



Victoria Lynn Stork Moring

December 27, 1949 - May 26, 2018

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Victoria Lynn Stork Moring passed away on Saturday, May 26, 2018. She was a native of Demmitt, TX and a resident of Reserve, LA.

Survived by husband, Lance Moring; step-son, Hunter Moring, daughter, Angela Maxwell; son, Nathan Maxwell; siblings, Cary, Deborah, Stanley, Dwain and their spouses; as well as, many aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews.

Preceded in death by son, Dustin Maxwell and parents, John Clifford Stork, Carolyn Augusta Bowers and Chester David Weber.

Vicki's generous love, unshakable faith and unrelenting work ethic has made the world a better place. She was happiest when helping others, fishing, gardening, woodworking, and laughing/dancing with family and friends. Vicki bore life's burdens with grace and strength. She will be profoundly missed by all who knew her.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the Memorial Service on Saturday, June 2, 2018 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, 1907 Carolina St., Baytown, Texas 77520. The Rosary will be held at 9:30 a.m. followed by the Memorial Service at 10:00 a.m.

Previous Events

Rosary

JUN 2. 9:30 AM (CT)

St. Joseph's Catholic Church
1907 Carolina Street
Baytown, TX 77520

Memorial Service

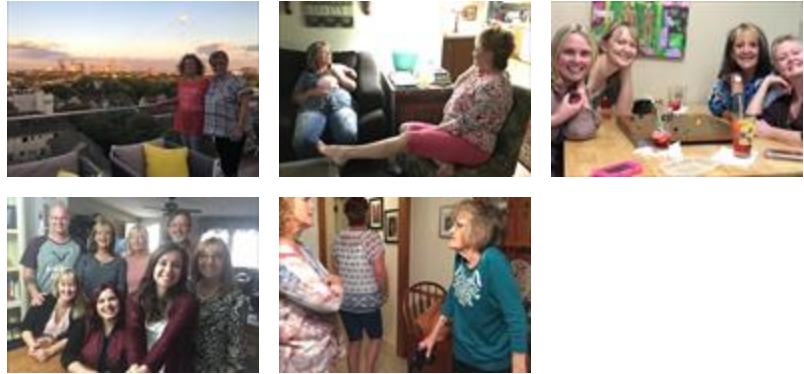
JUN 2. 10:00 AM (CT)

St. Joseph's Catholic Church
1907 Carolina Street
Baytown, TX 77520

Tribute Wall

AN

“ 10 files added to the tribute wall



Angela - December 27, 2025 at 07:22 PM

Profile icon

“ Victoria Lynn Stork Moring

October 05, 2023 at 08:59 AM

AN

“ Your smile, laugh, the sound of your voice - I miss you everyday.



Angela - May 28, 2020 at 05:28 PM

“When Deacon George suggested I write my mother’s eulogy, my first thought was how does one summarize the unfolding of an entire beautiful life? How does a daughter explain that her mother was funny yet severe; gentle and kind, yet “tough as nails”; humble, while at the same time able to summon a great inner strength? And it came to me that these paradoxes are all around us. This is how God created most things, for this balance is the very definition of beauty. There is poetry in the fact that water can be a terrible force as well as a gentle, cleansing rain. Or think of a sunflower: how does a seemingly fragile stalk bear such weight, and grow so tall? These beautiful things share another similarity with my mother: they innately contain these qualities; it is simply how they exist in the world. My mom simply was who she was. Sometimes she was the sunflower and sometimes water, without seeking to redefine or question God’s plan.

Even at the lowest points of Vicki’s life, when she felt as if her heart had nothing left to give, she found comfort in knowing Christ loved her and that our creator was with her. Her well-worn bible is evidence of that. I marvel at her strength in the face of loss, at her selfless generosity to the downtrodden or broken... and I am grateful for the example she left us. Her life exemplified triumph over tragedy and conquering self-doubt. In her darkest moments, she drove to the middle of nowhere, dropped to her knees and screamed out over the water, railing at the injustice of this world. But afterwards, she would stand tall, pray like a warrior, and take Christ’s waiting hand, as a loving child does when feeling afraid or alone.

Victoria lived a life of courage and somehow never lost her innocence or her ability to find the joy in simple things like a clean kitchen, dancing and laughing.

There are stories of her generosity: how a family of three moved in with us when I was eight (and she was in the midst of a divorce) because they needed a home... There are many stories of Vicki’s strength, but a recent example is how she selflessly carried me through my father’s dying, despite the loss it brought up for her.

There are funny memories of us teasing her for her southern accent and phrases like “tan your hide” or, “what the hail!”. The struggle was real for her and her phone’s voice recognition. Then there’s the time I laughed while she admitted she had angrily sprinkled Cayenne pepper on her flower beds so that the neighborhood cats would stop using her plants as a litter box... and the next week she called to report that she was even more angry because it didn’t work.

My mom loved being outside; she was the consummate gardener. But I also remember her strong, bronzed arms doing many other things: gently holding baby Shay in amazement, pulling something delicious from the oven, casting a rod into the water with a look of pure bliss, hoisting her grandpa’s shovel into the air like a trophy, or rolling a Yahtzee and jumping up and down in a way that was so Vicki. She loved the “bottle brush” tree because it made her happy that the hummingbirds and bees did too. My mom taught me to be fearless when cutting back a plant, because that’s what makes it come back stronger. Vicki taught me that you can sow seeds of love in all seasons, and that innocent joy, and fighting for others, is a way of life.

But she wasn’t a saint. Anyone who knew my mother saw her stubborn streak... she was used to doing things her own way, well, because that was the right way. 😊 Her tenacious spirit delighted in transforming broken, discarded or warped wood into whatever she fancied: a deck, a birdhouse, furniture... Both Nathan and Lance offered to buy her new wood, explaining that straight cuts were easier to line up, but to her it simply made no sense. She would toss her hand in dismissal, and then puzzle together the pieces until her vision was realized. Victoria Lynn Stork had eyes that saw new life in that which others regarded as worthless.

We’ve lost a beautiful soul with the death of Vicki, but she wouldn’t want us to grieve too long or wallow in a pity-party of pain. Her example in life was to try harder, to show up and to sit with life’s challenges, as if she were sitting with Christ’s sufferings. After all,

the Chaplet of Divine Mercy was one of her favorite prayers. By saying that prayer she acknowledged that to trust God means that, even in gut-wrenching loss, we believe that, "what the enemy intends for evil, God will use for good".

My mama's motto, if she had left the garden long enough to pen one, would be:

be courageous in your kindness, and reckless in your love for others.

Angela - June 07, 2018 at 09:03 AM



The most beautiful, heart felt eulogy I have ever read. I love you Angela and miss your sweet momma 😭

Belinda Fry - January 22, 2021 at 12:05 PM

DD

Angie, excellent choice of words to absolutely describe Victoria Lynn Stork!

Debby Stork Dayhoff - December 29, 2025 at 12:17 PM

AN

“ 6 files added to the tribute wall



Angela - June 03, 2018 at 07:13 AM

HF

“ *I remember the love this Wonder Woman showed me.
Funniest time ever when she tried to help me straighten my hair!
The world will be hard pressed to find another like you!*

Houston Fuqua - June 01, 2018 at 09:06 AM

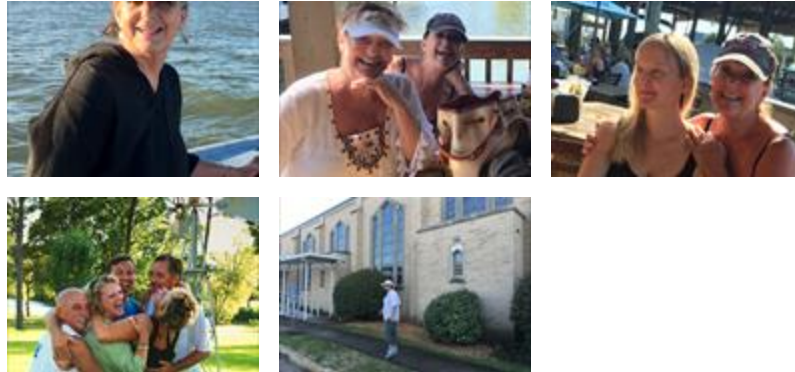
AN

Thank you Houston. I have a pretty hilarious photo to share with you.

Angela - June 03, 2018 at 07:06 AM

AN

“ *6 files added to the tribute wall*



Angela - June 01, 2018 at 06:19 AM

SN

“ *Sorry for your loss, Angie. We will all miss Vickie very much! Love you Ronnie and Sharon.*

Sharon and Ronnie Naiser - May 31, 2018 at 08:32 PM

RL

So sorry for the loss of your mom she was a special lady that treated everyone with love and respect

Robert Lynch - May 31, 2018 at 08:54 PM

AN

*Thank you Sharon and Ronnie💛
Yes, Robert, she sure was. Thank you for saying so.*

Angie - June 01, 2018 at 06:42 AM

DL

I am so sorry for your family's loss. This world will be a little dimmer place without this exceptional Lady. Vicky was born with a "Mother's Heart," she was devoted, dedicated and determined to love her children and family unconditionally. Her friendships were truly sincere with laughter and kindness. She was so much like a "Passion Flower," if one petal was damaged it weakened the entire stem, but it never diminished the character and elegance of it's "Grace and Beauty." She was loved and will be forever missed. God Bless this amazing family with wonderful memories of day's gone bye!

Donna Long - June 02, 2018 at 11:32 PM

DD

My sister, my Best Friend, my confident, my traveling partner, she was my everything! My life is not full without her! Everyday I still want to call her😭😭 I miss her so I can't even put into words!!!

Debby Stork Dayhoff - December 29, 2025 at 12:03 PM