



Amelia "Amy" Turner

May 9, 1945 - January 12, 2015

Amelia "Amy" Turner

May 9, 1945-Jan. 12, 2015

Amy passed away peacefully on Monday, Jan. 12, 2015. She was 69 years old. Amy is the daughter of Helen Marie Lucille Burdick and Raymond Franklin Peacock. She is survived by her daughter, Tammy (Danny) Elwess; and grandchildren, Meredith, and Shane.

Funeral Services for Amy will be held 10:00 am, Monday, January 26, at DeMoss-Durdan Funeral Home, 815 NW Buchanan Ave, Corvallis, Interment following at Willamette Cemetery, Albany. Family will be greeting friends and relatives beginning at 9:00 am at the Funeral Home. Please visit demossdurdan.com for additional information and to share your thoughts and memories for the family.

Events

JAN	Funeral Service	10:00AM
26	<hr/>	
	DeMoss-Durdan Funeral Home and Crematory	
	815 NW Buchanan Avenue, Corvallis, OR, US, 97330	

Comments



“ I remember Amy coming to live with our family for a brief time in the late '60's or early '70's. I would have been in grade school or junior high. She was my mom Shirley's cousin. We shared a bedroom and the one thing I remember was she was very messy with clothes strewn all over. I'd complain but my mom didn't do anything about it. I don't remember how long she was with us or where she went afterwards. I do remember a relative committing suicide but being young I didn't know that it was her twin. I have a gorgeous wedding photo of her parents, since my grandma Mary was her dad's sister.

Jody Jones - November 27, 2016 at 11:24 PM



“ Amy's daughter, Tammy, asked me to share the eulogy that I gave at Amy's service. It is below, with the beginning at the bottom of three posts.

Dawn Harbach - January 27, 2015 at 08:29 PM



“ She and I had a love/hate relationship. I was the rule enforcer and had to confront her several times with smoking in her apartment and “collecting” too many new items. She was a private person who did not trust others but I knew that I finally broke through the day she let me help get rid of some of her belongings. It was a tedious process and the first day I think we donated 4 or 5 items of clothing, but it was a start. We were able to build on that over the years and she once made a promise that she would not bring anything new to her apartment unless she got rid of two items. That promise didn’t last long however. One of the items that I was not able to get her to donate was a little tricycle that she kept in her closet. Every time I would suggest giving it away, she refused as she wanted to have it when her grandchildren, Shane and Meredith, came to visit.

While talking with Sam and Mary at the Benton Plaza I found that Amy had other nick names besides my Sexy Lady. A wonderful couple that works in the building, Marg and Doug called her Amy Tall Hair. They also shared that they were scared of Amy at first and thought that she might scratch their eyes out. This was until one elevator ride they were able to talk and then became quick friends as they discovered just how special Amy was. Mary liked to call her Little Alley Cat as her ears were torn up from pulling her earrings out. But everyone in town knew Amy as the wig lady. She was a constant fixture outside of the Benton Plaza. Since Amy’s death I have had several people come up to me and tell me that they were glad to finally know her name as they had seen her for years outside of the Plaza. Amy had the unique ability to plant herself in your heart and the whole town of Corvallis was able to experience this magic.

The last time I spoke with Amy she had recently been diagnosed with lung cancer. I saw her outside the Plaza, in her usual spot, and I hugged her and told her that she will kick cancer’s ass. At that time I was one of the few people that knew of her diagnosis. She was afraid to tell people. She didn’t want to worry Tammy and her family. She wanted to face it on her own, believing that she was strong enough to destroy anything in her path. But behind those dark sunglasses there was fear in her eyes. She didn’t want to die. We talked about how she had overcome other bad health scares and this was just another bump in the road. We were sure that she would come out of this one too. But, unfortunately she lost her final battle and died in her sleep in the early morning of January 12th.

Tammy shared with me her last memory of Amy. Tammy had been visiting with her and they were outside the Benton Plaza on the sidewalk. Amy was sitting on her walker, smoking her cigarette, swinging her feet and smiling, waving at people as they went by. She was happy... She was experiencing life to the best of her ability and proved to us that she was able to live independently, on her own terms.

Rest in Peace my sexy lady. You were a kind, gentle soul with a quick sense of humor. You accepted people as they are and never judged. Your stubborn attitude made life hard at times but you knew what you wanted and always proved others wrong. We shared laughs and tears and you will always be in my heart and I will never forget you and the impact you had on my life as well as so many others.



“ People would ask me why the wig...why did Amy always wear the beehive? I used to think that it was because she was a hair dresser and liked the look. Amy once told me that it made her feel taller. But talking with Tammy, it finally made sense to me. In 1969, when Amy was 23 and Tammy just a baby, her twin, Arlene, committed suicide. Time stopped for Amy at this moment. Her life changed forever. She did her best to care for Tammy but her mental illness would not allow for this. Tammy began spending time with the Weber family who would babysit her while Amy worked at the hair salon next door. As things became too difficult for Amy, Tammy moved in with the Weber's, who had moved to Seaside. Tammy was 14 and realized that she needed more stability to grow up. Tammy never, once, doubted Amy's love for her but knew that she was not capable of providing her with the quality of life that a young girl would need. They would stay in contact over the years and as Tammy got older they would visit on several occasions.

People didn't believe that Amy would be able to live independently. Tammy remembers the phone call from Sam letting her know that Amy was moving out of the group home and into the Benton Plaza. Sam convinced Tammy that it would be ok. Sam then became Amy's constant support from the time she moved in June 2006. Sam shared many memories of Amy including her love of butterscotch candy and how she would find half sucked pieces stuck in the carpeting of her apartment. She also loved little bags of chips and had many throughout her apartment. Amy once became paranoid that Sam was selling drugs out of the trunk of her car and was stealing Amy's stuff. Thankfully this did not last long and Amy began trusting Sam again. At one point Amy was telling Sam that she was constipated and Sam would give her stool softeners to help with it. Turns out that Amy was confused and was really having diarrhea so the stool softeners were making it much worse (sorry gross but had to share). Sam did not realize this until her care giver told her to stop with the stool softeners and did even though Amy continued to ask for them.

Mary began working with Sam at the Plaza and instantly gained a liking of Amy as most people did. She shared the story of being with Amy at a doctor appointment. Amy had one long vertical and one horizontal scar on her belly. Mary tried to talk Amy into making a compass tattoo out of the scars. Unfortunately Amy rejected this idea in her usual polite way (which I'm sure included a hell no) which is too bad because it would have looked cool.

I first met Amy when I became the manager of the Benton Plaza in 2007. I was sitting in my office and I saw this big beehive wig across the room and thought "who the hell is that?" I began spending time with her outside the Plaza as she smoked. I became very protective of her as people would walk by and laugh and point and ask her if they could take a picture. But the more I hung out with her the more I began to see that the behavior of others did not bother her. In fact, she loved the attention and she said that it was making other people happy. I began calling her Sexy Lady and she would smile and tell me to shut up.



“ My name is Dawn Harbach. I was the manager of the Benton Plaza for 5 years and was friends with Amy for over 7. I am here this morning not only speaking for myself but also for the residents that live and people that work in the Benton Plaza, and especially for Amy's daughter Tammy. Tammy was afraid that she would be too emotional to get through this and I laughed and thought to myself “You really think that I can”? She didn't realize that she was leaving this in the hands of an overly emotional woman that hates speaking in public. But, I am here for Amy. I am here because she always believed of the good in people and her spirit is here now letting me know that I better not screw this up.

Amelia Marie Peacock was born in Seattle Washington on May 9, 1945. She was a twin and the first born and knowing Amy I know she was fighting her sister, Arlene, in the womb to be the first one out. Her mother, Helen and her father, Raymond, had the twins later in life, at the ages of 30 and 29 respectively. She had two older siblings, Duane and Laura Gene. Amy was the last surviving member of her family. Her father was born in Corvallis and was how the family eventually made it back to this area. Amy grew up in Albany and as a young girl she loved to twirl the baton. She attended high school there but I am told that she didn't like school much. After graduation she had a job as a roller skating waitress at the local drive in. Tammy remembers Amy telling the story of how she once spilled hot coffee on one of the local police officers. It makes me laugh visualizing her skating up to the police car, not stopping in time and pouring the hot coffee into his lap. After finding out if he was ok, I'm pretty sure that she giggled and skated away.

Amy was married for a short time to Donald Turner. They divorced shortly after getting married because it was reported that he did not treat her well. I think that if I would have asked her about him she would have called him an asshole, as this was one of her favorite words.

Amy attended beauty school and became a hair dresser. Shortly thereafter, she met a man named Gordon and on May 19, 1968 she gave birth to her daughter Tammy. Unfortunately the relationship did not last and Tammy never knew her father. Over the years Tammy tried on several occasions to get Amy to talk about him but she would not. It was like she was protecting Tammy from something as any mother would do. Amy had that quality about her.

Tammy has been sending me memories via text and over one long phone call last week. Some things I was aware of about Amy but others were surprising and made me smile. For instance, Amy was afraid of water but made sure Tammy learned to swim, she loved to bowl and was on a bowling league, she had beautiful green eyes but some may not know that due to the dark sunglasses that she continuously wore, she loved taking pictures, she learned to crochet. Amy would take Tammy out for Chinese once a month when she got paid. They ate at a restaurant named Sammy's all the time and when Tammy got old enough Amy allowed her to go to Payless nearby and look at all the animals while Amy sat and drank her coffee. Amy loved to play pool and Tammy would call her “my party girl” as she got older. She was a go-go dancer and once won a contest with her partner, Kenny Montgomery. Amy proudly displayed the trophy in her apartment after all these years.

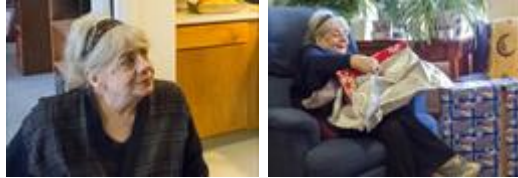


“ How do you share pictures on here?

Tammy Elwess - January 27, 2015 at 07:09 PM



“ 2 files added to the album Christmas 2014



Rick Kleinosky - January 23, 2015 at 11:05 PM



“ Amy and I met casually at the smoking area outside. Over the years we had many unplanned meetings. She always had a cheerful smile and a pleasant conversation. Amy joined me and a couple friends for a formal dinner on Christmas a year ago. The photos were taken then. This past Christmas we met for dessert; pumpkin pie and coffee. Our brief times together were truly wonderful. Amy was a classy lady.

Rick Kleinosky - January 23, 2015 at 10:49 PM



“ I met Amy a little over a year and a half ago.....she greeted my life with the sweetest of love and genuine tenderness.. Amy and I quickly developed a relationship enjoying simple pleasures together.. She helped me to slow down,take a "coffee"" break (with her) and talk about days gone by and days ahead of us looking through the lens on the streets of Corvallis. We laughed at ourselves and the people bustling around us all trying to express themselves in the most unique ways. We didn't just people watch! I love this about Amy, we interrupted peoples daily rush with a smile, greeting, comment and then enjoyed those who would set aside a moment to share a treasure from their fascinating lives. From war veterans telling their heroic stories in foreign countries, to family members being re-united after years of separation, or just lending a listening ear to the cares that had weighed a persons path, I was blessed to sit with my friend who had the great gift of humbly unwrapping the voice of a complete stranger, leaving them with the greatest feeling of value, worth and that their voice mattered. Amy is a gift to me I am treasuring today, tomorrow and forever. Thanks God for sharing her with me....Kristen Wambach

Kristen Wambach - January 22, 2015 at 12:35 PM



“ I met Amy while working at the Plaza. We had wonderful, interesting conversations. She was a caring, beautiful friend. Rest in Peace Amy.

Aileen Hood - January 22, 2015 at 10:49 AM



“ Amy was a great gal. Her passing has been hard on all of us at the Benton Plaza. She was well liked. She was a good person. I will miss her. Sincerely, Dawn Parks

Dawn Parks - January 21, 2015 at 12:20 PM



“ Marta Maxwell lit a candle in memory of Amelia "Amy" Turner



Marta Maxwell - January 20, 2015 at 11:42 AM



“ I am extremely upset and angry that my friend Amy died. We went out to lunch together the day before she started chemo and I suggested she get another opinion but she said her DR. told her he would be able to easily get the cancer on her lung. I am appalled that with all the medications she was on that they even attempted to give her chemo therapy and that this cancer she was told she had was not diagnosed earlier. She had complained to me many times over the years that the medications she was taking made her feel tiered and sick but their again she did not get better help. I urge anyone who is experiencing side effects to their meds to seek out help elsewhere. Some Dr's will tell you your imagining things or that the side effects will go away. The side effects are listed on your med information when you leave the pharmacy for a reason. Many of these toxic prescriptions are not tolerated by some people and they can kill you if you don't STOP taking them. Be your own Advocate! Only you know what your feeling and Don't be afraid to get another opinion else where. God Bless you Amy, Say hi to Jesus for me. Love to all who are suffering.

Marta - January 20, 2015 at 05:45 PM



“ Amy was a Kind, Sweet, Fun person to be around and she was loved by many. She is missed.

Marta - January 20, 2015 at 05:52 PM