 52 years, David B. Moore, who stood by her side through every joy and every challenge. She was the cherished mother of Tiffany M. Moore and Sarah J. Verde, whose lives were shaped and strengthened by her unwavering love. Sarah's husband, Joe Verde, held a special place in her heart as a true member of the family.

Her role as a grandmother brought her immeasurable joy. She is deeply missed by Ebon Moore-Martin and his wife Katie Moore-Martin, as well as Nicholas Verde and Alexander Verde, each of whom she adored and uplifted with a grandmother's unconditional warmth.

She is survived by her beloved mother, Joyce Graham, whom she loved dearly. She also leaves behind her cherished sister Deborah Perrier and husband John Perrier, along with their daughter Mykala Perrier, as well as her brother Roy Graham and niece Kylie Graham. Her bond with her family was

one of her greatest treasures, and she carried each of them in her heart always.

To know her was to know compassion, gentleness, and a rare kind of strength. She met life with faith, kindness, and a quiet resilience that inspired everyone around her. Her laughter, her wisdom, and her loving presence created a home that was full of warmth, comfort, and acceptance.

Though our hearts are heavy, we find comfort in the love she shared, the lessons she taught, and the memories that will continue to guide us. Her spirit lives on in the hearts of those who loved her.

Her memory will be held close forever by the family she cherished and the many lives she touched.

“I will wait all the days of my compulsory service until my relief comes. You will call, and I will answer you. You will long for the work of your hands.” — Job 14:14,15

# Tribute Wall



“ *Our hearts go out to Dave and his beautiful family. We truly enjoyed the brief time we were able to spend with them. Sheila was a beautiful person inside and out. I will always remember the precious times we spent together. She truly loved her family and I saw how she cared deeply for all of them. Dave, our hearts are broken and we are so sorry. Anyone could see the deep love you had for each other by the words of your beautiful tribute. Take courage our dear brother and know that we love you very much also.*

*Chet and Judy Cole*

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**Chester Cole** - December 29, 2025 at 01:23 PM

DM

“ *The day I lost my soulmate*

*After you lose someone,  
you're not just grieving them—  
you're forced to unlearn everything you ever knew with them in it.*

*The routines.*

*The habits.*

*The quiet comforts you didn't even realize you'd built around their  
existence.*

*You have to unlearn the instinct to reach for your phone—  
to tell them the news,  
to share something funny,  
to hear the only voice that made things feel okay.*

*You have to unlearn looking for them in the room.  
You have to unlearn the way your eyes search for their car in the  
driveway,  
or your heart still waits for them to walk through the door.*

*You have to unlearn the sound of their footsteps,  
the way the house felt when they were home.*

*You have to unlearn how going to our favorite swing at the beach,  
having coffee on the porch, or making you laugh used to feel—  
like something to look forward to,  
instead of something you brace yourself to get through.*

*You have to unlearn a version of yourself  
that only existed when when you were here.*

*And in the middle of all that unlearning,  
you're trying to learn how to keep going.  
How to function.  
How to smile.*

*How to show up for a life that no longer looks like yours.*

*This is what grief really does.*

*It rewrites the way you live.*

*Without permission.*

*Without warning.*

*And somehow,  
you're left to figure it out—  
quietly, painfully,  
piece by piece.*

*Sheila, I know our hearts again will leap with joy and I promise to be true to our love and wait patiently until we meet again in paradise.*

*Your loving husband*

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**David Moore** - December 19, 2025 at 08:43 AM

CR

“*Hello David and family from Eliot Maine. Our daughter Shannon told us of your dear wife's passing. She will be dearly missed and remembered as one of the kindest souls . A VERY excellent woman.*

*We regret not being able to connect w you both while down your way , although we saw Joyce on Zoom , so still felt connected. We hope and pray you will keep afloat , have a measure of joy in the beautiful creation , your family , and know that you are loved and thought of w great fondness. Sheila will stand again soon. Sincerely , Albert and Carrie Raitt*

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**Caroline A Raitt** - December 08, 2025 at 03:50 PM

HE

“ If I had the ability to design a loving companion, one who would care for me and my family with love and affection, and stand beside me to confront every challenge that life puts forth, I could never duplicate the example set by Sheila. There are no words to describe the joy and comfort she brought into the lives of her family and friends, or to shield them from the grief of her loss. My heart breaks for my brother Dave. Sheila was Dave's compass, a woman who kept him on course, lovingly supported him, consoled him when he was down and cheered him on his accomplishments. God could do no better than to put those two together, and I truly hope that they will one day reunite.

Henry

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**Henry** - December 04, 2025 at 11:28 AM

AM

*I am so deeply saddened to hear of your loss. I have so many fond memories of time we spent together that I will cherish. The Matthews congregation will always remember the time we spent together in service and meetings. David and joyce please know how much your friendship has always meant to me and my family Love arlene mcmillan*

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**arlene McMillan** - December 17, 2025 at 10:22 PM

WG

*I remember Sheila as a loveable person and hope to see her again.*

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**Wes Gordon** - December 29, 2025 at 10:31 PM