



Barbara J. Mohr

August 5, 1950 - May 13, 2025

Barbra Joyce Mohr (née Smith), age 74, passed away peacefully on the morning of May 13, 2025, at St. Vincent Hospital in Green Bay, surrounded by the love of those closest to her.

Born and raised in Green Bay, Wisconsin, Barbra was a lifelong learner, a gifted writer, and a deeply devoted mother, grandmother, sister, and friend. Her love of storytelling wasn't just a passion—it was a profession, a way of connecting, and a legacy. Whether she was crafting a heartfelt Facebook note or a sharp editorial, her words always found their way straight to the heart. Whether she was reflecting on a "perfect day" or an "unexpected adventure," her words always carried warmth and a wink.

Barbra spent many happy years in Minnesota with her beloved husband and children before returning home to Green Bay later in life. She was a proud member of the Altrusa Club of Green Bay, where she shared her gifts and deep compassion with the community she loved.

She is survived by her two sons, Erik (Beth) Mohr and Kevin Mohr, and her five cherished grandsons: Alric, Leopold, Oliver, Thaddeus, and Elliot who brought endless joy into her life. She is also lovingly remembered by her siblings (Patti, Sue, Mark, Terry, Jeff, and Annette), with whom she shared a lifetime of laughter, strength, and stories. She was preceded in death by her parents, Gene and Joyce Smith, who instilled in her the strength and warmth that she carried throughout her life and the way she delighted in turning the ordinary into something amazing.

Barbra lived more than one lifetime in her 74 years. A two-time cancer survivor and cardiac arrest survivor, she once called her recovery a "second chance at joy"—and she lived accordingly. She traveled, wrote, laughed, ate chocolate cake unapologetically, and climbed metaphorical trees right alongside her grandsons.

Some of her happiest moments were spent at the family cottage, surrounded by nature and those she loved. She also found great peace and inspiration in her time out in Oregon with her close friend Sifan, where she could savor the coastlines, covered bridges, and conversations that filled her heart.

Her final wish was for a small, private ceremony attended only by close friends and family—a simple gathering filled with laughter, stories, and love (and maybe, just maybe, a little dessert).

In lieu of flowers, the family invites those who knew Barbra to honor her memory by sharing a favorite story, pursuing a new hobby, or learning something just for the joy of it—just as she would have.