



Melba Lamb

October 6, 1940 - March 14, 2020

Celebrating the Life of
Melba Lamb
Wednesday, March 18, 2020 10:00 a.m.
Broussard's Chapel
Silsbee, Texas
Reverend Keith Pennington



“It Is Well”
by Kristene DiMarco

Obituary & Opening Prayer

“Old Rugged Cross”
Sung by Natalie Connally

A Special Word from Reverend Sidney Woods
Read by Travis Connally

Family Reflections

“Knowing What I Know About Heaven”
by Guy Penrod

Message of Comfort

Closing Prayer

“Go Rest High On That Mountain”
by Vince Gill



Melba Morgan Lamb was born in Call, Texas on October 6, 1940, to parents James Willie and Hazel Perkins Morgan. She was surrounded with love when she transitioned from this temporal home to her eternal home prepared for her in Heaven on March 14, 2020, at the age of 79 years.

Melba married her sweetheart, James Travis Lamb, in 1957. They were married for thirty-one years until he was called home in 1988.

Melba took great joy as she invested in her two daughters as a stay at home mom. Her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren were her greatest blessings. She loved her family so very much and enjoyed spending time with each one of them.

Melba lived in Silsbee near her two daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. She was a member of First Assembly of God Church in Silsbee.

Melba loved working in the yard in her flower beds as long as she could. She had a green thumb and could grow anything. She enjoyed sewing, as well as arts and crafts. She enjoyed traveling.

Melba was characterized by her deep and abiding love for her family. Known to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren as Grammy, Grandma, and My Sweet Darlin', she poured into them with her love, time, tenderness, and a sweet, gentle touch. She was small in stature but a fierce warrior until the very end. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do for her children and any of her grands and she was ready to stand up and whip anyone who would come against them.

Melba is preceded in death by her husband, James Travis Lamb; parents, James Willie Morgan and Hazel Perkins Morgan; sister,

Wilma Grace Morgan Whitehead; sisters-in-law, Susan Morgan, Mary Ann Morgan, and Barbara Lamb Burns.

Melba is survived by her daughter and son-in-law, Beverly and Randy Judalet of Kountze, and daughter and son-in-law, Angie and JP Connally of Silsbee. She leaves a legacy through her grandchildren, Carissa and BJ Wheeler of Kountze, Jason and Victoria Judalet of Kountze, Trey and Chelsie Connally of Cincinnati, and Travis and Natalie Connally of Silsbee and her great-grandchildren, Ava Judalet, Abbi Wheeler, Tucker Judalet, Raegan Connally, Vance Connally and Courtnie Wheeler. She is also survived by her brother and sister-in-law, Ira Morgan and Sherry; brothers, Michael Morgan, Preston Morgan, and Prentice Morgan; sister-in-law, Belle Byron and John; and numerous nieces and nephews, cousins and friends.

Melba's family would especially like to thank Rhonda, Natalie, Carissa, and Victoria, for the loving and gentle care the past few weeks. Y'all were a great blessing to Grandma and especially to Beverly and Angie who were the primary caregivers for more than two years.

A special thanks to the sons-in-law, Randy and JP, for loving and caring for Mom as if she was your very own and for supporting and taking such great care of Beverly and Angie during this entire time. It was evident you loved Mom.

Melba's family would like to thank her neuro-oncologist, Dr. Jacob Mandel of Baylor, who took exceptional great care of Melba for more than two years. Dr. Mandel has a kind and compassionate heart and mom always looked forward to visiting him every four weeks. He encouraged her and cheered her on the entire time and was there for her until the very end.

Thank you also to Hospice Plus and especially, Kim Spurlock, RN and Tiffany Trottie for helping with Melba's end of life experience at home.

Melba's family would also like to thank David and Leigh-Anne Graham, Madison and Jackson for adopting her sweet fur baby, Heidi, when she could no longer care for her. She missed sweet Heidi but never worried a minute that she would not be well taken

care of and loved by you. What a blessing y'all were and are.

Melba's life's journey brought many hardships and heartaches, pain and suffering, especially these past five months but there were many more blessings and joys the family shared and a lifetime of precious memories they hold dear in their heart.

While the family is heartbroken, they are not in despair. Melba had a deep and abiding relationship with Christ, and she loved Him faithfully. Her faith, as well as her family's faith, is in His promise for victory over death and an eternity with Him and each other. God has been faithful and will always be faithful. The family stands firm believing that God loves Melba and God loves each of them and we all know it is well with her soul.















An anonymous elder man's synopsis on grief.



I'm old. What that means is that I've survived (so far) and a lot of people I've known and loved did not. I've lost friends, best friends, acquaintances, co-workers, grandparents, mom, relatives, teachers, mentors, students, neighbors, and a host of other folks. I have no children, and I can't imagine the pain it must be to lose a child. But here's my two cents.

I wish I could say you get used to people dying. I never did. I don't want to. It tears a hole through me whenever somebody I love dies, no matter the circumstances. But I don't want it to "not matter". I don't want it to be something that just passes. My scars are a testament to the love and the relationship that I had for and with that person. And if the scar is deep, so was the love. So be it. Scars are a testament to life. Scars are a testament that I can love deeply and live deeply and be cut, or even gouged, and that I can heal and continue to live and continue to love. And the scar tissue is stronger than the original flesh ever was. Scars are a testament to life. Scars are only ugly to people who can't see.

As for grief, you'll find it comes in waves. When the ship is first wrecked, you're drowning, with wreckage all around you. Everything floating around you reminds you of the beauty and the magnificence of the ship that was, and is no more. And all you can do is float. You find some piece of the wreckage and you hang on for a while. Maybe it's some physical thing. Maybe it's a happy memory or a photograph. Maybe it's a person who is also floating. For a while, all you can do is float. Stay alive.

In the beginning, the waves are 100 feet tall and crash over you without mercy. They come 10 seconds apart and don't even give you time to catch your breath. All you can do is hang on and float.

After a while, maybe weeks, maybe months, you'll find the waves are still 100 feet tall, but they come further apart. When they come, they still crash all over you and wipe you out. But in between, you can breathe, you can function. You never know what's going to trigger the grief. It might be a song, a picture, a street intersection, the smell of a cup of coffee. It can be just about anything...and the wave comes crashing. But in between waves, there is life.

Somewhere down the line, and it's different for everybody, you find that the waves are only 80 feet tall. Or 50 feet tall. And while they still come, they come further apart. You can see them coming. An anniversary, a birthday, or Christmas, or landing at O'Hare. You can see it coming, for the most part, and prepare yourself. And when it washes over you, you know that somehow you will, again, come out the other side. Soaking wet, sputtering, still hanging on to some tiny piece of the wreckage, but you'll come out.

Take it from an old guy. The waves never stop coming, and somehow you don't really want them to. But you learn that you'll survive them. And other waves will come. And you'll survive them too. If you're lucky, you'll have lots of scars from lots of loves. And lots of shipwrecks.







The Fallen Limb

*A limb has fallen from the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times, the laughter, the song.
The good life I lived while I was strong.
Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.
Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions, no matter how small.
Go on with your life, don't worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin.
Until the day comes, we're together again."*

Pallbearers

Jason Judalet
B.J. Wheeler
Travis Connally

Trey Padilla
David Graham
Prentice Morgan

Honorary Pallbearers

Trey Connally
Ira Morgan

Michael Morgan
Preston Morgan

Interment

Antioch Cemetery
Buna, Texas

Broussards
Established 1889

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