



Sylvia Marie VanEss

June 4, 1934 - May 22, 2025

Sylvia Marie VanEss, age 90, has gone to be with the Lord on May 22, 2025. Sylvia's life was a beautiful testament to love, resilience, and quiet strength. Known for her kind heart and steady spirit, Sylvia had what her family fondly called "the patience of a saint" which was a title well earned from raising five spirited children who were always chasing their next adventure. Her home was a place of warmth and welcome, filled with the comforting aromas of her wonderful cooking and the sounds of laughter, conversation, and classic rock, her favorite music.

Sylvia had a special gift for finding joy in the simple things: treasure hunting at yard sales, lovingly preparing meals for those she loved, and sharing her days with the animals she adored. Her gentle presence and steadfast love left an indelible mark on everyone fortunate enough to know her. Sylvia's legacy of love, generosity, and grace will live on in the hearts of her family and friends. She will be deeply missed, but forever remembered.

Sylvia is survived by her children: Drew VanEss, Cynthia VanEss, Kevin VanEss, Michael VanEss (Marce), and Lisa Bozette (Boe); her grandchildren: Tarah, Andy, Stacey, Amanda, Bridget, Michael, Danny, and Drew; and eight great-grandchildren.. She was preceded in death by her parents, Mary and Michael Onuffer; her daughter-in-law, Betty Ann VanEss; and her two brothers.

A celebration of Sylvia's life will be held at a later date with details to follow. To leave an online condolence please visit www.stranofeeley.com.

Tribute Wall

DA

“ *Such a sweet and lovely lady with a smile that would light up a room. Raised a beautiful family, with amazing children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. I'm sorry for your loss. I think she's now tending God's garden and watching over you all.* ”

danielle - June 13, 2025 at 10:15 AM

LB

“ *So many good memories that it's hard to think of just one. They make me laugh and cry at the same time. I can still here your voice saying to Cindy and I. Must be jelly because jam doesn't wiggle like that. You were not only our mother but our friend.* ”

Lisa Bozette - May 25, 2025 at 12:56 PM

CE

She was one in a billion

Cynthia Van Ess - June 05, 2025 at 05:21 AM

FV

“ *RIP Aunt Sylvia! I remember her love of classic rock before it was "classic". The years have flown by 💔* ”

Fredd VanEss - May 24, 2025 at 01:06 AM

CE

“ *You were the best mother to all 5 of your children. Always fair. You were my best friend and I will miss you forevermore. Thank you for all of your sacrifices. I love you. 💕* ”

cindy Van Ess - May 23, 2025 at 09:23 PM

AB

“ I’ll never forget the way my grandmom’s eyes lit up when “Legs” by ZZ Top came on. That guitar riff would start, and she’d smirk like she had a secret—one hand in the air with the finger waving, maybe a sway in her hips, and the foot tapping but mostly just soaking in the music. She had great taste—classic rock was the soundtrack of her soul.

She called me Georgia. I never quite knew why, but it stuck. “Georgia, you hear that? That’s my song!,” she’d say, motioning to the speaker while stirring something on the stove or just when the song came on. There was always music playing or court tv on in the background when she was doing the everyday things that somehow felt special just because she was there.

What I remember most isn’t the dancing, really—it’s her smile. Big, effortless, the kind that made everything feel safe. She had this way of making you feel like the center of the universe without ever saying much. Just a look, a touch, a little chuckle under her breath when you said something silly.

She was warmth and grit, kindness with a kick of attitude. And every time I hear that ZZ Top song, I smile. Because I can still hear her voice “that’s my song, Georgia”.



Amanda Bozette - May 23, 2025 at 07:43 PM