



Alice Englert

July 9, 1925 - October 15, 2025

Alice Summitt Englert, our mother, died on Wednesday, October 15, 2025. ♡
Over the last few years, Mom would often say she couldn't believe God was letting her live this long. I told her it's because He's watched her for a hundred years, and He's slightly intimidated — after all, there can only be one boss in heaven.

This is as close to an obituary as you will read (unless someone else writes one) -- an ordinary obituary is too mundane for such an extraordinary life. Alice Summitt Englert was, simply put, a Renaissance Woman. She led her life with curiosity, spirit, intelligence, fearlessness, independence, and vitality... and most importantly, a powerful and boundless love.

Miracle Baby.

Born in 1925, our mom was known as the Miracle Baby; in Lenoir City, weighing in at under one-and-a-half pounds. The rural Tennessee doctor came to the house after her birth and informed the family she was far too tiny to live. My great grandmothers and grandmother (her mom) -- all Steel Magnolias -- told him he was wrong, and this thimble-sized baby would absolutely survive. They put our mom in a shoe box and kept her by the wood stove for months. She was prayed over constantly. Miraculously, she has never had any physical issues even though 100 years ago she was given zero

chance to live.

Early Years.

Mom remained a tiny little thing at five-feet tall on her tiptoes. She moved from Tennessee to Tallahassee when she was under four years old and mostly remembered spending endless hours playing at the Governor's Mansion with her girlfriends and watching baseball deep into twilight with her dad, Henry Clifford Summitt (Cliff). Baseball was her lifelong passion. Her father, a longtime city official, became mayor of Tallahassee in the '50s and was instrumental in building the first big hospital, municipal airport and, most importantly, attracting a semi-pro team -- the Capitals -- to Centennial Field (now known as Cascades Park).

She loved baseball so much, she still has a book about the sport inscribed by her lifelong friend, Betty Hosford, saying, "Happy 12th Birthday Alice." What young girl in 1937 asked for a book about baseball?

Mom became a cheerleader at Leon High School and stayed dear friends with many classmates

throughout her entire life. She was raised Baptist but switched to Presbyterian as a teen when she was told she wasn't allowed to dance. She also cheered at Florida State College for Women (FSCW) and was captain of the golf and modern dance teams. Before she graduated, FSCW transitioned into the co-ed, Florida State University (FSU). Mom then continued her education by earning a Master's degree from Columbia University in New York.

For the next 80 years, she was a leader within the FSU women's sports movement. She was head of the FSU Committee of Thirty and awarded the "Commitment to Excellence" by the Emeritus Alumni Association. The list of accolades and achievements is endless regarding her involvement with Seminole Boosters and Women's Sports Initiatives. Of utmost importance to her, ten additional family members are graduates of her beloved alma mater.

Love Story.

A fearless dreamer, pioneer, adventurer, educator and storyteller, Mom turned down multiple offers to teach at colleges all over the country, choosing instead to journey out to work in the wild, wild west of Las Vegas...by herself when it was pure gunslingers and gangsters. She hoped to teach girls at a young age in order to have a stronger influence on their lives. Her desert journey was fate-driven, as her arrival in Las Vegas (the start-up town was paying top dollar for teachers) coincided with that of a handsome World War II Marine and star University of Missouri football and baseball athlete -- her new coworker, Coach Roger Englert. Along with other classes, they both taught physical education, and the students were relentless in their matchmaking ploys. The kids would tell tall, strapping Coach Englert that tiny Coach Summitt needed him in the gym and desperately needed his help, etc. At an away football game, they danced together for the first time and knew it was kismet. They fell in love with each other and their shared love of sports. Incidentally, they were born on the exact day, month, and year (July 9, 1925). In 1951, they were married in Las Vegas and moved to Tallahassee when they were pregnant with their first child, Roger. Mom and Dad had four children, two boys and then two girls. They were married for 57 beautiful years before Dad passed away. They made a great, balanced team — he, a towering calm; she, a relentless storm.

Clever Confidence.

Not surprisingly, our mom defied the traditional 1950s path of being a homemaker and socialite. She LOVED being an educator. She was highly intelligent and could have been the CEO of any company, but her passion was teaching PE. Mom taught at Cobb Middle School from 1956 to 1976. A quick story mom shared recently... in the mid-60s, the principal at Cobb informed her that he had received an angry call from a parent complaining she had yelled and humiliated his daughter during class. The principal told her to report to the office the following day to meet with the student's father and don't

talk, just apologize as he was a very influential man in town and very upset. She said for the meeting she put on a nice fresh pair of white shorts, a crisp white cap-sleeved, button-down shirt, her bobby socks and freshly scrubbed Keds. She said she even put a new white headband on so her hair wouldn't hang in her face while she was scolded by this very important man.

Mom arrived at the office a few minutes early to be reprimanded and the principal reminded her don't talk, just apologize. The businessman arrived and the principal introduced him to our mom. He immediately became irritated and reminded the principal he had important meetings all day and asked why he was having to wait for the PE teacher who embarrassed his daughter. The principal was confused and explained that the woman in front of him was the teacher. The man said, "She is the coach?" Our very clever mother (looking like an adorable student in her crisp whites and headband) smiled at the father and went into a lengthy explanation of how soccer is geometry at speed; every player owns a slice of space, opens passing lanes, and protects the shape. She continued with how wingers stretch wide, mids show for the ball and backs tuck in because strategy happens in seconds. She finished with, "I had a full field of 22 players and merely blew my whistle from mid-field and yelled to your daughter to defend her position." Then mom stopped talking. Quiet took over for more than a few seconds and the mesmerized father smiled, laughed, and said, "You're really Coach Englert? I'm sorry, I think I've wasted your time." Our mother was not going to be intimidated by anyone, much less two "powerful men" who had no idea how to lasso the intelligence and femininity of a strong woman. Through her decades of life, our mom influenced and inspired generations of women to know their value, be confident, lead with integrity and that nothing is impossible.

Family First.

Although this comes 'last' in this tribute, our mom and dad ALWAYS put family first. Except for their monthly couples' bridge club (they played together for at least 50 years), it's difficult to recall them doing anything for themselves.

There is no such thing as a perfect childhood, but it certainly felt like it, which is a tribute to our parents. We all played more sports than imaginable and spent every waking second at a field or gym somewhere and only headed home as the lightning bugs came out, filthy and exhausted. We said our prayers and couldn't wait to hit the sports cycle again the following day. They led us through life at Faith Presbyterian Church with God as our beacon. Mom would have NEVER let the culture of "everyone gets a medal" become a thing. "Stand up straight and hold your stomach in" were wise words from our mother dating back to when we were mere children. It was never taken as criticism but 'suggestions' to make us stronger. She understood building our core, in mind and body, was essential. Our mother encouraged us to be curious, confident, competitive, clever and creative. Perhaps a dose of calm and compassion should've been included. She understood her role was mentor and teacher, not friend. She was fiercely protective of her four children but also led us with truth. If we messed up, we had to own it. The term "sugar-coated" would never have described an interaction with our mother, but, indeed, her input was always of high value.

Somehow, our mom — MawMaw -- managed to guide her 11 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren with the same enthusiasm and energy at 100 as she had in her 20s. There would be days she and our father would attend six sporting events on a single Saturday. She is the one they all relied on for advice, a reality check and that never-ending love. Our childhood home was her home for life, and the gathering place for our tribe. Even all our children's friends hung out and met at MawMaws up until the very end. What is most magical is that every single grandchild and great-grandchild truly believed he/she was her favorite. She listened. She made them feel special. She told them numerous stories about life. She smothered them with love.

Alice Summitt Englert traveled the world, could rip apart an umpire after a bad call, inspired endless generations, at 98-years-old consumed an 800-page book, kept God on his toes and she lived 100 years of life with the unbridled zest of a thousand suns.

She loved us beyond measure, and we were incredibly blessed. Good luck with her God. I'm praying ya'll play baseball in Heaven.

Her Descendants.

The immediate family of Alice Summitt Englert and L. Roger Englert
(deceased)

Son, Roger Englert and wife, Colleen

Granddaughter, Sybil (great-grandson: Tucker)

Granddaughter, Caroline

Son, Mitch Englert and wife, Judi

Grandson, Gabriel and wife, Amanda

(great-grandchildren: Beckett, Brixley)

Grandson, Mitch Jr. and partner, Cassandra

(great-granddaughter: Serenity)

Grandson, Cliff and wife, Colleen

(great-grandchildren: Charlotte, Henry, Eloise)

Daughter, Carrie Englert Zimmerman and husband, Curtis

Grandson, Clain and wife, Kimberly

(great-grandchildren: Kyler, Claire)

Grandson, Cole and wife, Mayra

(great-grandchildren: Madison, Eliana, Leiona)

Grandson, Cade and wife, Egle

Daughter, Alice Englert Bonn

Granddaughters, Cassidy, Savannah, Alice