



## Mr. Kenneth Wright

January 17, 2012

WRIGHT, Kenneth, 57, of Mulberry, Florida, passed away after a long battle with cancer on January 17, 2012. He was a veteran of the United States Army, enjoyed an electrical career and working with his hands, and loved his family. He is survived by his wife Sigrun; children Jeff, Matt, and Deanna; grandchildren Tyler, Hunter, and Joshua (due in April); mother Gladys; brothers Gene, Allen, Robert, and Cecil; and sisters Nancy Walls, Sandy Grossfield, and Tammy Hudson. A Celebration of Life will be held on Sunday, January 22 at 3:00 P.M. at Hopewell Funeral Home, 6005 CR 39 S, Plant City, where the family will receive friends beginning at 2:00 P.M. Interment to follow at Hopewell Memorial Gardens, Plant City. In lieu of flowers memorial contributions may be made to Hope Hospice, 9470 HealthPark Circle, Fort Myers 33908. Expressions of condolence at [www.hopewellfuneral.com](http://www.hopewellfuneral.com).

# Cemetery Details

## Hopewell Memorial Gardens

6005 County Road 39 South  
Plant City, FL 33567  
(813) 737-3128  
office@hopewellfuneral.com  
<https://www.hopewellfuneral.com>

# Previous Events

## Visitation

**JAN 22.** 2:00 PM - 3:00 PM (ET)

Hopewell Funeral Home  
6005 County Road 39 South  
Plant City, FL 33567  
(813) 737-3128  
office@hopewellfuneral.com  
<http://www.hopewellfuneral.com>

## Celebration of Life

**JAN 22.** 3:00 PM (ET)

Hopewell Funeral Home  
6005 County Road 39 South  
Plant City, FL 33567  
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office@hopewellfuneral.com  
<http://www.hopewellfuneral.com>

# Tribute Wall



“ Hopewell Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Mr. Kenneth Wright



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**Hopewell Funeral Home** - January 17, 2012 at 12:00 AM



“ Jennie Meyers lit a candle in memory of Mr. Kenneth Wright



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**Jennie Meyers** - February 17, 2012 at 11:21 PM

“ *The Trial by Existence*  
by Robert Frost

*Even the bravest that are slain  
Shall not dissemble their surprise  
On waking to find valor reign  
Even as on earth in paradise;  
And where they sought without the sword  
Wide fields of asphodel fore'er,  
To find that the utmost reward  
Of daring should be still to dare.*

*The light of heaven falls whole and white  
And is not shattered into dyes,  
The light for ever is morning light;  
The hills are verdured pasture-wise;  
The angel hosts with freshness go  
And seek with laughter what to brave;  
And binding all is the hushed snow  
Of the far-distant breaking wave.*

*And from a cliff-top is proclaimed  
The gathering of souls for birth,  
The Trial by Existence named,  
The obscuration upon earth.  
And the slant spirits trooping by  
In streams and cross- and counter-streams  
Can but give ear to that sweet cry  
For its suggestion of what dreams!*

*And the more loitering are turned  
To view once more the sacrifice  
Of those who for some good discerned  
Will gladly give up paradise.  
And a white shimmering concourse rolls  
Toward the throne to witness there*

*The speeding of devoted souls  
Which God makes his especial care.*

*And none are taken but who will  
Having first heard the life read out  
That opens earthward, good and ill  
Beyond the shadow of a doubt.  
And very beautifully God limns,  
And tenderly, life's little dream,  
But naught extenuates or dims,  
Setting the thing that is supreme.*

*Nor is there wanting in the press  
Some spirit to stand simply forth  
Heroic in its nakedness  
Against the uttermost of earth.  
The tale of earth's unhonored things  
Sounds nobler there than 'neath the sun;  
And the mind whirls and the heart sings  
And a shout greets the daring one.*

*But always God speaks at the end:  
"One thought in agony of life  
The bravest would have by for friend,  
The memory that he chose the life;  
But the pure fate to which you go  
Admits no memory of choice,  
Or the woe were not earthly woe  
To which you give the assenting voice."*

*And so the choice must be again,  
But the last choice is still the same.  
And the awe passes wonder then  
And a hush falls for all acclaim.  
And God as taken a flower of gold  
And broken it, and used therefrom  
The mystic link to bind and hold*

*Spirit to matter till death come.*

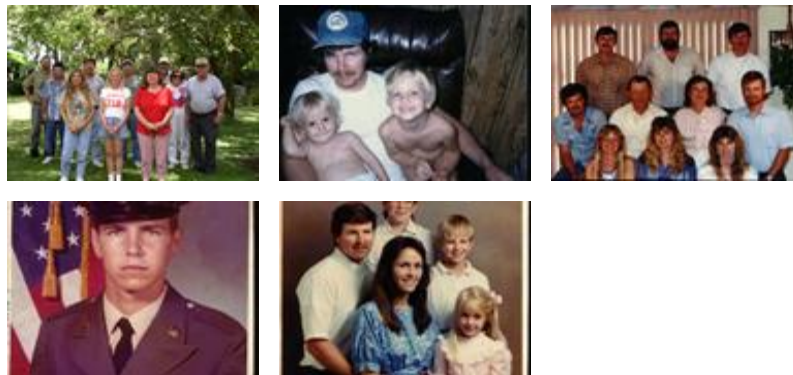
*'Tis the essence of life here,  
Though we choose greatly, still to lack  
The lasting memory, at all clear,  
That life has for us on the wrack  
Nothing but what we somehow chose,  
Thus are we wholly stripped of pride  
In the pain that has but one close,  
Bearing it crushed and mystified.*

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**Jeff Wright** - January 23, 2012 at 08:16 AM

AW

“ 11 files added to the album Ken Wright



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**Allison Wright** - January 20, 2012 at 03:10 PM

CW

“ Candy Wentworth sent a virtual gift in memory of Mr. Kenneth Wright



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**Candy Wentworth** - January 20, 2012 at 10:34 AM