



# Jean M. Nies

FEB 5, 1917 - JUL 20, 2016



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## **Jean M. Nies**

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**J**ean M. Nies, 99, of Fort Myers, passed away Wednesday, July 20, 2016. She was born February 5, 1917 in Hamilton County, OH to the late Harold H. and Lida M. (nee, Prickett) Van Osdol. She moved to Florida from Cincinnati, OH in 1981. She was a member of Zion Lutheran Church. Mrs. Nies is survived by her children: James Marlow (Linda), Jean Ann Newcomb (Steve) and Philip Marlow (Sandy); her grandchildren: Douglas, Andrew, Jeffrey, Jennifer, Emily and Julie, as well as 10 great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her husbands: Robert Marlow in 1980 and Edward Nies in 2004. A memorial service will be held at 11:00 AM Saturday, July 30, 2016 at Zion Lutheran Church, 7401 Winkler Road, Fort Myers. In lieu of flowers memorial contributions may be made to Zion Lutheran Church, 7401 Winkler Road, Fort Myers, Florida 33919 or a charity of your choice. Funeral arrangements are under the direction of Fort Myers Memorial Gardens Funeral home, 1589 Colonial Blvd., Fort Myers, FL 33907, 239-936-0555. Online condolences may be offered at: [www.fortmyersmemorial.com](http://www.fortmyersmemorial.com).



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**Connie Flint** posted:

I felt a kinship with Jean the moment I met her in August of 2012. I wish I had met her fifty years ago, because I feel that I missed so much. I went there to clean her house, and left feeling like I had just spent three hours with my best friend. She was always dressed nicely, with her hair color and makeup done, and a smile on her face. Well, except for that one day when I scheduled her cleaning for the wrong time, and she had just gotten out of bed. She was still smiling, but seemed a little embarrassed to be caught in such a state! We talked about everything, and I felt honored that she could talk candidly with me about her approach to the end of her life. We shared stories of people who had passed on, or come to the edge of death and were resuscitated. We also shared a beer! Jean could not have gluten and one day said, "By the number of bottles in my liquor cabinet, you'd think I was an alcoholic!" I replied, "You'd think that if you saw mine too, but I don't drink much. I just like to make my own cocktails so they don't have so much sugar and artificial ingredients." Jean said, "Since I can't have gluten, I can't have beer. I tried wines, but I just don't like them." A few weeks later, I walked through her front door with two bottles of real gluten-free beer, and she was so excited because she was having chili for dinner and now she had a beer to go with it!! I loved hearing the stories of her life. Her work in a law office, her marriage and family, and the loss of her first husband. Her second marriage and move to Florida, and the loss of her second husband. Her activities with her church and the Republican Women's organization. Oh, and don't get us started on politics! I will just say we don't like Hillary, and we like Cruz and Rubio. Once, while dusting in her den, my duster caught in a wine glass and tossed it across the room, shattering it. Jean did not hear it, so I wrapped the broken pieces and took them shopping to try to find a replacement. I knew she would tell me not to bother, but I did anyway. After about a month, I took the new glass to her and confessed my sin. She laughed and said, "You shouldn't have. Besides, I was going to give those to you when I move!" The joke was on me. One of my favorite stories was her regular lunch outings with her friend, Anita. Jean said she knew the people running the pizza place must have gotten a big laugh watching them pull up to the Handicap parking in Anita's Jeep, seeing the doors swing open and both of them climb down to the ground, and then Anita pulling out her walker! I laughed until I cried. Because she loved her home and her independence, Jean's decision to sell her condo and move to Myerlee was a difficult one, but she was brave. I could see it was stressful for her and tried to think of something that might reduce the stress. Since she was worried about fitting her furniture into the smaller apartment, I made a paper floor plan for her with scaled-down furniture pieces so she could move them around on the paper and see how things would fit. She seemed to like that because it was like putting together a puzzle. Knowing how she loved rosebuds, I took one to her from my garden nearly every time I visited her. She told me her husband had brought her flowers from his daily walks. A single Double Delight rosebud bud was ready to bloom in my rose garden, and I was going to take it to Jean on the day I received the call that her tired heart had finally stopped. That evening, with tears, I poured a toast of gluten-free beer in Jean's wine glass and saluted my beloved friend, Jean Nies. Rest in peace, my friend.

August 7 at 5:51 AM



## **Memories only last if you share them**

Join us in honoring Jean by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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