



Helena Weiss

JUN 2, 1923 - FEB 5, 2025



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Helena Weiss

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Helena Weiss, 101, passed away on February 5th, 2025, at the Villages Hospice House in The Villages, Florida. Helena was born on June 2nd, 1923, in Poland. Helena and her husband, Julian, moved to the United States in the late 40's, where they would build a life together. In 1977, they purchased the Park Lake Motel on Gulf-To-Bay Blvd in Clearwater, which they would own and run for the ensuing decades.

Helena kept busy, being a member of Mercy of God Polish Church, and the St. John Paul II Polish Center. She was extremely well organized, which served her well during her crochet and knitting projects. She was truly the matriarch of the Weiss family, a mother at heart, full of love and care, and loved herself by so many.

Helena was preceded in death by her husband, Julian, as well as two of her sons, Stanley and Walter Weiss. She is survived by her son, Julian (John) Weiss Jr; daughter, Irene Nicolaysen; 8 grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren, and 6 great-great grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, please make a donation to Cancer Research or a Mass. Thank you.



Events


Helena Weiss

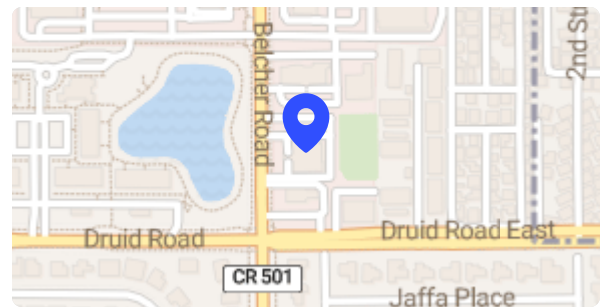
JUN 2, 1923 - FEB 5, 2025

Visitation


 **Tuesday**, February 11, 2025


 12:00 PM - 2:00 PM ET


 **Moss Feaster Funeral Home And Cremation - C**
693 South Belcher Road, Clearwater FL 33764

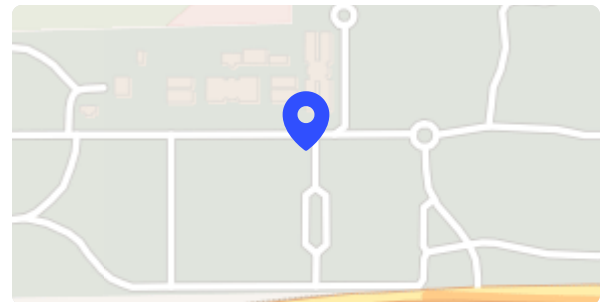


Graveside Service

 **Tuesday**, February 11, 2025

 2:30 PM ET

 **Calvary Catholic Cemetery**
5233 118th Ave N, Clearwater FL 33760





Tribute Wall

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DN

Doreen E Nicolaysen posted:

Helena was a woman of dreams—both the kind that filled her nights and the ones that shaped her days. From the time she was a child in post-war Europe, she carried within her a gift, or perhaps a burden, of dreaming in layers. Her sleep was never just rest; it was a journey, a dialogue with something unseen, a whisper from the past or a warning of what was to come. Her family learned early that when Helena dreamed, they listened. Her children could not deny that some part of her gift had settled into them. Perhaps not as vividly, not as urgently, but there was a knowing, a sense that dreams were more than just the mind's wanderings. Some saw glimpses of what was ahead; others found comfort in dreams of those they had lost. And now, her grandchildren, too, have begun to notice the strange inheritance Helena left behind. A dream here, a feeling there—little echoes of her, passed down through blood and time. Even now, she lingers in the dreams of those who loved her. They wake with the certainty that she has visited, whispered something just beyond memory's reach. And somewhere, in the quiet of the night, Helena still dreams.

February 10 at 10:04 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Helena by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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