



Diana Jane Parmer

October 28, 1944 - July 18, 2020

Diana J Parmer age 75 of Morristown, TN passed away at her home on July 18, 2020 after a prolonged battle with multiple illnesses. Her husband was at her side. She was predeceased by her mother- Mary Jane Karkowsky and father-Jack W Docket. She is survived by her Husband of over 50 years- David Parmer, her daughter Mary Lou Heath, her granddaughter Jamie Desilet and her husband Joshua, all Morristown residents. Her sister Shirley (and Derrick) Tom of Cadillac Michigan, and 5 additional Brothers and sisters-in-law that also live out of state.

Diana spent her life in service of others. For many years she worked at a hospital in Saginaw Michigan as a registrar and receptionist in the Emergency department. Upon moving to Zephyr Hills, Florida, she worked with the hospital in Dade City Florida as the director of the Senior Friends program also for years. When, as a family they relocated to Morristown, she continued her service to others with the Hamblen County School system as a crossing guard and occasional custodial work when needed. She enjoyed spending time with her family and frequently took trips to Michigan to stay connected. Together with David they travelled extensively around the world and the United States. Her favorite memories were of Italy and the Amalfi Coast. She will be missed.

A memorial service will be held at a later date.

In lieu of flowers please make donations to St. Jude's Children's Research hospital.

Arrangements entrusted to Mayes Mortuary, www.mayesmortuary.com, of Morristown.

Tribute Wall

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“ One of my earliest memories is of you handing me my stuffed platypus, "Poose" after being laid down for bed. Nobody else has ever made a peanut butter sandwich quite like the ones you made for me. Visiting you and grandpa was always a treat and a relief from the tension at home. You made it possible for me to experience things I wouldn't've been able to otherwise. You and Grandpa visited me more than anyone else could bother to when I was in juvie, and kept being my grandparents after I was once again surrendered to state custody. You encouraged my interests and fascinations from basketball to what turned out to be my calling in music and by proxy, the performing arts. You happily watched the silly videos I made for my TV Production class in tech college that I was able to bring with me on tape. You hosted and kept me safe when I came back to town to attend my first ever concert/music festival experience shortly after the passing of my best friend at the time when I was a teenager. You called me out when I had a problem with accepting a group of people that I myself turned out to be a part of, and honored and respected my transition later on. You informed my politics in looking out for the working class which germinated into my being known for being an activist and fighter for justice. There is a tension that I can foresee if I were to suddenly show up at your service, as there are ghosts that I can't medicate away in this instance and I'd rather avoid even the slightest potential of having one of my episodes in a place and time meant to honor and respect your life and memory. So in lieu of that, here is a tree in honor of you, which I hope to visit some day whether by myself or with my partner and stepdaughter. I remember one Christmas, you gave me the movie Fern Gully, which inspired my love and reverence for nature, as well as taught me the first lesson in empathy that I took to heart as a child. So I hope this tree is befitting in honoring that memory as well. I can't thank you enough for everything you've done for me nor can I apologize enough for misdirecting my anger towards you that was meant for the ghosts that haunt my memories and dreams. You're an angel and deserved so much better than what you had to endure in life. May we cross paths again in another one. Goodnight, Grandma. I love you.



Skarlett Heather Krow - July 21, 2020 at 12:00 AM



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