



Shirley Thacker

January 16, 1924 - May 4, 2020

Family and friends of Shirley are invited to share their favorite photos, video memories and heart felt messages on her Tribute page on the Green Hills Mortuary Website.

Cemetery

Green Hills Memorial Park

27501 S. Western Ave.

Rancho Palos Verdes, CA, 90275

Comments



“ As Chuck's wife of 45 years, I met Honey in November of 1974. I bonded immediately with both his dad and mom. I loved them both and with my own parents gone at a young age, thought of them as family and our memories over the years are some of the happiest and funniest of my life. Funny because so many of our times together were silly and filled with laughter. That includes our unusual wedding, times with their first grandchild Nate (Uno and Superman), Dodger games, crazy stories about Disneyland adventures with Chuck on stage, waterguns and Shirley holding places in the rainhat.

I could go on and on, but I'll end with Shirley on the patio up here smoking a cigar.

I could talk to her about anything. She would never judge me and was always straight with me about everything. We were on the same page always, close and I will love her forever along with Chuck's dad.

Jackie Thacker - May 21, 2020 at 05:00 PM



“ A very special woman has left us.

First, a few words about her family. Mom came from a family of very high achievers. They battled through the Great Depression to become not just farmers, but shrewd in business matters as well. They built a huge, prosperous farm that was bolstered by finding oil later. I loved to go back. We'd work in the fields all day, and ate like kings for all three meals. She indeed did take a horse drawn carriage to school and often would walk the three miles to school in good weather. As a young girl, she spent months in bed after getting kicked in the right knee by a horse. It was lucky she didn't lose her leg. She knew the value of hard work, character and perseverance and was instrumental in instilling those qualities in me over the years. After the Great Depression, most of her family parlayed that hard work into prosperity and success.

She was a teacher and air traffic controller during WW2, but lost her job to the men that came home from the war. After my Dad and her started the studio in 1952, for years they worked to build that business. He'd drive all the way across LA just to collect \$5. She'd spend hours a day in the dark room and then retouching photos all night after dinner. No one worked harder to help her family.

For me personally, she meant so much. When she came into my Dad's life, I was pretty unhappy living with my biological Mom and step father at the time. Mom adopted me as a son. She taught me to always get the hardest job done first. She got me through one of the hardest times in my life. She taught me to value family, education, self pride, and optimism. In the days before seat belts, I rode right at her side in the car, standing up. I called her Honey because that's what Dad called her. In my teen years, if I needed to talk, we'd pile into my Volkswagon and go for drives around town.

When Nate was little, we'd come down twice per year. Go to Disneyland, Knotts, the beach and a Dodger game. And she was along for most of it. When I was a teen, she'd take me to Dodger Stadium to watch Koufax pitch. Later, whenever our family would get ready to drive home, she'd go to Toys R Us. She'd pick out 12 toys, wrap them, and he'd open one per hour on the way home.

After Dad's passing in 94, she travelled to my house at least once per year. She never lost her optimism. She loved to read and learn. We'd talk about everything from politics to family matters. I'd take her with to my friend's homes and they all loved her as well. I am proud to say she trusted me completely and often cried when she boarded the plane.

As she aged, she made it clear to me she never wanted to leave her home. I'm so glad she was able to stay there right to the end as she requested.

Now she got her final wish: to be buried next to Dad. Because as you know in life, they seldom left each other's side.

I will miss her until we're reunited one day, and never forget what she did for me.

Finally, if you haven't watched the movie of her wedding day with my Dad, I strongly suggest you find it, and watch it. Then, you'll get an idea of what the young, vibrant Shirley was like.

Love

Chuck

Chuck Thacker - May 21, 2020 at 04:24 PM