

Sharon Marie Long

May 7, 1943 ~ December 15, 2023

Sharon Marie Long was born on May 7, 1943 to Frank and Lucy Long. She died on December 15, 2023 after a short and difficult battle with cancer.

Her grandfather called her “Cocoa.”

A little girl with Italian brown eyes, rich hair and beautiful olive skin made it understandable. She was born in Payson, Utah and did not meet her father – who had left months before she was born for the South Pacific with the world at war -- for the first time until she was three years old. The family moved to Provo where she grew up and attended Dixon Junior, Provo High School and Southern Utah State College. She had a close group of friends, some of which she stayed connected with for the rest of her life.

They called each other “the sisters.”

She was the oldest of seven children, having three sisters (Evadee, Diane, Debbie) and three brothers (Dennis, Steve, Ron). She loved her family and shared many memories growing up. Large family gatherings and reunions. Breakfasts up the Canyon. Homemade bread and family cooking. Fourth of July Parades. Summertime and a big garden sitting in the dirt eating warm tomatoes with a shaker of salt. She remained close to her sisters her entire life with memories of kids raised, sorrows felt, laughter, fun, a yearly sister’s trip to St. George, and a loving goodbye just a few days before she returned home.

Her friends called her “Sharon.”

She worked for more than twenty years at the Jordan Resource Center in the Jordan School District. Because of the unique purpose of the school, she was fortunate to build friendships with talented educators who had come from Utah and all corners of the United States. They were friendships that sustained and shaped her in her adult life and taught her to be curious, accepting and loving toward all kinds of people. She had friendships with neighbors and members of her ward over many years. Her boys are grateful for her across the street neighbor who cared for and about her for many years.

Her boy’s called her “Mom.”

Maya Angelou said: “To describe our mother would be to write about a hurricane in its perfect power. Or the climbing, falling colors of a rainbow.” No boys were more greatly blessed due to the life and love of our mother. For her boys: Todd (Michelle), Joe (Kim) and Cory (Hailey), she was our honor.

She taught, and expected us, to be honest, hardworking, good fathers and husbands, faithful, courageous and, above all, to stand beside the people we love. She expected us to face and do hard things and gave us confidence because we watched her and knew she believed we would somehow succeed. She came to hundreds of baseball, football, basketball, performances, school and work events, graduations, and everything in between. She did this

while working two, and sometimes three jobs, for nearly 15 years. She read aloud to us and gave us a love of reading, the gift of curiosity and of lifelong learning. She was a second Mom to dozens of boys who spent hours with her sons in our home. They ate cinnamon rolls, cookies, celebrated and recovered from games and practices, watched movies, talked in her deck swing, sat beside a firepit all night long, all summer long. They tried to make sense of girls and shared tales of first kisses, confessed crimes of toilet papering yards, “borrowing” cherries from the neighbors’ trees and a million other late-night hijinks. She never complained about the freeway of boys running through her house. She didn’t charge a toll. She just made it home.

Her grandkids called her “Grandma, Grandma Sharon, She-She and Masharee”

She had unique relationships with each of her 12 grandchildren: Taylor, Carlie, Will, Lily, Max, Olivia, Holden, McLain, Avery, Brady, Walker and Jillian. She made them feel safe and cared for – especially at her home – with secret mints, tiny m’s, sleepovers, pink juice, lemonade, hot tamales, scrambled eggs and cinnamon toast. She often told them she loved them “lots and lots.”

She loved sunshine, sunflowers, summertime and orange sticks. She loved baskets, being busy, knitting and crocheting, the taste of coffee, watching ballgames and red geraniums. She was an artist and was creative. She unintentionally invented new words that we loved to mimic. She loved her boys, her new daughters, her grandkids and her dogs. She paid attention to details especially in her cooking, sewing, knitting, writing (her calligraphy made it very challenging for her boys to forge school notes) and her relationships with loved ones. She was quiet in her advice but was nearby telling you she knew you could make it. She wasn’t afraid to cuss – although not particularly well -- when the occasion called for it. She loved deeply and loyally. She could hold a grudge. Wherever she was, it felt like home to those she loved.

In the end, she told one of her granddaughters, “I’m sorry, but I need to leave now.” She asked for a blessing to know if was ok to go home. Then, she left quickly, just hours after receiving it and knowing her boys would be safe. We are glad you didn’t have to feel the fierceness of the cancer for long, and you were able to leave quickly. But … Mom, we will miss you. Really miss you. We love you. Lots and lots.

A memorial service will be held for Sharon on Thursday, January 4th, 2024. There will be time to greet and visit family and friends from 9:30-10:45am and the service will be at 11:00am. The service will be held at The Chateau at Le Jardin at 1910 Dimple Dell Road, Sandy UT, 84092.
A graveside service will be held at 3:00pm at the Provo City Cemetery.