



Jessie M. Olea

June 17, 1939 - July 21, 2019

Jessie Morris Olea (Jetta), just 80 years of age, passed away on Sunday, July 21, 2019 at Washington Township Hospital in Fremont, California. Jessie was born June 17, 1939 in Kirkintilloch, Scotland to the late William and Mary Hall. She was the youngest of two children, her brother Joe precedes her in death. Following in her mother's footsteps, Jessie, at age 17, lived in The Nurses Home, at Ruchill Hospital in Glasgow NW where she studied to become a nurse. She was trained in infectious diseases and Midwifery. Later on, she worked for The Glasgow Royal Maternity Hospital as a Midwife. By 1968 Jessie, looking for adventure, came to the United States as part of a nurse's exchange program. She arrived in New York City only to move further west to sunny California. Jessie worked as a labor and delivery nurse at Kaiser, Hayward for 15 years. She was a remarkable nurse and adored her work, for her, it was a "labor" of love. It was at a party given by a coworker, (soon to be sister-in-law) that Jessie met her late husband Arnold Olea. They had a whirl-wind romance that resulted in marriage after a mere three months and lasted an amazing 43 years! Shortly after getting married, Arnold's three children came to live with them. Jessie embraced them, helped raise them, and loved them as her own. When Jessie wasn't busy working and taking care of her family, she enjoyed reading, crossword puzzles, gardening, canning jams, cooking, shopping, eating See's candies, and planning family get-togethers. She was a devoted wife, mother and friend. Jessie had a grand sense of fairness and loyalty, there wasn't anything she wouldn't do for those she loved. Jessie is survived by her three children Kristine, Daniel, and Martin, two daughters-in-law Julie and Heather, and seven grandchildren: Grant, Mitchell, Ali, Maddie, Scott, Jordon, and Mathias. She also leaves behind her adored niece Maureen and cousins Sandy and George, along with, sister and brothers-in-law Francis, Wayne, and Marty. It's so sad that you had to go, your leaving caused such pain, But you were so very special, and earth's loss is heaven's gain.

Comments



“ The times Jetta knew and lived were so very different than our own. She remembered clearly living in Britain through WWII with the black outs, the rationing and rebuilding. Growing up in a fishing village she lived amongst people with a zest for life. Her mother was a pillar of the local community due to her nursing skills and common sense and helped the local families while the fathers were out to sea. Seeing this probably helped form the giving and loving nature which was at Jetta’s core. She attended elementary school at the Episcopal Church as the Methodist Church where her parents attended did not have a school. This deepened her faith and gave her the ability to accept others with different points of view. At a time when her girlfriends were marrying or going off to work in the factory, Jetta’s mother steered her toward nursing. She thrived under the watchful eye of the sisters and later when “Call the Midwife” became a BBC hit, she assured me that it was very near to the reality she had lived. Jetta was fun loving and adventurous. With Joe in the British Royal Navy as an engineer going out to sea for months at a time, she saw no need to always stay close to home. With some friends, a plan was developed to travel around the world nursing. Jetta was told she would be an hour away from San Fransisco and that sounded lovely. Imagine her surprise when it turned out she had been imagining as hour’s WALK to San Fransisco! Nevertheless, she bought a car, enjoyed the Bay Area, and reconnected with her Aunt Bell who lived in the Los Angeles area. I could go on but I think you get the picture of the Jetta I knew – vibrant and lively. Of course time changes everything but that twinkle in her eye and a zest for life remained with her. She had so many health challenges in her last 2 years but she managed to take one day at a time. I am very grateful to Daniel and Julie for always being there, and also want to give a big thank you to Lisa for the care and friendship you gave her over this last year and a half. Jetta’s life was well lived and she is at peace.

Kris Kaiser - August 01, 2019 at 05:53 PM



“ The first memories that come to mind when I think of Granny are Easter Sundays at her house. The huge baskets of chocolate she made, endless bread and butter, helping her feed Oscar (her pet dove) and playing in her garden looking for Easter eggs. When the food was ready we would take a seat and, just like at every meal with Granny, she would say grace. Easter is just the first thing that comes to mind but looking back I have memories of Granny from every occasion in my life. She was always there— not just at Easter but for our birthdays, Christmases and graduations too. She never missed the opportunity at any milestone or accomplishment to tell us how much she loved us or how proud of us she was. It pains me to think of all the special moments I won't be able to share with her—but I'll know she'll be with me every step of the way. I feel so honored to be her granddaughter and thankful to have had her as my life long cheerleader. I love you Granny

Maddie Olea - July 31, 2019 at 11:49 AM