



Martha Stiefel

September 14, 1930 - November 17, 2005

No obituary found for this tribute.

Cemetery Details

Residence following the service

Previous Events

Service

NOV 21. 11:00 AM (ET)

Posey Funeral Home Chapel
1307 Georgia Avenue
North Augusta, SC

Tribute Wall

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“ It's almost that time of year again, the anniversary of the day when I lost my beautiful Mema. It's been 19 years now, and I still miss you just as much as I did the day I found out you were finally free from the torment of this world. I'm sure you are finally back in the arms of the man you missed so very much, my Pa, but selfishly I wish I could have you back here on Earth with me. You were the one who raised me, who came and picked me up and took me fishing bc my parents were too young to raise a child, and they spent their nights partying with friends, and their days sleeping in late. You were always there to rescue me, from my earliest memories through my adult years. Every year on my birthday you would call the radio station and have them wish me a Happy Birthday, and play the same song "Love is Like a Butterfly" by Dolly Parton 💜 Any time my life fell apart and I had nowhere to go, you were always a phone call away, even if that phone call would last hours, and getting you off the call almost always seemed impossible 😊 Your door was always open, and my bedroom was always ready and waiting. You were there for me through the giant messes and the silly little mistakes. You were my favorite person in the entire world, and I regret more than anything neglecting to show you just how much you meant to me in the last few years of your life. I miss you more each and every day, especially this time of year. I always know it's rolling back around because you start to invade my sleep almost every night. I dream of you in your chair, in the basement in your kitchen cooking, rolling out dumplings, driving to Blue Bells, decorating the porch for Halloween, getting on to me for swinging way to high in that blue porch swing that Pa built and painted. I dream of you happy and healthy and so alive, and then comes the morning, and a sadness rushes over me, as my waking mind and lucid thoughts remind me that you are gone forever. I miss you so much, and even though it's only for a little while, and only in my dreams, I do so look forward to spending this time of year with you, so that I might spend a few moments in your presence once again. Until the day we meet again... All My Love,
All My Life,
Your Favorite Granddaughter

Alice Neal - November 08, 2024 at 03:15 PM



“ *Martha Stiefel*

October 06, 2023 at 06:29 AM



“ *Martha Stiefel*

September 24, 2022 at 12:12 PM