



Mildred Berry Youngberg Campbell

"Millie"

September 27, 1936 - August 15, 2017



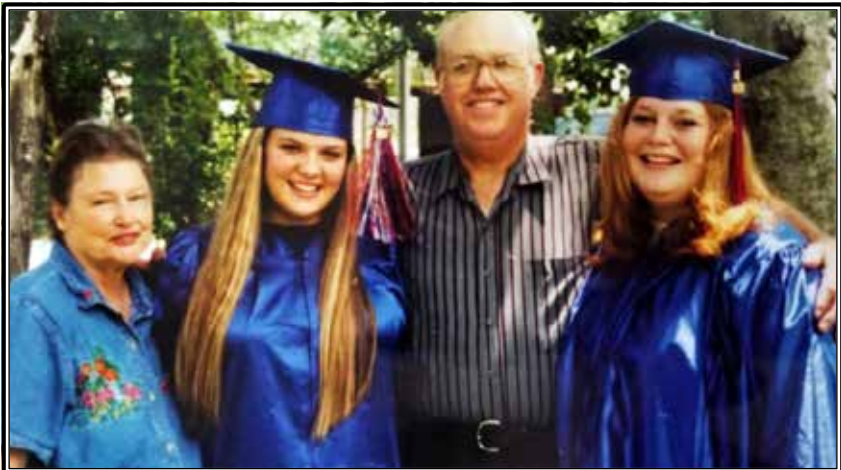
Mildred "Millie" Berry Youngberg Campbell, 80, died Tuesday, August 15, 2017. She was born in Greenville, Mississippi, on September 27, 1936. For eighty years, her life was full of love, laughter and joy. She married Richard Campbell on January 23, 1955 and, together, they have four surviving children – Melody, Rick, Ron and Rob, and one daughter, Virginia Dawn, who preceded her in death and who will welcome their mom, Mildred into Heaven. Millie will be remembered for her love of the natural world outside her kitchen window, her infinite patience, and the unconditional love

she shared with everyone. She spent her life giving to all, whether it be the family she loved so much, the stranger in need, or the birds who were lucky enough to find their way to the bread she regularly put out in her backyard.

A lifelong follower of Jesus, she always found a church home wherever she went in her travels. Her journey was spent in Mississippi, Texas, Oklahoma, and Florida but wherever she and Richard went the people were glad she came and sorry to see her go. Her hobbies included reading great stories, listening to beautiful music, and collecting the most comical, unsightly yard ornaments possible to decorate her flower beds. She was not known as a great cook but she was known for making sure that everyone who came to her door was welcome and well fed.

She is also survived by her beloved sisters Ann and Virginia who she always wanted to spend more time with but . . . as Millie is famous for saying, ... "it is, what it is." As she goes on ahead of us all, she leaves behind thirteen grandchildren, twenty-three great-grandchildren, and a huge extended family of nieces, nephews, cousins, and loved ones. Her soft voice, gentle touch, and beautiful smile will be missed until she greets us again.













Butterfly Season

As a long, hard day comes to an end,
I watch the butterflies.
Red Admirals, Bordered Patch and the noble Monarch
flit and quiver among the zinnias and the milkweed;
so much color that it almost hurts my tired eyes.
In a flash of red-lined silver it comes to me
that there will be a day when
I will have my last butterfly season.
These gentle wanderers will visit a backyard garden
that I have left far behind and to which I will never return.
On a day like this, when life has done its worst
and I am so beat down I ache to think of tomorrow,
I neither dread nor fear that last day.
The knowledge that similar fluttering laborers
may someday amaze and mystify my grandchildren
gives me an even greater sense of completeness.
Walking into the garden, I reach out
and coax a multi-colored traveler onto my fingertip.
Firmly engulfed in all the colors of the rainbow
I sense myself groping into the darkness
and know that something even gentler awaits me there.

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Memorial Service
Saturday, August 19, 2017 4:00 p.m.
Broussard's Chapel
Beaumont, Texas



Please sign Mrs. Campbell's guest book and share your memories at
www.broussards1889.com