



## Mrs. Patty Lee Miller Parham

May 14, 1953 - March 28, 2013

Patty Lee Miller-Parham was born to O.C. and Lena Belle Miller on May 14, 1953 in Jackson, Tennessee. She was their miracle baby, having been the only child out of six to be born alive. She was raised, loved, and cherished by her parents and her maternal grandmother Elsie Lee Johnson.

Patty was raised in Lexington, Tennessee and it would always be her home. She attended school at Montgomery. Patty was studious, yet well rounded and down to earth. She graduated Lexington High School in 1971. Patty was united in holy matrimony to Nathaniel Parham, Jr. in 1972. To this union three children were born.

She nursed her father until his demise in 1978. Her beloved uncle DJ. Robinson preceded her in death in 1982. Patty graduated Union University in 1989 with a degree in nursing. As a Registered Nurse, she touched the lives of many families during a time of illness. As the co-owner of Parham Mortuary, she touched the lives of many during a time of grief. Patty cared for her mother until her death in 1992. She cared for her beloved Grandma until she died in 1993. Patty's only son, Steven Terrell Parham, preceded her in death in 1995. She nursed her husband until his death in 2000.

Patty knew the Lord and held on to her faith. He brought her through every sorrow. Patty loved life. She loved her family. She loved her friends. Patty

forgave, always.

She loved unconditionally. Patty was beautiful, inside and out. There will never be another like her, though you may catch a glimpse of her in the faces of her descendants. Patty is loved, now and forever more.

Patty leaves to love and cherish her life; two daughters, four grandchildren, a stepson, a host of relatives and countless friends. We lost our angel.

# Previous Events

## Visitation

APR 4. 12:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Stephenson-Shaw Funeral Home, Inc.

807 N. Hays Avenue

Jackson, TN 38301

(731) 427-7411

[info@stephenson-shaw.com](mailto:info@stephenson-shaw.com)

<https://www.stephenson-shaw.com>

# Tribute Wall



“ *Mrs. Patty Lee Miller Parham*

January 28, 2023 at 12:37 PM



“ *Cousin Patty was a true and lovely spirit who endured so much in her lifetime. I know now that she is IN PEACE....Love Nica*



monica(nica) Mason (churchwell) - April 03, 2013 at 11:41 AM

“ It was 1960, I was 5, and Patty was 7. I thought all the time that I was in Lexington that Mrs. Lena Belle, Mr. O.C. were Mommy & Daddy. Believe me, no one knew the difference. They treated me as if I was there own. In my mind I was, I nearly forgot who my real mom was, that wake up, and was nothing nice. It was a very good life, at 324 Reeves St. Country living at it's best. I remember Patty and I, jumping in the old pick up truck with O.C, . we were going to work with Dad. In the old Cotton Fields back home. I wasn't much help at my age, but I tried to show Dad that I could work as hard as him, yeah right, I'd go maybe 5ft picking what I could, then see one of them boll weevil, and run off screaming like I'd seen the devil himself. O.C. as he was, picked me up and carried me to the truck and tossed me on top of the already filled burlap sacks full of cotton and say," there, there little man you've worked hard enough, get up there and take your nap". Next thing I knew, we were pulling up to the house, the smell of Fried chicken ,permeating the air. In the kitchen momma Lena Belle, aproned down, standing over the pot bellied stove, stirring the collards, and mustard greens she'd picked from the garden in the back of the house earlier that day. "Go wash your hands youngen,," so you can help me shuck some peas. Dinner was always the finest meal of the day and Saturday's were extra special. Rhubarb and Strawberry pie with homemade ice cream. After dinner was mommy, and daddy time, that meant Patty and I made the hike up to the top of the hill on Reeves St, to my Uncle James' house. Bubbas, Kay Faye, Patty and I would plop ourselves in front of the old picture tube to watch Saturday night Wrestling. Those carefree days of sitting in the Strawberry patch, gorging myself on those berry's, that only God and Mother nature could make so sweet. Not listening to Patty's warning, Jimmy, you gonna make yourself sick from eating so much of those berry's. I thought,.. she's a girl, what does she know. A few hours later that girl was at my bedside, towels in hand, Castor oil, and, Milk of Magnesium. A sign of the caring and compassionate Nurse that she would become, later in life. I was blessed, to be cared for by her. 1961, I was snatched from the tranquility, which was Lexington, and Reeves St. I made Patty a promise, that I would be back someday,

*and not to forget me. She didn't. Although it took me 42 years, I fulfilled that promise to her, On May 04, 2003, I was back, at peace, Lexington, the house was still there at 324 Reeves, it looked a lot smaller, then what was in my Dreams, no Strawberry patch, no chickens running around in the yard. .No O.C. , No Momma Lena Belle, but that little sweet, kind hearted girl, that took care of me, the one that watched out for me, who never let harm come within 10ft of me .She was there, Just as pretty as I remembered,, just as caring, My Big Sis, I was home again. Reeves St was still there, the peace, the tranquility, Still pouring itself on and around me. .Seeing Family, friends, meeting new family and making new friends ,God had answered my prayers, and guided me back. Home.. What had gone on in the past 42 years of my life, he was telling me that I had weathered the storms, and to prove it, that night as I settled in, pure comfort that was my sisters home, not one, but two Tornados hit the city. The room she provided me was fit for a King, but I was, so happy to be with her, that I decided, to hang out as long as I could. Talking of old time, remembering our carefree childhood. the Tornados destroyed the room she had prepared for me and did extensive damage to the whole house, but by the Grace of God, my home coming was still infested with Love,, and Peace, I have to admit though, that following Sunday when I walked into the house of the Lord, I did get some strange looks, but I still was Welcomed with open arms. I Love Patty, I'll never forget you. I know you will be there, waiting for me, as you were before, to show me the Way, the Lord's way.*



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**James Miller** - April 02, 2013 at 11:15 PM