



Mildred Irene Turner Steed

October 8, 1922 - February 10, 2013

Mildred Irene Turner Steed, 90, of Laurel, died Sunday, February 10, 2013, at Forrest General Hospital in Hattiesburg.

Funeral services will be held at 10 a.m. Wednesday, February 13, 2013, at Memory Chapel with burial to follow at Hickory Grove Cemetery. Rev. Keith Yelverton and Rev. Bob Taylor will officiate.

Mrs. Steed worked as a private attendant for The Register until her retirement. She was a member of Trinity Baptist Church.

She was preceded in death by her husband, E. E. Steed in 1992; parents, Leston and Lillian Massey Turner; and sister, Gladys Cummins.

Survivors include three sons, Jerry Steed and wife Eva of Laurel, Larry Steed of Laurel; and Ricky Steed of Van Cleve; one daughter, Joyce Sanderson and husband Jimmie of Laurel; nine grandchildren; 16 great grandchildren; 2 great great grandchildren; and three sisters, Lois Oliver and husband Jimmy of El Dorado, AR, Linda Garrett and husband James of El Dorado, AR and Louise Stone of Tupelo.

Pallbearers will be Mike Sanderson, Jim Sanderson, Tory Bass, Anthony Hutchinson, Johnny Riley, Craig Steed, Colby Steed and Tad Walters.

Visitation will be held from 5 until 8 p.m. Tuesday, February 12, 2013 at Memory Chapel of Laurel which is in charge of the arrangements.

Tribute Wall

MA

“ *Praying for all of you at this time she will be missed greatly.*

MARY HINTON ARMBRUST - February 13, 2013 at 05:21 PM

BH

“ *Sometimes life seems hard to bear, Full of sorrow, trouble and woe
It's then I have to remember That it's in the valleys I grow, If I always
stayed on the mountain top and never experienced pain, I would
never appreciate God's love and would be living in vain. I have so
much to learn and my growth is very slow, Sometimes I need the
mountain tops, But it's in the valleys I grow. I do not always
understand why things happen as they do, but I am very sure of one
thing, My Lord will see me through. My little valleys are nothing
when I picture Christ on the cross. He went through the valley of
death; His victory was satan's loss. Forgive me Lord for complaining
when I'm feeling so very low, Just give me a gentle reminder that it's
in the valleys I grow. Continue to strengthen me Lord and use my
life each day, to share your love with others and help them find their
way. Thank you for valleys, Lord, for this one thing I know...the
mountain tops are glorious but it's in the valleys we grow.*

Billy and Lisa Hinton - February 12, 2013 at 06:30 PM