



Joyce Laverne Farmer

October 24, 1937 - October 19, 2013

Farmer, Joyce Laverne Sifford died Saturday night, October 19, 2013, at DePaul Hospital, Bridgegeton, Missouri. She was born on October 24, 1937, in St. Louis, Missouri. Joyce was the fourth daughter to be born to Raleigh Gene and Myrtle Lee Sifford. Her sisters, Leota, Dorothy and Wanda preceded her birth. Her brother, Raleigh Gene, Jr., followed her two years later.

While living on Clara Avenue, the family attended Bethel Baptist Church and Joyce was baptized there when she was about ten years old. Shortly thereafter, the family moved to Floy Avenue in North St. Louis. Joyce finished her grade school education at Herzog Elementary.

Joyce received her high school education at Beaumont High School where she was consistently on the honor roll. She sang in the high school chorus and two operettas. She also sang with a contemporary choral ensemble, the Metropolitan Singers. In addition, she sang with her sisters, Leota and Wanda. The trio sang at various churches for several years.

After moving to Floy Avenue, the family attended Hope Congregational Church for a short time. But soon they went to West Florissant Baptist Church which was closer to their home. Joyce was active in the church youth group and there she met Bob Farmer. In the summer of 1955, the church youth group went on a retreat to Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly near Ashville, North

Carolina. That's when Bob and Joyce began to date. They were married on June 6th, 1959 at the West Florissant Baptist Church.

Joyce received her elementary teacher's training at William Jewell College. In 1966, she began teaching kindergarten at North County Christian School. She loved teaching and was adored by approximately 900 students over 36 years. Her children's Christmas programs highlighted each school year.

Survivors include her husband, Bob Farmer, Sr.; two sons, Bob Farmer, Jr., and Scott Farmer; a sister, Leota Shillinger, a brother, Raleigh Sifford, Jr., three grandchildren, Molly, Benjamin and Brendan Farmer; two nieces, Carolyn Grube and Marilyn Nelson, and five nephews, Richard, Kenneth and Russell Deason and Raleigh, Jr. and Kenneth Sifford.

The family will receive friends and family at First Christian Church of Florissant, 2890 Patterson Road, Florissant, Missouri, on Tuesday, October 22, from 6 to 9 p.m. A second visitation will be at the church Wednesday, October 23, at 10 a.m. until service time at 11 a.m., with Steve Wingfield officiating. Burial will be at the Laurel Hill Memorial Gardens, 2200 Pennsylvania Avenue, Pagedale, Missouri.

Memorials may be given to the North County Christian School, 845 Dunn Road, Florissant, Missouri.

Cemetery Details

Laurel Hill Memorial Gardens

2000 N. Pennsylvania
Pagedale, MO

Previous Events

Visitation

OCT **22**. 6:00 PM - 9:00 PM (CT)

First Christian Church of Florissant
2890 Patterson Rd.
Florissant, MO

Visitation

OCT **23**. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

First Christian Church of Florissant
2890 Patterson Rd.
Florissant, MO

Service

OCT **23**. 11:00 AM (CT)

First Christian Church of Florissant
2890 Patterson Rd.
Florissant, MO

Tribute Wall

JG

“ Mrs. Farmer,
I know that I never had you as a teacher, but that does not mean that you did not have an impact on me. All throughout elementary school, I always heard people talk about what a great teacher, friend, role model, and woman of God you were. I always wished I could have had you as a teacher and gotten to know you better. When I became friends with Molly, part of that wish came true--I did get to know you better. You were so sweet and caring to me, even though I was only your granddaughter's friend. It was so great to have the opportunity to get to know you and see for myself the great person that everyone at NCCS always talked about. I am so sorry to hear about your passing, but I am genuinely happy that I got to know you just a little bit because you have impacted so many people in so many ways. Thank you for being a light in this dark world. God has called you home now, but your impact is still being seen through the students, staff, and parents that you worked with. You will never be forgotten.

Jesse Greene - October 29, 2013 at 05:12 PM

“My grandma, or better known around our house as “Grancy”, a name that she chose specially for us to call her, was a fabulous Grandma. As my brothers and I have talked during the past couple of days, we have come up with so many fabulous memories about her that I would love to share.

My brothers and I were blessed to have our grandma around us all the time. She and grandpa only lived around the corner or a short sprint across the golf course from our house. We could literally see their backyard from ours. Grandma was also a teacher at our school, and Ben was privileged enough to have her for kindergarten. I can remember being in early elementary school and getting to go play in Grandma’s classroom everyday after school. Ben, Brendan and I would play in the elaborate little grocery store and the little yellow kitchen set, construct towns with her Lincoln logs, and read stories before heading home.

Going to grandma’s house was always an adventure. The basement was full of incredible toys, many of which belonged to our dad and uncle when they were growing up, including scooters on which we zoomed around the basement. There were no limits of fun with Grancy. She always had something exciting planned for us to do. I remember many long hours spent in the giant sandbox in my grandparents’ back yard. With so much sand and so many tools the possibilities of what we could design and create seemed endless! — No wonder Ben wants to be an architect. The boys and I would often spend our summer days up at our grandparents’ house. One day while exploring the house, Brendan discovered the Easter eggs, and of course, Grandma suggested we have an Easter egg hunt. We each got to take turns hiding and finding the eggs and had a great time.

Although we constantly had fun with Grandma, I would be selling her short if I didn’t say that I didn’t learn something from her every time I was with her. Not only was she ingenious and always looking to have a great time, my grandma was also incredibly wise and always teaching us new things. I remember she would frequently say “you learn something new everyday,” and I would often get that question after school or even on a Saturday of all days! But what

she says is true, we do learn something every day, sometimes we just forget to notice. She pushed all her children to meet our potential, even if we couldn't see it yet, and she tried so hard to help us recognize it. She had many phrases she was known for saying, one of which was "we never say I can't, we say 'I will try'." I remember she would regularly ask me about the plans I had for my life, and she would always encourage me to be the very best I could be, and I am sure that without her I wouldn't be the person I am today. On behalf of your grandchildren and all of your "loves," we love you so much Grancy and we will miss you dearly.

Molly Farmer - October 29, 2013 at 09:40 AM

SF

“ I remember my mom tapping my hand three times in Church when I was a little boy. She leaned over and told me "That means I love you". Over the course of many years, well into my teens, mom and I would tap this code on each others hand, arm or leg. To this day this has great significance for me as I will often tap my wife's hand three times as I did when I courted her almost 25 years ago.

Years ago the family would all go on inner tubing trips and mom would just float along peacefully down the river. On one of our trips down the river a snake swam up next to mom and I told mom "look out there's a snake right next to you." Mom calmly told me in her sweet kind way... "that's okay honey. He is one of Gods creatures. He won't bother me if I don't bother him. It's his river too."

KIND. If I had to describe my mother in one word that would be it. My mother never had a cross word to say about anyone. In her eyes every person was a child of God to be loved and treated with kindness and compassion.

My mom may have been a bit protective at times. I was prone to ear infections and mom was constantly trying to devise ways to keep water out of my ears. When I went swimming mom would stuff ear plugs in my ears and made me wear a bright yellow rubber cap that had flaps that covered my ears. It was embarrassing to say the least. All the other kids were swimming and playing without caps...not me. I was the kid with the "yellow dome" but she did it because she loved me.

Mom, I love you and I will miss you until we meet again.

Scott Farmer - October 28, 2013 at 10:11 AM

JH

“ I don't have enough space to write all the memories of Mrs. Farmer and her family. Starting in pre-k with her son Scott, kindergarten with her as my teacher, and seemingly every moment not with my family through Junior High, I spent with the Farmers. My heart aches for the family, and rejoices at the renewed body and spirit that she has in heaven. Thank you Mrs. Farmer for a who you were, and what you meant to soo many people.

john herberger - October 23, 2013 at 11:36 AM

 Andrea
Mueller

“ I remember Mrs. Farmer as my kindergarten teacher (1975). I remember her always being a kind person who made me feel at ease. I remember her consoling me when David Horstman accidentally smashed my finger and I her patience with me for our kindergarten graduation program. I remember her treating me with kindness when others did not. I remember anytime I saw her, even years later, that she always knew who I was. I don't know if I ever made a big impression on her, but she made one one me. Love and prayers for her family.

Andrea Mueller - October 23, 2013 at 11:10 AM

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TF

“ *Tara Flynn lit a candle in memory of Joyce Laverne Farmer*



Tara Flynn - October 22, 2013 at 03:11 PM

TB

“ *Joyce was a faithful Sunday School teacher at FCCF for many years. She taught all four of my children when they were 4; they looked forward to seeing Ms Joyce each week!*

Tammy Balu - October 21, 2013 at 03:57 PM