



Barbara H Mitchell

January 26, 1954 - April 20, 2024

Barbara Mitchell, 70 (01/26/1954), entered into eternal rest on April 20th 2024. Born to Eva Mae Wright and Burton Brouse, she was a homemaker, friend, wife, mother, grandmother, and great grandmother. She greeted everyone with a smile and ended every conversation with "luv you, bye bye". Barbara had a loving and generous heart whose door was always open. Young or old, if you knew her, you loved her and knew you were loved. Barbara will be forever loved and deeply missed by all who knew and loved her. Barbara's life will continue to be cherished by those she loved: Husband Randy Mitchell, Daughter Angela (Angie) & husband Somvang (Sam) Sisavanh. Angela's children - Jessica (Jess) & husband Brandan Gurule & their son Alphonse, Christina (Chris) Croom, and Great Granddaughter Keegan Sue (Kiki) Hawley (daughter of Sabra Croom). Son Arthur Ray (Artie) Quigley, Jr. & wife Jennifer (Jen) & their children Autumn & Devin. Daughter Jeanne (Peanut) Quigley and her children Kevin Hannah, Amanda & husband Zach Johnson & their son Stiles, David Ray Hannah, and Jasmine Hannah. Barbara's Siblings— Chris & Debra Brouse, Sandra (Sandy) Brouse & Joe Moore, Paul & Bobbi Jean Brouse, Sister in Law Wendi Brouse and children Kurtis Brouse and Kendra & Chris Manahan (Family of Gary Brouse). Greeting her in Heaven are her Parents, brothers Lloyd Brouse, Gary (Butch) Brouse, and Terry Brouse; sisters Anita Brouse and Joneva Gilkey, and Granddaughters Sabra Croom and Jodie Croom. "Though her smile is gone forever and her hand I cannot touch, I still have so many memories of the one

I loved so much. Her memory is now my keepsake, with which I will never part. While those who have gone before have her, I will always have her in my heart"

Tribute Wall

CO

“ I remember when we were kids, we would go to her and Papaw's house every other weekend and stay the night. Gained my love of yard sales from her. How to keep an eye out for a good deal. I remember doing those bead art things that you iron. Learned to crochet from her, too, although I wasn't that good at it. There are so many more memories I wish I could have had with her. Inshallah, she is at peace. While I was in my coma, I swear I could hear her guiding me back. I love and miss you, Mamaw. I will see you again in Jannah, Inshallah.

Courtney - June 13 at 02:30 AM