



## Warren Doyle Waggoner

June 21, 1938 - December 16, 2018

Warren Doyle Waggoner, 80, Tulsa resident passed away peacefully with his family by his side on Sunday December 16, 2018 in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Warren was born June 21, 1938 to Kenneth Merle Waggoner, Sr. and Vera Inez (Cotton) Waggoner in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Warren served in the United States Army, earned a B.A. and M.F.A. from Tulsa University and Oklahoma University, was an art instructor at Southwestern Oklahoma State College in Weatherford, Oklahoma and a career pilot (flight instructor, crop duster, charter pilot, production test pilot, air ambulance pilot, and commercial co-pilot). Longtime member of Park Church of Christ. Enjoyed rifle competitions, guitar building and westerns. A good meal consisted of a Whataburger and a Diet Coke.

Warren is preceded in death by his parents. He is survived by his daughter Jamie Jo Waggoner, from Oakville, Ontario, Canada and his son Steven Doyle Waggoner, two grandsons Cody Ryan Waggoner and Karsen Avery Waggoner of Wichita, Kansas and his brother Kenneth Waggoner, Jr., wife Alice Waggoner, nieces Lesley Murphy and Shelley Waggoner of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Warren taught his family a very simple lesson, that family is everything.

"We are a family." We love you Dad!

This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it. Psalms 118:24

Funeral service will be 10:00 A.M., Wednesday, December 19, 2018 at Memorial Park Cemetery Chapel, 5111 S. Memorial Dr., Tulsa, OK. Moore's Southlawn 918-663-2233

# Events

---

**DEC**   **Funeral**                      10:00AM

**19**

---

Memorial Park Cemetery Chapel

5111 S. Memorial Drive, Tulsa, OK, US, 74145

# Comments

---



“ Memories of my Dad, continued - Post 2  
(PLEASE READ Memories of my Dad - Post 1 FIRST)

I will not lie, I do not like this and I want him back, but I will always be reassured that he was not alone and I did everything I could to comfort him around the clock as he battled a sudden onset of a rare disease during the last weeks of his life. He was not alone. He taught his family a very simple lesson, "That Family Is Everything." As his days grew short he was happy and kept saying, "I am happy, I am happy", using hand gestures with a thumb up to help clarify his slurred speech, as well as filling three notebooks with written messages to his family and friends. He was happy to have his family about him. The last night that he was really present and able to communicate, his family stood around him and we all held hands to say a prayer, Dad closed our prayer circle with what seemed like a two minute prayer. We could not understand his words, but God did, and we knew his heart. He was at peace, and kept saying, "Everything is okay". Hospice provided, "No more pain, and no more suffering", to which Dad said, "Hallelujah!" and he clapped his hands. Dad was reassured in his faith, that his sins were forgiven, and that he was going to be with Jesus. The last week of his life I would say to Dad, "What is today?" and he would paraphrase, "Today is the day that the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it. Amen!". When Dad took his last breath, his family was with him, I was stroking his hair and my hand was on his heart. He was not alone. We will all be together again one day, as a family in heaven.

I love you Dad, you are always in my heart and I will see you again.

Jamie

Jamie Waggoner - December 23, 2018 at 10:34 PM

---



“ Memories of my Dad - Post 1 (continued on Memories of my Dad - Post 2)

When my brother and I were kids, Dad was home with us even when Dad was not home. What do I mean by this...well my Dad was many things, one of which was a sculptor and he had created these life sized plaster molds of himself and one in particular that I remember sat in our living room. It was a life sized replica of Dad sitting on a chair and anytime we wanted to sit on Dad's lap we could just sit on this sculptor of Dad. Well until one night our babysitter tried sitting in sculptor Dad's lap and she broke it.

Dad was also a pilot, and when I was little I wanted Dad to fly me up in the sky so I could see where God lived. So Dad took my brother and I flying in a four seater airplane. Dad and I were in the two front seats and Steve was in the back. Now these planes have two steering wheels in the front and Dad asked if I wanted to fly the plane. So I took hold of the steering wheel in front of me and Dad let go of his and

my little brother in the back seat was crying, "I don't want to die, I don't want to die!"  
A favorite story of the family to tell.

Dad had nicknames for my brother and I, I was "hot dog" and Steve was "marshmallow". Though Dad more frequently called me Jo (which is my middle name). Dad was the only person in my life to call me Jo, which was something special to me.

There were annual family road trip to go camping in Colorado, full of trout fishing, hiking and keeping our watermelon cool in the stream next to our camp site. These were happy times as a family.

We visited Tulsa every holiday to have family celebrations with Granny and Gramps (Dad's parents).

Ten years ago, just prior to Dad's 70th birthday, Dad and I took a guided 10 day Father/Daughter trip to Costa Rica. All the participants were retiree's and then there was Dad and I. Dad being frugal as always (I can still hear Dad saying, "live below your means, but within your needs") and he decided that his blue jeans (which were heavy blue jeans I might add) that he wore all summer long in Tulsa would be just fine to wear in Costa Rica. Well if blue jeans were fine for Oklahoma summer's they would be just fine in Costa Rica. Typical Okie. Well Costa Rica turned out to be hotter than Dad realized. Dad had one pair of red swim shorts with him that Mom had bought him at a garage sale and he wore those red swim trunks as shorts about every day on our Costa Rica trip. I will always remember those ten days together and those red swim trunks.

There are so many more wonderful memories of my Dad, not only a daughter's memories, but also a son's memories, a brother's memories and grandson's memories. We loved him deeply and miss him greatly.

Dad unexpectedly became unwell last month. One of his symptoms was that his speech became severely slurred, so he sent me an e-mail one Sunday night last month that simply read, "I need help by tomorrow" and I was on a plane from Canada where I live and by his side the very next day, he was admitted to hospital that day. I spent the last four weeks devoted to my Father, by his side in hospital, 24/7. I was his comfort, his advocate, and his daughter.

I always knew, no matter how far away life took me (first to New York City and then to Canada) that Dad would always be there for me if I needed him. Always. And I would always be there for him.

(Continue on Memories of my Dad - post 2)