



# Virginia A. "Ginny" Parker

MAY 27, 1954 - AUG 30, 2024



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COMPLETE FUNERAL SERVICES

# Table of Contents

<b>Obituary</b> .....	Page 3
<b>Events</b> .....	Page 4
<b>Tribute Wall</b> .....	Page 5



# Virginia A. "Ginny" Parker

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**D**ecatur – Virginia A. “Ginny” Parker, 70, of Decatur, passed away Friday, August 30, 2024.

She was born on May 27, 1954, in Belleville, IL to Richard M. and Lois N. (Sweat) Lee. Ginny worked as a tire analyst at Firestone. She was passionate about life. Her greatest pride was her family. Ginny served as a pillar of love, wisdom and selflessness. Ginny was loved by many and will be missed by all

Ginny is survived by her husband, Dan of Decatur; children: Rick (Tessa) Blair of AR, Dusti (Grant) Corum of Arthur, Scott (Morgan) Blair of Decatur, and Daniel Parker Jr of Decatur; 7 grandchildren and 1 on the way, and 6 great grandchildren; siblings: Richard Lee Jr of AR and Suzanne (Vincent) Sharp of TX; sister-in-law Johnna (Jim) Hietala of CO; many nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

Ginny was preceded in death by her parents and nephew Anthony “Tony” Sharp. A visitation to celebrate Ginny’s life will be held from 4 to 6PM, Saturday, September 7, 2024, at the Graceland/Fairlawn Funeral Home.

Graceland/Fairlawn Funeral Home is in charge of the arrangements. Condolences and memories may be shared at [www.gracelandfairlawn.com](http://www.gracelandfairlawn.com).




## Events


**Virginia A. "Ginny" Parker**

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### Visitation

 **Saturday**, September 7, 2024

 4:00 PM - 6:00 PM CT

 **Graceland Fairlawn Funeral Home**  
2091 N. Oakland Avenue, Decatur IL 62526





## Tribute Wall

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SS

**Suzanne Sharp** posted:

Where do I even begin? You have been part of my life since the day I was born. We did some wild stuff when we were younger. Ginny was the escape artist, I was the climber. A dangerous combination that worked really well for us. The freedom to run the neighborhood unencumbered. In the summer, we had had our swimming lessons. Therefore we were taken to the base pool often. There was also colonel's wife who liked to take us the beach for an afternoon and then give us a bath to get all the sand off. Then she would spend a long time combing our hair (which was long and white) for quite some time. We were little daredevils. There wasn't anything we wouldn't try. Of course, the outcome wasn't always roses and lavender. Ginny and I fought like hellions. Fingernails were our weapon of choice. Mom always tried to keep them trimmed short. It didn't help much. Mom and Dad's farewell party from Myrtle Beach AFB was an all-nighter. We were put in a camper for the duration. Telling the scariest stories we could make up. Then we were a little older. You started school. I wanted to go with you so bad. But I was deemed too young by South Carolina rules. Our first real separation, and I hated you Ginny, for not being there with me. Then it was time to head to Phalsbourg AFB, France. The housing area was surrounded by lush countryside. Below the pastures behind base housing, was a forest full of mysteries and fear. We ran downhill, through the pastures. The cows seemed unbothered by us. We would pack a lunch, head to the woods and spend the entire day there. We took pride in our stories. Each one trying to out-tell the others. Ginny always had the best stories. Then there was the time you got stuck on the barbed wire. I ran to get Richard as fast as I could. He ran down pasture as fast as I ever saw him running. You met us coming up the hill as we were coming down the hill. You were lucky you didn't need stitches. When we went to the forest below the pasture we knew there were wild critters to avoid. We knew the sounds of the wild boar and what to do when we heard them. We also knew how to run fast and climb fast. We were always successful in staying safe. Regardless, the woods were a world of wonderment. We were so lucky, we didn't even get caught when we set fire to the grass around the pond. I think that was the end of the Swearing, Smoking, Stealing cigarettes from Mom Club. The club wasn't long lived. But we had fun climbing the trees and smoking and cussing a lot. We thought we were so cool. Coolest kids in the housing area. Then on to Colorado. You headed off to Junior High, I stayed in Elementary. Everything changed. You had friend who could drive, so your boundaries were greatly enlarged. We didn't see each other except at the bowling alley. We spent a lot of time there. You weren't too excited that I was hanging around but you tolerated me. We still had many mutual friends. Some of your's weren't very savory. I will never forget the time you and a friend went to meet some guys at an elementary school in the middle of the night. Mom and Dad woke me up and quizzed me like the Gestapo. We drove down to the school and found you. I never saw Mom act that way before or after this incident, but she was so mad, she grabbed a handful of your hair and pulled you out of the car. I never saw either of you as mad as you were that night. Dad was his usual stoical self. Saying very little, but the look on his face said all he needed to say. Time passed. Days passed and you both recovered. Things at home calmed down and back to normal. You were so beautiful you never lacked for dates. You started hanging out with an older crew, not all of the correct type Mom and Dad would rather you hang with. One day at school, a girl congratulated me on my pending aunt status. I had no clue what she was talking about. Later, at home I confronted you and you admitted the truth. That night, Ron Sitts came over to talk. My nosy



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self sat at the top of the stairs to hear what was going on. They offered a choice. Thank God you made the right one and gave us Richard Blair (Sitts). He brought you so much, joy, anguish and surprise. Y'all married and moved to Kansas to a town named McPherson. Things didn't go well between Ron and you. And Dad drove to Kansas and brought you and Ricky and your stuff home. Time passed. I got married and moved away to beautiful Oklahoma. Years went by and you married Steve and added Dusti and then Scott to the family. I always told people you had a kid a decade. Rick in '73, Dusti in '84 and Scott in '91. We lost touch for a long time. That lasted until we returned from Saudi Arabia. Your back was hurt when you were rear ended once at Christmas time. Eventually, that impacted your job at Firestone manufacturing. But you kept working despite the pain. But in time, as the plant was preparing to close, they let you go. Firestone was where you met Dan. Y'all married and moved out to his house in Harristown. We didn't talk as much then, yet it was enough to keep up or offer an opinion when asked. Then the calls became regular, almost nightly between 10:30pm and 11:30pm. We talked about anything, everything and nothing. Time passed. I got married and moved away to beautiful Oklahoma. Years went by and you married Steve and added Dusti and then Scott to the family. I always told people you had a kid a decade. Rick in '73, Dusti in '84 and Scott in '91. We lost touch for a long time. That lasted until Vince and I returned from Saudi Arabia. One night, when we lived in Virginia, I got a 3am phone call from you. We talked for hours, filled in all the empty history. But you were so sad because Steve had filed for divorce. I couldn't cheer you up at all. Your back was hurt when you were rear ended. That impacted your job at Firestone manufacturing. But you kept working despite the pain. But in time, as the plant was preparing to close, they let you go. Firestone was where you met Dan. Y'all married and moved out to his house in Harristown. We didn't talk as much, yet enough to keep up or offer an opinion when asked. Then the calls became regular, almost nightly between 10:30pm and 11:30pm. We talked about anything, everything and nothing. Wednesday night we talked and I told you you looked exhausted and needed to go on to bed. I thought about calling you Thursday night but remembered you weren't feeling well, I chose not to...a choice I will regret the rest of my life. You were my best friend, my confidante, my sister. I will miss you every day for the rest of my life. I love you! Your loving sister, Suzanne

September 7 at 11:35 AM



**Krista, Skyler, Derek & Caitlin Bailey** sent a Country Basket Blooms to the Parker family.



September 6 at 11:44 AM



**Matt And Christy Bernius** sent a Florist Choice Bouquet to the Parker family.



September 6 at 9:40 AM



## Tribute Wall

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**Anonymous** sent a Beautiful Heart Bouquet to the Parker family.

September 6 at 8:10 AM



**Anonymous** sent a Sweet Tenderness to the Parker family.

September 5 at 4:19 PM



**Civil Support Training Activity, Arnorth** sent a Beautiful Dreams to the Parker family.

September 5 at 2:54 PM



**Tanya And Brian Strauss** sent an Emerald Garden Basket to the Parker family.

September 5 at 7:57 AM



**Tanya And Brian Strauss** planted a Memorial Tree in honor of Virginia.

September 5 at 7:57 AM



**Anonymous** sent a Sweet Sincerity to the Parker family.

September 4 at 5:40 AM





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**Matt And Julie Wolter** planted a Memorial Tree in honor of Virginia.

September 4 at 5:40 AM



**Anonymous** sent a Country Basket Blooms to the Parker family.

September 4 at 5:21 AM



**The Wolter Family And Baby Blair** sent an Enchanted Cottage to the Parker family.

September 3 at 11:47 AM



**The Wolter Family And Baby Blair** planted a Memorial Tree in honor of Virginia.

September 3 at 11:47 AM



**Anonymous** sent a Florist Choice Bouquet to the Parker family.

September 3 at 9:49 AM



**Anonymous** sent a Beautiful Heart Bouquet to the Parker family.

September 2 at 10:20 AM





## Tribute Wall

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**Jason, Scherry And Liz Pinion** planted a Memorial Tree in honor of Virginia.



September 2 at 10:20 AM



**Anonymous** sent a Beautiful in Blue to the Parker family.



September 1 at 4:42 PM



**Dani Jordan** planted a Memorial Tree in honor of Virginia.



September 1 at 4:42 PM



# Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Virginia by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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