



Nell Mocas

August 12, 1929 - December 5, 2017

Nell Mocas,

88, of Greenfield, passed away December 5, 2017. She was born August 12, 1929 in Indianapolis, to the late Wayne and Hester McQueen. Nell was a graduate of Warren Central High School. She married Verle Wayne Mocas September 3, 1946 and he preceded her in death January 11, 2017. Nell was a devoted wife, mother, sister, grandmother and great-grandmother and a member of Calvary Tabernacle.

Visitation will be Friday, December 8, 2017 from 12:00 noon until the time of service at 2:00 p.m. at Shirley Brothers Washington Memorial Chapel, 9606 E. Washington St.

Nell is survived by her children, Wayne A. Mocas (Brenda), Kent A. Mocas and Ann Donelson; sisters, Mary Collins, Viola Main and Colleen Schultz; grandchildren, Angela L. Cornelius (Tim), Tammy A. Bobbitt (Anthony), Brian D. Manning (Suzanne), Christopher A. Manning (Holly), Kory W. Mocas (Amy) and Rev. Brandon K. Mocas; and 12 great-grandchildren. A brother, Eugene McQueen; and two sisters, Norma Lepper and Eileen Nickell, preceded her in death.

Cemetery Details

Washington Park East

10612 E. Washington St.
Indianapolis, IN 46229

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 8. 12:00 PM - 2:00 PM (ET)

Shirley Brothers Washington Memorial Chapel
9606 E. Washington Street
Indianapolis, IN 46229
(317) 897-9606
<https://shirleybrothers.com/>

Funeral Service

DEC 8. 2:00 PM (ET)

Shirley Brothers Washington Memorial Chapel
9606 E. Washington Street
Indianapolis, IN 46229
(317) 897-9606
<https://shirleybrothers.com/>

Tribute Wall



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Nell Mocas.*



December 07, 2017 at 09:29 AM

AH

“ In 1986, I was a vulnerable young girl living in a crime-ridden transient hotel in downtown Indianapolis after surviving a period of literal homelessness. The job I had come to the city for in 1985 had ended and I found myself adrift, doing odd jobs, trying to finish my college education. I met Nellie while working a seasonal job typing auto license plate forms. I got mugged in the hallway of the hotel and lost all of my first paycheck that I had just cashed. I was going hungry. Nellie didn't know why I didn't bring a brown bag lunch to work every day to eat with the other workers-- all of whom were decades older than I was and most were life-long Hoosiers. Nellie got tired of hearing them gossip about me, about how "different" I was and it seemed that I felt too good to eat with them. She began, anonymously, packing a brown bag lunch for me every day, printing my name on it, and leaving it in the office refrigerator. Everyday, one of the older women would call out the names and hand out the lunch bags. When I heard my name called the first time, I thought it had to be a mistake, but I was so hungry, I ate the lunch without asking questions. Everyday thereafter, there was another lunch for me. I came early to work one day to try to catch whoever was doing it. It was Nellie. This began a long, and ultimately long-distance (when I moved to Chicago) friendship. She became more of a mother to me than my biological mother, a battered wife, was capable of being. In fact, at the time that I was homeless and hungry, I didn't even know how to reach my mother or where she was living, and my father was in and out of mental hospitals. Nellie not only gave me food. She made her famous fruit cake so I would have something festive to eat on Christmas. When I had a job interview, she took me shopping for professional clothes. She sat with me in court during the trial of the offender who had robbed me. When I took on my first house under a city condemned property program and didn't have any hot water, she got her husband and other family members to help install a used hot water heater in my house. When I completed my college education, she took me out to dinner to celebrate. Once, years later, she even came to visit me in Chicago which was an adventure that took her way beyond her comfort zone. Every year, I would try to come to Indianapolis to visit

her at least once or twice. But most importantly, she was an earthly, non-judgemental angel who stood by my side in life's journey. I will always carry her in my heart and aspire to pay it forward in the work that I do today with homeless youth on the Southside of Chicago.

Matthew 25:35-40

-A. Anne Holcomb

A. Anne Holcomb - December 06, 2017 at 06:41 PM

AH

“ *A. Anne Holcomb purchased the Fairest of All for the family of Nell Mocas.*



A. Anne Holcomb - December 06, 2017 at 05:39 PM



“ *Pink Tribute Spray was purchased for the family of Nell Mocas.*



December 05, 2017 at 04:29 PM