



Mrs. Margaret Rigsby Adams

August 8, 2022

Mrs. Margaret Rigsby Adams, a resident of Prattville, AL passed away on Monday, August 8, 2022. A Celebration of Life service will be held on Saturday, August 27, 2022, at 3:00 p.m. from the chapel of Brookside Funeral Home. The family will receive friends on Saturday August 27, 2022, from 2:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m. in the chapel of Brookside Funeral Home. Mrs. Adams was preceded in death by parents, Andie Bryant Rigsby and Mary Martha Jane Majors Rigsby, her daughter Kathy Moody and son-in-law Jim Moody. She leaves to cherish her memory, daughters, Olivia McGhee (Wrenn), Donna Collum (Rick), four grandchildren, three great- grandchildren, one great-great grandchild and numerous special cousins that were like brothers and sisters. The family wishes to extend their most heartfelt thanks to everyone for the outpouring of love and support during this most difficult time. In lieu of flowers, memorials to Wounded Warrior Alabama, 6755 Curry Station Road, Eastaboga, AL 36260 or to The Humane Society of Elmore County, 255 Central Plank Road, Wetumpka, AL 36092 in her memory. Brookside Funeral Home, Crematorium & Memorial Gardens of Millbrook, AL directing.

Previous Events

Visitation

AUG 27. 2:00 PM - 3:00 PM (CT)

Brookside Funeral Home
3360 Brookside Dr
Millbrook, AL 36054
(334) 285-7442
<http://www.brooksidefuneralhomeal.com>

Celebration of Life

AUG 27. 3:00 PM (CT)

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3360 Brookside Dr
Millbrook, AL 36054
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Tribute Wall



“ *Mrs. Margaret Rigsby Adams*

October 09, 2023 at 12:36 PM



“ *Mrs. Margaret Rigsby Adams*

October 07, 2023 at 11:21 AM

“ PART ONE:

Margaret Adams was a SAINT—but I don't mean to imply that there was anything boring, stuffy, or self-righteous about her. Far from it. There was more fun in Margaret than in many people half her age.

I could always count on her to make me laugh when I needed it the most. A chat with her was a tonic for whatever ailed me. I loved her unique names for everyday objects, like “picker-upper thingy” for a reacher stick.

When Margaret used her own car in 2006 to help me move some of my mother's things to our new home, a sheriff's deputy spotted her overladen vehicle with possessions precariously piled on the roof, and he pulled it over. When he realized he knew the driver, his eyes widened, and his mouth dropped open, “Miss Margaret,” he said, “WHAT are you DOING?” Margaret loved to tell that story and imitate his voice, and we laughed about it for years.

I was lucky enough to find Margaret in the summer of 2005, when I was desperate to hire a private caregiver to help care for my 91-year-old mother who'd been diagnosed a year earlier with Alzheimer's. For months we'd been limping along with agency sitters, but my own recent hospitalization and surgery had revealed that we just couldn't depend on them.

When Margaret presented herself for the job, I had misgivings. She was already 74 herself, and one couldn't help noticing her reliance on a walker. I had my doubts about her ability to keep up with my mom, but her previous employers raved about her and said I'd be lucky to get her, so I gave her a chance. That turned out to be the most consequential—and most fortunate—decision I'd ever made.

Margaret was the best sitter we ever had. What she lacked in mobility or speed she more than made up for in a million ways. Her physical limitations, far from being a handicap, had given her infinite patience, deep compassion, and an indomitable spirit the likes of

which I'd never seen. Margaret could overcome any obstacle by sheer will power, and she never complained. She was an inspiration, an example that we mere mortals can only strive to emulate.

When Margaret first came to us, my mother and I were sharing a duplex, each half a private apartment. The first few times I called my mom's side while Margaret was on duty, we had conversations which not only reassured me that my mom was in capable hands, but which revealed this new sitter to be lively and interesting. FUN to talk to.

Then I'd hang up the phone and walk next door to my mom's half of the house, where I'd SEE Margaret and feel bewildered, trying to reconcile the image of the "little old lady" in front of me with the surprisingly enjoyable phone chat we'd just had. I'd do a double take and think, "Really? Did all that warmth, wit, and wisdom really come out of YOU?" It seemed so unlikely, some kind of illusion, but that was just Margaret revealing all her special gifts. It wasn't long before I knew I'd found a friend and not just an employee.

CONTINUED IN PART TWO.

Diane Matson

Diane Matson - August 27, 2022 at 04:27 AM

“ PART TWO:

My mother wasn't easy to care for. Margaret helped me for about five of the eight and a half years that I was engaged in that task. Together we watched the disease rob my mom of her abilities and then her very essence, and it was Margaret who saved my own sanity along the way.

When she worked the night shift, she was scheduled to start at 10 p.m., but there were evenings when I just couldn't cope alone with my mom's fears, hysteria, and stubborn resistance to reason. I'd call Margaret and tell her, for example, that my mom had sat down on the floor and was refusing to get up. Margaret would inevitably ask, "Should I just come on, then?" even though it was two hours before her shift was due to begin. I'd gratefully say, "Oh, yes, please do if you can," and Margaret would drop whatever she'd been doing and come at once. She'd help me deal with whatever our current crisis was, and we'd laugh about it later. Her patience with my mom was endless, and she truly cared about both of us. All of us, that is; she also loved our little Shih-Tzu, Two Socks, and he loved her back.

I learned early on that I could rely on Margaret, no matter what. When she finally retired, I never found anyone else who could live up to the standard she'd set in our house for sitters. I often said that she was worth her weight in gold, and I must have intimidated new applicants by singing her praises. Her value as a friend, though, was beyond measure, almost beyond description.

I knew Margaret for seventeen years. She was unlike anyone I'd ever known, calm and confident, full of a strength, wisdom, and grace which I'm convinced she had developed because of the physical challenges she endured rather than in spite of them.

Margaret's strength may have gradually left her body, but it never left her voice. I was always amazed at how strong and energetic she sounded on the phone. She had a presence. She never lost her wits, thankfully, or her humor. She was a gem, and it was my great

honor and privilege to be her friend.

Today I told another friend that if Margaret had a grave, I'd go there every month and talk to her out loud the way Forrest Gump talked to his dear departed. I wouldn't care in the least what anyone thought. She was my rock.

Diane Matson

Diane Matson - August 27, 2022 at 04:19 AM

DK

“*Her care of others is the first thing you think of when you reflect on Margaret's life. I will always be grateful for her caring of my grandmother in her later years. And I so appreciate her sending letters and pictures that gave me a snapshot of life before me. As a very young girl I remember on one occasion walking the halls of the hospital with my parents and asking, "where is she?" I thought we were there to see Margaret because my parents said we were going to St. Margaret's Hospital. It seemed logical to a three-year-old we were going to visit the Margaret I knew. A place of care and healing was actually a perfect association to have for her. And over the years, we have all witnessed the thoughtful way she cared for others. Now, her legacy of caring strength through softness lives on through her daughters, Donna and Olivia. We are all blessed to have had her in our lives. For that, we celebrate.*

Deborah King - August 26, 2022 at 12:14 PM

RM

“ Margaret was my first cousin. We were 13 years apart in age but real close in friendship. You see she was my friend as well as my cousin. We swapped many memories over the years. One of my favorites was when I worked at WKAB-TV in Montgomery, Alabama. I worked in production and didn't do live air work. But one day the Sports guy had to go to a luncheon downtown and there was nobody to take his place. So I did. My knees were knocking while I'm thinking that thousands of people are watching. When I got home that night, Margaret called and said she had seen me on TV when she went home for lunch that day and I did real well. Always complementing and not criticizing, that's just the way Margaret always rolled. I miss my cousin Margaret and our frequent phone visits. She & I always ended our calls with "I Love You" and I'm glad we did that. Margaret was always a lot of fun. Our Prayers for all the family.

Ron Majors - August 23, 2022 at 03:19 PM

GC

“ I first met Margaret when my son and her daughter began a relationship which ultimately resulted in marriage. Margaret was a sweet, caring, loving person. She loved my son and was always very loving to me. She adored all of the children in the family! She will be missed. May She rest in peace. Sending love and prayers to her family and all who loved her!

Ginger Collum - August 20, 2022 at 04:00 PM