



Flora Weathers Clark

November 15, 1923 - May 21, 2013

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After a short illness, Mrs. Flora Weathers Clark was welcomed home by her Jesus, on Monday, May 21, 2013.

Mrs. Clark is survived by her daughter- Debbie C. Babcock, son-Stanley Ray Clark, daughter-in-love- Marilyn Lipscomb Clark, one granddaughter- Lynnley Laurel Clark, and 41 nieces and nephews.

Mrs. Clark was preceded in death by her husband Willie Edgar "Bill" Clark, her son -Ronald "Tex" Clark, her grandson- William Lloyd Clark, her son -in-love- Steven C. Babcock, her parents-Alonzo and Rosa Lee Warren Weathers, her sisters -Ellen Gaines and Ethel Marie Weathers, and her brother-Carl Weathers. Her parents-in law -Raymond and Etta Mae Ward Clark, her sisters and brothers in law -Arlin Clark, Elbert Clark, Rosa Clark, John Clark, Lee Morrow, Lewis Clark, Louise Allen, Ola Clark, Dora Turner, Arilla Johnson, and Idella Hughes.

Mrs. Clark was the oldest member of Ai Baptist Church having been baptized into its membership by Rev. Fred Newborn in August of 1956.

Flora's tiny hands first reached to hold her mother, Rosa Lee Warren's finger on November 15, 1923. Those same tiny hands would hold tightly to the calloused farmer hands of her father, William Alonzo Weathers. Growing up in Cleburne County those fingers learned to do anything that was needed to run a farm and insure that a family could survive during the Great Depression. If it meant picking cotton, those fingers would do that with great speed, if it

meant taking care of her beloved mule, "Kit", they would do that too. She had been taught early by a God fearing mother the verse, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might..." Ecc. 9:10. She never forgot that verse. Attending school at Bobo's School, Ai School, and then Ranburne, Flora was an excellent student but soon discovered that playing basketball with those hands was the really fun thing to do. In high school, she was so good on the court that she would letter in basketball.

After school, Flora moved to the Anniston area and took a job at Wikles' Drugstore on Noble Street. This is where she worked until a young man named Willie Clark came courting. She placed her hand in his on April 24, 1943, and when their hands united a strong union was formed that would last the test of time .

During WWII, Flora took a job at the bomb factory in Anniston, AL. Her hands were small enough, yet strong enough, to run the huge spray gun that was used to coat the inside of each bomb. In 2012, Flora was awarded the Rosie The Riveter Award for her contribution to the WWII War Effort.

After the war, the young couple worked for the Methodist Church Council of Atlanta, Georgia. They built churches in North Carolina at Greensboro, Thomasville, Durham, High Point, Parris; in Tennessee at Chattanooga, Memphis, Nashville, Pitman Center at Gatlinburg; in Mississippi at Chapel, Winona, Laurel, Biloxi; in Georgia at Atlanta and Cedartown; in New Orleans, Louisiana; in Panama City, Florida; in Wilmington, Delaware and in Alabama at Ft. Morgan, Mobile . Bill's Construction Crew would work all day and then after Flora's hardworking hands served Bill his supper, the two of them would go back at night and their hands would hand rub and varnish the altars and the pulpits of each church. The couple would work side by side like this for 68 years.

The couple decided that they wanted to move back to Alabama so that their children could attend school and be near family. They built the house that their precious family lived in and would call Oxford home for the next 60 years. Later, as their sons grew in age, education, and skill the Clark men formed the

Clark and Sons Contractors, of which Flora would keep the books for over 40 years.

Mrs. Clark worked for Blue Mountain Industries for 28 years and would retire after her granddaughter was born. She helped raise her granddaughter and would spend hours playing with her. She taught her how to make fried apple pies by the time she was four, and forget building towers, she would teach Lynnley how to build entire malls and amusement parks with the left over wooden blocks from her two favorite carpenters' projects. Later she would be her "study buddy" and help her with her spelling. She drove Lynnley to school everyday and would pick her up in the afternoon, until she got her own driver's license.

This petite loving, sacrificing, dedicated, southern, Christian Lady with her dark brown eyes and easy laugh treasured and cherished her husband Bill, her three children, her one and only granddaughter and her son and daughter -in-love.

She loved family, friends, flowers, mountains, the beach, books, quality workmanship, a good hard day of honest work, gardening, good food, fellowship, visiting and helping those in need, and she gave her last witness to the NICU nurses and doctors at Trinity. She told them continuously throughout this short illness about her Sweet Jesus. Over the past few weeks the song that she loved to hear was, Some Call It Heaven, I Call It Home.

Mrs. Clark epitomized the Proverbs 31 woman. Faith and family were her top priorities. She truly felt that she was created to be her husband's help meet and for 68 years she tried to meet his every need. To watch them hold hands, laugh, and just enjoy each other's company, especially after he was in a hospital bed and sick for years was something to behold. They not only loved each other, they liked each other, and respected each other to a degree that the present generation will probably never have the privilege to experience. To observe their marriage was to observe a sacred covenant being carried out in word and deed. She felt that serving her family was a privilege and an honor

and one she did not take lightly. She felt that her family deserved the time, the attention and the effort it took to make a house into a comfortable loving home. She believed that everything she did, whether it was laundry, or an elaborate Holiday Feast, should be done as unto her LORD. She believed that her actions and her words affected her family and so she strove to live her faith out in her daily walk. She invested her time into building up people, never tearing down anyone, but constantly encouraging each and everyone she met. She provided shelter and food to any one in need. Many, many heads of family and friends rested on the pillows of her beds and numerous knees have pulled up under her table to be fed feasts. This tiny Lady with her huge heart welcomed them all. All three of her children knew that their friends were welcomed at any time to their Momma's table and so on numerous times there were so many people at her home that they were fed in every room and porch of her home. It always tickled her when this would happen. Her hospitality was genuine and every person who was fortunate enough to enter her home knew it.

Home Going Celebration Services

will be as follows: Visitation

Friday, from 6:00-8:00 PM at Miller's Funeral Home in Oxford. Services will continue at Ai Baptist Church in Cleburne County, Saturday, at 2:00 PM with burial in the Ai Cemetery. Mrs. Clark will lie in state one hour before the service.

Ministers

are Rev. Buford Gaines, Rev. Charles Wright, Dr. Roland Brown, and Rev. Donald Leggett.

Pall Bearers

are David Weathers, DeWayne Edwards, Bobby Bright, Charles Warren, Gary Cheatwood, and Jan West.

Dear friends serving as Honorary Pall Bearers are James Howard, Dennis Hamilton, Howard Gaines, Jimmy Loveless, Rev. Lloyd "Red" Watkins, Rev. Bobby Lipscomb, Homer Wysner, Ricky Caldwell, Donald Spradlin, H. Lester

Sewell, Rev. Clarence Bright, Dr. Michael Hanna, and Dr. Jerry Chandler. Momma Flora loved music, especially gospel and blue grass country. Rev. Ray Lloyd, Sharon "Suddie" Taylor, and Deb Lipscomb will provide the music for her Home Going Celebration.

Mrs. Clark answered to many titles including "Sweetheart ", Momma, Mawmaw, Mother, Aunt, and Friend.

Momma Flora left us her new address, told us she had made reservations a long time ago. Through the years she made sure her family always knew the One and Only way to get to her new home. She said some people would call it Heaven, but she would call it Home.

We celebrated this Mother's Day at the hospital. It was just a few days later that I watched as the nurse picked up first her right hand and then her left and placed them both gently on Momma Flora's still chest. I looked closely at those hands now showing signs of age, arthritis, and a lifetime of hard work. I saw the beautiful loving hands of an obedient servant of God. I can only imagine the magnitude of goodness that the LORD has funneled through the works of those tiny hands for she was first and foremost His willing servant, Flora Weathers Clark

There are no words to describe how much this honorable, sacrificing, dedicated, delightful, loving, beautiful, gentle, Southern Christian Lady will be missed. We are trusting our LORD. After all, that is what Momma Flora taught us always to do.