



Lemma Goodson Poteete

December 2, 1918 - September 14, 2013

Lemma Goodson Poteete, 94, of Marietta passed away Saturday, September 14, 2013. Born December 2, 1918, the daughter of Alfred Hannon and Lillie Clayton Goodson of Woodstock, she lived most of her life in Marietta with husband Dewey Lake Poteete (deceased).

Other family members preceding her in death include children Barbara Ann Poteete, Rodger Barry Poteete; siblings Howard Goodson, Elbert Goodson, Mary Alice Jackson, Berta Lee Jackson, and Ava Rilla Rogers. She is survived by children Nancy Smith (E.L.) of Athens and Ronald Lake Poteete (Vi) of Marietta; brother Roy Goodson (Lois); grandchildren Ken Smith (Donna), Sheila Tyson (Don), Amy Poteete, Kevin Poteete (Courtney), Michelle Petteys (Jason); great grandchildren Andrew Tyson, Sarah Tyson, Clint Petteys, Celia Schaar, Julia Petteys, Chloe Poteete, Peri Poteete, and Harper Poteete; and several nieces and nephews.

Mrs. Poteete was a member of Noonday Baptist Church. She enjoyed traveling with her husband and visited many states collecting antique furniture. She was also a gifted seamstress and enjoyed quilting and needlework.

Visitation will be Saturday September 21 from 12:30-2PM followed by a funeral at 2PM at Mayes Ward-Dobbins Funeral Home, Church Street, Marietta. Pallbearers will be Ken Smith, Kevin Poteete, Don Tyson, Jason Petteys, Andrew Tyson, and Clint Petteys. Interment will be at Noonday Baptist Church Cemetery.

Cemetery

Noonday Baptist Church Cemetery

4121 Canton Road
Marietta, GA, 30066

Events

SEP 21 Visitation 12:30PM - 02:00PM

Historic Marietta Chapel
180 Church Street NE, Marietta, GA, US,
30060

SEP 21 Funeral Service 02:00PM

Historic Marietta Chapel
180 Church Street NE, Marietta, GA, US,
30060

Comments



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



Ronald Poteete - October 03, 2013 at 03:35 PM



“ Please accept my sincere condolences. Just imagine a time when sickness and death will be no more and all will have that warm, caring and gentle spirit. The bible promises that one day soon this will be, just think of that! (Revelation 21:3,4 and Psalms 37:9-11) May you find comfort in these scriptures during this sad time.

K.M - September 23, 2013 at 07:52 PM



“ Here are just a few memories:

We moved from Marietta when I was in first grade. I stayed with Grandma and Granddaddy while the rest of my family went to Savannah to find a house for us, so that I could go to school. We must have had some sort of carpooling arrangement. I remember sitting in Grandma's living room with all of my school things, ready to go but waiting. She sat opposite me. To pass the time, we played a game in which we had to make funny faces at each other but not laugh. Whoever laughed first was supposed to have lost, but we both laughed a lot and so I think we both won.

Going to Grandma's house as a child was like going to a magical house, full of love and mysterious things. We often arrived late in the night and were sent to "our" rooms, but I was usually too excited to sleep. There were the lights from cars driving down Shaw road and the regular chimes of the grandfather's clock downstairs. If it was summer, there was the loud buzzing of cicadas and katydids. In the day time, when we weren't playing, visiting, running errands, or watching TV, I would explore the house. Every time there was something new and beautiful from another time. A wall of oil lamps. Beautiful vases and marble-topped tables. Intricate little boxes and porcelain bowls full of jewelery. There were vials of what Granddaddy jokingly called "stinky stuff" (perfume). The basement was full of tools and furniture in the midst of being refinished ...

Before we moved back to Marietta, I always (or almost?) spent part of the summer vacation with Grandma. I remember hanging around the house, going around running errands or visiting her many friends, having big bowls of ice cream while

watching TV for dessert. Grandma always loved ice cream at least as much as any of us kids. But there were also special activities.

One year, possibly because I had asked about a grass broom with a big bow that she had in the den, a bunch of us made grass brooms. We went out and found a field full of high grass, cut a bunch of it, bound it up into a bunch of brooms, and put bows on them.

Another year, she showed me how to quilt. I had a pieced together quilt top from a friend of my mom's, but it was Grandma who took me to get the material to finish it and who showed me how to do the quilting. That was one of my most memorable summers with Grandma.

Other times, I helped her can vegetables and berries and make jam. For years, I think the only jams I ate were those made by Grandma: blackberry, apple, peach. She had an extra refrigerator in the basement full of jam and canned berries. A treasure chest! Later, we'd have those canned berries in blackberry cobbler, steaming hot with a generous serving of vanilla ice cream. Yum!

Then there were holidays. Several people have already mentioned the tradition of raking leaves at Grandma's on Thanksgiving. But then there was Christmas, and Grandma loved Christmas. She eventually had a collection of old fashioned Santa statuettes, all of them skinny guys in long robes. But the main memory has less to do with decorations and such than Grandma's overflowing generosity. She gave Santa some stiff competition! And then, when the Christmas meal was at Grandma's, we'd be treated to goodies like creamed corn, peppery mashed potatoes, buttermilk biscuits, and her deliciously fruitcake, which was actually more of a nut cake. After the meal, those of us who didn't want to watch TV would gather in her sitting room and visit for hours.

After we moved back to Marietta, just a few blocks away from Grandma, I would often walk over to visit her. I don't remember that we necessarily did anything in particular. We just spent time together. Later, as I went off to college and then even further away, we would write letters and talk on the phone. When I came back home, there was always at least one lunch date with Grandma. We simply enjoyed being together and sharing.

I miss her.

Amy Poteete

Amy Poteete - September 22, 2013 at 09:24 PM



“ Where do I begin?

Lemma was my aunt, my friend, my advisor.

She made beautiful bridesmaids dresses and hosted the bridal luncheon when I was a young bride. We had many fun times together and went through some hard times together.

Lemma was the first there the day my brother was killed suddenly in a helicopter crash. I was only 21 and my parents and I were devastated. My daddy died and then Lake died two weeks later. . .both of them from heart attacks. I remember those early morning phone calls.

Lemma saw my mother and me through mother's extended illness and death from cancer. If she wasn't at the hospital with me I would call her when tough decisions were to be made. She stayed with mother and me through the long final hours. You don't forget those times period. Her "religion" was lived out in her daily life in caring and practical ways.

Lemma always had something funny to say. After Lake died, I would go over some evenings and we would visit for hours. Those "Goodson girls" (and I as well) could talk! And they could all talk at once. All four girls married quiet men; someone once asked one husband why none of them talked much, and he replied, "we don't ever get a chance."

An example: after she and Lake had come home from a road trip with a van full of antiques, I was over there and we were chattering and looking though things. She asked Lake, "do you think Doris and I are alike?" His short replay was, "two peas in a pod."

She will always have a special place in my memories.

Doris Jackson Sherrill

Doris Jackson Sherrill - September 20, 2013 at 10:31 PM



“ My memories of my grandmother are too vast to simply narrow it down to one story, so I've been doing a lot of reflecting over my times with her through the years. Instead of sharing one memory, I have made a list of memories, things and places that will forever make me remember with fondness this amazing woman!

Captain D's, choosing fine china on my 13th birthday, Quilts, Thomas Kinkade, homemade biscuits, raking leaves at Thanksgiving, assembly line dishwashing by hand with the family, Noonday Baptist Church, TCBY frozen yogurt, homemade jelly, lifesaver candy books at Christmas, REAL fireplace fires, piano lessons, gospel music, glass oil lamps, antiques, bath beads, chopping heads off snakes, BIG Christmases, the squirrel nutcracker, switches (not that she ever used one on me....), Shaw Road, and so many many more.

Today, I smile imagining her in heaven making Granddaddy some homemade biscuits (I know he's missed her), mind in tact with a smile on her face. I love you

Grandma!

Michelle Petteys - September 20, 2013 at 04:52 PM



“ When I was young and got into trouble with her, Momma always required me to go get a switch. If the switch was not satisfactory then I would be sent back out until I returned with one that was satisfactory. And then she would use the switch.

So Amy, Kevin, Vi and I are sitting around after dinner reading Michelle's memories. We discuss switches. Amy tells about the time Momma told Amy that Momma was going to go get a switch because Amy wouldn't help clean up. Amy said that when my mother told her to go get a switch Amy told her that if she went and got a switch Amy would break it and throw it down the hill. Amy felt it was unjust for her to have to clean up after Kevin and Michelle. When Amy told her what she would do Momma laughed and did not make her go get a switch. Momma never let me get away with something like that!!!!

Ronald - September 20, 2013 at 07:35 PM



“ I need to add: fanta grape, madam Alexander dolls and longeberger (sp.??) baskets!

michelle petteys - September 20, 2013 at 10:49 PM



“ With love and sympathy to the Poteete Family. The first time we met Mrs. Lemma she made us feel like family. We are friends with Nancy and E. L. We visited her a lot and when she came to stay with Nancy, she came to our church. She was a sweet, beautiful lady and a joy to be around. She may be out of our sight but not out of our hearts. We loved our time with Mrs. Lemma and will surely miss her.

Gene & Carol Brown
Hull, GA

Carol & Gene Brown - September 20, 2013 at 01:47 PM



“ I remember when I was a child and we got our first telephone my mother Mary Alice and Lemma would call each other several times a week. I am so glad that they had a few minutes rest from all the hard work they had to do then. When I was a teen, my mother told me if something happened to her and I needed help or advice then I could ask Lemma because "she had a good head on her." Little did I know that when Daddy passed away at 83 and Mama at 89 that Lemma would be with me then and help me so much to get through that difficult time. She could see humor in any situation! I went to pick her up at Atherton Place for my mother's funeral. We were both so hungry, we stopped to get a frosty at Wendy's. It took so long through the drive-thru, I told her I thought we were going to be late. She said well you've heard of those people who will be late for their own funeral. Lemma has been an inspiration to me all of my life, but even more when she entered the Memory Unit at Atherton

Place. She continued her interest in all the people around her whether it was staff, residents, or family. She loved looking at all the cards she got from family, friends, and friends from Noonday Church. You have left me with many memories and I will miss you Aunt Lemma!

Margaret Jackson - September 20, 2013 at 07:16 AM



“ She was always smiling and very friendly to me. I could see Jesus in her. She would make you laugh and tell you great story. We will miss you Lemma.

Sue Rhodes - September 19, 2013 at 09:35 PM



“ Our Mother lived the last fifteen years of her life at Atherton Place, Marietta. During the years she was in Assisted Living during activity time they would tell stories about their family life. The story Ronald posted was one of those stories. This one is about her Father.

My Father raised two families because his sister's husband passed away. The sister had everything to live on but a husband and my father stepped in and took the role of Father. He saw that there was food on their table and discipline!

Nancy Poteete Smith

Nancy Poteete Smith - September 19, 2013 at 01:19 PM



“ Lois Petteys lit a candle in memory of Lemma Goodson Poteete



Lois Petteys - September 19, 2013 at 08:48 AM



“ One of my mother's favorite sayings was "This Too Shall Pass". The lyrics of this song sung by Patty Loveless reminds me of that saying:

"How Can I Help You Say Goodbye"

Through the back window of a '59 wagon
I watched my best friend Jamie slippin' further away
I kept on waving 'till I couldn't see her
And through my tears, I asked again why we couldn't stay
Mama whispered softly, Time will ease your pain
Life's about changing, nothing ever stays the same

And she said, How can I help you to say goodbye
It's OK to hurt, and it's OK to cry
Come, let me hold you and I will try
How can I help you to say goodbye

I sat on our bed, he packed his suitcase
I held a picture of our wedding day
His hands were trembling, we both were crying
He kissed me gently and then he quickly walked away
I called up Mama, she said, Time will ease your pain
Life's about changing, nothing ever stays the same

And she said, How can I help you to say goodbye
It's OK to hurt, and it's OK to cry
Come, let me hold you and I will try
How can I help you to say goodbye

Sitting with Mama alone in her bedroom
She opened her eyes, and then squeezed my hand
She said, I have to go now, my time here is over
And with her final word, she tried to help me understand
Mama whispered softly, Time will ease your pain
Life's about changing, nothing ever stays the same

And she said, How can I help you to say goodbye
It's OK to hurt, and it's OK to cry
Come, let me hold you and I will try
How can I help you to say goodbye

How can I help you to say goodbye

Ronald Poteete - September 18, 2013 at 11:14 AM

“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name





“ I cannot even begin to recall all of the wonderful ways my mother in law cared for me. She made me feel totally included in the family as soon as she knew Ronald loved me. She helped me with our children over and over again and always with a smile. She taught me to love and value old things, gardening, birds, and stitchery. She was a part of my life since I was 18 years old. I loved her and will miss her wit, her humor, and her kindness.

Vi Poteete

Vi Poteete - September 17, 2013 at 04:31 PM



“ My mother was one of seven children. Large families were needed if you lived in the rural South because the children were used as "hands" on the farm. One of my mother's earliest stories that she repeated many times in her later years concerns a time when all of the children were out in the cotton fields picking cotton with their father. One of momma's sister Berta Lee stood up and started singing an old gospel hymn "I shall not be moved". The line was "I shall, I shall, I shall not be moved". After a few moments of singing their father stood up and told her if she did not stop singing and start picking cotton HE was going to move her.

Ronald Poteete - September 17, 2013 at 04:12 PM