



## Mrs. Elizabeth Cock

January 10, 1935 - April 25, 2023

Elizabeth Cock, 88, of Brandon, Florida, born on January 10, 1935, in Plant City, Florida, entered into eternal rest on April 25, 2023. She was an active member of First Baptist Church Brandon, and worked at the Strawberry Festival for many years. She loved her family dearly, was an avid reader, and enjoyed “life at the lake”. She is survived by husband of 68 years, Glendel Cock; children, David Cock (Chris) of Spring Lake, Robert Taylor Cock (Kimberly) of Rockwall, Texas, Jean White (Joe) of Spring Lake; granddaughter, Kaley Cock; and sister, Sarah Mott. A funeral service will be held Thursday, May 4 at 11:00 A.M. at First Baptist Church Brandon, 216 North Parsons Avenue, where the family will receive friends beginning at 10:00 A.M. Committal to follow at Memorial Park Cemetery, Plant City. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to Gulfside Hospice at [www.gulfside.org/make-a-gift](http://www.gulfside.org/make-a-gift) or First Baptist Church of Brandon at <https://pushpay.com/g/firstbaptistbrandon?src=hpp>. Expressions of condolences at [www.HopeWellFuneral.com](http://www.HopeWellFuneral.com).

# Cemetery Details

## Memorial Park Cemetery

2401 North Paul Buchman Hwy  
Plant City, FL 33563

# Previous Events

## Visitation

MAY 4. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

First Baptist Church of Brandon  
216 N Parsons Avenue  
Brandon, FL 33511

## Funeral Service

MAY 4. 11:00 AM (ET)

First Baptist Church of Brandon  
216 N Parsons Avenue  
Brandon, FL 33511

# Tribute Wall

“ Part 1 of the poem, written, and presented at the funeral by her granddaughter, Kaley.

*The sun emerges from the sweet tea lake.*

*Good morning.*

*A couple doors down, my Aunt Sarah is up for ages before anyone  
in the rooster-themed cabin stirs*

*I wake up in my bunk with levitating excitement*

*I rush to my Granny's bed, and happily nestle beside her*

*I take off her overnight arthritis braces*

*Right now, I can still hear the velcro straps, feel myself slipping the  
braces off of her beautiful papery soft hands.*

*We smile at each other*

*This is my best morning, I am engulfed in happiness sitting by my  
Granny I can't wait to be with her all day.*

*Breakfast at the dining table, lake sunshine streams in from the  
porch.*

*I insist that it's the back porch, but Granny argues that the lake is  
her front yard*

*Granny calls me Aunt Mary as I laughingly glide all over the place in  
my kitchen table roly chair. I see Granny open her pink yogurt and  
lick off the lid.*

*All that she does is so delicate and flowy and wonderful.*

*Our day bursts with every color*

*Deep blue swirls of lake and sky and rippling cypress reflections*

*Browns and tans and colorful book spines at the Church library,  
where my Granny gives love to everyone*

*Vibrant green of exploring the Georgia Mountain Fair, hand in hand*

*Soft orange of Mabry Mill powdered-sugar-sprinkled sweet potato  
pancakes that I devour sitting beside her.*

*On the most exciting day of my life I put together every red, blue,  
green, yellow chain link from my lake house toy bucket,*

*Granny and I spread apart on the beach, each holding an end of my  
chain, and we grin and grin*

*We take shining silly selfies on her ipad, she is made of giggles and  
grins to give her love to me*

*Once, we play tag, and she falls, and I feel like my insides are being  
slit because I think I hurt her,  
But she rises and hugs me and keeps holding on  
We sway in my Granny's flowered porch swing*

*And many a story is devoured as our connected book-heart glows  
In her warm cream chair, I perch in her lap as she gently brushes  
my tangles*

*And of course, in everything, there is moss. Everywhere, there is  
moss.*

*For all of time, there is moss that simply must be picked up.*

*And I love it*

*I love watching swirling grays, our matching gloves, the overflowing  
wheelbarrow*

*I am in love with every second outside with my Granny, even when  
the humidity tries to swallow me whole.*

*A red fluff sighs happily as my Granny pets my sweet Ginger, and  
provides a perfect lap*

*Black and white pages of crossword puzzles.*

*My Granny and I search every night as I curl up on the armrest of  
her chair*

*Dinner in our roly chairs, and rounds of dominoes and aggravation*

*Cool blackjack cherry frozen yogurt is served that tastes like joy And  
then, the sun sets*

*Good night.*

*The lake is still*

*clouds muffle hope,*

*And it's impossible to see.*

*It's a different night.*

*For the first time in a long time of darkness, I dream of my Granny.*

*In reality I know of minds and unrecognizing eyes and aching,*

*But in my dream I see my Granny, shining and standing and healthy  
and wonderful.*

*She calls me her granddaughter and I float with joy*

*Arm in arm, I help her walk along the shiny gravel path, And we talk  
and smile and everthing's normal and beautiful*

*I stop and point, showing where she'll continue along the path.*

*It leads up.*

*I awake, and it's morning, and that day I find out my Granny has left me behind. But God is holding me and showing me.*

*I still feel her hand in mine.*

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**Bob Cock** - May 13, 2023 at 08:15 PM

BC

“ Part 2, end of the poem from her granddaughter Kaley:

*I still feel her hand in mine.*

*My Granny.*

*My Granny with the longest most beautiful nails.*

*My Granny who's made of Jesus and a huge smile and the best laugh and pretty flower shirts and pink and love.*

*My Granny who crawls on the floor with me, who makes me two amazingly stocked craft desks, who supports my every creative project, who puts my favorite crab and tiger stuffed animals on her couch to greet me first thing when I visit, my Granny who brings me lunch for every Grandparents day at school and takes silly photo booth pictures with me, who flies a thousand miles for all my birthdays*

*My Granny who makes happy birthday Jesus cakes with me*

*My Granny who brought me to get ice cream first thing the second my parents left when she and my Papa were keeping me for a week*

*My Granny who made her love for me so evident in every second. Finding peace feels like the longest journey in the world.*

*But when I picture myself in my Granny's arms, it's the only feeling that comes to mind*

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**Bob Cock** - May 06, 2023 at 12:57 PM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Bob Cock - May 04, 2023 at 03:30 AM

BC

“ From Lala Harrell.



Bob Cock - May 02, 2023 at 09:01 PM

LH

*She loved the events with my Granddaughters and we as family made so many memories together . Love to our Precious Liz. We have missed her over these last months .*

Lala Harrell - May 03, 2023 at 07:32 AM

FR

“ from RGNNext purchased the Simply Elegant Spat hiphyllum for the family of Mrs. Elizabeth Cock.



from RGNNext - May 02, 2023 at 07:44 PM

JM

“ Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Glen with Kaley! September 2005 A precious gift from God!



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**Judy Mott McQuaig** - May 02, 2023 at 11:23 AM

JM

“ More pictures of Liz



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**Judy Mott McQuaig** - May 01, 2023 at 06:18 PM

BC

“ 10 files added to the tribute wall



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**Bob Cock** - May 01, 2023 at 12:18 AM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Bob Cock - April 30, 2023 at 06:40 PM

CC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Christine Cock - April 30, 2023 at 12:14 PM

CC

*There are not enough words to express what an incredible Mother-in-Law Liz was to me or how thankful I am to be able to call her that. It was she who accepted and embraced me and brought me into the family when David did his first introductions 38 years ago. When my own mother passed away, she stepped in to fill the void with love and grace. It was she who always thought of including me, with open arms and kindness and generosity. It was she who taught me (and many of you might laugh at this) how to negotiate the Cock family! There was no one quite like Liz. My love for her will never fade. I will miss her voice, her smile, and her capacity for for compassion. And most of all, I will miss her hugs. She was always available for a hug, a real one, an all- encompassing one, and she was someone who could be counted on to laugh, a full belly laugh. Her capacity for sharing her love, especially with little children, was legendary. And most of all, she would never, ever forget to show us her bling!*

Christine Cock - April 30, 2023 at 12:50 PM

LH

*Azaleas she was so proud of plants from my sister . All had to come see 🌸*

**Lala Harrell** - May 03, 2023 at 07:25 AM

NM

*“ Strength and courage, Dave and family, in the passing of your mamma. Hope you're well, --Nina*

**Nina L Mattei** - April 30, 2023 at 09:49 AM

CC

*Thanks so much, Nina. We appreciate your thoughts. Hope you are well and good. Love, Chris and Dave*

**Christine Cock** - April 30, 2023 at 12:51 PM

BC

*“ Thank you, Lord, that mom is now healed and has gone to the place that you prepared for her!  
Thanks mom for all the great times, and memories and being such a great mom for us!*



**Bob Cock** - April 30, 2023 at 12:52 AM

BC

“ Mom, aunt Sarah, Papa, uncle Buck, and uncle Jim!



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**Bob Cock** - April 30, 2023 at 12:06 AM

BC

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



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**Bob Cock** - April 29, 2023 at 11:55 PM

LH

*Loved the Good time in that swing. Always had things to share.*

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**Lala Harrell** - May 03, 2023 at 07:27 AM

BC

“ A day that mom out fished me at the lake... And she was fishing from the dock!



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**Bob Cock** - April 29, 2023 at 11:41 PM