



Joy E. Howard

July 6, 1928 - February 17, 2019

Joy Howard, a longtime resident of Croydon, passed away peacefully with family at her bedside on February 17, 2019 from progression of Alzheimers. She was 90 years old.

She was a member of Wilkinson Memorial United Methodist Church and Croydon Senior Citizens Club.

She is preceded in death by her husband of forty eight years, Max and her youngest son Jimmy.

She will always be remembered as a very loving and supportive Mom, by her surviving children, Bonnie Kohler, Max (Trish), Michael and daughter-in-law Kandi. She will be a remembered and missed Grandmom by her six grandchildren and remembered as a "GG" by her two great grandchildren.

Family and friends are invited to attend her memorial gathering on Saturday, March 9, 2019 at 10:30 followed by a Memorial service starting at 11:00 at the Molden Funeral Chapel and Cremation Service 133 Otter St. Bristol, PA. 19007 Interment will be held privately at a later date.

The family requests in lieu of flowers memorial contributions in Joy's name be sent to Wilkinson Memorial Unted Methodist Church 1601 State Road Croydon, PA 19021

Events

MAR **Memorial Gathering** 10:30AM - 11:00AM

9

Molden Funeral Chapel and Cremation Service
133 Otter Street, Bristol, PA, US, 19007

MAR **Memorial Service** 11:00AM - 11:30AM

9

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Comments



“ Florist Choice Bouquet was purchased for the family of Joy E. Howard.



March 09 at 08:36 AM



“ My name is Valerie Starnes and Joy Howard was my aunt. I am Joy's brother, Spike's daughter. When I was a child my favorite place was aunt Joy's kitchen. It was a safe place for me and it always was a good day when I was at her home. I have 2 favorite things at my aunt Joy's house. First was her dog house that hung on her kitchen wall. Each member of her family had a wooden dog with their name on it and when someone was in the "doghouse" their dog was placed in the doghouse on the plaque. My other favorite thing in aunt Joy's kitchen was her cookie jar. When I got there, aunt Joy would take that cookie jar out of the cabinet and there would always be "Oreo" cookies in that cookie jar. Being a child, I didn't know the difference between a store brand cookie and an actual Oreo. I just knew the cookies were good. Aunt Joy would get me a glass of milk for my cookies and I would be happy. Things were hard for my parents and we often had financial struggles. We were homeless several times so it was difficult for a child. My aunt Joy's kitchen was a safe, happy place for me. It was a stable, normal place and aunt Joy was always kind and loving to me. I loved those cookies and milk. I didn't know it was powdered milk mixed with regular milk until much later in my life. My most favorite memory of my aunt Joy was after I was married and had my own child. My husband and I took my daughter, Jennifer, who was around 4 years old, to meet aunt Joy. We sat in her kitchen and nothing had changed. The dog house was still on the wall. And then aunt Joy pulled that same cookie jar out of the same cabinet and got my daughter and I those same cookies that I remembered so fondly. Then aunt Joy got us both "milk". I actually felt a tear go down my face. It was a tear of joy. It was the tear of the memory of a child who felt safe in that kitchen. I started singing outloud.... I'm in my aunt Joy's kitchen having cookies and milk.... Everyone looked at me like I was crazy. I don't know if aunt Joy knew how she made me feel and I never got the chance to tell her how much being with her made me feel. Her love and kindness to a sometimes sad child will never be forgotten.

Valerie Starnes - March 05 at 06:48 PM