



Hazel Mae "Punky" Holbrook

October 7, 1929 - March 7, 2021

Hazel Mae "Punky" Holbrook came into this world on October 7, 1929, and flew home to her heavenly father on Sunday, March 7, 2021, surrounded by her family. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, the daughter of Ferdinand "Fred" C. Buckholdt and Hazel May Hawlowetz Buckholdt. She was predeceased by Joe K. Holbrook, her husband of 62 years and father of her eight children, both of her parents, her sisters Mary Lou Zowarka and Josephine Savary, and her brother Ferdinand "Freddy" Buckholdt, Jr. She is survived by her youngest sister, Patricia Stein, and her husband Harold Stein, her godchildren Bobbie Jo Hill, Cynthia Wood, Carole Elliott, Jerry Guise and Kerry Stein, as well as numerous nieces and nephews. She will also be dearly remembered by her best friend, Mary Elizondo.

Punky started her adult life as the most beautiful young woman full of dreams, and became the Mom of song, love, and laughter to the eight most fortunate kids in the world. She leaves behind these children to tell her story. We remember her early in the mornings as our alarm clock - singing us awake with such energy and joy for the new day. Most days it was great, but on cold or rainy school days we looked for a pillow to smother the alarm. She greeted us after school with a song and when we left to travel to our adult homes after visits from out of town, she had an appropriate song to send us off. Not only could she sing, she played the piano, and she was a dancer, preferring the jitterbug over all others. She and her brother Freddy used to win jitterbug contests when they were teenagers. Then later, she would turn on the radio to her favorite country music station and dance her youngest child to the rugged cowboy sounds of Merle Haggard, her favorite, while the rest of us danced gleefully around her. Speaking of Merle, Mom was practically on a first-name basis with him. Nancy took Mom to one of his concerts at Floore's Country Store a few years ago. Entry was on a first-come, first-served basis and Mom was the first person in the walker/wheelchair line. When they told her to come in, she was so excited that she picked up her walker and ran to the front row, center seat. She got to talk to Merle that night.

Our Mom taught us how to laugh even when times of grief came into our lives. Bonnie had

those “grief” times monthly when she acted as Mom’s pedicurist. While sawing Mom’s “talons” for two hours (the grief part) Bonnie laughed with Mom about fun times. Punky and her three sisters would gather at a table and talk and laugh until they cried. That’s how her eight kids learned to gather at the table, where we spent (and still spend) hours talking “over” each other and laughing louder and louder, yet still simultaneously staying abreast of eight single voices each telling a different story, as well as the dual, triple and quadruple conversations ongoing among us. That’s quite a feat of which we are all very proud!

Mom loved road trips, both short and long. Debby was the expert at the trips down memory lane in San Antonio. These jaunts took place at least once a week, and no matter how many times Mom wanted to visit the same haunts, Debby patiently took her over and over again because Mom was so easy to make happy and so grateful for any time she could spend with her children. Suzan was the queen of the long hauls. Every time Suzan came to town, she took Mom on new adventures out of town. Laughter was the most memorable and fun parts of the journeys. Every summer Joe and Toni took her with them on family trips all across the country, to the mountains and seashores and all of the national parks. On Mom’s eightieth birthday, Nancy and Suzan surprised her with a trip to New England to see the fall foliage. Then on her eighty-third birthday, Toni, Nancy and Suzan took her to the last of the 48 contiguous states that she had not yet visited. Washington, Oregon and Idaho were beautiful and she reveled in the majesty of them, and of course, we laughed our way through all three states.

She loved to work in the yard and flower beds. She kindled this love of nature in her grandchildren as they experienced first-hand the joy of feeling the raw soil between their fingers, hearing for the first time and rehearsing the names of the flora, respecting all living things and learning how to care for them. And walking! Our favorite pastime that has been treasured by all of us and our children and grandchildren. Punky worked at Frost Bank after she graduated from St. Patrick’s Academy until she married Joe and became a mother to Suzan. After a 27-year maternity leave she rejoined Frost Bank, rode the bus to work toting a small carry-on, changed into casual wear and walked the 5 1/2 miles home every day. From birth, we were strolled, pulled in a wagon, and finally able to walk to our Gaki’s house, our cousins’ houses, and throughout our neighborhood. Linda cherishes the memory of daily morning walks at North Star Mall with Mom after her retirement. Dana especially cherishes memories of walking many evenings with Mom to Swenson’s Ice Cream Parlor where Mom “supposedly” ordered the Earthquake (3,000 calories per serving) and cheerfully said, “Dana, let’s go home and walk off these calories.”

Punky was a devout Catholic with a simple, child-like faith. She loved to attend Mass and

for years went to daily Mass with her son, Joe. Joe and Toni also took her to Mass on Saturday evenings for many years, and then treated her to dinner and her all-time favorite - dessert! She raised her children to know God, to obey his laws and to love Him, to be unafraid of professing our beliefs, to try to live by our principles, to respect authority and the law, to help the poor in every way possible, and to freely give of ourselves. She spent her lifetime in these pursuits and she fostered the most grateful children for giving so enthusiastically of herself.

Mom brought each one of us into the world with loving care, sweet cooing, warm cuddling, soft lullabies, and tinkling laughter, the most beautiful sound of all. We have proof because there were so many of us that the older ones can remember her tenderness to each of our brothers and sisters as babies and her witness to us that every child is a treasure. She had the quietness of wisdom that tiptoed into our lives at times when things seemed unbearable. No woe was ever too insurmountable for Mom to help us understand it, color it with hope, and stand with us until it was better. Trish moved back in with our parents for two years when her children were ages 1, 2, and 3. Mom came home each night from the bank, wearing her beautiful smile, not a care in the world, and took care of those babies. Her selflessness was absolute and unparalleled.

Throughout our lives, Mom and Groovy sang, danced, laughed and loved her way into our hearts and souls. We were never alone, even when we were physically alone. Her presence infiltrated our beings and will continue to silently fill us in times of need and times of reflection and times of celebration until the day each of us will join her in her eternal home. Our sadness is all-encompassing but our joy for her is beyond all discernment.

These are her eight children: Suzan DeLoach (Jim), Linda O'Connor (Tim), Bonnie Marx (David), Joe K. Holbrook, Jr. (Toni), Debra Manuppelli (Scott), Nancy Hardy (Mike), Patricia "Trish" Holbrook, and Dana Holbrook (Ibis).

She was known as "Groovy" to her grandchildren, Justin Messimer (Shawn), Clint Messimer (Kristy), Michael Wilbanks (Rebecca), Heath Wilbanks, Olivia Mayberry (Greg), Warren DeLoach (Susan), Shea Siemens (Troy LeMasters), Kori Hubbard (Joey), Katie Blair (Bud), Kelly Ford (Jason), Ashley Salinas (Richard), Avery Marx, Brian Marx, Kendall Marx, Jared Marx, Lauren Holbrook (Carlos Quezada), Heston Holbrook, Bronson Holbrook (Natalie), Holden Manuppelli (Tara), Hannah Manuppelli, Luke Manuppelli, Molly Cox (Derek), Hillary Evans (Brett), Catherine Hardy, Sarah Egerman (John), Lyndsi Swientek, Markhollan Swientek, Hillary Crawford (Cason), Jacob Holbrook (Clara), Natalie Holbrook, and Mary Holbrook.

She was great-grandmother Groovy to Beck Messimer, Sydney Messimer, Olive Wilbanks, John Webb Mayberry, Lucy Mayberry, Olivia DeLoach, James DeLoach, Kalie Gallaher, Shauna Gallaher, Allison Bittner, Cindy Denman, Malcolm Denman, Matthew Wilkinson, Sean Siemens, Sheyenne Siemens, Seth Siemens, Sawyer Siemens. Christopher LeMaster, Bailey Hubbard, Boyd Hubbard, Ashton Ford, Timothy Ford, J.D. Blair, Ryan Blair, Destiny Garcia, Serenity Salinas, Easton Garcia, Legend Salinas, Logan Ramirez, Vincenzo Quezada, Maru Quezada, Hudson Holbrook, Rozlyn Manuppelli, Emery Manuppelli, Aiden Cox, Kennedy Cox, Matthew Brinkmann, Emerson Evans, Knox Evans, Harris Egerman, Johnny Egerman, Caroline Egerman, Mason Bulla, Abigail Swientek, Sunny Boogaard, Sarah Boogaard, Savannah Crawford, Shayne Crawford, and Gavin Holbrook.

She was great-great-grandmother Groovy to Ariana Siemens, Minerva Denman, Nico Bittner, William Bittner, Seth Siemens, Jr. (due on April 22) and Sydney's baby (due on July 3).

Pallbearers are her grandsons Michael Wilbanks, Heston Holbrook, Bronson Holbrook, Markhollan Swientek, Holden Manuppelli, Jacob Holbrook, Brian Marx and Jared Marx. Honorary pallbearers are her grandsons Justin Messimer, Clint Messimer, Heath Wilbanks, Warren DeLoach and Luke Manuppelli.

The family would like to thank Dr. Robert Wymer for his selfless help and advice in caring for our Mom, and the entire loving staff of St. Francis Nursing Home and her roommate, Miss Dee, who was her constant companion during her last year. A special thanks for their loving care as nurses to our Mom is extended by your siblings to our sister Trish and our sisters-in-law Toni and Ibis. We also want to thank Heath for staying with Groovy and making her feel safe during the most difficult and lonely period of her life.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to:

The Activities Fund
St. Francis Nursing Home
630 W. Woodlawn
San Antonio, Texas 78212

The Poor Box
St. Anthony of Padua Catholic Church

102 Lorenz
San Antonio, Texas 78209

Services

Rosary and Mass:

9:30 a.m., Tuesday, March 16, 2021
Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church
600 Oblate
San Antonio, Texas 78216

Burial (immediate family only):

Mission Park Cemetery North
20900 IH-10 West
San Antonio, Texas 78257

Cemetery

Mission Burial Park North

20900 IH 10 West

San Antonio, TX, 78257

Events

MAR **Rosary/Funeral Mass** 09:30AM

16

Blessed Sacrament Catholic Church

600 Oblate, San Antonio, TX, US, 78216

Comments



“ Memories we have of our loved ones help in the healing of the loss.
Terry (Hand) Clary, State Farm/Holy Trinity Catholic Church

Terry Clary - March 18 at 07:43 PM



“ I am the youngest and only surviving sibling of five. Do was my babysitter, my second mom. Freddy, my only brother, was my protector and sometimes ride to school sitting behind him on his bike. Jo was my teacher and genealogy buddy, and my dear, beautiful sister, Punky, was my entertainer. She would read to me before I could read. She would make up games to play with me, especially paper dolls that she would draw extra clothing for. She taught me how to dance, most fun was the Jitterbug. When I was in first grade, I had a terrible bout with Whooping Cough and missed several weeks of school. Out of nowhere, she was able to gather black and white fabrics and dressed herself up to look like the nuns that taught me in school. She made a black habit and the white forehead band and I never recognized her as my sister and felt that she was definitely a nun visiting me from school. She loved to style and curl my hair and if you have seen the picture of me in a yellow pinafore around age 5, she styled my hair for that picture. She was an amazing sister, always smiling, ready with a laugh and story. She had a penchant for knowing and remembering everyone's birthdate, family and coworkers. I will miss her. Save me a cup of coffee and a place at the table. I will join you someday. Patricia (Stein)

Patricia Buckholdt Stein - March 17 at 12:21 PM



“ Back in the day we would walk down to Winns and buy the 45rpm record knock-off of a top hit song. Aunt Punky gave me my first 45rpm "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'" by the reigning artist, Nancy Sinatra. In a visit at her home a few years back, we reminisced about it and she burst out singing the tune and dancing! Her laugh, the giggle Paula mentioned, just warmed us through and through.

Cynthia Wood - March 15 at 11:47 PM



“ Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Hazel Mae "Punky" Holbrook.



March 15 at 11:53 AM



“ Aunt Punky often ended up being my 'babysitter' for the days mom had bunco. She would often give me the choice of a couple of aunts and Aunt Punky was usually my choice so I could go play with Dana, my cousin who is 20-some-odd days older than me (which he reminded me of every time I saw him). She was always so happy and had a very unique gentle giggly voice I will always hear in my memory. Love to all my Holbrook cousins.

Paula Zowarka Ivy - March 15 at 09:43 AM



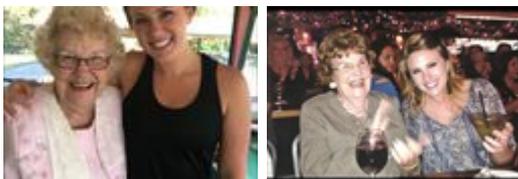
“ Love from the Sieve Family purchased the Guiding Light Bouquet for the family of Hazel Mae "Punky" Holbrook.



Love from the Sieve Family - March 13 at 09:36 PM



“ The best smile



Hannah Manuppelli - March 13 at 01:32 PM



“ Aunt Punky had the best laugh! One of my fondest memories was when my mom (aunt Punky’s baby sister, Patricia), Aunt Do, Uncle Freddy, and Aunt Punky came to visit me and my family when we lived in South Carolina. The stories I heard while they sat around my kitchen table were priceless. The memories of that visit and your laughter brings a smile to my face. I will miss you Aunt Punky!
Love,
Kimberly (Stein) White

Kimberly White - March 12 at 11:12 PM



“ Nancy (and family), my heart goes out to all of you and my thoughts and prayers are with you! Thanks be to God for all the wonderful memories you all will have to share and laugh!!!

Drew Brown

Drew Brown - March 12 at 02:31 PM



“ Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Hazel Mae "Punky" Holbrook.



March 12 at 01:21 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Mission Park Funeral Chapels & Cemetery - March 12 at 10:18 AM



“ So many people don't ever get to know their aunts & uncles. I am one that can honestly say that I know & love all of mine. I have been so fortunate to have known all of mine & they are all loving, giving, delightful, and uplifting. I will miss A. Punkys glorious smile and contagious laugh. She was truly a wonderful person. I can imagine her A. Jo & my mom sitting together in heaven having a cup of coffee and laughing & giggling about old times together. May God bless her & keep her

Laura Menn - March 13 at 06:44 PM



“ Jane Zowarka West: I have fond memories of the bright spark in Punky's eyes and her beautiful, always smiling face when she visited my cousins next door.

Jane - March 16 at 07:54 AM