



## **Diane Carol Oatis**

Date of Birth

**Apr 22, 1955**

Date of Passing

**Aug 21, 2018**

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Diane Oatis, 63, passed Tuesday, August 21, 2018. Diane was born to RJ Oatis, and Vivian Odessa Reed, April 22, 1955 in Long Beach, California.

Diane attended Whittier Elementary, Franklin Jr High and Poly High School. She later graduated from Adult night school with her high school diploma and received a degree from Long Beach City College where she studied Early Childhood Education. Diane worked with special needs children and adults. She worked at Chandler Gilbert ARC. There she worked as a transportation dispatcher.

Diane loved to sing, dance and cook. But what she was most passionate about was writing. She loved to write short stories but especially poetry. She was known to write you a beautiful poem for your birthday. Most recently she wrote a beautiful poem for her daughter Das for her wedding this past June. Diane's favorite color was blue, because she was a daydreamer and loved looking up into the blue sky.

She was preceded in death by her mother, Vivian Reed and father RJ Oatis, twin brother Darnell Oatis and brother-in-law Albert Austin III.

Diane is survived by 2 children: Dasmai Jones-Woods and Desmond Darnell Oatis. She also had 3 grandchildren; Derrick Whittaker, Davion Sumlin and Desmogreat grandchildren; Julia and Josiah Sumlin. She has one surviving sibling; Prudence Austin. 3 nephews; Albert, Adrian and Arthur Austin, 2 nieces; Chi and Vivian Austin and one son in-law Thomas Woods.

She also leaves a host of family and friends, much too many to list.

# Celebration of Life Services

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is at 11:00 a.m. on August 27, 2018

**Location:**

Affordable Burial Services 6510 Cherry Ave , Long Beach, CA

**Details:** All Is Well Death is nothing at all. I have only slipped away into the next room. I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each other, that we still are. Call me by my old familiar name, Speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference in your tone, Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me and if you want to, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was, Let it be spoken without effect, Without the trace of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; There is unbroken continuity. Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you, For an interval, Somewhere very near, Just around the corner. All is well. Reading of the eulogy Minister Diane Phillips Song by Sheryl Lynn Phillips

# Memories of Diane



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