



Judith Ann Floor Wolf

December 18, 1935 - May 31, 2026

Judith Ann Floor Wolf, born December 18, 1935, in Syracuse, New York, passed away peacefully on May 31, leaving behind a legacy of love, generosity, and community.

She is survived by her son Alan Wolf; daughters Alecia Wolf, Gretchen Wolf Rayburn (Bryan), and Ilse Wolf; her grandson Jacob Wolf (Meredith); her sister Mary Ellen Floor Botsford (Ted); and many nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents, Frederick and Katherine Floor, and her brothers, Theodore Floor, John Floor, and Bernard Floor.

Judy began her career as a flight attendant with United Airlines in Chicago before returning to Syracuse, where she married Alan Wolf. After the birth of their son, the family relocated to Tyler, Texas for Alan's position with Carrier Air Conditioning. Judy dedicated those early years to raising her children, while also volunteering at their elementary school and working part-time jobs that allowed her to be present for them after school. She later pursued full-time work, eventually becoming the supervisor of General Lines at Liberty Mutual Insurance. Following her retirement, she volunteered at the Attorney General's office in Tyler until the birth of her grandson.

But it was her home life that defined her. For decades, Judy's home was the hub of her neighborhood. With a large yard and a true love of children, she

welcomed the neighborhood kids as if they were her own. She became known as the person who always had candy, popsicles, art supplies, Band-Aids, batteries, computer access for homework, or simply a safe place to hang out. She let the kids use her yard for talent shows, baseball, football, soccer, and all manner of play. There were wrestling matches, dance competitions, and endless rounds of the memory game, checkers, and tic tac toe in her living room.

When she still worked, there were times she'd be too busy for the kids to come inside, so she created a system of putting a white note card on the door. The kids were instructed that if the note was up, they were not to knock unless there was an emergency. Her own children often arrived at the house only to find a row of dejected kids on the curb waiting for the note to come down. And some kids creatively tested the definition of an "emergency" after knocking with the note in full view by saying, "My cousin is in town just for today and he wanted to meet you."

The closet door in her living room became somewhat of a neighborhood icon, marked with the names and heights of not only her own children, but of countless neighborhood kids who grew up hanging out at "Wolfie's house." Many of those children (some now grown with families of their own) returned to share memories of the joy, comfort, and belonging they found in Judy's home, and to show their children their names and heights on the door. She valued these visits deeply, proudly keeping a binder filled with the names, ages, and photos of all "her kids," which she later took with her to her assisted living facility.

Judy's life was one of quiet generosity. Her home was always open (except when the note was up!), her heart always giving, and her love for these children was unending. She impacted generations and will be remembered for her warmth, humor, and kindness.

In accordance with her wishes, there will be no formal service. Those who would like to honor her memory may make a donation to the pantry at Tyler Thrift or donate items there in her name. Judy admired how Tyler Thrift truly supports those in need, and such gifts would carry forward the spirit of giving that defined her life.

Many thanks to Azalea Trails Assisted Living and Memory Care for the impeccable care she received from the compassionate staff including JJ, Kiara, Monika, Amber, and Miriam (and too many others to list), and to Lauren and Clafira at Heart to Heart Hospice for being so patient and kind.

Tribute Wall

IW

“ *As a child, I attended Mother’s Day Out (a pre-school/daycare). I remember Mom hand painted my lunchbox with flowers. I didn’t realize at the time, but that was a sign of her independence, her unique way of looking at the world and not following the crowd.*



It’s easy for me to remember those small things that meant so much to me - but may seem silly to others. A Donald Duck spinning toy, a prism, rolls of butcher paper to name a few.

Now I see those things as a representation of my connection to her. She instinctively knew what I would like. And those gifts represented what I would learn later to be lessons on believing in yourself, making choices that are right for you...even if they seem odd!

I love Mom’s independent spirit and am thankful all the Wolf kids have it - and even my son, Jake. :)

I love you, Mom.

Please be listening for us to be checking in.

ILSE G WOLF - June 03 at 08:34 PM