



Shirley Ann Tarin

May 30, 1953 - November 29, 2021

Shirley Ann Tarin born May 30, 1953, passed away November 29, 2021. She was 68 years old.

Shirley was preceded in death by her parents, Everest and Norma Woytasczyk.

Left to cherish her memories is her husband of 49 years, Augustin Tarin Jr; children Melissa Katherine Croom (Kevin), Justin Wade (Roxanne); grandchildren Kayla Croom, Allison D. Croom, Harrison Everest Tarin, Julian Charles Tarin; siblings Pamela Staton, Donald Woytasczyk, and extended family members.

Shirley worked with children as an assistant pre-school teacher for many years, leaving only to care for her family. She was very proud of her children and grandchildren. Shirley loved music and western movies and television shows. Many of Shirley's family members have very dear memories of sharing a meal with her.

A memorial service will be on Sunday, December 12, 2021, from 5:00 to 8:00 p.m. with a service at 6:30 p.m. at Mission Park Funeral Chapels South. Services conclude this evening.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

DEC 12. 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Mission Park Funeral Chapels South, Cemeteries & Crematories
1700 SE Military Dr
San Antonio, TX 78214
(210) 924-4242
<https://www.missionparks.com/>

Chapel Service

DEC 12. 6:30 PM (CT)

Mission Park Funeral Chapels South, Cemeteries & Crematories
1700 SE Military Dr
San Antonio, TX 78214
(210) 924-4242
<https://www.missionparks.com/>

Tribute Wall

“ Shirley Tarin

May 30, 1953 to November 29, 2021

At some point in my childhood-- somewhere between elementary and middle school-- on Friday evenings, my mother would put on white pants that felt like a blend of cheap polyester and burlap sack. She had a white top to match except for the buttons near the collar. Once dinner was finished, she'd snatched up her small pre-packed tote bag, scramble out the door and then she was off to the races to her job ... wherever it was. She re-appeared on Monday mornings. My brother and I had to guess what mood she was in and acclimate accordingly because she still had to drive us to school, and she drove with her emotions. If she was angry, we tightened the seatbelts. If she was in a happy state, we stayed suspicious and tightened the seatbelts. I could never figure out how she could be a private sitter for the elderly, how often she got beat up by old people and yet was willing to revisit them on the following weekend. Occasionally, she came home devastated and crying because her client passed away. It made no sense to my dad for her to cry for a stranger. But these people weren't strangers. She took home a little bit of their life each time her shift was over. That is what my mom did for several years. She wore her polyester-burlap uniform until her client was moved to an institution or passed on. She was there when people were ready to face death. She held their hands so they didn't have to start the journey alone.

I am older now. I had a few opportunities to see my mother transform from this woman--this loud cackling in a dark movie theater; this nonchalant attitude that would instantly switch to a frantic hunter when she searched for her keys only to find them locked safely inside the car; a five foot, three-inch-tall warrior of granite who refused to fall when it came to family—my mother transformed into this quiet, calming persona. She held their hands and murmured memories. I was always nervous and emotional. I couldn't bring myself to fully witness what she did for people. Visitors shuffled into the room, touch their loved ones, and escaped

into the waiting room or living room until the inevitable became official. My mom stayed, hand in hand. As the crowd swapped family up-dates and gossip, my mom repacked her tote bag, gave genteel condolences, and slipped out the front door. She came home and cried in the shower.

In the early morning hours of November 29th, a grave injustice was done. Hospital rules and Covid protocols politely chased off visitors, saying Go Home, Take a Break, We've Got This, Have a Good Evening. My mother died surrounded by strangers—medical personnel slowly disassembling the tubes and i.v.'s and machines. She who held the hands of many people to comfort them as they crossed over into a light of love and peace ... she didn't get that reassurance. No one came to hold her hand. But I will bet that she marched up to that illustrious beacon. And I bet familiar hands reached out to her and pulled her into such glorious light.

And ten bucks says she is downing daquiris and playing Bunco as we speak.

This job of handholding needs to be filled. It takes courage and patience, empathy and emotional strength. Think about this. When your time comes, do you want to stand in that darken doorway alone, afraid to take those first few steps that will lead you into the into the light? Or will you want someone to hold your hand, even for a minute or two, as you cross over the never-ending threshold between this world and the next?

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Melissa Tarin Croom - December 13, 2021 at 01:22 PM

RO

“ Shirley, I miss you so much. I loved hearing you laugh when we would tell you stories about the boys.



Roxanne - December 12, 2021 at 10:41 AM



“ *Full Of Love Bouquet was purchased for the family of Shirley Ann Tarin.* ”



December 11, 2021 at 04:40 PM