



Cynthia Lee Vedo

February 2, 1961 - November 4, 2021

Cynthia (Cindy) Lee Vedo of Crawfordville, FL, was 60 years old when she passed away suddenly on the morning of November 4, 2021. She was killed instantly in a car accident and did not suffer.

Cindy was born on February 22, 1961 in Miami, FL. She grew up in Homestead, FL and graduated from South Dade Sr High school. Her childhood was filled with memories of following her dad around and playing in the woods of Ocala. If you knew Cindy, you knew how much she adored her dad and is surely enjoying being with him now.

Cindy and Victor met working at Turkey Point where Cindy was a security guard. It was love at first sight for Victor, and after 2 years of relentless pursuit, she surrendered and they married on Valentine's Day, 1986. That will surely never change. Her career took her many places and to many industries. She excelled in all of them because she was a fierce leader who could learn anything. She worked well with others and coworkers became close friends, to this day.

She is survived by her husband, Victor Vedo, her son, Bryce French, her daughter, Kristine Doboseineski, her brother, Bruce Wager, and her granddaughter, Ariana Grace Doboseineski who was just born Tuesday at 7pm, weighing 7 pounds, exactly. Cindy's favorite number is 7 which is the

biblical number of completion.

Cindy was a Godly woman and touched many lives in this world. She was a caregiver all her life, always putting family and friends before herself. She was loved by many and will be greatly missed. Her impact on this world will live with each of us forever. ***Services will be offered by livestream beginning at 12:50 PM at facebook.com/lakeellenbaptistchurch***

David Conn and Kimberly Crum with Bevis Funeral Home are assisting the family with arrangements. (850-926-3333, www.bevisfh.com)

Cemetery Details

Lake Ellen Baptist Church Cemetery

4495 Crawfordville Hwy.
Crawfordville, FL

Previous Events

Visitation

NOV 12. 12:30 PM - 1:00 PM (ET)

Lake Ellen Baptist Church
4495 Crawfordville Highway
Medart, Florida, FL 32327

Funeral Service

NOV 12. 1:00 PM (ET)

Lake Ellen Baptist Church
4495 Crawfordville Highway
Medart, Florida, FL 32327

Tribute Wall

DS

“ *I'm a little late learning of your passing. But you had a great impact on my young life. I am forever grateful for the advice, the love and support you gave me at such a troublesome time for me. I regret that we did not keep in touch and I look forward to the time when we may see each again. I'm sure my mom was there to greet you. Till we meet again.. RIP*

Dorothy Sanchez - May 06, 2025 at 09:15 PM



“ I lost my “Sissy”.

Cindy was my sister-in-Christ. We were the sisters we never had. We were neighbors right across the street, like Lucy and Ethel. She was Lucy.

We met in 2006 when they moved into the nicest house in the neighborhood.

She showed me the inside and I was floored when I saw her very plain kitchen.

I blurted out, “Is this your kitchen?!” I thought it would be a gourmet style.

We laughed about that often, especially when we toured new homes to get ideas. When they built the Flowers subdivision, we took pictures it was so nice. Me in the fancy master closet, and her in the fancy master bath. Sitting on the toilet.

After the fire when I was still working, we went up to Thomasville to pick out new furniture. After spending two hours looking at upholstery fabric and displays, she found out the cost. Apparently, it was three times as much as she thought, so we left. She said, “Next week we can go to another place.” I thought, oh NO, you go with Sue. “You need to spend time with Sue.”

We loved to discuss our day while watching “Love it, or List it” or any house flip shows. We’ve been there for each other since the fire. I consoled her thru Vic’s surgery; Bruce’s problems, Momma and Daddy’s death. And we remembered grandma fondly, how she sang “When the roll is called up Yonder”.

After my various orthopedic surgeries, she made sure when I got out of rehab

that I came home to a clean house. She warned Garry to pick up the mess.

She was always coming over and bringing in my mail. We knew the code to each other’s house.

No Bruce, I never could teach her how to sew. She'd rather pay me to fix things.

In my minds' eye I can hear her special laugh.

I pray for her soul and for Victor's peace of mind.

Watch for God winks; watch the vehicle behind you, and tap your brakes.

I love you "Sissy".

Ann 76 Edgewood

Ann Elizabeth Allshouse - November 13, 2021 at 10:48 AM



“ *We are devastated by this news and hold Kristine and her family our hearts. Jennifer Winegardner and the Winegardner Law Team.*

Jennifer Winegardner - November 12, 2021 at 01:29 PM

MB

“ *2 files added to the album Family*



Mary Bouchard - November 12, 2021 at 12:31 PM

LI

“ *I met Cindy at Gladeview in Miami back in the mid 90's. Always happy and a good spirited soul. Kristine ...know that your mother will always live on through you and your daughter. Love ❤️ never dies. My sincerest condolences to the Vedo family.*

Linda - November 11, 2021 at 08:44 AM

ME

“ I knew Cindy from Gladeview School and church! My family and I send our condolence to the Vedo family! May she RIP! Prayers!

MarieLouise Escobar - November 10, 2021 at 03:08 PM

HE

“ I met Cindy at Gladeview. Her daughter, Kristine, was in my fifth grade class. She always had a smile and had a contagious laugh. She was always positive. I am sorry that she didn't get to meet her precious granddaughter. I know she was looking forward to it. Knowing she's walking streets of gold today brings me comfort and peace.

Helen Espinosa - November 10, 2021 at 11:02 AM

SM

“ Our relationship spanned 36 years. We were very close, sharing every part of our lives together. Talking for hours on the phone, road trips, girls day out, church, family events, and just an abundance of memories. She was always trying to find the happy parts of life even when it looked bleak. She made me laugh when I was down. I lost a part of my heart and soul when she was cruelly taken from us by a careless driver. I was blessed beyond measure when God brought her into my life. We became instant friends for life. I will miss her more than words can explain, but I rejoice knowing one day I will see her again when the Lord calls me home. Then look out Angels cause Cindy and Sue will have the place rolling with laughter as it was wherever we went. Spreading joy and laughter and the love of Jesus. Til we meet again my BFF, I will do as I promised you and look out after your husband, children, grandchildren and brother.
Your BFF Sue Moninger

Sue Moninger - November 09, 2021 at 06:57 PM

SM

P.S. May God continue to uphold each of you through this tragic loss and comfort and guide you in the days to come. May his peace bring you rest.

Sue Moninger - November 09, 2021 at 07:03 PM

GJ

My Deepest Sympathies To The Vedo Family From Gail Jackson and the Building Service Family.

Gail Jackson - November 10, 2021 at 07:03 AM

DR

Oh, what angel she was we worked together at Florida State University together, she was smart, kind, loving, and hard working, I'm going to miss so much, we have some sweet memories that I will never let go, rest well in heaven we love you, but God love you best!

Debbie Robinson - November 10, 2021 at 09:31 AM

GT

It has taken me years to write this because the pain has been so deep.

I was in St. Augustine for my birthday when an 18-year-old driver, not paying attention, slammed into the back of your car as you sat on Crawfordville Highway, waiting to turn onto your road. There was no turning lane, no safe place to wait—you had no choice but to be there. The impact forced you into the other lane, directly into the path of an innocent driver.

You were my Admin Associate, and when I moved on, we became even closer friends. Our lunches and dinners at El Jalisco—where you knew most every employee there -- are memories I cherish. You always had a kind word, always lifted me up, always radiated positivity.

I remember spending time at your beautiful home, listening to the story of the house you lost in a fire. You visited mine. We sent each other Marco Polo messages constantly (and I still have them saved). I've only been able to watch them once—I can see your face, hear your voice—but still they are hard to watch.

We shared so many stories, found so much in common. I still carry the beautiful bag you gave me, the one you said matched my eyes. I take it to work every day, and I think of you. But I would think of you anyway.

If only I had realized how precious time was, I would have told you more often how much I appreciated our friendship. It was a gift—you were a gift.

When I returned from my trip, I was at work when a mutual coworker told me about her position change, and mentioned that if it weren't for Cindy—"God rest her soul"—she wouldn't have this new job.

I froze. "Cindy who?" I asked.

She looked at me, confused. "Vedo."

I went outside, put my hands on my knees, and poured out my soul in shock and sadness. I would have been there at your funeral. I should have been there. I missed everything.

And just a week later, your first grandchild was born.

But one thing I do know—you are with God. There's no doubt in my heart about that. You helped so many people, gave so much of yourself. Your laugh, your kindness, your unwavering friendship—I miss them all.

I miss you. Every day.

Gena Thomas - March 10, 2025 at 10:20 AM