



Alyce Nell Shupert

May 8, 1942 - August 8, 2017

Alyce Nell Shupert, age 75, of Coweta, went to be with her Lord and Savior on Tuesday evening, August 8, 2017 at Porta Caeli House in Tulsa, OK. Alyce was born on May 8, 1942 to Clark and Isabelle Blevins in Paris, Texas. Alyce and John Clifford Shupert, Jr. were married on September 15, 1962 in Tulsa, OK, and he preceded her in death in 2000. She was a homemaker for most of her life who loved caring for her family. She enjoyed painting, quilting, playing cards and video games, but most of all she loved spending time with her family, especially her grandchildren. Alyce was preceded in death by her husband, her special friend, Buddy, her parents, and her brother. Alyce is lovingly survived by 4 daughters, Diane Harrison of Coweta, OK, Patricia Cox of Boston, MA, Lynne Baker of Broken Arrow, OK, and Melissa Jacobsen of Homer, AK; 1 sister, Marilyn Jensen of Coweta, OK; 7 grandchildren, Eric Stehm and wife Cheryl, Jennifer Thompson and husband Jeremy, Sarah Conroy, Timothy Conroy and wife Andrea, Shawn Shupert, Cole Jacobsen and Samantha Jacobsen; 13 great grandchildren and 1 great great grandson, and numerous nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends. Memorial Services will be 10:00 am Tuesday, August 15, 2017 at Coweta Assembly Of God Church. In lieu of flowers the family has asked for any donation to be made to The Porta Caeli House in Tulsa, OK.

Comments



“ Alyce & Johnny we're my next door neighbors back in the 60's along with young Clark Allen. I was a teenager & Clark Allen & I would hangout together. They were all so kind as our neighbors on So. Braden. As I grew into adulthood & returned home from the Air Force, we reconnected with the family. Alyce would groom our cocker spaniel very well. One very snowy day, our cocker had puppies and was in trouble. She wouldn't care for them so I mid-wife them. My boss forced me to work that day. I was pretty sure I'd come home to 8 dead puppies. Alyce was my/our life saver!! She drove across town in the snow and stayed at our home & cared for the pups so very well. If memory serves, she would return day after day to care for them until I worked things out at work. She was definitely an angel. I haven't seen her or Johnny since 1980 & I'm sorry we all didn't stay in touch.

Wes Bossard - September 06, 2018 at 08:55 PM



“ I'm so sad to read this. Thanks for posting.

Burl Spencer - August 18, 2017 at 05:55 PM



“ Alyce Nell is....was....is, my mom. She is gone from the physical world but is still my mom. Her journey started May 8, 1942 in Paris, Texas. I don't know much about the path that brought her to Tulsa and to the time when I became, but I know she had some struggles along the way and I've heard enough stories to know she had a lot of good times as well. Her father, Clark M. Blevins, was a See Bee in the Navy and he and her mother Isabell (Glick) Blevins moved, at some point, to Tulsa, Oklahoma. She married and divorced young, but from that came my sister Diane Michelle. On September 15, 1962 she married my dad, her husband of 37 years, John C. Shupert Jr. In that union he adopted Diane and then came my sister Carol Lynne, and me, Melissa Lea. We learned in or around 1994 that after Diane was born and before she met my dad, mom had another daughter who was adopted by a family friend. Mom told us about Patricia because they had reconnected and as a result stayed in contact with each other and built a relationship over the years. I have so many great memories of my mom. She made the best brisket...ever. I would always call her and ask, how long do I cook it and what temperature? She'd remind me to seal the foil tight around the pan. The Barbara Chadwell cake, fried chicken, and peach cobbler. Thanksgiving and having to make a lot of toast because she forgot to leave the bread out to dry over night for the dressing. Oh boy, she could cook and went all out for family gatherings. We went fishing together at the lake and we'd eat fast food, usually Wendy's taco salad, when my dad was away on business. I remember taking a walk with her one cold calm night after it had snowed and the moon was shining bright; and a time she made hot chocolate from scratch for my sisters and I after my dad had taken us the fair one chilly fall night. She was the best back scratcher and ear cleaner (it's true, lay your head in her lap and she'd swab your ears with a q-tip and alcohol like none other). She loved to work puzzles and play games. Video games, board games, and card games. I remember so many nights staying up late playing the "two deck card game", crazy eights, and watching (because I was too young) the grown-ups play pinochle and canasta. She loved to golf, quilt, paint, swim, garden, cook, and spend time with her family. She was fun and funny, and always willing to listen when I needed her ear. My dad died in 2000, and a few years later she met Buddy who was her companion until his recent passing. I didn't know Buddy well, but he was very kind, always had great stories, and was fun to be around when my kids and I would come home to visit. I know the rest of the family loved him too. Her mom, dad, and brother Clark Allen have also passed away. There are plenty of us to keep her memory alive, my sisters and I, her sister Marilyn, her grandchildren Eric and his wife Cheryl, Jennifer and her husband Jeremy, Shawn, Sarah, Timothy and his wife Andrea, Cole and Samantha; her great grandchildren, Tiffany, Ashley, John, Erica, Malachai, Jacob, Blake, Aiden, Jack, Colt, Evie, Eli, and Titus; and her great great grandson Dawson, also her dear friend Terry, sister-in-laws Joani and Kathy, their children, and her many cousins. My kids and I will miss mom's memorial service but am glad we were able to travel back and visit her in her last days. I love and appreciate my family who has cared for her and is arranging her beautiful service, and I appreciate the staff at St. Francis South Hospital, and at the Port Caeli House for helping her journey end in comfort and with compassion.