



Oscar O'Neal Wilson, Sr.
September 3, 1927 - May 2, 2024

Celebrating the Life of
Oscar O'Neal Wilson, Sr.

Monday, May 6, 2024 2:00 p.m.

Broussard's Chapel

Nederland, Texas

Mr. Wayne Wise

Military Honors

Barksdale Air Force Honor Guard

Southeast Texas Veterans Service Group

"Immorally Arrayed"

(235)

Opening Remarks

"No Tears in Heaven"

(214)

Message of Hope

"This World is Not My Home"

(230)

Closing Prayer

Jeff Trahan



O'Neal, the patriarch of the Wilson family, passed peacefully in his sleep on May 2, 2024, at the age of 96. Tootsie said it best, as she described him as a good man, a good husband, a good daddy, a good pawpaw, and a good Christian. And he was in fact all of those things.

O'Neal was born on September 3, 1927, in Shelby County, Texas and went to several schools as a boy, before graduating from Center in 1944. He enlisted and served in the Army Air Corp and was later drafted back into the Air Force during the Korean War. All in all, he served 5 years, 5 months, and 5 days.

After he was discharged, he met Tootsie, and they married on May 16, 1952. Just shy of 72 years of wedded bliss. They moved to Nederland and raised their three children in Central Gardens.

O'Neal worked for Union Oil for 37 years. After retiring, he and Tootsie moved to her hometown of Pineland, Texas. They cared for their elderly parents and always had a house full of grandkids. And they traveled all over the United States. They enjoyed 30+ years of retirement.

O'Neal was an excellent gardener. He grew bumper crops of vegetables and watermelons. Tootsie would put up as much as she could and give away or sell the rest.

He was also a good wood worker. He made all sorts of furniture and decorations in his big barn. That barn was his favorite place to be. He also loved his animals. Horses and goats seemed to be his favorites. He had a few cats and dogs over the years as well.

He was also an unbelievable wordsmith. He loved words and crossword puzzles. He could do them in just minutes. He also loved to play solitaire. So much so that he wore out multiple decks of cards over the years. He taught all of his grandkids to play solitaire and loved to play any board or card game with them at their big kitchen table. He also taught them all how to walk on stilts that he made. He paid them each one whole dollar if they could make it from the house to the barn!

He also loved his pond and proudly stocked it with catfish, which he enjoyed catching with his grandkids. Or at least feeding them off the dock.

O'Neal had a special love for his grandfather clock that Tootsie bought him years ago. He made sure it kept precise time and often counted the chimes to make sure it was correct. He was constantly adjusting the weights to his liking. It was one of those few material possessions he enjoyed.

O'Neal wasn't much for talking, but when he did tell a story, it was always funny or meaningful and we all stopped to listen. He was the epitome of the strong, silent type.

He was unbelievably tough. He never complained, even if he felt horrible. Even with broken bones and illnesses. All kids think their dad and grandpas are tough... but ours really was! After being thrown from a horse and breaking his back, he got up and walked home over a mile leading the horse behind him.

He loved the Lord and the Scriptures. He was a good Bible student. He could often be found at the table with his Bible and study material scattered around him, preparing for a class he was teaching or as a student. His church family was important to him. He shepherded the flock there at the church in Pineland for many years. Over the

years, several of those church members became like family, especially Suzanne, Mandy, Kris, and Jordan. Lisa and Ricky Gibson and their boys were also like family.

He loved his family. He was a devoted son and brother. He loved his kids and his grandkids and great grandkids. He was also a wonderful uncle to his niece, Carolyn. There was a special bond between him and Carolyn. A few months after his 16th birthday, his mom put him on a bus from Center, Texas to Freeport to pick up a newborn baby girl and bring her back to Center, Texas saving her from adoption. She lived with Grandma Wilson and with O'Neal and Tootsie in Nederland until she graduated high school. We often call her the older sister... because she is.

But none of that compares to the love he had for his wife, Toots, as he often called her. They were rarely apart. They were best friends. The few times they were separated due to hospital stays, he was not at peace.

O'Neal is preceded in death by his parents, Oscar and Dollie Wilson, and his siblings, LaDell, Joe, and Pearl Ross.

Left to cherish his memory is his precious wife, Lucille "Tootsie" Wilson, of Kountze; his son, Neal Wilson (OO) Jr. and his wife, Susie, of Kountze; his daughter, Lisa Hopkins and her husband, Skippy, of Nederland; his daughter, Tammy Holt and her husband, Sam, of Nederland; his grandchildren, Traci Turner and her husband, Matt; Charles Wilson and his wife, Sandy; Brett Hopkins and his wife, Laura; Ross Holt and his wife, Rachel; Matt Holt and his wife, Caitlyn; and Brian Hopkins and his wife, Kelly; great-grandchildren, Reese, Blake, Lily, Emily, Joshua, Natalee, Nathan, Norah, Connor, Liam, Henry, and Lincoln; his niece, Carolyn Bolton and her husband, Claud, and their three children, Claud Jr., Cheree, and Chad; and many other family members and friends.





















Pallbearers

Charles Wilson

Brett Hopkins

Ross Holt

Matthew Holt

Brian Hopkins

Matt Turner

Interment

Oak Bluff Memorial Park

Port Neches, Texas



Broussards
Established 1889

Please sign Mr. Wilson's guest book and share your memories at

broussards1889.com