



MRS. MARTHA CLARK COLE

October 18, 1945 - November 4, 2020

Mrs. Martha Clark Cole, 75, passed away Wednesday, November 4, 2020 at her residence in Philadelphia. She was a wife and mother and a member of Church of Christ.

Survivors are her husband, Roger W. Cole of Philadelphia, MS; Son, Cyril Tallon of Philadelphia, MS; Daughter, Tera Maharrey of Gulfport, MS and Kelley Sprague of Carthage, MS; Son, Floyd Bangs of New Orleans; Granddaughters, Alexandria Wittneber, Skylar Wittneber; Grandsons, Edwin (Beau) Wittneber IV, Aston C. Stevens, Zane Tallon and Wyatte Sprague. Mrs. Cole was preceded in death by her parents, Lee Clark and Lucille Clark; daughter, Melissa Tallon. A memorial service will be held at a later date.

Tribute Wall



“ *MRS. MARTHA CLARK COLE*

November 16, 2022 at 12:23 PM



“ *Mr. Cole, I am so sorry to hear of the passing of Ms. Martha. Our thoughts and prayers are with you and your family during this time.*

Donna Carr - November 05, 2020 at 01:15 PM

CB

I have written many hundreds of letters to different people in my family, then I throw them in a notepad and bail. I don't know what to say. I want to tell her whole story that she told me and I know is true. But I changed my mind and bailed as usual.

My mother was a stunningly beautiful child and I am not exaggerating. She was one of the most intelligent people I have met in my life and I have met a lot of intelligent people.

She was unspeakably and frequently abused by a woman and her "friends." and then I happened. She was strong and did her best. We had some tough times together. We fought her memories, we fought the world, and we fought each other. We fought enemies real and imagined. And she made it out of the woods. We have a thing where I tell her I saved her and shouldn't have and she says she made me strong but should have killed me. Ah the good old days, lol We are both offended by each others comments but we are both right. She passed on her intellect, resilience, her demons, and pain to me.

She told me if I hated her so much then why did I pick her. She had this interesting belief that we picked each other before I was born.

I love her, I really do. I wish I would have navigated those waters better. I have come to understand her in ways that make sense and are some conciliation. And this unfriendly little gnome that keeps getting passed down is weak, old, and not getting fed. My pain is my pain not some uncontrollable force that I have to put upon others. I am making plenty mistakes but that will not be one of them. This cycle will not continue. That is our story. And albeit dark, it is a story of triumph over evil and we did it together and separately in the only way that we could.

*I hope we pick each other again,
It would be nice to take a victory lap with her*

I love living but I'll be ready when the time comes.

Chris Bangs - April 08, 2022 at 07:33 AM