



Raymond Ollier

Raymond "Ray" Joseph Ollier died on March 23, 2015 of injuries sustained when struck by an automobile while riding his bicycle on a dark rainy night several days before. He was 53 years old at the time of his passing, having just given the gift of life as an organ donor. He had been surrounded by family. Ray was born at 5:20 pm on January 6, 1962 in Hollywood California, almost exactly ten years after his eldest sibling. His father was Robert Gene Ollier, and his mother was Roberta Rose (Case) Ollier. He was the third boy and last of eight children. Ray was preceded in death by three of his siblings: Gilbert Lee, Phillip Steven, and his sister, Jeanie Marie. There are four surviving siblings: Barbara Jean, Ann Michelle, Teresa Louise, and Marcia Lynn. In addition, there are many nieces, nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews in both Texas where he lived after his mother brought him and the three youngest siblings in 1972, and the tri-state area of Ohio/Indiana/Kentucky where the family originally settled. Ray loved to explore and travel, so he would sometimes pick up and go to another city just to see what was there. He would send pictures back to family and friends with vivid descriptions of what he'd seen and how it made him feel. Ray had a sense of humor and love of learning that showed up very early and continued throughout his lifetime. This along with his huge heart helped him make friends wherever he went, and he was often "adopted". Aunt Betty was the first to do this and called him her "Ray Baby". Jenny in Katy was another, and he will be missed. She always let him "help" her while she made sure he knew he was cared for. Ray spent a lot of time in pain and he turned to his faith to help him understand and cope. He carried a small bible with him that he read from constantly. He loved to help people, and no matter how little he had, he would share it with another if he thought they needed it. Ending his life as an organ donor even though he'd been severely hurt seems somehow very fitting for the way he felt about people. We who knew and loved him would prefer donations to your local homeless or mental health assistance, as we know he would also.