



## Hazel L. Knighton

August 14, 1921 - August 1, 2014

Mrs. Hazel Lorene Knighton, 92, died August 1, 2014 at Eastwood Manor in Commerce Oklahoma. She had been a resident of Quapaw for many years and was a member of the First Baptist Church of Quapaw. She was born 14 Aug 1921 in Eckley, Colorado to Clarence (Rock) Stallsworth and Lottie Ory Sarten and was one of six children. On 13 Nov 1937 in Picher Oklahoma she married Charles William Jester who died 11 Jun 1958 at Saline Co. Missouri. She married Llewellyn James Knighton Jr 01 Aug 1964 in Augusta, Kansas and he died 08 Oct 1998 at Joplin Missouri. Hazel is survived by her beloved sister, Opal Lollar of Miami; her three children: Patricia M. (Jester) Friesen and husband, Jack, of San Rafael California JoAnn Louise (Jester) Hatcher and husband Jim of Lincoln California; Alan Francis Jester of Liberty Missouri; seven grandchildren: David Skelton, Lori (Skelton)Dorsey, Heidi (Friesen)Landry, Jeff Hatcher, John Hatcher, Alan Jester Jr, Kim (Jester) Sims and thirteen great grandchildren. She will be missed greatly by her family and friends.

Mrs. Knighton's Services are 10:00 AM, Friday, August 15, 2014 at First Baptist Church in Quapaw. Interment was prior to the services White Chapel Memorial Gardens in Wichita, Kansas. Services have been placed in care of the Brown-Winters Funeral Home and Cremation Service in Miami.

Friends and family may send the family notes of encouragement by viewing

Hazel's Tribute Page at [www.brown-winters.com](http://www.brown-winters.com)

# Cemetery Details

## White Chapel Memorial Gardens

1806 North Oliver Avenue  
Wichita, KS 67208

# Previous Events

## Funeral

AUG 15. 10:00 AM (CT)

First Baptist Church - Quapaw  
419 South Kentucky Street  
Quapaw, OK 74363

# Tribute Wall



“ *Brown-Winters Funeral Home and Cremation Service created a Tribute Video in memory of Hazel L. Knighton* ”



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**Brown-Winters Funeral Home and Cremation Service** - August 12, 2014 at 04:02 PM

“ My grandmother, Hazel, was my very first memory in life. Her and my mom stood talking as I was being bathed in the kitchen sink. I have no idea how old I was – but, young enough to somehow fit into a sink.



Hazel and my grandfather, Lew, were both huge influences on my life. I idolized and cherished them, along with my Uncle Alan – whom taught me to fish in Quapaw, OK. As a child, visits from them or going to Oklahoma, were my absolute favorite times. My first airplane ride wasn't to Disneyland or Hawaii or some far off distant meaningless place – it was to Oklahoma and Kansas. And, there was no place I would've rather seen. As much as my own wonderful parents have shaped me, so have Hazel and Lew. Hazel was our esteemed family matriarch, for whom we all had great love and admiration.

My most fond childhood memory was coming to her modest home in Oklahoma as a child and riding in my grandpa's big pick-up truck all around Quapaw. He thought he was proudly showing me off to his friends. It was I whom was proud of him. I was proud of them both, and worked hard at being their favorite grandchild. I don't know if I won, but I believe I edged out my brother, Jeff – though, Hazel would never dare admit to loving any member of her family more than another. ;-)

Being raised by a Midwestern family from America's heartland was a privilege not wasted on me. I always seemed to know I was different from my West coast peers. Not only did I grow-up saying interesting things like “warsh” instead of wash, and “divan” rather than couch, but I've always had a mind and heart full of love for God, Country music, and pick-up trucks. I'm often asked by people in CA where I'm from. I consider this a compliment, because I know they're asking because they're thrown-off by how weird I am for saying, “hello” to passersby, or opening the door for women – or, for my adherence to the Golden Rule and treating strangers with such respect. Today, I'm as much Oklahoma as California. I'm as much Hazel and Lew as Mom and Dad.

Hazel was the strongest woman I've ever known. Perhaps, she was

*just the most stubborn – I'll never know. Along with other family members, I pleaded with her to move to CA – or, at least come visit more often. I not only begged her, I offered to fly there, take her to the airport, and deliver her to the rest of the family in California that missed her so much. Each time, she would graciously decline, yet leave me with just enough hope to continue my campaign of persuasiveness for another 10 years.*

*Gradually, I changed my tactics to include guilt and how much we needed her in CA. When guilt fell short, I tried to lure her away from the scary tornadoes in Oklahoma to return to the much less-scary earthquakes of California. Eventually, however, I acquiesced altogether. I knew she was never leaving the hallowed ground of Oklahoma. Something kept her there. I respected her wishes, but reminded her at every opportunity how much she was missed. I guess went with more guilt. I have always envied Hazel's friends and family in Oklahoma for getting to spend so much time with my grandma, and one of the few souls I treasure so much.*

*Grandma was stubborn, but she truly was strong. Her strength was of inspiration to me. Oftentimes, I felt she might even be stronger than me – and, not because I'm a CA native born during the summer of love in San Francisco. I've had 13 orthopedic surgeries, and more broken bones than anyone should. But, grandma was a stiff competitor, not to be outdone by her grandson. I saw firsthand her ability to face serious injury, illness and loss with courage, determination and far less complaining than I. I often recognize Hazel's strength and courage within her three adult children.*

*Since her passing, I have reflected and pondered deeply on Hazel's life and if I could somehow narrow down the single greatest thing she taught me. It didn't take long to figure-out. Hazel passed on to me her resilience to overcome. That, "Life will*

JH

(CONTINUED:)

*That, "Life will give you pain – but, suffering is optional."*

*It was something gleaned over a lifetime, and from years of talking on the phone. And, something I needed more than anything else.*

*Hazel also knew that being rich had nothing to do with money. She knew that this life on earth was only a dress rehearsal for the one that mattered with Jesus Christ. And, she knew that love is stronger than adversity.*

*She was Humble, but Proud – Resilient but Compassionate – Reserved, but Wise.*

*She was reverent, well-spoken, a wonderful listener, always in the present moment with you – and, she had the single best accent of all time.*

*I'm not yet sure what I will do without hearing that voice again. I guess she's still teaching my about resilience and love conquering fear. - JP Hatcher*

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**JP Hatcher** - August 25, 2014 at 01:48 PM

JE

“ *I was always excited when I was a kid to be able to see her whether she was in Sacramento or all the way in Florida. Family vacations to the mid-west were also special even if I drove Lew crazy. I also remembered her popping open those Carnation can creamers for her coffee. Didn't know until then that creamer came in a can.*

*I also believe that most sentences she said to me started with: "Now Jeff....." and ended in either "leave your brother alone" or "what are your mom and dad going to say about this".*

*It was also great to share her visits with my cousins too. I remember all of those gatherings like they were yesterday.*

*-jeff hatcher (grandson)*

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**jeff** - August 13, 2014 at 04:39 PM

“ Hello to those of you who knew Grandma Hazel.

*It's a sad time for those of us who were lucky enough to have Grandma Hazel in our lives. Those of you who live in Oklahoma are especially blessed as you got to see her more than her family on the west coast. She surely must have loved Oklahoma to live so far away from her family out west. It's not Oklahoma's fault that time was stolen from us here. No, life has it's own way of throwing busyness at us with children, lovers, friends, jobs and whatever else gets in the way of spending time with those we truly love. Especially, those who live in the far, far, far away land of Oklahoma.*

*I know for a fact that she was rooted deep into Oklahoma. We all asked her to move out west on so many occasions, that she finally let it be known that she was tired of that conversation. Leaving Oklahoma was an idea that just kind of withered and blew away over time. She definitely had an independent streak. I have to laugh when I say that, because she definitely knew what she wanted and wouldn't give an inch when her mind was made up. Independent streak? Yep, bit of an understatement.*

*Grandma Hazel was a shining light of good cheer in my life. Somehow, she had an amazing gift for putting life's events in their proper place on the shelf. I remember talking to her after my wife had passed away and asking her how she got through losing two husbands. She replied that she just kept waking up every day and somehow things got better. It wasn't the words, but the tone that always made me feel like a million bucks. When she talked about her life, she made it sound as if it were a great, but distant journey. She had a mid-west detachment and humbleness regarding her personal struggles. Her quiet strength made me feel that my troubles could be handled, could be solved, could be put away as easily as a load of freshly cleaned laundry. She made it all sound so easy, and time has proven her right... again and again. So full of love, just literally bursting at the seams with love.*

*I still have a few letters from her, so I'll quote directly from a letter which I'm holding in my hand... by the way... despite some hardships with her hand, she had beautiful penmanship, which is a lost art in itself.*

*"I love each & every one of my grandchildren and my children. I am so lucky to feel the way I do about my wonderful family."*

*Grandma never had a hard time saying "I love you" and like-wise, I'm very sad that I won't have any more opportunities to tell her how much I love her in person.*

*"Love doesn't make the world go 'round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile."*

*Franklin P. Jones*

*Much love to all of you visiting these pages...*

*Signed,*

*David Skelton (Grandson)*

*Bend, Oregon*

*08/07/2014*

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**David Skelton** - August 07, 2014 at 06:34 PM



*David Skelton you captured in grandmother in beautiful words. She was a kind soul and I feel blessed that she was part of my life. My God comfort you and your family at this time.*

*Carol Cook  
(Lew's niece)  
Cheney, Kansas  
08/13/2014*

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**Carol L Cook** - August 13, 2014 at 09:34 PM