

“Mamie’s Life Story – at a glance.”

Mamie Hood Wells, a wife, a mother, a grandmother, a great grandmother, and a Nurse.

On September 25, 2023, Mamie Hood Wells passed away at home surrounded by the family she loved and cared for. She was born in Graffney, South Carolina on September 5, 1936, to Mazie and Paul Hood. She graduated Nursing school in 1957 and began a career she loved. She met and married Robert (Bob) Wells of Pacolet Mills SC and had four daughters.

She started her career in a doctor's office in Cowpens, SC. Later she moved to a hospital setting where she was a Coronary Care Charge Nurse. When Bob’s job brought the family to Colorado, she worked in the recovery room. Working all the time helping those patients through all situations. She was caring and understanding to the families and helped many people. She was most proud of her work as a nurse and helping others in this way was her goal and she achieved it magnificently.

Her other joy was her family and is survived by daughters Trudie Wells, Melissa Beary, Robin Biery and Paula Jaeger. Her beloved sons-in-law Gregg Beary, Tom Biery and Andrew Jaeger. Her other passions included her grandchildren Jennifer Hogle, Sarah Schaefer, Elizabeth Beary, Robert Beary, Matt Biery, Steve Biery, Maegen Jaeger, and Madelyn Jaeger. She was blessed to have 8 great grandchildren to round out her family. Included in her list of children would be her niece Terri Dees and 2 nephews Tim and Steve Teaster whom she loved dearly.

Phrases that describe our mother would be soft spoken, cared for people, quick witted, patient, kind, calm, sense of humor and respectful woman who loved God and her family. She was present at many births and deaths in the family and cared for all of us, helping us through whatever we were facing. Some people say just her calming words and soft touch would help people through happy and sad times. We would also say her biscuits were part of her medicine cabinet.

Mom, we love you and we will miss you terribly. We hope your reception into the arms of God was as wonderful as you imagined. We will see you walking with Daddy, your sister, Granny and Papa in our prayers.

A Celebration of Life

at

Elizabeth Presbyterian Church



Mamie Wells

September 5, 1936 – September 25, 2023

Memorial Service for Mamie Wells

Elizabeth Presbyterian Church
325 S. Banner St., Elizabeth 80107
October 5, 2023 – 11:00 a.m.

Prelude

Welcome

Words of Hope from Scripture

Hymn #345
“Blessed Assurance”

Mamie’s Life
“Our Gravity”

When you are born there is no Gravity
Nothing holding you to anything
Given to your parents by God they form your Gravity
As you grow you begin a rotation around that Sun
They taught us to build our own Gravity
We can only hope to shine as best we can for our family
They will also learn to create Gravity
It is all God's plan
We can trust God when we lose Gravity
When you are born there is only one Gravity

Paula Jaeger

Reflections on Mamie

Mamie’s Faith

“Steadfast Love”

Psalms 25:4-5

Psalms 33:20-22

Lamentations 3:21-23

Hymn # 4

“How Great Thou Art”

Prayer for the Family

“The LORD bless you

and keep you;

the LORD make his face shine on you

and be gracious to you;

the LORD turn his face toward you

and give you peace.”

Postlude

Memories of Mamie

Please write your special memories of Mamie on the card provided. These will be given to the family. A basket for the cards will be provided at the door and at the Open House.

Following the memorial service until 3 o'clock
the family invites everyone to an Open House
honoring Mamie at her home
30093 Chisholm Trl, Elizabeth. CO

Ode to Mamie

Mamie lives on the high plains of Colorado, down a bumpy dirt road on a ridge that looks eastward to rolling hills with no trees and westward to the mountains with no trees blocking that view either. The wind is almost always blowing across this ridge whipping around the house when I visit Mamie.

She and her husband built their home long ago when he was a linesman for the oil company. He has been gone now for about 5 years. She lives alone except for Tilly, her housecat who is her best friend. She is in her late 80's with children and grandchildren who are attentive and caring, but she is confined to home alone most of the time due to health issues. She tells me that because she is an only child, she is able to be on her own, but when I come to visit her, she is always so glad to have the company.

We sit in her living room in two high back chairs and talk of church news and her family and her cat and her health and my life and what's been happening. We talk of how she has been with her Lord in these days, and she will tell me that she is ready and willing to go be with him and see her Bob again.

The other day as we were sitting together, I saw a CD player nearby. I asked her if she had been listening to Christmas music and she explained that she just could

“not make the thing work right.” So, we went over to it and practiced for a while pushing the right buttons to turn on the power, start and stop the CD, turn up and down the volume, open and shut the top to put in a new CD. I realized how complicated it really is, especially since everything is black and difficult to distinguish when your eyesight is diminished. I labeled the buttons not sure it would really help.

The preciousness of her gratefulness touched me deeply. She teared up, asked if she could hug me, and told me that I was such a very good friend. As I drove away across the open, windy plains, I thought that Jesus was very present in that house and that I could not go anywhere more sheltered.

The wind is fiercely blowing today. It blew like this all night. I can imagine what it must have been like out on the plains of Colorado, at Mamie's house. In this morning place in our home, I feel sheltered in the hollow of His hand. The world these days is experiencing the fierceness of the blowing wind. Tornadoes, snowstorms, wars, famine, floods. My heart aches for all those who are feeling the brunt of the wind. I pray they know Shelter from the “wind of life” found in the hollow of His hand, just like Mamie.

P@ R
12/2/22