



Mrs. Alice Roebuck

January 31, 1912 - March 23, 2011

Mrs. Mary Alice Gully Roebuck, 99, of Louisville, Mississippi, passed away at the Broomfield Skilled Nursing & Rehabilitation Center in Broomfield, Colorado, on Wednesday, March 23, 2011. Visitation will be at Nowell-Massey Funeral Home in Louisville, Mississippi, on Tuesday, March 29, 2011, from 5:00 p.m. until 7 p.m. and at Middleton United Methodist Church on Wednesday, March 30, from 1:30 p.m. until service time. Funeral services will be at 2:00 p.m. on Wednesday, March 30, 2011, at Middleton United Methodist Church with Rev. Justin White officiating. Interment will follow in Middleton United Methodist Church Cemetery. Mrs. Roebuck, born on January 31, 1912, was a seamstress and a member of Middleton United Methodist Church.

Mrs. Roebuck is survived by one sister, Evelyn Pyrra of Louisville, Mississippi; two sisters-in-law, Margie Gullyof Rogers, Arkansas, and Carmie Moss; one daughter-in-law, Melba Roebuck; 11 grandchildren: Terry Hugueley, Elaine Sims, Alan Dunn, Becky Hugueley, David Roebuck, Mike Roebuck, Karen Bossler, Judy Avalos, Gary Hugueley, Kim Blady, and Mark Roebuck; 24 great-grandchildren, 5 great-great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews and other family members. She was preceded in death by her husband, Percy Roebuck; her parents, Elisha and Lena Fulton Gully; one brother, Grady Gully; two sisters, Winnie Stokes and Wealthie Marshall; two daughters, Dorothy Dunn and Arsenia Hugueley; two sons, Scotty and Harold

Roebuck; one grandson, Chris Dunn; and one great-granddaughter, Holly Marie Roebuck.

Nowell-Massey Funeral Home, 724 North Columbus Avenue, Louisville, Mississippi, is handling the arrangements. You may sign the guestbook at www.nowellmasseyfuneralhome.com.

Tribute Wall



“ *Mrs. Alice Roebuck*

January 29, 2023 at 06:32 AM



“ *"Miss" Mary Alice was an inspiration to all of us who knew her. She was a wonderfully sweet lady in every sense of the word. We have missed her so much at our little country church of Middleton and in our community after she left MS.
May God welcome her as she joins her dear beloved family beyond the pearly gates of Heaven.
May God Bless those she leaves behind.*

Shirley Whitehead - March 29, 2013 at 01:09 PM

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“Grandma was a quiet, sturdy, dignified woman. Being the daughter of a teacher she herself loved children and taught us in ways that we didn't even know we were being schooled. It's hard to speak of all the life of a person who lived almost a hundred years. For me, she shared her love of cooking and sewing. She wouldn't say, 'I'm going to teach you how to make a quilt.' Instead she would get you interested in what she was doing to the point where you would ask questions. She seem to understand that a curious mind is a ready mind. I remember as a very little girl watching her and my mom cut buttons off old shirts. She believed in saving the useful parts of anything before it was politically correct to be 'green.' She believed in use up, wear out, repurpose. She had many beautiful tins that she kept useful little things in. Like buttons, zippers, wooden spools of thread, seam tape and all kinds of sewing machine attachments to do wonderful things with. She would let me go through these things for hours as she sat and sewed at her machine. This is how she sparked my interest in sewing. I saw that if you had this, you could make that. I grew up like my mother to be an accomplished seamstress as a result of grandma. One of my favorite memories; Great Grandma Lena came to visit one summer as was her habit and she was staying with Grandma at her house. Granddaddy has set up the quilt frame that consisted of 1x2 stretchers of wood with holes drilled in the ends that door hinge pins would be inserted in to create tension and stretch the fabric to be quilted. Then the ends would rest on two kitchen chairs. This particular day the quilt frame was set up in the back yard. It was a nice sunny day and so I decided to lay in the grass under the quilt frame. I remember it was a quilt made up of flower prints with a white backing. As I laid there in the green grass under the quilt frame, listening to their soft melodic voices, I watched as the silhouette of their hands would light on the flowers then fly away like birds with each pull of a stitch taken. I remember thinking to myself I will always remember this...and I did.

Elaine Dunn Sims - March 29, 2013 at 01:09 PM