



Kathryn A. Pilkerton

SEP 25, 1930 - AUG 6, 2015



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FLORAL HAVEN

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Kathryn A. “Kay” Pilkerton, 84, retired from Shell Oil Co. passed away August 6, 2015 in Tulsa, OK. Kay was born September 25, 1930 in Philadelphia, PA to Vincent P. and Mary Elizabeth (McCaig) Cavanaugh. Kay is survived by her daughter, Nora J. Hale; three grandchildren; six great grandchildren; her cat, Calli. She was preceded in death by her son, Paul E. Pilkerton. Committal service will be 10:00 AM, Friday, August 14th, Heritage Mausoleum Chapel, Floral Haven Memorial Gardens, Broken Arrow.



SP

Shannon Pilkerton posted:

Grandma, You taught me nearly everything I ever needed to know about life, love, and family. From teaching me to count with dominoes to teaching me to spell and read the dictionary with scrabble you were there for me more than anybody else ever was. You took me every weekend and made life a joy during a childhood that was more confusing than it ever should have been. We made spaghetti and watched M.A.S.H. on Friday nights and played games then would stay up late laughing and singing. Saturday was for housework and Sunday was for sausage with breakfast. You taught me how to make a bed, clean like a maid, and organize my linens. No matter how bizarre my ideas ever were you never judged me and would always listen to anything I had to say. You held me when I cried, cleaned me up when I was bloody, and defended me to anyone who had something cross to say about me. There are a million memories, no one more important than the next. Many people have told me that in a lot of ways I'm just like you and there is no greater compliment in my mind. We share the same kind of punny sense of humor, a passion for correcting the speech of others, and pride in a clean house where everything is in its place so that if it is moved at all we would know. You were a mother when I needed one and a father when mine was absent. Not a day has ever gone by that I didn't think of you, do something you would have done, or caught myself saying something you would say. You held no punches when it came to speaking your mind, though you possessed tact that I am still trying to master. We argued and fought but we always remained strong and devoted. You are and always will be my favorite grandma, my rock, my best friend, and the woman I admire most in life. Thank you for all you ever did for me. Say hi to Daddy for me and though it may be years until I see you again it will be but a moment for you. I love you and miss you always. You will forever be in my heart! Love always, Shannon

September 21 at 4:55 PM

JS

Jennifer Smith posted:

I have such fond memories of you, Grandma; whether it was the fun nights we had playing dominoes or scrabble, watching the NBC Nightly News with Tom Brokaw together because we both shared an adoration of him, us watching football together on Thanksgiving Day or just helping you decorate the Christmas tree with what seemed like a 1000 ornaments you had collected over the years. I cherish each and every one of these memories of my time spent with you, not to mention many, many more. I love and miss you far more than words can say, but I know you'll always be with me in spirit and you are now in a much, much better place. All my love and affection, Jenny.

August 13 at 12:51 PM



Tribute Wall

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Carrie Hale Warren posted:

Your cat obsession. your clip on earrings. Your jewelry. Your Chevy Citation. Our trip to Branson. Our trip to Six Flags. Sunday brisket. The center cinnamon roll. The Tonight Show with Johnny Carson. The Muppet Show. Cold coffee over chocolate ice cream. Easter egg hunts. Hidden Easter baskets. Singing Christmas carols while looking at Christmas lights. Drug Warehouse. Hubba Bubba and Tic Tacs. Dressing up in your old work clothes. Playing with Barbies. Drawing you pictures of ice cream sundaes. Looking through photo albums. Buying clothes for our Cabbage Patch Kids at Toys R Us. Your favorite Broadway musical, Cats. Reader's Digest. Crossword puzzles. The newspaper. Rubix Cubes. Playing board games. Dominoes. H-E-Double Hockey Sticks. Saying you will rip out our tongues and beat us with them. Your wit. Your humor. My childhood memories. I love you dearly, Grandma. Thank you for being you. Love, Carrie

August 10 at 6:44 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Kathryn by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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