

IN MEMORIAL



"FOR MY MOM SHIRLEY"

Death is a fact of life and its something we all must face. But who would have thought that I would be writing this now. I just was not ready to give you up yet. It seems there's so much left that we had to do. I guess you think it will never happen to anyone in your family. And then all of a sudden death is knocking at your door. I clearly remember feeling panic when that bird flew in your house last year, but I would never have believed that it was you that I would lose.

You were always there when I needed you. Always listening, never criticizing, always loving, always caring and sharing of yourself. I feel as if a part of my heart has died and gone to heaven with you. They say time heals all wounds and God never gives you more than you can handle, but one has to wonder at a time like this.

I know there are many people that will miss your smiling face and your sense of humor. You touched the lives of so many, probably more than I'll ever know. I find some comfort in knowing that so many people have these wonderful memories of you as I do.

When I feel the tears start running down my cheeks I can hear your voice say, I love you Babe and take good care of your Dad and my Grandbabies. And give that Baby Richard a smooch and a hug from his Gama Gama. So I dry my tears and I go on as I know you would want me to.

I know you're with Randy and Stacie, so I won't say goodbye, but until we all meet again.....

Your Loving Daughter
Babe

SPECIAL THANKS

A special thanks to four special friends who are like my sisters and who have always given me their Love and support when I needed it. Thanks Becky Williams, Darlene Carkhuff, Elaine Thomas, and Linda King.

Sandy Thomas

TO MY SISTER SHIRLEY

I still find it hard to realize you're gone. I know my family will miss your loving, caring, and happy face. I find myself reaching for the phone because I'm sad and I knew that you would cheer me up and tell me, "chin up, things will get better". I try to tell myself not to be sad as you are in a better place with our Loved Ones, and you suffer no more. But I was not ready for you to go yet.

We will miss You and
Love You Always
Sandy, Coy,
Devlin, & Chad

THANK YOU

We would like to thank everyone for their kindness during the loss of our Beloved Wife, Mother, Grandmother and Sister, Shirley Ann Strickler. Thank you for the flowers, cards, food and special Love and Caring you have given us. A special thanks to the people who were at the hospital with us praying that God would let us keep her for a little while longer.

Richard, Sheryl, Sandra
Tammy, Ron, Randy,
Derek, Lisa, Chris,
Shyla, and Baby Richard

WARRIOR SONG

I shall vanish and be no more, But
the land over which I now roam
Shall remain And change not.

-Omaha

SHIRLEY ANN STRICKLER

Shirley Ann Strickler was born to Jay Goodell and Vernie Strong Goodell in Salem, Oregon on September 16, 1937. She died in Newport, Oregon on April 21, 1990.

Mrs. Strickler had been a life long resident of Logsden, Oregon.

She married Richard L. Strickler in Sacramento, California on February 20, 1954.

She was a member of the Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians and had been enrollment manager for the past fourteen years. She was a member of the Siletz Ladies Club.

She was preceded in death by her two eldest children, Stacie Ann Strickler Oleman and Randall Jay Strickler.

Survivors include her husband, Richard Strickler of Logsden, Oregon; one daughter, Sheryl Simmons of Siletz, Oregon; three sisters, Tess Green of Dallas, Oregon, Roberta Martin of Hillsboro, Oregon and Sandra Thomas of Salem, Oregon; eight grandchildren, Tammy, Ron, Randy, Derek, Lisa, Chris, Shyla and Richard; one great granddaughter, Kaylee; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Funeral Services for Shirley were held at the Siletz Tribal Community Center on Wednesday, April 25. Reverend Al Burkey officiated.

IN MEMORY OF MARY:

Into each life comes an unforgettable person.

One such person came into mine...her name was Mary Ashley.

Her vigor for life invaded my world the day we met, and living directly across the street from Mary, I received a daily dose.

Before I knew it, I was hooked. Her face was the first face I saw in the mornings as we opened our curtains to wave hello, her voice the first, "Good Morning" of each day.

We planned our homes, our yards, our meals and our lives together. We talked, we laughed, we cried and we became true friends.

To be Mary's friend was the greatest privilege of my life, even though I only had her friendship for one year, far too short and yet a lifetime would not have been long enough. I loved her dearly and I will miss her smiling face in the window, her sweet voice on the phone.

Goodby for now, Mary,

Carol Shivers