



Scott Allen Tolliver

July 10, 1967 - August 25, 2024

Scott Allen Tolliver, 57, of Papineau, passed away peacefully on August 25, 2024, after a courageous battle with cancer. Scott was born on July 10, 1967, and lived a life filled with love, laughter, and a healthy dose of stubbornness.

He was a loving father to his two daughters, Cortney and Ashley, and known as “Papa Scott” to his five grandchildren.

Scott is survived by his father, Joe Tolliver, and his brothers, Mike and Billy Tolliver, as well as his sister, Cathy Poskin. Lonnie Light, Jr. was as close as a brother to Scott and very helpful throughout his illness. Scott is also survived by his trusted companion, Whiskey, a Rottweiler whose loving companionship brightened his spirits to no end.

A passionate fan of stock car racing, Scott could often be found in his garage working on or building race cars. He was a loyal friend to those who appreciated his unique personality, complete with razor-sharp wit and healthy doses of sarcasm.

Scott will be remembered not only for his dry humor and funny stories, but his strength in the face of adversity and willingness to help a friend or neighbor in need.

Against Scott's wishes, a celebration of his life is being planned for a future date. Stubbornness runs in the family.

Rest well, Scott.

Jenen Funeral Home is handling the arrangements.

Tribute Wall

JT

“ *My Earliest Scott Memory*

We were very small children living in Tucson AZ and I don't remember where we were on our way home from (probably went to the store) with our mom. I believe Scott was around 3 or 4 years old. Back then seat belts were not required or even used very much. Mom stopped at a traffic light and Scott must've thought we were parking at home and started to get out of the car. He unlatched the door and mom took off when the light went green and Scott fell out on the pavement. The car behind didn't see him until it was too late and ran over him. He had this white T-shirt on and when mom realized he had fallen out she stopped (probably had a meltdown) and ran back to get him to see if he was okay. Well picked him up off the road and brought him back to the car and he had this big tire tread mark that imprinted on the front of his little white T-shirt. It ran from his waist near his side and up across his torso to the opposite shoulder. I think mom was still pretty hysterical about it and I don't remember much about the incident after that. All I know is that by some miracle he was not hurt and life just carried on as usual. Maybe that's how he ended up always being underneath cars and turning wrenches! Gonna miss my brother terribly! From Mike Tolliver

Joseph M Tolliver - August 27, 2024 at 11:57 PM