



Helen Arline Ossiander

February 8, 1928 - May 23, 2021

Helen Arline Ossiander, 93, passed away peacefully at her home in Corvallis on May 23, 2021. She is survived by her son Neal Ossiander (Maria), daughter Mina Ossiander (Gary Egbert), son Eric Ossiander (Magdalene Atem-Ossiander), daughter Greta McAlister (Kelley), son Glen Ossiander (Debbie), daughter-in-law Deborah Ossiander, fifteen grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her husband Frank Ossiander and son Jay Ossiander.

Helen was born on a farm near Independence Oregon to Ray and Estella Jones. She was one among twelve siblings, of whom only her two younger sisters Rita Alborn and Twila Coday survive. Her childhood memories included walking miles to school barefoot and stealing time to read while tending the wood stove during canning season. After graduating from Yamhill Union High School in 1946, she attended Oregon State College, graduating with a degree in chemistry. In 1950 as she completed her degree, she married Frank Ossiander and after graduation moved with him to the tri-cities area in Washington. She worked as a chemist at the Hanford Nuclear Reservation, but was forced to leave the workforce when she became pregnant with her first child. Throughout her following life she was a proponent of women's rights. She and Frank raised six children while moving from Washington to Kansas while Frank worked for Boeing Aircraft. They then moved the family back to the Pacific Northwest where Frank worked as a statistician for ADF&G

in Juneau and for NOAA in Seattle. Helen took particular pride in growing, gathering, and preserving food for her family. For decades she tended a large garden and, when her family was young, baked multiple batches of hand-kneaded bread weekly. Her traditional lifestyle was rooted in her sense of the importance of independence and personal responsibility; she felt that one can provide life's necessities through hard work alone. She was a sudoku and crossword puzzle whiz and an avid reader who instilled a deep respect for education in all her children and grandchildren. She delighted in her grandchildren, and believed all children are good at heart. After Frank's retirement, she and Frank moved to northeastern Washington, where they hand-built a house overlooking Lake Roosevelt and were active volunteers in Citizens for a Clean Columbia. She and Frank returned to Corvallis in 2003, where she continued to live following Frank's death in 2010. She was proudly independent and active until the last months of her life.

Tribute Wall

DO

“ *1 file added to the album Memories Album*



Deborah A Ossiander - June 08, 2021 at 12:20 PM

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“ *The above post was written by Helen's granddaughter, Lia Slemons, and shared by Lia's mother.*

Deborah A Ossiander - June 08, 2021 at 12:00 PM

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“ As goes one of her favorite jokes, Helen (Jones) Ossiander was born a nice girl but raised a Helen. The image of a firebrand is hard to reconcile with the unflappable patience and meaningful smile of the capable grandma I knew, but she did lean unconventional. She was raised in large part by older siblings and all-day hunts for apples or walnuts. My grandmother earned her degree in Chemistry at Oregon State alongside returning GIs, where she had to know her stuff to be taken seriously. She met and married Frank Ossiander and they had a beach camping honeymoon in Oregon, in March. She had a career at Hanford Nuclear Facility until she became pregnant with her eldest of six and was more or less forced out. She kept her kids away from roosters and back to libraries along the west coast, including Seattle and Juneau. She rejected all hypocrisy, including the church and most politicians, but voted fervently. Grandma O. helped raise several of her 14 grandkids. I remember family visits to her and Granddad and some contingent of cousins in eastern Washington for the daily mile-long walks with her to the mailbox, playing with their sheep dog that chased the deer from the cherry trees, and fresh bread and home-canned peaches every day. There were always books, not always running water. Back in western Oregon, she raised chickens, goats, and chopped firewood long after Granddad passed away, relying more lately on a tightly-knit group of all six of her children when her bright mind started to blur. She died at home in her sleep a week ago last Sunday, where she wanted to be. Her modest generosity and unpretentious respect for all life is how I want to be.

Deborah A Ossiander - June 08, 2021 at 11:59 AM

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Ossiander family - June 08, 2021 at 11:48 AM