



Wallace Keith Carroll

March 20, 1946 - May 7, 2023

Wallace Keith Carroll 77 of Gallant passed away Sunday, May 7, 2023 at his Residence

Hie Funeral Service will be 2 p.m. Wednesday, May 10, 2023 at Whitesboro Baptist Church with burial to follow in the adjoining cemetery. He will lie-in-state 1 until 2 before the service. Visitation will be Tuesday 5 until 8 at the funeral home. Bro. Alan Hallmark, Bro. Brad Gaylor and Jerry Wayne Hallmark will be officiating. Pallbearers will be Avery Carroll, Blake Gaylor, Brad Gaylor, Heath Stanfield, Jared Godfrey and Adam Howard.

Mr. Carroll is survived by his Wife; Brenda Godfrey Carroll, Son; Todd Carroll (Bettina), Daughters; Kelly Carroll Gaylor (Fred Shipman), Monica Carroll Mason (Pat), Grandchildren; Blake and Brad Gaylor, Avery and Braelyn Carroll, Great Grandchildren; Bryson, Brody, Elijah and McKenna Gaylor, Sister; Elizabeth Carroll Templeton (Dean), host of nephews. He is preceded in death by his Parents; Ernest and Ruby Morton Carroll, Brothers; Oswald Carroll (Yvonne), Joe Carroll, Nephew; Stanley Carroll.

Etowah Memorial Chapel Directing

Cemetery Details

Whitesboro Cemetery

Leeth Gap Rd.
Boaz, AL 35956

Previous Events

Visitation

MAY **9**. 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Etowah Memorial Chapel
12600 US Highway 431
Sardis City, AL 35956
(256) 593-4994

Service

MAY **10**. 2:00 PM (CT)

Whitesboro Baptist Church
Leeth Gap Rd.
Boaz, AL 35956

Tribute Wall

“ This is a week of growing. Everything grows in the spring, my Daddy taught me. The Lord renews. Spring is the way the Lord reminds us that no trial can ever really defeat us. He always has blessings waiting to give. In the spring, everything is green and blooming again. The Lord’s promise.....This lesson was Daddy’s way of helping me to appreciate spring. I did not, at least not when he told me. Growing up for me meant that spring was plowing and planting and weeding---the least favorite things of any child. My sister was usually beside me at any task, and my brother did his fair share. But he was years older than me, and quite often it was him doing the teaching of any task. For him, there was always the promise of the weekend. I knew it too and I knew one thing was true: my brother would spend his Saturday going fishing with our cousin Keith. Or hunting. Or even double dating. Whatever they were doing, I knew it was more fun than hoeing, or breaking beans or chopping cabbage. And I knew where to find my brother come church on Sunday morning. He was with Keith again. And neither one of them ever sent me away, but let me sit between them and share their Dentyne gum, or play with a broken fishing lure. I’ve come to realize this week that the first fun we ever had in life most often included a cousin. Maybe it was going barefoot to a fishing hole in the heat of summer, or drinking from the same dipper at the well after running all the way home just to see who could do it fastest. A cousin picked you up to see a new baby calf in the stall. A cousin taught how to play marbles. They traded a baseball card, a scarf, or even gave us their “hand-me-downs”. It was a cousin who taught “Mother May I?” and “Three Blind Mice”. It was a cousin who showed how to climb to the top of the apple tree to shake out the best fruit. A cousin taught how to get to a drop of nectar in a honeysuckle bloom, and catch a tadpole. A cousin sat on the rock steps and patiently taught things like HOW to tie a pair of shoes or to shoot a slingshot. In the cold of winter, a cousin taught us how to sneak open the buffet door, where the tea cakes hid. Near the fireplace, it was a cousin who leaned over us to supervise as we were allowed to sit in Granddaddy’s rocking chair and read out loud the names in that big Family Bible—names of people we never

knew, but who really mattered to both of us. That cousin helped us learn how to say those names.

I've come to realize this week that life and miles take us down different roads far away from those different houses where we grew up. We get one last time to see that cousin here.....that cousin we used to see every week of our life. I'm pretty sure I could still get into Grannys buffet for a tea cake, I was taught by the master thieves: my brother, and Keith Carroll. I have no doubt Keith will be waiting at the gate, when we the rest of us go home. But right now I am growing, and I've wept enough tears to water a row of Granny's strawberries! But the Lord gives us spring...with showers.... Daddy told me that. Its how the Lord renews. Keith is renewed this spring. He is home.

Lisa Morton Mills - May 09, 2023 at 10:01 AM

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“ *From Monty & Gail purchased the Sweetest Sunrise Bouquet for the family of Wallace Keith Carroll.*



From Monty & Gail - May 08, 2023 at 10:48 PM