



Shirley Christian

November 15, 1925 - February 5, 2011

Shirley Vaughan Christian

Shirley Vaughan Christian 85, of Danville, died Saturday, February 5, 2011, at Riverside Health & Rehabilitation Center after a decline in health for the past year.

Mrs. Christian was born in Roanoke, VA, on November 15, 1925, the daughter of the late James Franklin Vaughan. Sr., and Dorothy Alice Hamilton Vaughan.

She worked as a Registered Nurse, and was a member of St. Lukes United Methodist Church.

She loved working in her garden, and had a passion for animals.

On July 3, 1948 she married Joe Young Christian, who predeceased her.

Survivors include two daughters, Christian Walentine, of Grapevine, TX; Rosemary Christian, of Santa Cruz, CA; and one son, Joe Yong Christian, II, of Houston, TX; two sisters, Ann V. Henderson Lewis-Jones; and Wanda Lee Widner, both of Danville; and two brothers, Billy DeMott Vaughan, of Danville; and Harry Charles Vaughan, of Charleston, SC; four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

In addition to her husband and parents, she was predeceased by a step-mother, Annie Laurie DeMott Vaughan, two sisters, Joyce Summerlin, and Decima Wright, and one brother, James Franklin Vaughan, Jr.

Funeral services will be held on Wednesday, February 9, 2011, at 2:00 P.M. from St. Lukes United Methodist Church conducted by the Rev. Valerie White. Interment will follow in Chatham Burial Park.

The family will receive friends one hour prior to the service at the church, and at other times at the residence of her sister, Ann V. Henderson Lewis-Jones, 415 Clarkson Dr.

The family suggest that in lieu of flowers memorial donations be made to the Danville Humane Society P.O. Box 3352 Danville VA 24543

Wrenn-Yeatts North Main Chapel is serving the Christian family.

Previous Events

Funeral Service

FEB 9. 2:00 PM (ET)

St. Lukes United Methodist Church
3090 North Main St
Danville, VA

Tribute Wall

CC

“ I remember Shirley from Gatun, Canal Zone. She was a nurse and a real lady with that Southern charm. It was always a pleasure to be around her. God bless her soul.

Captain Gerry Cooper - February 14, 2011 at 12:00 AM

BB

“ Shirley made me feel like I was special and took an interest in me and all who knew her. I will remember her warm smile and hugs. Sending my love to Deb, Rosemary and Joe.

beth

Beth Brandenburg - February 14, 2011 at 12:00 AM

VJ

“ So sorry to hear of Shirley's death. God bless and keep you during this difficult time.

Vivian Jefferson - February 13, 2011 at 12:00 AM

AM

“ Although I never had the chance to get to know Shirley, I feel that I did as I am lucky to know and love both of her amazing daughters, each one is blessed with that wonderful compassion for people and animals and that fierce sense of independence. I send my love to all that knew her and my sorrow for having lost her physical presence on this earth, but her spirit and strength lives on in her children and the loving memories of her life. Much love, annie

annie miller - February 06, 2011 at 12:00 AM

GR

“ *May Almighty God of Tender Mercies Comfort the Christian*

Family (2Co.1:3,4),

When the last enemy strikes Grief may be great and make The heart yearn for Comfort,

Almighty God gives HOPE and PROMISE at (JOHN 5:28, ACTS 24:15, ISAIAH 26:19 and REVELATION 21:4) Almighty God HOPE and PROMISE SOON TO BE ATTAIN, May these thoughts

be of some Comfort.

gingerrobison@bellsouth.net

Ginger Robison - February 06, 2011 at 12:00 AM

“ My Mother Shirley

I wrote her letters and called her often but always felt a pang of guilt for living so geographically far away. At the same time, I knew she was happy and had a wonderful source of support with my aunts, cousins, and uncles in the same town.

I sent her lots of books. We both shared a love for reading. At the age of 84 years old, my mother was able to push a grocery cart through the store and do her own shopping. Before going, she would browse through the local newspaper for the best deals and knew exactly where to go to buy chicken thighs at the best price. She cut her grass, was still planting flowers (her passion), watched the news, read newspapers online, connected with friends and family using email, and could voice an opinion, whether it be political or emotional. She drove from place to place to visit family. She did her own laundry, followed programs on TV, and went to church most Sundays. She wrote checks for her bills and balanced her checkbook. She fixed her own hair. Sometimes though, she splurged and went to the Beauty College to have it styled. Since the girls were students there, the price was cheaper. She could find a good deal.

We shopped at the Dollar Store, Marshalls, Aldies. And at the cash register, she would proudly introduce me "This is my daughter. She is visiting from California."

She was proudly, stubbornly independent. And rarely asked for or accepted help - until recently. After a car accident in January, 2010, all of this slowly - then rapidly - begin to slip away. She got agitated, she stopped eating anything but yogurt, things started happening to her body, and her strength and life force was being pulled from her.

We started having conversations about dying. We had spoken of

death before but these conversations were serious. But I don't think either of us was alarmed. She said "What are you going to do with all that junk in my house?" I told her not to worry - that me, my sister, and brother would work it out. We told each other "I love you" and expressed gratitude for the good times that we shared.

My mother's birthday is in November and every year I tried to plan something special for her. The first week was reserved for raking the leaves in her yard. The second week for the two of us to take a trip, often to the beaches of North Carolina. Another time, we toured the Biltmore House. And today I am thankful for the memories, as well as the long talks we had while driving (she did not like to fly) or walking on the beach. We stayed in a house right on the beach with lots of windows and a long wooden walkway built over the dunes. It was so beautiful to watch the colors of the sun as it rose and set every day.

My mother was so proud of her independence - fiercely proud would be an understatement. It broke my heart to watch her independence slip away from her. And many things started happening to her body physically.

Two weeks ago, I flew into town to see her. Four days later, she went into hospice where she battled and lingered for 8 days. Amazingly, many of the nurses in hospice knew her well and had worked with her. She was a nurse for many years. Those nurses and aids are some of the best people in the world. There are no words for their care, love, and compassion. I sat by her bed and my mother became weaker each day. But her face and skin looked so smooth...so relaxed.

To me she was beautiful with her smooth skin and long white hair. I felt like I could see her soul. We were both trying to let go and move into our new journeys...with faith. I am glad that I have her strength running through my body and I am honored to carry her in my heart.

With love,

Rosemary

Rosemary Christian - February 05, 2011 at 12:00 AM