



## Tracey Lynn Boyce

November 10, 1962 - October 11, 2024

Tracey Lynn Boyce at the young age of 61 has gone to Big Father in the Skye, to join her father (George) and mother (Nellie), along with her sister(Lisa) as well as her faithful loving dog Skye who brought her much joy.

Tracey lived in Deltona for many years. Originally from Colorado, Tracey moved to Deltona in 2008 to be with her one true love, Robert "Bob" Pieper. Together they shared many adventures. Tracey loved to travel and discover new places and learn the history and stories about them. She particularly enjoyed history, ghost stories and ghost tours. Her greatest passion was Native American history, which was part of her heritage. Tracey was born in Colorado where she discovered her love for Native American lore. Her mother, being part Cherokee, taught all her children their heritage, which fascinated Tracey throughout her life.

Tracey fought a courageous battle with ovarian cancer since her diagnosis 4 years ago. Tracey always kept a positive attitude and outlook, and never gave up on anything or anyone.

Tracey will be greatly missed by her partner in life, Bob Pieper, her sister Denise Schimpf (Jon), her brother Keith Boyce, her nephews Richard Bannister (Stephanie), Kristopher Piper (Robin) and Nathan Boyce (Hannah) and her nieces Sara Schimpf (Ransie) and Casey Wilfahrt( Zack). Also, her

work family at Walmart-DeLand and all her friends and family near and far.

In leu of flowers please donate to a local women's cancer research center or local pet rescue.

# Previous Events

## Celebration of Life

OCT **29**. 11:00 AM - 1:00 PM (ET)

DeGusipe Funeral Home & Crematory Sanford Chapel

905 Laurel Ave

Sanford, FL 32771

(407) 695-2273

todd@degusipe.com

<https://www.degusipefuneralhome.com>

# Tribute Wall

“*“Better half” is a phrase that’s often used without a lot of thought, but I know Tracey was truly the better half of us. Where I try to be intellectual Tracey was simply wise. Where I was adventurous and reckless Tracey was the safe harbor and kept the home fires burning. Where I tried to figure things out and think my way through things Tracey simply followed her feelings with a much greater degree of success. I often called her my Jiminy Cricket because, like Pinocchio, she kept me straight and focused. I gave her veto power, and if I ever wanted to go off on a tangent, or do something crazy, or pick up some discarded “one person’s trash…” on the side of the road she would just hit me with “Jiminy says no”. She was the better half of us because where I tend to be cold and detached Tracey was always warm and welcoming. Where I had a big family that she became part of Tracey had a large family of friends that she shared with me. Tracey always saw things a little differently than I, and I gained a broader perspective when I included what I had overlooked that she pointed out. And then Tracey just plain “saw things”. She said to me that her mother told her she had a gift, which I’m sure is part of her Cherokee heritage. We would be on one of our adventures to some place with a lot of historic significance; Gettysburg, Savannah, Williamsburg, St Augustine and others; and while walking down the street Tracey would say something like “you didn’t see the soldier in the Colonial uniform standing under that lamp post, did you?” The answer was always a no, but I would assure her that just because I didn’t see something doesn’t mean I think she imagined it. I’ve learned that if Tracey says something’s there, then it’s there, and maybe someday I’ll be lucky enough to see it too. I could hope that maybe someday I’ll be lucky enough to see Tracey again, but the truth is I already do. I walk into the living room and I see Tracey sitting in her chair. I walk into kitchen and see Tracey cooking. I walk out onto the porch and see Tracey having a cigarette and watching the bird feeders and telling me about some bird she’s never seen. I sit in the car and feel myself unconsciously reaching for her hand, and I’m sure others have some similar feelings in some familiar situations. Tracey may be gone, but she has not left us.*”

**Bob Pieper** - November 17, 2024 at 01:29 AM

JP

“ *Tracey gave the best hugs. The kind of hug that expressed warmth and sincerity, which pretty much sums her up. Our family enjoyed time spent with her and Bob over the years. She always loved sitting around a backyard fire during the holidays.*

*One of my favorite memories is from a day when she and Bob came to our house for a visit. She was undergoing treatment at the time, so I remember her feeling a little low. Many know that she and Bob are dog lovers, and Bob has been known to be kind of a dog whisperer. We have a lab that we have raised from a puppy and on this day we chose to sit on the back porch so Bailey would have room to run and play. Well Bob tried all his tricks but for whatever reason Bailey wasn't having it. She whimpered, backed away and ran to the other side of the porch to snuggle right up next to Tracey. The look of disappointment on his face and the look of sheer joy on hers is something I'll never forget. She smiled and laughed because as cruel and difficult as life could be, the "dog whisperer" came in #2 behind her on that day. If I close my eyes and picture her, I can still hear her laughing.*

*Sending a big hug and our love to Tracey and Bob and our condolences to Tracey's family.*

*John, Sue and Matt*

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**John Pieper** - October 20, 2024 at 07:14 AM

DS

“ Tracey was a Daddys girl till she became a Mommas girl. As the young girl and only 14 months older than only boy, they both got teased a lot from her 2 big sisters. Especially, when she would start to cry. She would pucker up and she'd start to cry and we all would say here comes the Model T. She sounded just like one. But through the years she and would have our ups and downs but, when we need each other she was there me and for her. All my sisters have gone to wait till my time. Love ya Sis.

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**Denise Schimpf** - October 18, 2024 at 05:45 PM

CB

“ Cathy jo Barath lit a candle in memory of Tracey Boyce



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**Cathy jo Barath** - October 18, 2024 at 03:04 PM

CB

“ Tracey was truly my best friend.i could tell her anything and she would listen.i will miss our friendship more than you know.i love you tracey.

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**Cathy jo Barath** - October 18, 2024 at 03:03 PM

ES

“ Tracey was kind, warm and overall had a good sense of humor❤️  
(Lord knows, she could keep up my Uncle😂, love you Uncle!)  
throughout the time I've known her, she has a smile on her face and  
a understanding heart. I moved to NY over 12 years ago and I've  
missed the opportunity to know her as well as I wish I did, but I  
know that she was happy and so was my Uncle and that's all that  
mattered to me ❤️

*I am devastated that she's gone and I know she'd want us to  
remember the good times and that's what I'll do, remember her  
kindness and ability to laugh at things and be a bright star in this  
dark world we live in.*

*I know she's at peace and going to keep an eye on my Uncle and  
his own guardian Angel ❤️ we'll miss you and we love you Tracey,  
till we meet again ❤️*

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**Erica Scipione** - October 18, 2024 at 03:02 PM