

**Most of you here today know the wonderful warmth, kindness, character—and humor—of our loved one.**

**Here are some of the memories and thoughts of some of her family members.**

**The Ross Family** will always remember her kindness and her fantastic sense of humor.

She took care of flowers we needed for any occasion and five years ago, she transported roses and calla lilies to Atlanta to make bouquets for Danielle's wedding.

We loved her stories about the boys. The Miller house was a kid magnet. When supper time came Angie would always say, "Everybody who doesn't live here needs to go home."

Another funny story she used to tell was about Bill and Chris. She had Bill and Chris draw straws to settle some type of argument. Chris got to pick first and upon drawing the short straw turned to Bill and said "you cheated"—She loved to tell that story.

Her love for her family was unconditional. Her signature ending to conversations when we would say, "I love you," was always, "I love you the best".

## **Chris**

I could tell you so many stories, enough to keep you here through December. But I consider myself so blessed to have had a mother like mine for these past 52 years. Even before I met Jesus, I had two parents to model unconditional love for me. I grew up knowing and hearing that I was loved and I was special. How many children can say that now days? Later on in my walk with Jesus, he told me to love folks like I was loved. That's some big shoes to fill! Several years ago, I told a little boy named Austin Reedy that I loved him, and he told me, "I love you the big-most!" After that time, I started telling Mumsie, "I love you the big-most!" but I REALLY knew who would win that contest! So now, I face the future, determined to love, to nurture, and to bless, like I was taught! Thank you Mumsie, for showing me how!

## **Debbie**

I never saw the wisdom in what you were doing as my mother-in-law until I actually became a mother-in-law myself. I realize now that many of the things you tried to extend toward me are actually the very things that I want to extend to my daughter-in-laws. I hope that I can show the same love, patience and support that you showed toward me. You opened your arms to enlarge your family, and made room for me. I want you to know that I will follow your lead and do the same with our family. I will try to reflect the same heart and desire for a strong, close family as you did for yours.

You went to great lengths to demonstrate the deep love that you had for my children – often at a great sacrifice to you. You worked so hard to be able to give so much to my children. My children will always remember the encouragement, support and unconditional love you always showed them.

You will never know how much I have learned from you. I hear your words so often in midst of my days, words forged from the things that you walked through. I will spend my life time trying to pass on the things you passed on to me. And when I draw *my* last breadth, I only hope that my family will remember me with the same love, honor and respect that all of us have for you.

Thank you for your unconditional love.

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### **Anthony**

My greatest memories of Angelina cover several periods of time. As a youngster living in the country around Shaw MS, Angelina had many friends, activities and was always on the go. Many times she needed help in doing her chores—cleaning the kitchen, washing dishes—she was very skillful in getting me to do her chores for her—for very little money. Angelina always had money.

When I was older and going to Ole Miss, I spent several summers with Angelina in Leland working the night shift for Olin Mathiston Chemical Co. formulating poisons to treat different crops. She always wanted to know how my love life was going, with my night shift hours. My love life was very little then!

My fondest memories of Angelina were of her dedication to her family. She was happiest when she was able to watch Glenn, Bill and Chris excel in different sports. Angelina didn't stop with her sons, but she expanded it to their grand kids. It was nothing for her to jump in her car after work and drive to Shreveport or get on a plane and fly to LA.

Angelina had many, many friends and she always introduced me as Anthony, her little brother and I was always proud then and now.

### **Hannah**

There are many things you do not understand about your elders until you are much older, especially when you are a grandchild. Until I was about 10, I thought my grandmother's nickname was 'Quickie' rather than 'Cuicchi', simply because she did so many things so quickly with such an extraordinary amount of energy, and her mind was like that too – incredibly light and clever and sharp and funny. The things that your grandparents teach you and give to you are in some way deeper and older than anything else you ever learn, and their actions and values shape your entire life in almost impossibly subtle ways, the way a river shapes the riverbank. It has taken me years to understand the spiritual and moral legacy that I have received from my grandmother, and although it would be hard to sum it up in a paragraph, I would say that she taught me that expecting the best and finest of all human beings, and seeing their beauties as opposed to their faults, not only calls forth those virtues from them, not only is a sign of respect and a tribute to the dignity of all human beings, but is an expression of the highest and

most profound love. I learned an infinite amount of other wisdom from Nanny, and I know that for the rest of my life I will be discovering more of her infinitely gracious, warm, intelligent, and magical imprint upon me. I love you Nanny. I will miss you very much.

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## **Donna**

Angie Miller was my mother-in-law, and quite unlike the typical stereotype of the name mother-in-law. She was love in action. She showed her love through her acceptance, her generosity, her openness, and her kindness. You never had to wonder just how she felt about any situation. She gave out of a sincere heart. She reached out and helped countless people who were down and out, and many times she gave a "happy" just because. She was always looking for ways to bless those around her. She taught me many things, just by watching her live her life. For instance, "love wins over convenience". Many times I watched as she would close her shop, drive 4 hours, watch her grandson play a football game, and drive back home so she could open her shop and serve her customers the next day. That blew my mind and I wondered how she could do that physically. Angie was a living picture of perseverance, endurance, absolutely no self-pity, and deep love. I think love drove her, and enabled her to continue this for so long. Angie Miller made a difference in so many lives, just by being Angie Miller. I will miss her deeply. I love you Angie.

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## **Bill**

Of all my treasured memories of Mom, one is a constant sound-bite that I have replayed over and over again through my life. This story captures one of the great lessons that Mom passed on to me, and that has shaped my view and attitude toward challenges throughout my life ever since.

As a senior in high school at Indianola Academy, I ran track. We were having an important meet, and for reasons particular to this one meet, I was asked to switch from my normal *starting* leg on the mile relay team, and oddly to run the second leg. Having won this event many times during the season, we were clearly favored to win again. But *this* night, my team mate starting the race was returning from being out ill for several weeks, and was not fully recovered. Half-way through his lap, it was obvious he was not strong enough to keep our team in the lead position in the race. He fell further and further behind, and rather than coming into the first exchange with us in typical first place, he came around the last curve with us in last position, and by a sizable margin.

As I looked up the track, focusing on him as he struggled toward me, out of the cheering crowd noise I heard a voice softly call out to me, "Come on Willy, you can do it." Most of the time athletes cannot hear through the crowd noise, but that night, for some reason, her words drifted through the noise and registered to my ears, almost as if dreamlike. I briefly turned my attention *away from* the track and scanned the crowded bleachers looking for my Mom. Unable to find her *face*, all I could find were those words, "Come on Willy, you can do it."

I turned my attention back to the track, watching competitors blur passed me while I waited on my struggling team mate. As he approached, I knew I was in last place and mentally began recalculating my strategy for trying to make up the distance between me and the pack. When I finally received the baton I turned and started after the back of the pack nearly 1 full turn ahead of me. I started out after them with the *intention* of merely pacing myself so as to close the gap enough to not allow our team to finish last.

But with “Come on Willy, you can do it” replaying over and over in my head, I suddenly realized that I couldn’t settle for not finishing last. I tossed out my strategy and accepted the swelling urge to sprint until I couldn’t sprint any more.

“Come on Willy, you can do it.” I began to gain on, then pass, one competitor after another. The louder those words echoed in my head, the faster I ran. Before I even really became aware, I had passed all but the leader as I entered the last curve. Holding steady, I passed the baton off to my third-leg team mate in second by only a few short strides.

At the end, we won that race by perhaps the largest distance we had won by all season.

I walked back to the edge of the track and looked up in the bleachers one more time. This time I found her gentle face and the author who that night wrote words into my life that have forever defined me and my approach to living:

“Come on Willy, you can do it!”

“Thanks, Mom, I *know* I can.”

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## **Derek**

"The picture of my grandmother is not made up of many large memories. I have them, to be sure, but the overall impression is from the thousand little, archetypical memories I have of her. I remember walking into the flower shop to visit her while she was at work, and seeing her beam with pride and introduce me (and any accompanying grandchildren) to whomever she was conversing with (even if it was on the phone and they couldn't see me). I remember her spending every second, that she wasn't engaged in responsibilities, cooking humungous meals and batches of snacks, for whatever members of the family were visiting. I remember the way she would lift her glasses and rub her eyes, from weariness, toward the end of the day. I remember her driving me to Leland from the Memphis airport one time, when I was 15. We stopped at a casino just for me to see what it looked like on the inside. We didn't go far inside, just into the lobby. We walked up to the front door, to go in, and she just stood there. I wondered why she was just standing there and asked. She said, "I'm going to *let you* open the door for me." I remember the impact that single moment had on my understanding of the strength of a woman, and that chivalry was not about women not being able to do things for themselves, but to honor all the things that they do for us. (It may seem simple to many there, but to a boy growing up in California, that is practically a paradigm shift). I remember her telling me she was a 'viper' when it came to her family (and always feeling a little relieved that I didn't belong outside that group, when I saw the way she said it). Just as the Lord intends for so many of us, my impression of my grandmother is made of

a thousand little examples of love, devotion, sacrifice, and hard-work. As a grown man, I saw that in her every time she looked at me, and I thank the Lord for her presence in my life."

**These are but a fraction of the memories, and the ripples in history, of the life we celebrate today.**