



## Jim Stewart

September 4, 1942 - October 10, 2014

James Roy Stewart, 72, was born on September 4, 1942, to James Carl Stewart and Wilma Frances (Swift) Stewart in Tulsa, Oklahoma; Jim passed from this life on October 10, 2014, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Jim married Tina Sue Seegren on January 18, 1991 at the Tulsa County Courthouse in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He belonged to the Native American Art Association and was a member of the National Rifle Association. Jennifer says, My favorite memory of my dad was him coming into my room to wake me up. He would always run me on the back and say “oh happy day!” – At holidays, we would always wait for my grandfather (his father) to get home from his job as a security guard at a bank. When Grandpa would get home, my dad would always say “Here comes the law!” – Along the lines of “the law”, when I was in high school, I was in a play called “The Clumsy Custard” and my only line was “but that’s the law!” He repeated that line many times throughout the years. I always knew he was proud of me, even for that small line. – My dad didn’t always know how to express his feelings, but he had a spark in his eye and a certain smile that he would give you, and you would understand. Jim will be missed by his doting, loving wife, Tina Stewart; children, Jennifer Goldman and husband Chris, Tammy Wilsdorf, Shauna Johnson and husband Rick, Ivan Blair, and Russell Blair and wife Meagan; grandson, Seth Wilsdorf, who is serving our country in the Navy (as Jim was very proud to tell everyone); 11 other grandchildren; mother Wilma Stewart; brother Ronnie Stewart and wife Joyce; nieces and nephew: Angela Stewart, Jacob Stewart, and Andrea Hurst; and 2 grandnieces. Jim is preceded in death by his father James Carl Stewart. Visitation will be Sunday, October 12, 2014, 11:00 AM ~ 8:00 PM; A Celebration of Life service will be held at 3:00 pm, Monday, October 13, 2014, in the Floral Haven Funeral Home Chapel, Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. Interment will be in the Garden of Devotion, Floral Haven Memorial Gardens, in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma Memorial contributions can be made in Jim’s honor and name to the American Cancer Society and/or St. Francis Hospice.

# Comments

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**Jennifer Goldman (Youngest daughter)** - October 16, 2014 at 09:58 AM

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“ Your dad service was very special as I attended it. He is in the arms of Jesus now and no longer in pain. Paula Wilsdorf

**Paula Wilsdorf** - October 14, 2014 at 03:10 PM

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“ my condolences. Keith Wilsdorf

**keith** - October 13, 2014 at 02:33 PM

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“ An old soul, a true to his roots soul. My grandpa; so much to tell so little words he shared. Every word hit home like a poem recited a thousand times but only sung by one. A gentle soul. My grandpa.

**Seth Wilsdorf** - October 13, 2014 at 12:56 PM

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“ From Tammy: (I'm his oldest daughter) Even though our relationship was challenging and I didn't grow up feeling close to Daddy, he still qualifies as the first man I ever loved. I admired him for being intelligent and good at math, and good at his job. He was quite dedicated to his career as a tool designer at Rockwell and wise with saving money and he taught Jennifer and I about respect, frugality and conservative type values. He loved jokes, watching football, fishing and being outdoors. In middle age he began to enjoy cooking and Native American crafts. I remember Daddy most as being a homebody, spending a lot of time in his chair, casually dressed in tee shirts and jeans. He tended toward being a loner and was rather quiet but when he talked he had strong opinions and what he had to say most often carried importance. Though not obvious, we still shared an unspoken kind of bond that carried us from my earliest days standing beside his chair at home to the present, standing beside his bed in the hospital. He was not at all an emotionally expressive person but I always knew he cared when I'd see that certain smile on his face that I felt was only for me. We had some good talks, and it helped that we shared the same sense of humor. His letters and cards he sent after I was grown always meant a lot to me since we did not see much of each other or share our thoughts verbally, and I saved them all. They gave me a glimpse of someone buried deep within his aloof exterior, wanting to be loved by others but not really knowing how to show his own love. In his older years I had the comfort of knowing he had a wife with whom he shared good companionship and she was also taking good care of him. My prayers were always that Daddy would come to believe in the gracious loving God who never left his side, even though he didn't know He was there. In the end there wasn't time or alertness on his part for a lesson in the nature of and the heart of God by which to make a decision. But seeing Jesus would be more than words could convey and the comfort of this belief I hold dear, that Daddy no longer resisted at that time, finally comprehending His love and forgiveness and grace and all manner of wonderfulness. Goodbye only for now, Daddy, as I plan to see you again.

From Seth: (this is his grandson) Papa Jim always bought me cool things and I always had a good time hearing stories he would tell. I regret not getting to spend more time with him in those last few years.

Notes provided to me by Ronnie Stewart: (this is his brother) Jim was a 1960 graduate of Daniel Webster High School Played football Ran track Was in the band, played the flute Attended University of Tulsa Loved fishing Loved the lake, especially Grand Lake Loved collecting coins Loved the Yankees As young boys they would listen to ball games on the radio at night, which was between their beds, Jim was the Yankees fan and Ronnie was the Dodgers fan. Jim was also an Oklahoma Sooners fan Jim was a true supporter of Ronnie while he was in the Air Force. He loved his Native American heritage (Shawnee). He always wanted to go to the Black Hills in South Dakota to see the Crazy Horse Monument.