



Strength Hope

*In Loving Memory*  
CELEBRATING A LIFE

**A Celebration of Life**

Countryside Covenant Church  
940 E. Northview Ave., McPherson, Kansas  
Saturday, October 12, 2024, at 11:00 AM

**Officiant**

Jason Stone

**Reading of Obituary, Poems, & Memories**

Dakota Strange ~ Reagan Keller ~ Caleb Fox  
Payton Fox ~ Derek Strange ~ Quincey Fox  
Halston Strange ~ Blain Stewart  
Sam Strange ~ Heather Stone

**Special Music**

"The Lord's Prayer" by Sister Janet Mead  
"Red Dirt Church"

by Russell Dickerson feat. Needtobreathe

"Don't Cry For Me" by Rick Patterson

*Recessional:* "Praying Woman" by Lainey Wilson

**Memorial Donations**

Memorial donations can be made to Xi Iota Epsilon for their Red Event, where proceeds are gifted to women experiencing a medical crisis in care of Stockham Family Funeral Home, 205 North Chestnut, McPherson, KS 67460.

**Appreciation**

Tamara's family wishes to express sincere appreciation for all your prayers and kindness, evidenced in thought and deed, and your presence at this service.

*Stockham Family Funeral Home*



*In Loving Memory*  
**Tamara L. Strange**

October 17, 1967 - October 1, 2024

## *A Celebration of Life* *Tamara Lyn Strange*

Obituaries are hard. Not just for the obvious fact of having to write about the loss of a loved one. No, the most challenging part is trying to determine how one can truly summarize a life on paper. Truth be told, you can't.

From a high-level view, Tamara Lyn (McCall) Strange passed away peacefully at the age of 56 in the early morning of October 1, 2024. She was the wife of 29 years to Stoney Strange, had three sons, Dakota, Ty and Walker Strange and a daughter-in-law, Samantha Strange, who is due with their first child in November. She was a sister to Gina (Preston) Stewart and Tracy Fox (Jon) Weninger. She was a daughter to her father and beloved stepmother, Tom and Patty McCall, as well as her late mother Cathy Thompson who passed in 2011. She was fortunate enough to experience a large family with many cousins, nieces, nephews and grand-nieces and nephews. And she was a friend to even more. She was loved by many, and she loved back.

However, this high-level view does not paint the full picture. It does not show that during Tamara's final days in the hospital, there were rarely less than 10 people at a time there to see her, sit by her, hold her hand and tell her they love her. It does not show how, even in a time of sadness, she had a special ability to bring everybody together.

This high-level view does not show you that Tam was a woman of simple pleasures. Tam loved her quiet house in Inman, Kansas where you could see the stars clearly at night and would fall asleep to the mooing of the neighbor's cattle only to be awoken in the morning by her sons yelling as they zoomed through the yard on go-carts. Tam's love of the simple things also extended to fuzzy socks and pajama pants as she had overflowing drawers with each. Though this was often her outfit of choice at home, she would not be caught dead outside the house wearing these (no offense to those who do wear pajama pants out and about).

This high-level view does not show you that Tam was naturally skilled in many traits and qualities that several of us lack. She was a strong listener and though she was often quiet, you never forgot that she was there. Tam had an innate ability to make you feel seen when speaking to her. And she rarely spoke out of turn, unless, of course, she was arguing the ruling of a board game. Because another thing about Tam that the high-level view does not show you is that she was secretly very competitive.

The high-level view does not show you that Tam was also a successful business owner of a local fruit stand, *Tam's Country Fresh*, and Kansas State Fair restaurant, *The Fruit Bowl*. There, she taught her three young sons the value of an early morning and hard day's work. She taught them how to properly count change back to customers without using a calculator. But most importantly, she continued to let them be kids and made sure they knew that it was okay, and even encouraged, to taste the product. You see, it's hard NOT to buy the fresh fruit when you see three happy boys with juices dripping down their chins. You could say she knew a bit about marketing and sales too.

Tam was one of the good ones. She cared deeply for her friends and family. She loved her husband, Stoney, as they were always having fun together, pulling pranks on their friends, creating memorable moments for their kids and enjoying the life they had built together. And though Stoney would often repeat long, detailed stories almost daily, Tam would (most of the time) let him tell them, though rarely doing so without a hidden eye roll. Tam had a soft smile and incredibly expressive eyebrows that could tell a story without saying a word.

Tam passed peacefully after a long battle with cancer. She was a fighter even during her final days. In typical Tam fashion, she waited until the room cleared, just momentarily, as she hated being the center of attention. From there, she entered eternal rest. And she did so wearing her favorite fuzzy socks.