



Vilma Jean Thomas

November 5, 2017

Vilma Jean Thomas of Scott Depot WV died of a short illness on November 5, 2017 at the age of 89.

Vilma is survived by her son Bobby Lee and wife Lynn Jarrett, Brothers John and Kenneth Duffield, sister Anna Jane Williams. Grandchildren John and his wife Jacinda Jarrett, Haley and her husband Tim Brogan, and Danielle and her husband Josh Nietz. Great Grandchildren Thomas and Scarlett Brogan and Payton Jarrett.

At her wishes there will not be a funeral service but a small private memorial service will be held at a later date.

Tribute Wall



“ *Vilma Jean Thomas*

October 06, 2023 at 08:41 AM



“ *2 files added to the tribute wall*



Dani Love - November 08, 2017 at 10:27 AM



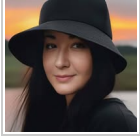
“ *Jean was a wonderful lady with a happy attitude and a beautiful & caring smile. I have known her all my life and we were very close, always keeping in touch and being a part of each others life. She will be missed by many but most of all by her loving family. A godly woman who loved her family and friends but now she rests in the arms of the Lord she served. I love you, Jean. See you soon.*

Carolyn Dobbins Patrick - November 08, 2017 at 06:56 AM

SS

“ Jean, or Mamaw as I knew her, was a kind hearted women who opened her home up to me as a child. Her home was a safe place for me to play and quickly became like second home. I remember playing barbies in her living room, sitting in the breezeway just hanging out, and eating corned beef and cabbage with quarters for New Years. Mamaw watched out for all the kids and was there to take care of us. She will always hold a special place in my heart and will be missed.

Samantha Stafford - November 08, 2017 at 03:53 AM



“ Hi, I'm a childhood friend of Vilma's granddaughter Haley. I knew her as Mawmaw. She was my Mawmaw, and probably your Mawmaw too. I spent 90% of my time with Haley, I wouldn't leave and she wouldn't let me, so that meant I spent as much time with Mawmaw because if you were with Haley, you were with her grandmother. Everyday: wake up, "hot coals" walk the gravel over to Mawmaw's, eat, listen to Mawmaw fuss and try to feed us again, then on to shenanigans. Everyday began with her. To listen to those two swap words was like watching a fencing match but hilarious. Even during our selfish teenage years Haley always brought her little offerings and gifts, and they shared EVERYTHING. It was no surprise years later to find it exactly the same during my last visit. My favorite memory would have to be a time Haley and I decided to mess with her. I had long hair and we used pins to make it look like we hacked it up, like blind, drunk cats had at it using only their feet paws. So we "hot foot" it over to Mawmaw's and proudly tell her we cut my hair in the newest style everyone our age was getting. No hesitation... "it looks HORRIBLE!"...she wasn't mean at all, but she didn't candy coat anything and neither does Haley (probably my favorite genetic quark she's got). It did look horrible too, I wish I had a picture. Once we cracked and couldn't keep our laugh-howls in, Haley confessed all (I was surprised she kept it up that long) and Mawmaw grinned and shoo'ed us back across the gravel to Haley's house where we got into who knows what. I had planned to see her again, we got to reminisce the last time I saw her, but I don't think either of us got enough time to jibberjabber. Ill forever be grateful I got that time with her. I hope she laughs at me if I ever screw my hair up.

Vinnie Frankel - November 07, 2017 at 10:32 PM

JS

“ I am fortunate enough to have 20 years of memories with mawmaw. I think in the beginning, she saw little more in me than a rambunctious teenager. Over the years, though, she grew to love me as one of her own. She gave me words of encouragement during the more difficult times and offered me praise when I was on the right track. She was incredibly proud of me for getting my RN. She was one of my regular stops on the Christmas candy deliveries. The first time I handed her a box, she cried. To me, that was a testament of her love and warmth, and a demonstration of her humility. I cared very much for this lady. I will miss her.

Jennifer Short - November 07, 2017 at 06:07 PM