



Alma Smith Hardee

January 18, 1927 - December 29, 2016

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The memorial service for Alma Hardee will be held on her birthday, January 18, 2017. The service will be held at the Charleston Cremation Center Chapel at 11 am. The center is located at 2054 Wambaw Creek Drive, Charleston SC, 29492. Her life will be celebrated with friends, song, testimony, and picture memories.

Alma was born in St Pauls' NC, and was preceded in death by her mother Nina Parrish. She was also preceded in death by the love of her life, and best friend, James Pearly Hardee of Bayboro, S.C. They were married a beautiful 65 years when he departed the earth to join our angels above. Alma Hardee spent her life nurturing her 4 wonderful Children, 13 grandchildren, and her beloved cat Mary Jane.

She is survived by her 4 beautiful children Shelby Fisher of Goose Creek (Phil Fisher and Family), Diane Hardee of Mayer AZ (Mike Graham and Family), James P. Hardee and family of Summerville, and David H. Winburn (Alan Winburn and Family) of Mount Pleasant SC. She is also survived by 5 grandkids, and 13 great grandkids. Alma is also survived by a sister Earlene Miller and Family of Fayetteville, NC, and a brother Jimmy Smith and Family of Myrtle Beach, as well as preceded in death by a brother Doug Edge of Myrtle Beach SC.

Alma was the very definition of mother to her kids and grandkids, and they loved her immensely for this. She loved cooking for family and family times together. She also loved being outdoors, crabbing, and spending time on the porch with her cat Mary Jane. Alma loved to spend time reading when she could; she spent a lot of time in earlier years with a crochet needle in hand with many quilts to show for it.

Alma Smith Hardee will be missed by many, "Death leaves a heartache that never can be healed, but love leaves a memory that no one ever can steal".

Comments



“ 60 files added to the album LifeTributes



Charleston Cremation Center & Funeral Home - January 16, 2017 at 12:22 PM



“ So sorry for your loss. May God comfort you all now and in the days ahead!
Debbie Watson



DEBBIE WATSON - January 06, 2017 at 02:12 PM



“ Dear Mom

I write this with a broken heart. I will always love you for ever and ever. I know you are gone to be with Dad in Heaven, but your spirit lives with in my soul.

The best things I remember was that you were there for all the things a daughter goes through: from infant to toddler years, then holding her hand so I wouldn't be scared on the first day of school. Then comes the good times, the pre teens, the high heel shoes (awkward) then the teens, then the boys! Wow! The prom, graduation, going to the beach, getting engaged and looking for wedding dresses. Then you realize your little girl has grown into a young woman.

Mom, you were there for the birth of your first Granddaughter, then a couple years later the birth of your first Grandson. These were surely miracles of life.

There will be times when something or a song or the way someone else might move there hands or smile like you that will make me cry or laugh like you.

You were a great cook not like myself. You made the best " Dirty Rice" to go with butter beans, peas and fried corn. The children would go to grandma's house to see what she had fixed for dinner after school cause my dad worked at nights. I remember the crab dip she fixed after she came back from crabbing. It was delicious. I remember mom would say "J" don't feed the dogs at the table. The dogs weren't going to starve! Dad would feed them under the table thinking she wouldn't know but believe me she did.

When my mom and our aunt Earline (her only sister) and cousins came to visit they always had a blast and enjoyed their time together.

One Christmas " her favorite time of the year " she decided to make afghans for us kids and grandchildren in their favorite colors. They still have their blankets.

My sister and brothers and myself will love you until our last breath. We know that you, Dad and our dear Lord Jesus will be watching over all the family. Our Mother was a beautiful lady. We will always have our beautiful memories of you.

Your Loving Daughter,
Shelby Jean

Shelby Fisher - January 04, 2017 at 11:54 PM



“ Your Mother is always with you. She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of life itself. She's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well. She's your breath in the air on a cold winter's day. She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow, she is Christmas morning. Your mother lives inside your laughter. She's the place you came from, your first home, and she's the map you follow with every step you take. She's your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy, but nothing on earth can separate you, not time, not space, not even death.

This was left on my Mom's tribute wall 3 years ago. I think of it often. She will be missed by her family, but will remain with them through out life. I had the privilege of knowing her for 51 years. I was lucky enough to marry her oldest daughter. Phil

Phil Fisher - January 04, 2017 at 07:03 PM



“ I'm so sorry for your loss! I'm so happy that I was able to have met her! She was very gentle and loving! I saw the love she had for her family that lit her face up to have just been in the presence of y'all and for each of you to be with her also. I know how much she was loved and taken care of so selflessly especially by David and so of course Alan also. I know it was important to Amanda that she remained close to her and for Cali and Taylor to have a close relationship with her also! My thoughts and prayers are with all of you!



Shelley Knight - January 04, 2017 at 12:41 AM



“ The Junk Man

I am glad God saw Death
And gave Death a job taking care of all
who are tired of living;
When all the wheels in a clock are worn
and slow and the connections loose
And the clock goes on ticking and telling
the wrong time from hour to hour
And people around the house joke about
what a bum clock it is,
How glad the clock is when the big Junk
Man drives his wagon
Up to the house and puts his big arm's
around the clock and says;
"You don't belong here,
You gotta come
Along with me,"
How glad the clock is then, when it feels
the arms of the Junk Man close
around it and carry it away.

My reflections and memories of Aunt Alma will forever keep my heart full. From my earliest memory, she was just as my mother. I have always dreaded this day. The day; that I would no longer be able to call, write, hug, or visit with her. The day; that I am only allowed to think about her, remember her. The day that I have to say goodbye. My heart is wilted, weeping to its lowest low. My brain rests on the floor of my skull, deflated with sorrow, waiting for a single thought to swell it back to function. I am hurt without you Aunt Alma. I love you so very much! You were my GREATEST AUNT!



Linda Gail - January 03, 2017 at 07:53 PM



“ She was a great wife, mother, sister, grandmother, mother in law, friend and wonderful cook. She didn't know a stranger and if you crossed her threshold you were to sit and eat with the rest of them. She loved her husband and children like noone I have ever met. She also was very close to her sister and loved her unconditionally. She loved to can foods, pick peaches and go crabbing. She loved reading and loved the series of movies Anne if Green Gables and Anne of Avonlee.

Teresa Massey (daughter in law) - January 03, 2017 at 06:51 PM



“ Haley Easterling lit a candle in memory of Alma Smith Hardee



Haley Easterling - January 03, 2017 at 05:48 AM



“ I am so sorry for your loss. Praying for you and your family.

Haley Easterling - January 03, 2017 at 05:47 AM



“ God brought me David, and a bonus- a beautiful, thoughtful mother as well. Love spending the last 21 years with you.



Alan Winburn - January 02, 2017 at 10:52 PM