



Dorothy Coggeshall

August 24, 1927 - January 1, 1753

Dorothy A. Coggeshall, 85, passed away peacefully, February 18, 2013, at her daughter's farm in Springville, IN; with her children at her side. Dody was born August 24, 1927 in Valparaiso, Indiana, the daughter of Edward and Dorothy Day. She was a graduate of the IU School of Nursing where she met and married the late Dr. Warren E. Coggeshall. They resided in Indianapolis and Carmel. Dody was a devoted wife and mother who spent her life taking care of her family. She was active in the Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, school PTAs and the Women's Medical Auxiliary. She was a diehard IU Basketball fan, and also followed the Pacers, the Colts and the Cubbies. She learned to play golf and she and Cog were members of Crooked Stick Country Club. Dody was fun, outgoing, with a unique sense of humor and she never met a stranger. She was very close with all her grandchildren, who describe her as generous, loving, wise, witty, patient, and someone who listens well. She is survived by her daughters, Karen (Bill) Huff, Katy (Simon) Binge and JoAnn (Mike) Chase; sons, Jack (Donna) Coggeshall and Bill Coggeshall; grandchildren, Kevin (Kylene) Huff, Eric (Kelly) Huff, Peter Huff, Tony Binge, David (Sarah) Binge, Sarah (Clay) Shipley, Abby (Efren) Cardenas, Scott Coggeshall, Lauren Edwards, Maria Chase and Dominick Chase;

great-grandchildren, Dorothy Huff, Oliver Huff, West Huff, Katelyn Binge, Spencer Binge, Aria Binge, Colton Shipley, Asa Edwards and Burr Edwards. The family will have a private service.

Donations in her memory may be made to Indiana University Foundation/School of Nursing for the Florence Nightingale Scholarship Acct. # 038N008016, IU School of Nursing/IU Foundation, P.O. Box 663802, Indianapolis, IN 46266-3802.

Spirit of a Bird (by Lauren Chase)

Grounded as an Oak Tree, yet
separate from the herd; Joy that was contagious, you had the spirit
of a bird.

Warmth that was embracing, strength
to be admired; You left us all inspired with your spirit of a
bird

Wrapped in summer cotton, smelling
of salty sand; I shall long for the tickle of your little gentle
hand

Gratitude and grace Integrity and faith; Beauty with a hint
of magic, your spirit of a bird

Your soul, forever humble, your legacy so grand; With your
bird's eye view keep watch on us, as you soar above the land

Your whistle was as sweet as the cardinal song at morn; Your
spirit of a bird is free, fly home, fly home

Tribute Wall



“ *She was a great lady - and will be missed.* ”

kathy charles - October 26, 2015 at 04:12 PM