



Mary B. Hughes

NOV 25, 1939 - NOV 14, 2010



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 4



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HUGHES- Mary Barbara, 70, beloved wife of the late George Richard Hughes, passed away November 14, 2010. Devoted mother of Norman, Bruce and Mark, loving grandmother of Norman, Mark Jr., Christiana and Sarah, caring stepmother to Wendy and her children David and Noellie, dear sister-in-law to Marian and loving sister of Fran, Jerry and Earl. She was passionate about family and friends and will be missed greatly. Mary was born in Pottsville, PA and moved to Miami in 1959. A celebration of her life will be held Wednesday, November 17th at 6:30pm at Van Orsdel Kendall Drive Chapel 11220 North Kendall Dr. (305)279-6644



Tribute Wall

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Anonymous posted:

I can't believe it's been a year already. I miss you more and more each day, but at the same time, I don't feel like you're gone at all. I still think of you every time something important happens in my life because I always loved sharing those types of things with you. It breaks my heart that I couldn't see you at my graduation, but I'm sure you had the best view from above. I really hope I've made you and Pop Pop proud in the past year, not a day goes by that I don't wish I could just fall asleep in your lap at the dinner table, or to lay down for Pop Pop to rub my back. The house isn't the same without you there, but there's still the memory and comfort of you in it.

Thanksgiving and Christmas are going to suck again without Nanny's special touch, but I'm gonna try my best to celebrate like I'm sure you would want. Your lessons, your words, your laugh, your touch, and your memory are with me ALWAYS. I love you forever and ever. Love Sarah##imported-begin##Sarah Evans##imported-end##

November 15 at 4:01 PM



Mark Evans November 15 at 3:03 PM

She is still watching over us ❤️



Anonymous posted:

I recall fondly the good times we had at Nan and Pop Warner's house, especially in the kitchen and the chicken coop. I also remember the fun we had at Lakewood Park. Although we only exchanged Xmas cards for these many years I will miss you and your infectious laugh. Love, Rett##imported-begin##Loretta Warner Edwards##imported-end##

November 30 at 8:10 AM



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Anonymous posted:

I don't know if anyone still reads this but thinking about nan and looking at the pictures helps me cope. So this is a poem I found that reminded me of her "You were so full of life, Always smiling and carefree, Life loved you being a part of it, And I loved you being a part of me. You could make anyone laugh, If they were having a bad day, No matter how sad I was, You could take the hurt away. Nothing could ever stop you, Or even make you fall, You were ready to take on the world, Ready to do it all. But God decided he needed you, So from this world you left, But you took a piece of all of us, Our hearts are what you kept. Your seat is now empty, And it's hard not to see your face, But please always know this, No one will ever take your place. You left without a warning, Not even saying good-bye, And I can't seem to stop, Asking the question why? Nothing will ever be the same, The halls are empty without your laughter, But I know you're in Heaven, Watching over us and looking after. I didn't see this coming, It hit me by surprise, And when you left this world, A small part of me died. Your smile could brighten anyone's day, No matter what they were going through, And I know everyday for the rest of my life, I'll be missing you." (by Kelsey Y. Sheppard) ##imported-begin## Sarah Evans - Granddaughter ##imported-end##

November 29 at 11:39 AM



Anonymous posted:

Well I don't know where to start. Aunt Babs you were the kind of person that everyone was blessed to have known you. We had so many good time together that I will never forget. You have made such an impact in my life. When the Lord called you home, It really hert the ones you left behind but we know your with Nana and George and you are finally out of pain. Your were full of life and so loved. I will miss you, but I know when it is my time to go home you will be their with nana to meet me. I love you and will miss you. ##imported-begin## Debbie Barnes Doran- ##imported-end##

November 22 at 4:44 AM



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Anonymous posted:

My nanny took care of me since the day I was born. She took care of everyone she loved because that's just how she is. Her family and friends were most important to her and I think she was happiest on weekends and holidays when her house was filled with people that she loved and people that loved her. Nobody that knew my grandma didn't love her. She just had this warmth about her, and a contagious smile. Not to mention she gave the BEST bear hugs!! My best memories took place at my nanny and pop pop's house. I probably spent 2/3 of my time there when I was growing up. Nan always had fun things planned for us to do. We would go swimming all the time. We swam in the backyard pool until we couldn't swim in it anymore....literally. We wore so many holes into it that while Nanny and Pop Pop were in Ft.Pierce, we had to call them and tell them their pool was draining to the ground. I don't think they realized it wasn't a joke until they got home and saw an empty metal frame. My brother and I would do all sorts of things with Nan. She took us to the movies, to the arcade, shopping, we would read outside when the weather was really nice, or do puzzles. My favorite memories were always Christmas Eve at the house. I can close my eyes and picture Nanny walking down the hall with my garbage bag full of presents. Granted, half of the bag was socks and underwear (nanny's favorite gift), but the other half was full of all the things on my list. In 3rd grade I just had to have the new Karaoke machine. It was the biggest gift I had ever asked for so I didn't think I was going to get it. On Christmas morning I was playing with all of my toys that I got on Christmas Eve and Pop Pop asked if I could go grab a present from the back room. When I brought it out he asked me if I could open it for him; sure enough it was the karaoke machine!! Nanny had pulled through again :) I was also obsessed with Barney when I was younger... so Nanny got me all the best Barney LIVE tapes, and she was the only one willing to suffer through the pain and watch them with me. Anything that I took a liking to, she supported. Whether it was soccer, dance, drawing, singing, piano...anything. When I started playing basketball, she was at almost every one of my games. Sometimes when we were bored, Mark and I would put on concerts. I would sing and he would play the piano. Nanny always supported us and told us we were so wonderful...it wasn't until I was older that I realized I was tone deaf, Mark was no Beethoven prodigy, and Nan was just being a good grandma. Although I thought I was always a sweet little angel, Nan did get mad at me sometimes. I can hear her yelling at me that if I didn't quit talking back I was going to find myself in the "dog house" in the backyard. It wasn't a literal doghouse...it's just one of those things she's been saying for years to freak us out. Just like "your hairy toe is crossing the line". Or the nicknames she made up for my brat alter ego "Lady Jane" and "Susie Q". Whenever I was acting like a brat she'd always say "Susie Q you're hairy toe is crossing over the line" and I would get so angry. Now it's just something I'll miss hearing. If you knew my grandma, you knew that she was quite possibly the best cook around. Kids at school would always say that their grandma's made the best this or the best that...I would just laugh to myself because they never got to experience what a Mary Hughes meal was like. MY GRANDMA MADE THE BEST EVERYTHING. Although the food was incredible, the best part of dinner was probably the nap afterwards. Like a ritual, as soon as I finished eating I would plop my head down onto Nanny's lap because I was the lucky one who got to sit next to her. She would rub my back or my face while I would nap on her lap and those are the type of memories that will last me forever. Nan was so strong to all of us that I guess I just expected her to live forever. But now



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that she's gone I have realized that my goal in life is to make an impact on someone else's life just like she made such an impact on mine. And what make

November 15 at 5:36 PM



Anonymous posted:

I lost my favorite Aunt on Sunday, Nov. 14, 2010. She will be missed greatly. She was a wonderful, caring, funny, bright, cheerful person. I will remember the many, many conversations we have had, sometimes for hours! I will miss her smiling face and personality. There is sadness today in her passing, but she will never be forgotten. She will always be in my heart. I loved her dearly. Babs was a wonderful aunt. I will treasure the memories that I have of her always. She is now at peace with her husband, George. She is looking down on us and smiling. With deepest heartfelt sympathy to Normie, Bruce and Mark. I LOVE YOU AUNT BABS and I will miss you!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!##imported-begin##Kim Lukacz##imported-end##

November 18 at 9:54 AM



Anonymous posted:

A wealth of great advice, the premier hostess, a wonderful aunt and friend...these are just a few descriptions of Aunt Babs. Aunt Babs and Uncle George welcomed everyone into their home and made all feel welcome with their love and hospitality. They were truly the most loving couple I knew in my life. From my first visit in 1984 until my last in 2005, happy memories will always remain in my heart of my time with her and George, at both their Miami and their Fort Pierce homes. Sadness over her passing is assured, but fond memories of her vivacious smile and bubbly personality will endure.##imported-begin##Lisa Barnes-niece##imported-end##

November 15 at 6:21 PM



Anonymous posted:

Babs loaded up her '46 Chevy convertible, her pride and joy at the time, and moved from PA to Miami in 1959. Even though miles separated us, she bridged the distance gap through regular phone calls, care packages, and innumerable trips back home. Babs was kind to everyone, including animals. She never missed a wedding or funeral here in PA and made yearly trips to visit our mother. Sadly, our father was killed when Babs was just 11 years old. She loved Mom and Pop, our grandparents, and had wished that she had the opportunity to live with them as I did. At no one's home did you feel more welcome than at Bab's and George's. Babs was a wonderful sister who will be sadly missed. She will always be in our memories.##imported-begin##Fran Barnes-Bab's brother##imported-end##

November 15 at 5:36 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Mary B. by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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