



Winifred Olivia Wheatley

February 8, 2018

Winifred “Olivia” Wheatley left this earthly life the evening of Thursday, February 8, 2018, in the comfort of her home with her husband and friends by her side. Peace is now hers to enjoy.

She is survived by her husband of 40 years, Robert Sioke, her daughter Rebecca Ruth Sammons Hardesty, three grandsons - Joshua, Jacob, and Jonah Hardesty, sister Melva Wheatley McCann, two nephews – Scott and Matthew McCann, half-sisters Virginia Ruth Eldridge and Elizabeth Wiley, and half-brother William Oliver Wheatley, Jr., and their children and grandchildren. Dear friends that should be included in this family of love are Deanna Long, Noelia Gomez, Heidi Leavitt, and Deeann & Adon Powell.

She is preceded in death by her parents William Oliver Wheatley and Clara Mable Fults. Born in Yorktown, Texas in 1951, she was raised primarily in Houma, LA where she graduated from Terrebonne High School. Offered a choral scholarship to college, she declined the opportunity and started her professional career with AT&T and then Southwestern Bell after the company split. She remained with the company in many capacities, first in Louisiana, then California, before ultimately returning to her birth state of Texas, then retiring after 30 years of service.

Her zest for life included music, the theatre, and her years as a Mary Kay Consultant, as it allowed her to share her passion for people and assist others in achieving their dreams. She loved to draw, sing, and write poetry, and enjoyed a lifelong passion for Elvis’ music. She was a proud member of The Order of the Eastern Star, a Masonic appendant body. Blessing Funeral Home, Mansfield, Texas, is in charge of her final arrangements – please share your memories of her life with the family at <http://www.blessingfuneralhome.net/> Olivia had an infectious smile, a desire to help all, especially the needy, and a passion for animal rescue. The family suggests memorials to SPCA to honor her commitment to their cause.

A special thank you to the entire staff at Envoy Hospice and Blessing Funeral Home.

Comments



“ My mother was many things throughout her life: a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, a stepmother, a grandmother, a co-worker, and a friend. She was not perfect, as none of us are, but she tried to do what was right, to help others, and to leave this world a better place than it was when she entered it. I have regrets, but happy memories too, and I thought we had more time. In spite of the pain she was in, I wasn't ready for her to go out of my life just yet. I hope you finally found peace, Mom. I love you. - Rebecca

Rebecca Hardesty - February 17, 2018 at 07:38 PM



“ Olivia use to say, "If it wasn't for bad luck, she wouldn't have any luck at all."

What happened with her luck, is that she gave it to everyone else that she touched. It was a Blessing to all of us to have her as a friend. It was an even greater joy for me to call her my older sister, especially when we told strangers that we're sisters and they would say that they could see that we truly loved one another.

She was always concerned about the welfare of others; that people weren't starving or being abused. She was the champion of the underdog; if someone was being treated unjustly in her mind, she wanted to fight the battle with them and sometimes for them.

Another of her famous sayings was, "It's not the age that counts, but the mileage."

Olivia loved socializing with others. Everywhere that she went, she became a regular and was remembered. I use to take her to the theatre on opening night to watch live plays; she would mingle with the actors and patrons during intermission and after the shows.

Her fondest memory from the theatre was when an actor improvised and incorporated her into the play. He asked her to come go with him; she said that she couldn't because her husband wouldn't like it and the audience told her, "go on girl, you might like it."

What she also liked about going to the theatre, was when they had a meet and greet after the play. She would always meet and greet her favorite dessert, some kind of chocolate at the buffet. If they didn't have any, then we could always stop off at chocolate factory, which was right across the street from the treatre.

I can't sum up my relationship and love for Olivia in one or two sentences, but I can say this; I loved and accepted Olivia for the individual that she was, as she was; bad luck and all. I'll miss her, until we meet again, once I find my way home.

Deanna Long - February 13, 2018 at 10:50 AM