

Roxanne Gray

August 13, 1961 ~ February 8, 2024

Roxanne was born August 13, 1961 to Dean and Marie Gray and died sometime early February, 2024. The date of death is important because it is inexact. She died unbeknownst and alone, and that is a significant and terrible sadness.

Roxanne had a beautiful sparkle in her eye. It manifested in myriad ways, but the best was “I see you and I know you, and I hear you saying all this stupid stuff and you should probably be embarrassed, but I still love you with all my heart.” It was knowing, but non-judgmental. It was an honoring of her unique insight without the need of further tiresome expression while giving nod to her keen sense of truth and a harmless, but pointed, middle finger to convention.

There was never anyone more enjoyable to talk to about nothing. Her humor and perspective were so instructive, distinctive and delightful that she could tell a story about the most objectively pedestrian thing and hold her listener in utterly amused thrall.

She was super talented, and an absolute ham when moved to it. She played singles on two back-to-back Judge Memorial high school state championship tennis teams (first singles, senior year). She danced the Charleston. She somewhat incredibly, knowing her usual reticence to sing, soloed “It’s My Party” in front of her entire school, and was an unapologetic scene stealer in comedic sketches. She taught in the Murray School district for twelve years and loved her students and they loved her. She also did significant stints at Holiday Inn and Zions Bank. She was beyond financially secure in retirement and a resounding success by almost all metrics.

Roxanne was also an alcoholic. She took to drink quite a bit later than most Catholic school kids, but she took to it gamely. It’s hard to say exactly but best guess is that sometime late twenties early thirties, alcohol evolved from enjoyable diversion to her most consistent companion. She managed to control it enough to stay functional by skillfully picking and choosing her dedicated drinking events, but the demon got the best of her. It was so darned persistent, always lingering just top of mind. She acknowledged this demon openly towards the end, but stubbornness precluded her from ever asking for or accepting help. It would have felt too much like failure.

We will remember her fully committed full-body hugs, her huge heart, her extraordinary sense of humor. We will remember her beautiful giggle, which she mostly couldn’t stop, especially if propriety demanded. We will remember her honesty and how quick she was to tears and how ready she was, always, to share her love and abundant joy and how she was always so happy for our happiness.

Awaiting the coroner’s report, we brothers are heartened by a notion. She died sober. On her couch. Stubbornly alone. In control of her faculties and at least temporarily free of her demon. What leads us to believe this is a note she wrote to herself on her fridge, and the otherwise absolutely incongruous fact that there was not a drop of

drinkable alcohol in the house. Most likely, this last effort to get sober is what killed her. But she did it. On her terms. A grave but gorgeous final act.

Roxanne is preceded in death by Dean and Marie. Those that adoringly abide yet, are as follows: her brother Jerry and wife Kindra, her brother Bill and wife Tamy, her brother John and wife Heather, her nephews Jesse Brown, Henry and Chuck, her nieces Abigail and Sadie.

There will be a remembrance. Details, once defined, will be shared.