Larkin

Jane Savage Movor

March 15, 1928 ~ January 20, 2019

Do not go gentle into that good night, old age should burn and rave at close of day; rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right, because their words had forked no lightning they do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay, rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight, and learn, too late, they grieved it on its way, do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay, rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my [mother], there on the sad height, curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray. Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night. Truer words were never spoken. Our mother fought death, we believe, until she knew we were all ready, including her. On her own terms she went.

She was strong, and as much as she wanted us to depend on her, we learned from her and became independent.

Our mother was the consummate hostess. She greeted everyone with a smile. She taught us the importance of people feeling welcome. We were proud to describe her as East Coast conservative; she had a lot of class. She was a stickler about grammar. Our command of the English language, as well as most of our friends, grandchildren's friends, etc., had their English improved because of our mother. We cannot think of a greater legacy.

She lost two husbands before their time and bore those losses with dignity and grace. She felt she was fortunate and lucky to have had two wonderful husbands and fathers to us, her children. She was fiercely loyal to family. She was known as Gramma Jane to so many, both family and friends, even to her aides at The Ridge. There, she was also known endearingly as "The Boss". Many came to see her every day. They too loved her and will miss her.

Jane Savage Mavor was born March 15, 1928 in Randolph, Vermont to William Savage and Dorothy Hancock. She passed away on January 20, 2019. She leaves behind her sisters Priscilla Watt (Florida) and Nancy Roth (Georgia) and numerous nieces and nephews. She is preceded in death by sisters Phyllis Johnson and Patricia Howe (Luke).

She leaves behind her son Charles "Chip", grandkids Amanda (great grandkids Laine, Garrett), Brooke, Paige (great grandson Andres), son William "Bill" and Wendy, grandkids Sarah, Billy, Liz, Andrew, daughter Patricia "Patty" and Randall Martello (Kye and Arrow), son John and Mariana, grandkids Eliza, Casey (Lizzy)(great grandkids Jonas, Isaac, Lulu). Predeceased by husbands Huntington Mavor and Charles Sawyer.

We miss her quick wit and advice every day. She loved Salt Lake City and her always open home on St. Mary's Way.

A memorial service and interment will take place in Woods Hole, MA in June 2019.