



Honoring the Legacy of Virginia Koehler Briefs

One look from Virginia “Ginny” “Conchetta” Briefs (Koehler) could send you running. Behind that gaze was a lifetime worth of unmatched grace and unwavering resilience. It was this fierceness that anchored all those around her and created the solid foundation her family continues to build on.

Ginny was born in Lynbrook, NY to Hans and Betty Koehler. After graduating from Nazareth College class of 1957, she went on to become an Operating Room Nurse at Good Samaritan Hospital, and later worked as a substitute school nurse. In 1959 she married Richard “Dick” “Carmine” Briefs. Together, they owned Dick’s Gulf in Sayville for more than 40 years.

While her husband was affectionately known as the “mayor” of Sayville, she was known as the neighborhood mom, nurse, deliverer of puppies, and so much more. She was the first person you went to for help and the last person you wanted to disappoint.

President of the Long Island Alumni Chapter of Nazareth College for many decades. Helping form an active group, raising money for scholarships and enjoying the company of fellow Naz graduates. Maintaining lifelong relationships with many of her 1957 graduating class. Her roommate, Patricia ‘Pat’ (Garvey) McGarvey was her best friend for over 70 years, spending as much time together as they could.

Ginny passed away on June 3, 2023. She rests now with her husband, she is also predeceased by her children Marilyn and Susan, and her son-in-law Bob Kaufer.

She is survived by her children: Kathryn Briefs, class of 1983, of Sag Harbor, Laura Geraci, class of 1986, (Joe) of Sayville, Joanne Kaufer of Bayport, Caroline Sanjume (Michael) of California, Rick Briefs (Tyara) of Bayshore, Ginger Rumore (Paul) of England; her grandchildren Alex, David, Jessica, class of 2011, Joey, Nicole, Victoria, Melissa, Andrew, Eric, Elizabeth, Isabela, Lily, and Kurt; her great grandchildren Sammy, Diana and Oscar; and her great granddaughter Eleanor.



She is the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She’s the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of life itself. She’s the cool hand on your brow when you’re not feeling well. She’s your breath in the air on a cold winters’ day. She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow. She is Christmas morning. Nothing on Earth can separate us. Not time. Not space. Not even death.