



Mary Thompson

May 6, 1950 - August 31, 2007

Mary Thompson of Columbia, Maryland departed this life on Friday, August 31, 2007.

She was the loving mother of Timothy L. Allen and Marketa Pershing Allen-Johnson; dear sister of Major and Walter Allen, Carol Williams and Shirley Alford. She is also survived by significant friend, Allen Croskey; nine grandchildren, seven step-grandchildren and a host of other relatives and friends.

To send condolences or a lasting tribute to the Thompson family, please sign the online guestbook. Click "Sign Guestbook".

Tribute Wall



“ *Mary Thompson*

October 23, 2023 at 08:15 AM



“ *I HAD THE HONOR OF WORKING WITH MARY FOR SEVEN YEARS.I HAVE MANY WONDERFUL MEMORIESSO I WILL ONLY SHARE A FEW.MARY WAS SUCH A DEDICATED WORKER THAT SHE MADE THE TIME GO BY MUCH FASTER WHEN MY OLDEST GRANDSON WAS BORN SHE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO VISIT US AT THE HOSPITAL.WHEN A COWORKERS DAUGHTER WAS KILLED TEN YEARS AGO, MARY WAS THE FIRST TO BE BY HER SIDE.FAMILY WAS VERY IMPORTANT TO HER,SHE LOVED YOU ALL SO MUCH.IT HAS BEEN ALONG TIME SINCE I SAW MARYBUT HER SENSE OF HUMOR WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.MY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS ARE WITH YOU ALL.##imported-begin##DIANE L. SANDERSON##imported-end##*

September 06, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN, I WANT TO SAY THANKS TO MARY FOR BEING THE BEST FRIEND THAT I EVER HAD AND WAS SO SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT HER ACCIDENT MAY GOD KEEP YOU ALL STRONG AND GIVE YOU STRENGHT TO HOLD ON FOR JOY WILL COME IN THE MORNING.*

LOVE TO ALL OF YOU##imported-begin##BARBARA TIMMONS##imported-end##

September 06, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *Tim and Chissey,*

I was so sorry to hear about your mom. I pray that you and your family find comfort in all of the beautiful memories. Always remember her light still shines. May your faith be forever strong. A short poem for you:

Joyce and Christopher

We Remember Them

As we open our eyes each morning and see the dawning of another day, we struggle to accept the reality of a world with them. We remember them.

We yearn to hear once more their distinctive laugh and see their beautiful smile; with them, the sky is not as blue; the sun is not as warm. We remember them.

Spring flowers fall to lift our spirits as they used to do; only in our dreams do we hold them once again. We remember them.

In our most private moments, we endure overwhelming emptiness. We hold our family more closely, knowing we are not promised tomorrow. Our grief is mirrored in each other's eyes. We remember them.

Colors, songs, and photos remind us their special brand of magic, not to be repeated. We share our precious memories and in this sharing. We remember them.

We know so long as we draw breath, they are with us; every precious memory is a tribute to their uniqueness. We know that love is eternal. We remember them.

Seasons change, but our longing for them remains. We go on,

though not he same, accepting some small solace in the fact that nothing is ever lost and they are loved so much. We remember them##imported-begin##Joyce Conyers##imported-end##

September 06, 2007 at 12:00 AM