

Some lives are measured not by years
alone,
but by the work of willing hands,
the strength to face another day,
and the love that fills a family.

Virginia's story began in the spring of 1927,
a child of the Depression,
when hardship taught endurance
and every blessing was appreciated.

She trudged through snow to get to school,
worked hard without complaint,
and built a life beside Charles—
a life rooted in faith, family, and home.

For more than twenty years
she worked at Weber Shoe Company,
then returned each day
to flowers that bloomed beneath her care,
a garden she tended with the same
devotion

she gave to those she loved.
She never seemed to believe
there was a reason to sit still.

She mowed her own yard until she was
ninety-six,
met every obstacle with quiet
determination,
and proved more than once
that a grim diagnosis did not get the final
word.

She and Charles found joy on country
roads,
camping beneath open skies,
sharing laughter with family and friends,
then returning home to read their Bibles
together,
one day at a time.

The kitchen was one more place
where love was easy to find.

No one ever made fried chicken quite like
Virginia,
and to her great-grandchildren,
nothing compared to Grandma's famous
"pink stuff."

She loved country music,
could tell a story that held every ear,
and never stopped asking about her
grandchildren—
because no matter how many years she
lived,
family remained the center of her heart.

She was strong-willed,
loving, faithful, and steady.

Her greatest wish was simple:
to remain in the home she loved.

That wish was granted,
and surrounded by the place that held a
lifetime of memories,
she quietly completed her journey.

When asked about turning one hundred,
she simply wasn't interested.

She believed she had lived well,
done what she was meant to do,
and when the Lord called,
she was ready.

So today we remember not only ninety-
nine years,
but a life that left its mark—
in gardens planted,
meals shared,
stories told,
campfires enjoyed,
Scriptures read,
and generations loved.

The hands that worked so faithfully are
now at rest.

The voice that called to family is quiet.
But the lessons she lived—faith,
perseverance, hard work, and love—
will continue to grow
in every life she touched.

And somewhere beyond this earthly home,
we can almost imagine Virginia smiling,
walking once again beside Charles,
her work complete,
her heart at peace.



Virginia Palmer, 99, of Sedalia, died Wednesday, July 29, 2026, at her home.

She was born April 1, 1927, in Smithton, one of eight children of George Franklin Oswald and Margaret (Bishop) Oswald. She attended Excelsior Grade School, Byberry Grade School near Otterville, and graduated from Syracuse High School. At the age of 11, she joined Walnut Grove Methodist Church.

On April 7, 1946, she married Charles Eugene Palmer at her parents' home in Otterville. He preceded her in death on February 12, 2016.

Virginia worked at Weber Shoe Company for more than 20 years. She and Charles enjoyed camping with the Good Sam's Club, as well as with her siblings and their families. She enjoyed flowers, gardening, and working in her yard. She was a member of Calvary Baptist Church.

Survivors include a daughter, Linda Stone of Sedalia; a son, Michael Palmer (Jane) of Columbia; three grandchildren, Julie Hill (Randy) of Camdenton, Angela Schmidtberger (Brandon) of Overland Park, KS, and Brian Palmer (Michelle) of Papillion, NE; four great-grandchildren, Paige Schmidtberger, Brody Schmidtberger, Delaney Palmer, and Beckam Palmer; and many nieces and nephews.

In addition to her husband and parents, she was preceded in death by a son-in-law, Gary Stone; three brothers, Elmer Oswald, Allen Oswald, and George "Mac" Oswald; and four sisters, Alma Peoples, Ruth Fowler, Helen Peoples, and Betty Higgins.

IN LOVING MEMORY

Virginia Palmer

FUNERAL SERVICE

11:00 am Tuesday, August 4, 2026

Heckart Funeral Home

OFFICIATING

Jeff Page

MUSIC

“Through It All”

Paige Schmidtberger, Delaney Palmer,
Brody Schmidtberger and Beckam Palmer

“The Lighthouse”

“Until Then”

“Precious Lord, Take My Hand”

PALLBEARERS

Brian Palmer	Brandon Schmidtberger
Randy Hill	Brody Schmidtberger
Roger Stuedle	Beckam Palmer

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

William "Sonny" Oswald	Kenneth Oswald
Dennis Oswald	Gary Peoples
Jim Oswald	Paul Oswald
Frank Oswald	Mark Watring

INTERMENT

Tipton Masonic Cemetery
Tipton, Missouri