



*Celebrating the Life of*



*Lisa Gay Daniels*

AUGUST 26, 1960 - FEBRUARY 10, 2026

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## *Funeral Service*

5 p.m., Sunday, February 15, 2026  
Atlantic United Methodist Church, Atlantic, NC  
Officiated by Rev. Kenny McCoy

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Processional, "Just A Closer Walk With Thee"	by Patsy Cline
Opening Remarks and Prayer	Rev. Kenny McCoy
"Time In A Bottle"	by Jim Croce
Special Remarks	Autumn, Lela
Time of Remembrance	Friends & Family
"Dust In The Wind"	by Kansas
Eulogy	Keelie
Closing Remarks	Rev. Kenny McCoy
Psalm 23	Rev. Kenny McCoy
Recessional, "Drift Away"	by Dobie Gray

Lisa Gay Daniels, 65, of Atlantic, North Carolina, passed away peacefully at Duke University Hospital on February 10, 2026, due to cancer.

Lisa was born on August 26, 1960, and has been greeting the world, and everyone in it, with a smile ever since. Married to her best friend, Wolf, for 45 years, Lisa was an avid world traveler, coffee aficionado and lover of adventure.

Sissy, as she was affectionately known to family, always embraced the whimsical. She loved to be surrounded by nature, with two green thumbs and a heart that animals gravitated towards. Known for her work with the elderly in the Atlantic community, she worked for years at Snug Harbor and as a private aide. She loved hot tea, good food, and her little shih tzu, Mabeline, was the light of her life.

Lisa was invaluable when it came to raising her beloved nieces, and the impact she made cannot be expressed in words. Sissy was our voice of reason, our beacon of kindness, and our example of how to be helpful no matter what the circumstances.

She loved flowers, had a legendary garden, and always had music playing. Lisa was a beautiful baker with a delicate hand for cake and gingerbread house decorating, a moving photographer, and a spirited painter. A lover of all things that sparkle and a fan of sailing, Sissy loved spending time surrounded by her family, which was how she spent her last days-surrounded by love.

Lisa leaves behind a family who loved her to no end. She is survived by her sister Keelie Kimmons (and husband Kirk), brother Kenneth "Chip" Daniels (and wife Toni), and their respective children, children's spouses, and grandchildren - Megan, Lela, Zach, Autumn, Jolie, Brenna, Bricen, Adelyn, Gracelyn, Ayden and Kenna.

In lieu of flowers, please send donations to the Carteret County Humane Society.

Family and friends are welcome to submit online condolences at [www.mundenfuneralhome.net](http://www.mundenfuneralhome.net).

ARRANGEMENTS BY MUNDEN FUNERAL HOME, MOREHEAD CITY, NC



*In Our Time*

*"And when we grow old  
I will find two chairs  
And set them close  
Each sunlit day  
That you and I  
In quiet joy  
May rock the world away."*

- ROBERT SEXTON



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## *Magic Childhood*

BY LELA NELSON

Sissy's house was magic, and being there was the definition of my childhood.

When I went to bed at night, I fell asleep to a whippoorwill call and woke up to the sound of the roosters. Her house always smelled like coffee and flowers. Her windows always had crystals hanging in them that would catch the light and make rainbows throughout the house.

There was a willow tree by the pond, and the branches grazed the ground and the surface of the water in a full circle. It was the most beautiful play fort a little girl could have. When I got hungry, I would step into the garden and grab a bell pepper or some strawberries and lay in the hammock while I watched the sunlight filter through the trees and dapple the ground around me.

Sissy raised rabbits and I was obsessed with holding the baby bunnies. They were so soft. There were cats, dogs, chicken, ducks, geese, goats, and horses. I loved collecting eggs and helping stack firewood. I remember one time Sissy let me bring a bucket of tadpoles in from the pond and I was able to watch them grow into tiny frogs.

The greenhouse looked like a fairy jungle, with an indoor water feature with huge goldfish in it and feeding them was great fun. They'd gulp down the food and I found it fascinating to put my fingers in the water and get nibbled and "pet" the fish.

There was always music playing in the house, and Sissy would set me up at the dining room table with the works: markers, crayons, paints, Glitter, glue, etc. and we would make all kinds of things. Decorative blown goose eggs, paintings, cards. She had a way of maximizing the art fun and minimizing the mess.

Sometimes, Uncle Wolf and Sissy would gather up the sail boat and we would sail. The boat would zip through the water, the water rushing past, and go to a little nearby island shoal where I could find starfish and sand dollars. Sometimes we would hop on bicycles and ride down to the pool at the campground. Sometimes we would load up the car and go camping or hiking in the NC mountains.

One of my very favorite memories is baking with Sissy. I'd get off the bus there from school and we would make oatmeal cookies from the recipe on the oatmeal container, and they were always different - sometimes with raisins, sometimes with chocolate, sometimes both.

Around Christmas time, Sissy would bake sheets of gingerbread and we would use her cake decorating stuff to decorate them. Trellis', scalloped scaffolding, candies glued to the icing shingles. Any design we wanted, with Christmas music playing in the background.

I used to get Sissy's Australian shepherd, Lizzie, to "speak" to wake Sissy up if I woke up first. I imagine she heard the whole thing... the little foot falls, followed by dog paws, then me whispering "speak" and then Lizzie obediently woofing. I imagine she thought it was funny. I'd set every dog in the county to barking right now if I thought it would wake her up. Deeply loved, deeply missed.