



Molly Jimenez

September 3, 1987 - May 9, 2026

Molly Jimenez, age 38, of Loma, Colorado, drew her last breath at 8:05 am on Saturday, May 9th, after a three-year battle with metastatic breast cancer. She died at home with a packed bedside, including her soulmate, Juan, her incredible children, Hank and Isaac, her steadfast co-parent, Mike, and a tribe of friends who loved her like family.

How do you sum up a life that was so jam-packed with love and adventure? It's an impossible task, but one that has to include mention of her multitudinous hobbies and skills. She was a carpenter and handywoman, a flat track motorcycle racer, an entrepreneur and a karaoke singing goddess. Molly earned her black belt in Brazilian jiu jitsu and was an accomplished competitor (god help anyone whose collar she grabbed); she also taught and programmed jiu jitsu all throughout her pregnancy with Isaac. She could tile a bathroom, then come out of the same powder room wrapped in a bodycon dress for a night of salsa dancing. To love her was to be on your toes, often be proven wrong, and marvel at her unending capacity.

Molly had a crystal-clear vision for most things in life, but none clearer than how she mothered. She had a voracious curiosity for parenting, constantly searching for the best ways to impart her values and vision for the world onto the tiny souls she shepherded into this life. She talked a lot about what does or does not come after this, and though she always said she wasn't afraid, it

was no secret that she hated having to leave her boys this soon. She would have endured a thousand more ports, pokes, and blockages to see Isaac make it to high school or Hank publish his first book.

Juan, you were her soulmate. Her sexy Venezuelan. She loved you more than words can say. She was a lot more serious before you came along, but your silent chuckle and vulnerability delighted her to no end. You brought out the best in her, giving her a soft place to land when she got wild ideas that would leave her and everyone else delightfully exhausted. To be honest, we were skeptical when she said she met a man in Mexico City, but talk about a time when we had to concede defeat. You were one of the best decisions she ever made; she knew from the moment she snuggled up to you at Itzel's that you were the one. And we were all convinced the second she introduced you. She would have loved to grow old with you, singing, dancing, and cracking jokes into old age.

From the moment she received her diagnosis, Molly faced every new development with unbelievable composure. Juan described watching her face during one of her last appointments. The doctor explained there wasn't anything left they could do for her lungs or liver. It was the conversation they had dreaded from the beginning: this was the end. She cried. She was so sad. But she received the news the same way she lived through everything else: like a fighter, with her head up and eyes steady.

Molly knew she wanted to die at home and have her body present for a wake. Frankly, we thought she was insane when she outlined her plan, but we smiled with the funeral planner and agreed to her wishes (unsure what would actually happen as cancer dragged us all by our hair). Alas, as so many things did, Molly's final plan fell perfectly into place. She passed away comfortably in their living room, receiving care from two incredible friends who happen to be doctors. For three days, her closest friends and family filtered in and out of her

and Juan's home, telling stories, holding her hand, and thanking her for making everyone around her better. She took her final breaths free from pain and wrapped in love.

The world feels a little duller without her, but in the darkest moments when not hearing her laughter feels like suffocation, dry your tears, plan an adventure, and hear her say, "Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?"

To the team at Huntsman Cancer Institute, thank you for taking such good care of our girl. You answered her questions and presented her with the best possible options in a terrible situation. There are too many people to name, but to doctors Malani, Wei, and Ditty Bannon in particular—thank you. Your kindness, candor, and expertise until the bitter end will never be forgotten.

Molly was preceded in death by her father, Patrick D. Solbach. She is survived by her mother, Jill, her siblings Karl, Angela, Jenni and Patrick, numerous nieces and nephews, and a crew of friends that could fill a novel.

Her proudest achievement, her greatest loves, continue to live in her honor: Juan, Hank, and Isaac.

A celebration of life will be held at the Jimenez home on June 6th from 6-9. Please RSVP here.

In lieu of flowers, please consider donating to the GoFundMe page that has been set up to help allay the cost of helping Juan care for the boys.

RSVP at the following link:

<https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSewFvbHqSr61IOqSkc3L2ymo17>

nngMvaamvyij5GJ8b9zYCTg/viewform

Please donate at the following link:

<https://gofund.me/be2da5aed>

Upcoming Events

Celebration of Life

JUN 6. 6:00 PM - 9:00 PM (MT)

Jimenez Home
7946 South 3960 West
West Jordan, UT 84088

Tribute Wall

MD

“ I only met Molly once at a park by chance, and she was there with Hank and Isaac. I know Hank and Mike, and started a conversation with Molly. She didnt know me but talked to me and was nice.

Marie Dickerson - Yesterday at 07:12 PM