



Jane Shafer Evans

July 28, 1926 - July 26, 2024

Jane Shafer Evans of Rochester NY, passed away on Friday, July 26, 2024 in Easton, MD. She was just two days shy of her 98th birthday. A long-time resident of Baltimore County, she moved to assisted living in Easton in her last weeks to be closer to her daughter Cathy. She is survived by her two daughters, Lisa Evans-Grady and Catherine Evans-Frailey, four grandchildren; Eric Neves, Chris Neves, Morgan Frailey, Jackson Frailey, and four great-grandchildren: Rylee, Ella, Tanner and Dylan Neves. She is remembered for her great love of family, artistic sensibility, sense of humor, impeccable style, love of her cats, and most importantly her undying devotion to her husband Dick Evans, who passed away 13 years ago. Her influence will be felt across the generations. A funeral service will be held at St. Charles Borromeo in Pikesville on Wednesday, July 31. A reception and celebration of life will be held at a later date.

Previous Events

Graveside Service

JUL 31.

St. Charles Borromeo Church Cemetery

Mass

JUL 31 (ET)

St. Charles Borromeo Church
101 Church Ln
Pikesville, MD 21208

Tribute Wall

“ We had a lovely private family mass for my mom at St. Charles in Pikesville and are planning a celebration of life for sometime this fall. This is the eulogy I read at the service:

They say you die twice. One time when you stop breathing, and a second time when somebody says your name for the last time and memories of you cease to be shared.

I can't imagine a time when my mother's name will cease to be spoken. Her influence will last generations, in all of the people she touched throughout her.

One friend of Mom's told me she had just been writing in her journal about Mom under the heading of influential women in her life.

Another one told me that he had just sent her a birthday card – not one he would send to many – but he had always loved her sense of humor and he knew she would appreciate it. I can't wait to see it.

My mother was a smart, stylish and beautiful woman until the day she died. When she was young, she had scores of boys who pursued her, and received several proposals of marriage. She's always appreciated a handsome man, but never had eyes for anyone by my dad.

*The family story is that he fell for her right away and was always telling her that he loved her. She would not reply in kind, but said, *If I ever tell you I love you, that means I will marry you.*” Then came the historic New Years Eve , when they were dancing, and she looked up at him and said, *“I love you.”**

“Does this mean you'll marry me?” my dad said. And she laughingly said yes.

Mom and Dad were married to each other's best friends - Bob and Janine. Bob introduced Dick to Jane, and in turn, Mom introduced Bob to Janine. Over the years this extended family was always together for holidays and other occasions, the 6 of us kids playing together, while the parents made dinner, sipped cocktails and joked

around. Now Jane, the last of their generation, has joined the other 3 who went before her and we imagine a big party with lots of laughter going on in heaven.

Jane was achingly sentimental. She kept all the letters and cards that she and our father had exchanged – there are hundreds – albums full of photos from every cruise, every lunch bunch meet up and winery dance — pictures of an empty staircase in an impossibly far off European city, friends at dinner, Popop in a suit (“isn’t he handsome?”).

There are pictures of her as a depression era child with her hand-me-down boy socks, a perfect bride in her tea length wedding dress, and glamor shots on a red backdrop with matching red lipstick, taken by her best friend Janine. It’s hard to fathom how she’d been so many different people, each of these women and girls smiling out at me with a familiar face – so many versions of her I hadn’t known.

Yet Mom was chronically bad at photography herself, notorious for cropping out heads, using the flash too close, documenting table settings. But that didn’t faze her— every order of prints came in duplicate or triplicate so everyone could have a copy of themselves with their eyes closed, her finger in the corner of the frame.

Many of our memories of Mom are of silly things she did, like trying to get wrinkles out of a carpet with a goofy penguin walk, making up dirty limericks with refrigerator word magnets, and getting caught in a collapsing cot when one of us jumped on it. There was a lot of teasing and laughter in our house growing up. As children, we always said, “ I love you” before going to bed, and as we grew up and moved out, we always said it at the end of every phone call.

A social butterfly with a perfect haircut, flawless style, loving and loved, smiling and laughing with her bare feet tucked up on the whitest slipcover, holding her latest stack of photos is the quintessential image of the Nana that my daughter knew. Always

feeling young and young at heart, Mom could sit cross-legged on the floor even into her 90s!

Generous with her time and infinite love, Mom was always there when we needed her, from when we were children through when we w

Catherine Evans - August 21, 2024 at 03:05 PM

MF

“ *Mary Frances Shafer Bernard and family purchased the Enduring Grace for the family of Jane Shafer Evans.*



Mary Frances Shafer Bernard and family - July 30, 2024 at 05:30 PM

MH

“ *I remember your Mom & Dad fondly from my days at USNA. Both of them made me feel welcome in your home. I always went back to Bancroft Hall with a smile on my face after a visit. You are in our thoughts and prayers.*



Mark Hubbard - July 30, 2024 at 04:53 PM