



Mary Lou Durham

July 23, 1927 - December 16, 2018

Lester Durham has finally been reunited with his soul mate and best friend, and my brothers Stephen & Eddy can now spend infinite hours with my mother, Mary Lou Durham. The matriarch of the Durham family passed away in the early morning hours of December 16, 2018. My mother was born July 23, 1927 at Witcher Creek, West Virginia to Jeff and Ollie (Love) Medley.

My mother came from a long line of strong willed, driven and determined women. And nothing showed her true character and faith more than having to bravely endure the sorrow of the early passing of both sons, and being a steadfast, loving and devoted wife while watching my father succumb to Alzheimer's disease.

I could fill up the entire newspaper with memories of my mother from all of the fabulous food she made even when it wasn't a holiday, and especially coming home from school to find she had made me my very own little fruit or pumpkin pie or most especially catching the bus to Charleston together to do some holiday shopping and having a snack at the Diamond luncheonette or walking to Woolworths to ride the elevator upstairs to get a milkshake and then sit and talk while we watched the holiday shoppers below. These are priceless memories for me, nothing will ever compare.

Simple pleasures were easy to find in our home, and Mom always had a knack for making the ordinary days extra-ordinary. Whether it was candles on the holiday table or tagging along to work with my father and sweeping up the sawdust when he had finished his carpentry project, Mom would add or do a little something to make things just right. Mom and Dad were so much alike, together or separate they were either making something, cleaning something or tearing something apart and making it all over again. There were never idle hands at my mother's house even after Dad was gone.

Never giving in to all the expected and unexpected age related illnesses that were put on her, my mother was as self-sufficient as she could possibly be at her age, even while her last two earthly years were spent at Valley Center. I constantly heard the same thing said

by all of the nurses and aides about how much they loved my Mom. She was ready to listen to anyone, residents or nurses, who needed to tell her a story, whether good, bad or indifferent. She continued to make her own bed and keep her small room neat and tidy just as she had done during my childhood years.

Even at the end of her life, Mom was still telling me that she had things she needed to do. And both my sons would agree, that if I could have brought her a ladder, surely she would have made an attempt to climb it to make an adjustment to a picture that was just a bit off kilter or the window curtains that didn't hang just right.

While most of my mother's friends have gone on before her, Mom leaves behind a host of loving immediate family members that include daughter Patty McCallister and husband Bill of St. Albans, Grandson Chris Beckett and wife Annie & their children Maddie & Max of Scott Depot, Grandson Justin Beckett of St. Albans, Grandson Michael McCallister of South Charleston, Daughter-In-Law Sue Durham, Granddaughter Erica Kim, and husband Hak-Jun & their children Nicole & Alec, Grandson Brian Durham and wife Diane & their children Rory, Mason & Samantha, Granddaughter Allison Durham & son Kassian all of Georgia, Daughter-In-Law Joyce Durham, Grandson Ryan Durham, Granddaughter Kelsey Durham & sons Parker & Brody all of Hurricane, and her beloved sister Doris Hunt of Virginia.

A private family celebration of Mom's life will be held at a later date.

We encourage Mary Lou's friends to give a donation in her honor to The Alzheimer's Association.

You may visit Mary Lou's tribute page at chapmanfuneralhomes.com to share memories or condolences with the family.

Bartlett-Chapman Funeral Home, Family owned and located at 409 Sixth Ave., St. Albans is honored to serve the Durham family.

Comments



“ Mary Lou or Mrs Meeks as I still refer to her as was the best teacher ever. I had her in the third grade. She is the teacher that made reading come alive for me. I can remember her reading little house on the prairie books to the class. My best friend and I met her for lunch several years ago. I remember her telling me to call her by her first name but I told her that it seemed disrespectful for me to do that. I told her that to me she would always remain in my heart as Mrs. Meeks. She was a wonderful woman and will be greatly missed. Cathy Bunker Windsor

Cathy Windsor - February 03, 2019 at 03:28 PM