



## Joyce M. Ambrose

May 19, 1930 - March 20, 2026

Joyce M. Ambrose, age 95, a longtime resident of Whatcom County, Washington, passed from this earth to Heaven on March 20, 2026. Our hearts are broken for us, and elated for her, mixed with a strange sense of loss and peace. God comforts the brokenhearted. We begin our journey of grief and learn to live with loss while honoring all she was to us, we will be remembering that we are a part of her legacy.

Joyce was born on May 19, 1930, in Sedro-Woolley, Washington, to Esther and Forrest "Shorty" Stanley. In May of 1948, she married Lawrence D. Ambrose. They made their home in Wickersham, Washington. In 1955, they moved to Poulsbo for two years before returning to Wickersham, where they raised their family and spent most of their lives together. Joyce remained there until after Lawrence's death in 2009. She later moved to Bellingham in 2011.

Joyce had a strong faith in God and loved Jesus unwaveringly with her whole heart. She was an active member of her church and shared her faith through kindness, generosity, and the way she treated others.

She delighted in music and singing, as well as sewing, quilting, and other crafts. Joyce also loved to travel and see different parts of the country by car, plane, or bus. Some of her favorite trips were with her husband, sister-in-law Charlene, and her brother-in-law Bud Ambrose. Joyce and Lawrence built many lasting friendships over the years and were known for hosting

gatherings and barbecues that brought people together.

Joyce is survived by her children, Donald Ambrose (Miriam) of Anacortes, Washington, and Peggy Stewart of Bellingham, Washington; six grandchildren, Nathan Stewart (Malia), Matthew Ambrose (Megan), Mitch Stewart (Tara), Melody Chambers (Marcus), Nichole Nathan (Eric), and Megan Nash; eleven great-grandchildren, Keli Masterson (Dan), Kini Erickson (T.J.), Ava Stewart, Corbin Stewart, Sage Nah, Genevieve Nathan, Emmett Stewart, Henry Nathan, Phillip Nathan, Owen Ambrose, and Mac Ambrose; and one great-great-grandchild, William Duenas.

Joyce lived a life that showed care for others and quiet strength. Joyce's realm of influence and her witness of God's presence as evident and tangible endures as we remember the manner in which she lived out the ebb and flow of her life. Our Beloved matriarch has left us an example of a clearly lit pathway for us to honor and follow.

Her final resting place will be at the Saxon Cemetery in Acme, WA, next to Lawrence.

Her memorial service will be held at Cordata Presbyterian Church, located at 400 Meadowbrook Ct, in Bellingham, on April 25, 2026, at 11:00 am.

Please visit [www.molesfarewelltributes.com](http://www.molesfarewelltributes.com) to sign her guestbook and share your memories.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests a donation to Whatcom Hospice in her honor.

# Cemetery Details

## Saxon Cemetery

1236 Bowman Rd  
Acme, WA 98220

# Previous Events

## Memorial Service

APR 25. 11:00 AM (PT)

Cordata Presbyterian Church  
400 Meadowbrook Ct.  
Bellingham, WA 98226  
<https://cordatachurch.org/>

# Tribute Wall

JW

“ I had the privilege of working with Joyce when I was one of her caregivers. Our days always flew by so quickly and we would marvel at the time going by so fast. We would bake, discuss books we'd read, and tell funny stories. We always had plenty to do and talk about. And laugh about! One of my favorite times we laughed was when one morning I was pulling her compression socks up for some reason I was struggling to get the toe seam right. I took it off and turned it and pulled it up again...still sideways! It took several attempts but I finally got it right. This, after several months of no problems! Joyce and I kept talking as if nothing was wrong, but I had started feeling warm from embarrassment. I put her other sock on and slowly pulled it up...wrong again! She had stopped talking so I looked up and she was red faced trying not to laugh but when our eyes met we both lost composure and laughed till we cried. After that for the remaining years we both got a tiny grin and braced ourselves for the possibility of socks-gone-wrong every time I began to put them on. I will always remember that mischievous, delightful, mirthful smile. We laughed every time we were together.

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**Jillandria Jane Wingfield** - March 30 at 05:49 PM