



## Tommie Ozell Bradley

December 24, 1925 - November 29, 2012

Tommie Ozell Bradley, age 86, formerly of Bellevue, TN passed away on Thursday, Nov. 29, 2012, at Alive Hospice Residence, Nashville, TN. She was born in McEwen, TN, December 24, 1925 to Robert & Bell Curtis Brown. In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by her son, J. C. Brimm.

A Graveside service will be held Friday, Nov. 30, 2012, 2PM at Spring Hill Cemetery, Madison, TN with Rev. Ray Mayo officiating. Serving as pallbearers will be Phillip Darrow, Mark Chance, Mike Brown, Ronnie Taylor, Brandon Brimm, Allen Hemmer, & Chuck Freudenthal.

She was a member of Grace Baptist Church and retired from Baptist Hospital. She loved to travel, shopping and was a an avid fan of Chaffin's Barn Dinner Theatre.

Visitation will be held from 10AM to 1PM at Austin & Bell Funeral Home, Greenbrier Chapel on Friday, Nov. 30.

She is survived by granddaughters, Tammy & Shelly Brimm and great grandson, Brandon Brimm; special nephew & his wife, Charlie & Suzzanne Brown, Joelton, TN; many loving nieces and nephews.

"Special Thanks" to Alive Hospice Residence, especially, Kelly & Teresa, Nan & Baldwin. Contributions may be made "In Memory of Tommie Bradley" to Alive Hospice, Residence, Nashville, TN, C/O Austin & Bell Funeral Home, 2619 Highway 41 S, Greenbrier, TN 37073.

Austin & Bell Funeral Home, Greenbrier Chapel, 2619 Highway 41 South,

Greenbrier, TN 37073, Phone 615.643.4000

# Tribute Wall

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“ *When I was young, I moved a lot. I'm not talking ciites or even states. I mean countries. Every night I would cry for home, but there was always that sliver of hope, telling me, You can always come back. It will always be there. But even as I returned years later, I always found that the land that I had loved changed. It was not the land I had grown up in, and it never will be again. I have never felt the loss of a person. I could never imagine that degree of loss; the agony, the tears shed. All I can do is try to relate. You can always go back to the person; their footprints forever trapped in that old picture or their remains in a grave. But it will never be the same. All you have are your memories. I hope that you can be with the person that needs you the most, and treasure those memories. That way, you can celebrate the person's life and the person that they used to be. It will mean more than any stupid Hallmark card.*

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