



Janet Strevy

August 17, 1939 - March 25, 2026

Janet (Swihart) Strevy, 86, of Wabash, Indiana, passed on Wednesday, March 25, 2026.

She was born to Charles and Evelyn (Kamp) Swihart on August 17, 1939, of Akron, IN, their second child and oldest girl. Janet was the widow to Paul “Gene” Strevy, whom she married in the fall of 1965. They lived most of their lives in North Manchester, Indiana.

[1] [SEP] She was preceded in death by her husband, parents and brother George Swihart.

She is survived by four stepchildren Gene (Allison) Strevy of North Manchester, Janet (Tim) Eaves of Ft. Worth, Texas, Diana Streevey of Mooresville, NC, and Alan Strevy of Ft. Wayne; two sisters, Joyce (Jerry) Hudson of Akron and Karen Swihart Aikman of Peru; and by several grandchildren; great grandchildren; and nieces and nephews.

[1] [SEP] A graveside service will be held in the Akron Cemetery, Akron, Indiana at 10:30 am, Monday, March 30, 2026 with Pastor J.P. Freeman officiating.

The services have been entrusted to Hartzler Funeral Home 305 West Rochester Street Akron, Indiana.

Cemetery Details

Akron Cemetery

S 1075 E
Akron, IN 46910

Previous Events

Graveside Service

MAR 30. 10:30 AM (ET)

Akron Cemetery
S 1075 E
Akron, IN 46910

Tribute Wall



“ *Jeff& Elaine Martin lit a candle in memory of Janet Strevy*



Jeff& Elaine Martin - March 27 at 08:48 PM

“*Gramma was something else. A consummate homemaker, you always knew you'd be greeted with an immaculate lawn, a beautiful home, and a homemade treat. She had so much drive, she never took a day off of planting or painting or gardening or canning or cooking or nesting. She was like a hummingbird. Tiny, busy; you'd have to stay and watch to see her sit and take a rest.*

She lived for company, always had at least one spare bedroom ready for anyone to visit. My sister and I grew up feeling like Gramma and Grampa's house was like a vacation resort. Everything was pretty, every bowl had candy, Gramma was always down to chat. We grandkids and great grandkids were free to play in a huge yard that felt more like a park, fountains and flowers and ornamental trees around every corner.

When we were young, their house burned down. She lost her beloved dog. She and Grandpa suddenly became our neighbors for a time, staying with her mother down the street from us. We watched her process unimaginable grief like a soldier. That was her way.

Not long after they moved into their new home, she and Grampa stepped up to share their home with us during Mom and Dad's divorce. What do I remember from that time? Not so much the divorce stuff. I remember the homemade strawberry divinity, butterscotch, pie. Every day hugs and kisses. Getting tucked into bed at night. Waking up to a full breakfast.

Later, when my sister and I struggled with college and single motherhood, every week she hosted a family dinner, and every week she sent us home with tons of food. Always we thanked her and hugged her and helped her when she let us, but is there ever enough thanks for sustained kindness?

She loved Grampa and took care of him for more than 50 years. She took care of Grampa's sister and husband in their final years.

She loved her friends, loved having them over and talking and laughing for hours. They were all older than her, and passed on before her. She kept their memory alive year after year with things they'd given her. This belonged to my friend, she'd say.

Gramma was something else. She was a firey little woman, able to hold her own as a machinist among men a foot taller than her before women's rights were invented. She didn't put up with nonsense from anybody, and you never had to wonder where you stood with her. She was very good at whatever she set her mind to do.

Tennille - March 27 at 12:11 PM