

*In Loving Memory Of*



*Florence Duzant Minney*

June 25, 1922 - January 4, 2005

*Viewing*

Wednesday, January 12, 2005  
5:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.  
Davis Funeral Home Chapel

*Service*

Thursday, January 13, 2005  
8:00 a.m.  
St. Anne's Chapel

*Interment*

Western Cemetery #1

*Survivors*

**Daughter**

Agnes Riccobuono

**Son**

Milton Robert Minney

**Son-In-Law**

Glen Riccobuono

**Special Godsons**

Joseph Henry Quetel

Benjamin A. Gagliani

**Sisters**

Flora Duzant

Jeanne O'Neill

**Grandchildren**

Mitchell Minney Riccobuono

**Great Grandchildren**

Mitchell Riccobuono Jr.

Mickey Ryan Riccobuono

And many great nieces and nephews, great great nieces,  
nephews, other godchildren, relatives and friends.

## *Eulogy*

Florence Duzant Minney was born June 25, 1922 to the late Ann Rose (Emelia) Greaux Duzant and Hypolyte Duzant. Affectionately known as Aunt Flo or Ms. Minney, she was the first of five children. She was preceded in death by her brother, Floyd Duzant and her sister, Lola Turbe.

Attending the Catholic School, she left at the age of eleven to start working to help provide for the family. She worked for over forty years at The Continental Gift Shop. When they sold out, she transferred to Tropicana Perfume Shoppe, where she continued to work full-time until she turned seventy-five years old. Her job never ended, as she came home she would work endless hours on inventory reports or the baking of her well-known Vienna, Italian Cream or Nut-Sprinkled Chocolate cakes. Her special recipe cakes were constantly on request from the mainland and throughout the islands. Oh, what a special touch she has taken with her as many have tried but no one has succeeded to duplicate. It is only when her eyes could see no more could she say "no" to these requests.

Florence was a devoted Catholic, if there was Mass, there she was. An active member of the choir and the St. Anne Society. Only in her final time, when her health failed did she miss going to church for services. But she never stopped listening and joining in on these services since she lived adjacent to the church and could hear it from her sick bed.

She was loved by whomever knew or met her and will be missed by all. Her son, Bobbie as he is fondly known, has been permanently paralyzed for almost thirty-five years and will miss her annual visits to Texas, but as he said she has gone on to an even bigger and better place, a place that she has earned and where she belongs. We can all console ourselves by saying, "she's home at last, she's home at last".