

Pallbearers

Grandsons

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Flower Bearers

Nieces

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Interment

Decatur City Cemetery

Repast Following Burial Service

"All Occasions"

204-12th Ave, SW Decatur, Alabama

Broken Chain

Little knew that morning that God was going to call her name.

In life we loved her dearly, in death we do the same.

It broke our hearts to lose her, she did not go alone;

for part of us went with her the day God called her home.

She left us peaceful memories, her love is still our guide,

and though we cannot see her, she is always by our side.

Our family chain is broken and nothing seems the same,

but as God calls us one by one, the chain will link again

Words of Gratitude

Although this is a trying time, we are glad to know that we have relatives and friends who share our sorrow. We thank each of you for all the love and support you have shown and given during the illness and at the passing of Puddin.

Sincerely

The Family

Services Entrusted to:
Jackson Memory Funeral Home
Henry O. Jackson, Owner
Phone: 256-685-3286
15737 Main Street, Town Creek, AL 35672
Phone: 256-685-3286

**Homegoing Celebration
for
Mrs. Marion L. French Thompson
(Puddin)**

September 17, 1935 - January 6, 2012



*"To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die; Ecclesiastes 3:1,2*

Tuesday, January 10, 2012
Eleven O'clock am.

Jackson Memory Funeral Home Chapel
15737 Main Street,
Town Creek, Alabama

The Elder Benjamin Burt, Officiating

~ Reflections of Life ~

Sometimes a life comes along and touches many people in more ways than one. Such a life came in the form of Marion L. French Thompson, who was born on September 17, 1935 in Limestone County, Alabama. She was the third child born to the late James Eddie French and Bennie Lee Balentine French. Marion continued to touch lives, meeting the joys and challenges of this earthly life, until she boarded her departing flight on January 6, 2012 to journey to her home beyond the skies.

At a very early age, the French Family moved to Decatur, which is where Marion spent her entire life.

Puddin, Aunt Puddin, Ms. Puddin or Ma, as Marion was affectionately called and known to many, was a person of several hidden and unboastful talents, some of which was a beautiful singing voice as well as cooking. In addition, she was an avid fisherwoman, spending many days sitting on the banks of the river pulling in a lot of crappie, bream and stripes. Often times, she talked about her personal relationship with Jesus, the Christ thus joining Jesus' Church of Love.

On December 24, 1956, Puddin married the love of her life, Johnny Robert Thompson, and to that union, three children were born. In later years, through the friendship of their son Benny, Calvin King became their adopted son.

When Puddin boarded her departing flight at Decatur General Hospital, those that she left behind to cherish every memory of her are her husband of 56 years, Mr. Johnny Robert Thompson, two sons, Benny (*Sandy*) and Stanley; one daughter, Jennifer; one daughter-in-law, Janice Elliott Thompson; 14 grand children, 22 great grand children, two brothers, Charlie French (*Jeanette*) and Charles Owens (*Regina*); two sisters, Earlean French Gray & Elizabeth Miller (*Curtis*), one adopted son, Calvin King (*Sharon*), one uncle, four special and devoted friends, Bessie Lee Sanders, Sheila Southward, Troy Gholston and Leon Moss and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives, special friends and adopted children that are too numerous to name.

~Order of Service~

Soft Music -----Michele G. King, Niece

Processional & Viewing

Prayer ----- Deacon Thad Davis

Old Testament ----- Rev. Herbert Cartwright

New Testament ----- Rev. Rex Jarman

Solo ----- Mallory King, Great-niece

Eulogy -----The Elder Benjamin Burt
Bell Primitive Baptist Church

Solo ----- Eulylia Balentine, Cousin

Recessional

Grandma

Grandma, I know you told me to be strong

But it's just hard to carry on

You told me your time was drawing near,

I just wish you didn't have to disappear.

Grandma, what am I supposed to do?

How am I supposed to live without you?

Grandma, already, I just miss seeing your face,

But I know you're in a better place.

Grandma, you were my best friend

I just wish I could see you again,

But Grandma, I'm going to do what you said,

"hold my head up high"

and look to meet you in the sky.

Love

Taleesha "Tee"