



Eunice Isabel Stallins

May 27, 1934 - June 8, 2017

Eunice Isabel Stallins, age 83, died on June 8, 2017 in Broken Arrow, OK. Eunice was born May 27, 1934 in Crittenden County, Kentucky to Lewis and Josie Morrow and raised in Dawson Springs, Kentucky. She married Jewell Edward (Joe) Stallins on August 18, 1955 in Niagara Falls, New York. Eunice is survived by her son, John Duvelow, of Mannford, OK; her daughter, Laura Jo Chambers and husband, Randy Chambers, of Broken Arrow, OK; her grandchildren, Athena Kerby, Lauren Chambers, Nathan Duvelow, and Leah Chambers; and her great-grandchildren, Kaylin McDonald and Duncan Kerby. A Memorial service will be held at the Community of Christ Church located at 310 N. 15th St in Broken Arrow, OK on Saturday, July 22, 2017 at 1:00 pm. Eunice is preceded in death by her husband Jewell Edward (Joe) Stallins; parents George Lewis Morrow and Josie Dell (Creasy) Morrow; a sister, Doris Earle Morrow; a child, Stanley Edward Stallins; and her lifelong friend Clara Morgan passed away on June 24, and I am certain they are back together and still best friends. Eunice traveled the United States with her husband, Joe, for his work. She lived in many vibrant states including New York, Maine, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and finally settling in Oklahoma in 1966. She loved birds, flowers, and butterflies and always wanted to know the names of each thing she discovered. She had a passion for learning new things, especially from her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Eunice loved history and enjoyed telling stories of her travels and experiences. She was a very talented artist and loved painting with her dear friend Jean Mantooth. She loved basketball, especially the University of Kentucky Wildcats. She was a dedicated daughter, mother, homemaker, grandmother, and great-grandmother.

Comments



“ My mother and the Bear. When I was young we lived in Maine not for long just a few months. The bear would come down out of the woods if there was no trash in our trash cans they would crush them. One night my stepfather Joe decided he was tired of buying trash cans. My mother stood at the back door of the trailer with a 8mm movie camera. While Joe stepped out of the front door of the trailer with a 12 gauge shotgun loaded with birdshot. The bear crush the trash can when you turn to walk away Joe busted him right in the butt with birdshot. The bear made a path through the woods you could drive a truck through. I will never ever forget my mother's laughter. Somewhere there's 8 millimeter movie.

John Deere Duvelow - July 07, 2017 at 02:55 PM