

In remembrance of Zoe Jane Carfino

Zoe was born on May 18th, 2005, to her parents Anthony and Megan Carfino. Zoe was born and raised in Sheridan WY, attending Sagebrush Elementary School, Sheridan Junior High School, and Sheridan High School.

Zoe was an active member of the GSA at Sheridan High School, raising awareness and advocacy for the LGBTQ+ community. She was passionate about equality and acceptance of all people, no matter who they were.

Zoe was swept up in the artistic world, whether it was music, writing, or creating beautiful pieces of artwork. When she didn't have a pencil in her hand, she had a song on her lips. In elementary school, Zoe joined folk dancing club, and loved learning traditional dances from all over the world. In Jr. high and HS, she continued her love of music through choir, and was thrilled to be accepted into the Treblemakers choir at Sheridan high. From folk dancing, to choir, to birds singing, Zoe felt all music.

To Zoe, animals were just people in a different form. She accepted and loved every animal, from her pets, to her friends' pets, to a snake crossing the sidewalk, to a tiny bug on a blade of grass. In Zoe's eye, all living things had a soul and a story.

It is evident that Zoe's spark for life during her time here touched the hearts of countless people. There are no words in existence that can adequately describe the depth of this loss.

Zoe is survived by too many to name, who loved her deeply and will miss her endlessly.

Zoe is preceded in death by her grandma Linda, and her great-grandma Lynn. Both of whom she loved dearly and missed daily.

"We love you, sweet Zoe Jane."

# *Celebrating The Life Of Zoe Carfino*



*May 18, 2005 - August 11, 2021*

# Zoe's Roses

Roses have a lifespan, just like any of us. We plant rose bushes, we nurture and care for them, we tend to them, and in return they give us beauty. They bloom in vibrant shades of red and white and pink, lighting the world around them. They protect themselves with sharp thorns, but still allow us to pick them and place them close to us in vases in order to spread their light everywhere possible.

The roses bloom without fail every spring and summer, and we love them. We watch them grow and smile. But the coming of autumn and winter is inevitable. The roses wither. Their colors are no more. Yet still, we dry them and keep that memory of what once was close to us. The dried roses remind us of a brighter time; they remind us of the happiness that they dedicated their lives to provide.

People are similar. We watch them grow, care for them, keep them close and spread their light- but just like roses, humans have lifespans.

Keep the memory of those withered roses close to your heart. Don't think of the dry petals, think of the vibrancy they once had. Remember the happiness. Remember the beauty. Memory will never leave you, just as dried roses never seem to crumble.

~ Zoe Jane Carfino



## *In Loving Memory Of* *Zoe Jane Carfino*

**CELEBRATION OF LIFE  
WITH OPEN HOUSE**

**Friday, August 20, 2021 from 5:00 - 7:00 PM  
Kane Funeral Home**

