



## Edward Warren Green

March 6, 1943 - November 28, 2025

Edward W Green born on March 6, 1943 passed away peacefully in the early morning hours of November 28, 2025 in San Antonio, TX.

Edward was born in Amarillo, Texas to Phyllis and Edward Green. He graduated from Palo Duro High School. At 16, he started working with his father at GE Jones Electric Co. repairing electric motors, in the shop and in the field. This experience, along with his talent for speaking, lead him to the position of Loss Control Representative for a major insurance company in Lubbock, TX in 1970. This started Edward's 45-year career in insurance. A very quick learner he progressed from Loss Control, to Marketing, then Commercial Underwriting where he excelled in risk evaluation, pricing, contracts and management. Edward had various positions from underwriter to Vice President, but he was proudest to be considered Chief Underwriting Officer.

He was very intuitive of people and their personalities. His technical abilities were excellent; his interpersonal skills were extraordinary. He was able to get along with every one, very easy to talk to and a very good listener. As a manager, he had a way to bring out the best in people.

Edward enjoyed speaking, whether it be one person or one hundred. He had no problem getting on stage. He had a quick wit and entertained his audience.

He was a talented self-taught wood worker making many pieces of furniture for the home. He had a beautiful voice and enjoyed singing. A natural musical talent, he could play the piano, guitar and any instrument he picked up, except the violin. He had an imagination and enjoyed writing stories, mock instruction manuals and mock newsletters for himself and close friends.

Edward was a loving husband to JoAnne for 42 years. He could turn simple journeys into adventures and mundane tasks into extreme productions, usually with a lot of laughing. Above everything, Edward and JoAnne enjoyed being together.

Edward was always available to his children for his advice, knowledge and just chat, but knew they had to forge their own path. Many of Edward's talents were passed on to his daughter (woodworking, speaking, writing) and they would talk for hours. He enjoyed talking with his son Richard about computers, his jobs and things they did when he was young. Edward was proud of their accomplishments.

He is preceded in death by his parents Edward and Phyllis Green, sisters Carol and Patricia and son Patrick.

Edward is survived by his wife, Jo Anne Green, former wife Reba Green, son Edward Green II, daughter Elizabeth Walker/spouse Randy Walker, son Richard Sommers, ten grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

As Edward requested, there will be no funeral.

# Tribute Wall

GD

“With warmest memories of one of my best friends ever! We will miss you, Edward. There is so many good times and memories we shared over the years. The laughs and jokes were never ending. Staff meetings were always lively! So many things come to mind, but the best times were being a part of what you referred to as “Edward and JoAnne’s Little Adventures.” Thank you for including me in all those many travels to Lake Charles. The “splitters” and the many meals shared at Café du Lac! Then off to Coushatta for more gambling fun! I remember those trips fondly.

*I was your second in command at work, but when we were not at work, we met to share our weekly Saturday night Mexican Food dinner with Margaritas with you & JoAnne. We welcomed each other into our homes for weekend adventures, or just sitting around talking for hours. You will be remembered for you insurance knowledge, quick wit, humor and caring personality. You had a passion for woodworking, and I still have a couple keepsakes. You could play the piano that you learned to play by ear. You had a great singing voice. One song you sang so well, was “The Green Green Grass of Home.” I think of that song now with tears in my eyes for a friend now gone, but know we will meet again someday. I am honored to be one of your closest friends.*

*Gina*

*Condolences to the family,*

*Randy & Gina Douglas*

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**Gina Douglas** - December 11, 2025 at 05:30 PM

MI

“ I’m so sorry for your loss! I have a lot of memories of your father as a child. He and my dad playing guitars singing house of the rising sun. Dirt bike wrecks in Lubbock, a Bigfoot (big ed) sighting outside San Antonio with little Edward and I screaming through the woods and Chris lodging himself in the back window of the car. lol, I mostly remember his humor.

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**michael** - December 07, 2025 at 11:17 AM

CA

“ Scooter had a way of loving people that was entirely his own. If he cared about you, he showed it in small, steady ways — in his jokes, his stories, the things he built, and the emails he somehow managed to send even though computers weren’t exactly his favorite thing.

*He supported me through college with a quiet steadiness I will never forget. He kept up with my classes and my life, celebrated my accomplishments, and encouraged me through the hard parts. His messages were always full of humor, especially when he reminded me how proud he was to be left-handed and how suspicious he was of all the Righties in the world. And when he really meant something, he’d seal it with a “purple fish,” his own special kind of promise.*

*Scooter could build anything with his hands, and he built with so much heart. When I was young, he made me a beautiful white desk that I used for years while homeschooling. It became the place where I learned and grew because he took the time to make something just for me. He made toy boxes, carved giraffes for my mom, and created so many treasures for the people he loved.*

*And when he sang or played piano or guitar, the whole room seemed to settle and listen. His voice had a warmth that stayed with you long after the song was over.*

*Scooter was talented, stubborn, funny, thoughtful, proudly left-handed, and completely one of a kind. I’ll miss his emails, his encouragement, his humor, his “purple fish” promises, and his sun-warmed sodas. Most of all, I’ll miss him — just exactly who he was.*

*We were lucky to have him. And I’m grateful I got to be his granddaughter*

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Camille - December 06, 2025 at 02:17 PM

## “ Dad

*How can I write down what my dad meant to me? He was the first man I loved. I adored him from the very first day I remember. He was my best friend and my confidant. We talked daily on my way to work, telling him about the drama around the office and getting his advice as to how I should handle things. He loved to do spreadsheets for me, as I hated doing them.*

*Dad was one of the most talented people I have ever known. He had a beautiful voice and played multiple instruments, He was a woodworker, he had an amazing personality and everyone who met him instantly liked him. My dad was intelligent, successful and could fix anything he put his hands on. Dad wasn't only intelligent but had a ton of common sense. He gave me advice that I will never forget and has served me well*

*Some of my happiest memories as a kid were sitting around the dinner table and talking, he was genuinely interested in our days. Sitting in the garage under his saw as he built things while playing in the sawdust. Watching him sing and playing the guitar at parties and seeing him make everyone laugh.. The shiny red helmet he brought me home one day, and the purple bicycle he bought me and taught me to ride. One day he decided he was going to “teach” us pig Latin. The whole family could speak it so fast it sounded like a language. I asked him one time, Dad why not Spanish, It really would have taken me further in life than pig Latin. We both would laugh. He would say “but I didn't know Spanish”.*

*I will never forget, one day he told me he was proud of me. Those words meant everything to me. I wanted nothing in the world more than for my dad to be proud of me. Dad used to say we were twins, we not only look alike we have the same personality, never met a stranger, and I inherited his mechanical ability. We both love working with wood and creating things. Dad and I could just glance at each other, and we knew what the other was thinking. I will never forget the day my father gave me his woodworking tools, as he had*

*decided to retire from that hobby. His fear was that I would hurt myself with them, but he finally relented. I remember Jo Anne telling me "if you get hurt, don't tell your dad" Well, I did get hurt, drilling through my wrist and breaking a thumb in three places. Eventually I started making things and I loved showing him my benches and tables. He would go on and on about how good they were. I knew they were nothing like he had done, but he would swear they were. Dad always made me feel special and he always told me he loved me.*

*Now he is gone and left the world taking so many talents with him. The thought that I will never hear his voice again, be able to call him, get a hug from him, at least in this world, is devastating. People have said to me "time heals" "It is hard losing a parent" "You will see him again"*

*What they will never understand is that he wasn't just my dad he was my heart. I lost the most important person in the world to me. Dad always would tell me that one day he will die and I will have to accept it. He didn't want me to be devastated. That day did come, and it came too soon. If it had been 20 years from now it would have been too soon.*

*What I do have left are memories. The advice he gave me has served me well in life. I can honestly say that he was the best dad in the world. I miss him dearly. So, I can't say goodbye dad but instead I will see you again. As I write this, crying, I can hear him say "Oh don't cry, it will be alright."*

*His daughter,  
Elizabeth*

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**Elizabeth Walker** - December 04, 2025 at 11:23 PM

EW

“ 4 files added to the album Father and Daughter



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**Elizabeth Walker** - December 04, 2025 at 11:21 PM

AE

“ I will never forget Scooters sense of humor. I can hear his voice now “don’t worry, I will get it” over and over. He always made me laugh with how dry his humor was. I still have the jewelry boxes he made me. One as joke with a giraffe he drew on it and a screw as a handle, and the other being beautiful. He laughed and told me to throw the joke one away, but I loved how quirky it was. He will be very much missed.



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**Alexandra Elder** - December 02, 2025 at 08:11 PM