



Mildred Beatrice Spencer

June 11, 1927 - September 7, 2008

Mrs. Mildred Beatrice Spencer, 81, of Douglasville, Georgia passed away Sunday, September 7, 2008 at Wellstar Cobb Hospital. She was born June 11, 1927 the daughter of the late Mr. Clifford A. Brumbelow and the late Mrs. Era Holbrook Brumbelow. She was of the Baptist Faith. She worked in the cotton mill as a weaver. She was a loving mother and grandmother. She enjoyed fishing and was an avid Atlanta Braves baseball fan. In addition to her parents she was preceded in death by her son, Lelan Leroy Spencer. She is survived by her daughter and son-in-law, Mary Ann and Billy May of Villa Rica; son and daughter-in-law, Vernon Wesley and Jeanette Spencer of Maryland; grandchildren, Alex Spencer, Keith May, Phylicia Walker and Tacie Daniell; great-grandchildren, Will Walker, Erica Daniell, Megan Walker, and Wesley Daniell; great-great grandchild, Ethan Spencer.

Funeral Services will be conducted Wednesday, September 10, 2008 at 1:00 PM from the Douglas Chapel of Jones-Wynn Funeral Home with Celebrant Glenn Gilmore officiating. Interment will follow at Sunrise Memorial Gardens. The family will receive friends at Jones-Wynn Funeral Home, Douglas Chapel, Tuesday, September 9, 2008 from 5:00 PM until 8:00 PM. Messages of condolences to the family may be sent from www.jones-wynn.com. Jones-Wynn Funeral Home, Douglas Chapel in charge of arrangements. 770-942-2311

Events

SEP **Visitation** 05:00PM - 08:00PM

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Jones-Wynn Funeral Home & Crematory, Inc.
2189 Midway Road, Douglasville, GA, US, 30135

SEP **Service** 01:00PM

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Comments



“ I have been thinking of you guys..... I hope you all are well. I am one with no advised right now except for love with the family and all the memories she left you guys with will surely help you along. I can remember a few she left even me. I remember us laughing in Grandmama`s kitchen when she gave me another cookie what I was told I coulnt have.... :)she also loved my music..... Good luck the next few months and please keep in touch

Mark

Mark Ware - October 17, 2008 at 03:15 PM



“ This is merely a description of my own relationship with Nanny. But memories fade and opinions will vary.

Some people, most people, thrive in the company and fellowship of others. Some people, most people allow themselves to be carried along with the herd. Trusting each other, succumbing to tradition, participating in ceremony, showering loved ones with affection. Ready with a compliment, ok with pomp and circumstance. But not everyone. And I always felt that Nanny and I had at least that in common. Shy, tentative, kindred spirits. Outsiders finding security out of the spotlight. Passive, but never at rest. Shy, but open. Sometimes awkwardly so. Outspoken but not always eloquent in our delivery. Humor stumbled across by accident but often hilarious. Pretty good listeners, too. I was always comfortable with her because I knew (or felt) that she knew we had so much in common also. Love is a given among family, but I could see in her eyes that we LIKED each other, too. So, yeah, we had a lot in common and were very comfortable with each other. Fiercely independent. She wanted to show affection, but never learned how. I wish I knew why. I wish I knew how.

She never gave me a hard time for being a runt and that was OK in my book. I remember a ball-cap she gave me that I wore religiously. Coolest cap you ever saw with dials on the front for scorekeeping. At least that is how I remember her now. I wish I could remember more. Remember farther back. I'm sure she was cool to me from the beginning.

I remember visiting her on occasional Saturdays or Sundays after church. Wrestling on, or about to come on, TBS. The Seventies. Rick Flair, Tony Atlas, Dusty Rhodes and Andre The Giant. Hardwood floors and screen doors. Fried chicken and mash potatoes. Biscuits and gravy. Watermelon. Puffing on unlit cigarette butts. And it was good. The memories fade. Visits were not often and became less so over the years. And then I moved to California and saw Nanny only a couple of times in the last decade. People drift apart. Untethered. But Nanny was often on my mind and remains not only an influence on my character, but inseperable piece of my heart.

Her life was a struggle and she hid well her sensitive side. But she smiled with her eyes. And frowned with them too. We all share so many features it blows my mind. Looking at photos, I see that Erica has her nose, Wesley has her smile and Mama has her cheeks. I like to think that I have her eyes and my hair is greying in the same arbitrary pattern. There's just less of it.

It would be nice to live long enough to mend fences and conquer regret. Unfortunately, few if any of us live that long. Life is a series of choices all with a compromise and we just keep on keeping on doing the best we can until it's over. Apologies go a long way and so does holding someone's hand. Looking them in the eye and sharing vulnerability. Expressing our love for each other with no fear of embarrassment is mighty tough for some of us. Pride gets in the way. Damn, foolish, pride.

A loved one passing is a reminder of the reality of the mortality we all share. It is incredibly sad, but an opportunity to confront this reality through catharsis and lamentation.

We live. We struggle. We win. We lose. We love. We lie. We anger. We forgive. We are imperfect creatures and do the best we can with the strength and weakness we inherit and then we die. But the Earth keeps spinning. Life endures with or without us. After thousand of years, it's hard to take personal. All we leave behind are ripples and they too are soon gone. We can take comfort, however, in knowing that is exactly as God intended it. The only constant is change, so do not live in fear of death. Breathe deeply until you breathe no more.

In Nanny's honor, let's mend some fences. Fearlessly display affection, strive to be more approachable, less judgmental. This was a part of her character that was never allowed to flourish. But also, in Nanny's honor, and because I am not there to do so, please tell each other how much you LIKE each other. Regard!

September 28, 2008 at 04:15 PM



“ There are certainly too many times in one's life when you're truly stunned, unable to function at more than a basic level, taking in air, water, food. I've experienced this horrible state three times.

The first occurred when I was told that our brother, Lee, had left this mortal world. I felt, still feel, that there was something I could or should have done so that he would still be with us. I bluffed my way through those incredibly difficult first few days around those that knew and loved me but couldn't say his name or remember his face for years without tears. They say 'Time heals all wounds.' They're wrong.

The second was the death of Papa, our dear grandfather. When I was growing up, he was the only man I knew that was a positive role model. His gentleness, humor and intelligence were not fully appreciated by me until I was fully grown and found

myself trying, inadequately, to emulate these qualities he possessed in such full measure. I feel no lasting sorrow at his passing now. He lived a full life on his own terms. You can spread happiness, as he did to others, in such abundance only when you are happy yourself – and I think he was. I miss him dearly.

My mother's passing is the latest of these shocks. Several weeks earlier she expressed an urgent need to see me again. We all knew she couldn't manage a trip to see me so it was decided I must travel to her. I regret that she was not able to see her great-grandson, Ethan, as she requested. It's as if she knew the end was near. She seemed her normal cantankerous self when last I saw her – determined to get an emotional rise out of everyone she met and outsmart even the most clever. It seemed the old fire was back in her eyes and she was ready for any upcoming challenge. I had come to understand this was her way of expressing her independence. She really meant no harm... didn't really want to offend... it was just her way – much to the dismay of those who were closest to her.

It was as if she somehow couldn't allow someone to be close enough to hurt her again. She had been hurt a tremendous amount in her life and I believe she wanted to lessen the likelihood and severity of it continuing. In that she failed, she loved deeply and was loved in turn.

In time, the pain will lessen for those of us remaining. Knowing this doesn't make it any easier now. Let us ALL lean on each other for support and not allow the distances between us to keep us from being the family we actually are.

Vernon W. Spencer - September 21, 2008 at 11:23 PM



“ With honor and all the respect my grandmother deserved I am truly sorry for our lose. I pray that God will continually rain down peace and comfort, fill you heart with joy. Know that I will continue to pray remembering the traditions and truths handed down to me throughout my life. As always if there is ever anything you need I will do what I can.

Phylcia Walker - September 17, 2008 at 11:37 AM



“ MAMA-
I JUST REMEMBERED THAT TODAY IS PAPA'S BIRTHDAY. CLIFFORD A.
BRUMBELOW
BORN-SEPT. 13, 1895.
DIED-JAN. 27, 1997.
HE LIVED 102 YEARS...HE WOULD HAVE BEEN 113 TODAY.

MARY ANN MAY----DAUGHTER - September 13, 2008 at 02:26 PM



“ MAMA, I MISS YOU. MAMA I LOVE YOU.
I AM SO GLAD I HAD YOU FOR AS MANY YEARS AS I DID. ONE OF THE LAST
WORDS YOU SAID TO ME WERE. MARY ANN I LOVE YOU AND DON'T YOU
EVER FORGET IT. I WILL NOT EVER FORGET THAT YOU LOVED ME MAMA. I
AM SO GLAD THAT YOU HAD A SERVICE THAT WAS TO HONOR YOU. A
SERVICE THAT WAS PEACEFUL. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE THAT
SHOWED MY MOTHER THE RESPECT AND HONOR THAT SHE RECEIVED.
THIS WAS PROBABLY THE HARDEST THING THAT ANYONE CAN FACE AND I
WANT TO THANK ALL FRIENDS AND FAMILY THAT HELPED ME TO GET
THROUGH THIS.
THANK YOU FOR THE LOVING THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS. GOD BLESS.

MARYANNMAY--DAUGHTER - September 13, 2008 at 02:17 PM



“ Love you Nanny. Rest in Peace

Tracie (May) Daniell - September 08, 2008 at 03:14 PM