



Timothy Brent Williams

August 28, 1986 - March 8, 2020

Where to begin? For Brent to only be 33 years old, the stories, laughs, worries, and memories he is leaving behind are far more than there should be. Brent came into this world at a time in my life when I had no idea what was about to happen. I questioned and wondered why it had to be me, pregnant at 18. At just 2-1/2 months old we found out why, my brother Kent passed away and Brent became our world. He was full of energy, imagination, and charm but don't get me wrong he was a handful from day one. He was my real-life baby doll to dress up and play with all I wanted. I would take cardboard boxes and make them look like cars, sit him inside and push him all over the house even before he could sit up by himself.

I might have been Brent's entertainment but mom was his biggest fan. After bath time, he would run soaking wet from the bathtub to the living room and jump in mom's arms while she wrapped him up and made him laugh. When Brent was 15 I guess he thought he was still that little boy. My mom was standing by the couch and he took off running and jumped on her. Needless to say, when you are now in your 60's you can't catch a 15 year old, so down she went. Of course, the Dr looked a little concerned when he asked my mom what happened to her shoulder and as she laughed she responded with "my grandson tackled me".

Like most boys Brent loved being outside. Especially with his pawpaw. For some reason dad thought Brent needed to know how to cut firewood even before he was big enough to pick up the wood, but Brent loved it. He also

loved driving my dad crazy, like while dad was sleeping Brent picked up some batteries and hit his pawpaw in the head. Could not say why he did it just giggled and hid.

Then came Brent's little sister, Nadia. Oh how he loved to torture her like most brothers do. When she was around 3 years old he had a Halloween mask he would put on and chase her. All I heard was her scream, so I went running into the kitchen and found her hiding under the kitchen table and he was laughing like crazy. It didn't take long for me to get him back tough. Nadia and I found the scariest mask we could, place it face up in the toilet and shut the lid right before bedtime. During the night, I heard a scream come from down the hall that sounded like a teenage girl in a scary movie. I just laid in bed and giggled. There might have been 12 and ½ years between the two but they were definitely brother and sister.

Brent continued to grow and find his own hobbies. All it took was his uncle Freddie and Nancy to take him fishing and he was "hooked". There is probably no water in Chelsea and Westover that Brent has not fished whether fishing was allowed or not. Like I said he was a handful from day one. He would spend so much time researching how to make bait, different techniques, rods, reels, and anything else that concerned fishing. I never knew when I got home from work what I would find in my kitchen.

In middle school, along with Brent's fishing obsession, he discovered a cute little blonde girl named Alicia. The two were inseparable. Luckily Alicia enjoyed fishing too. One of the many things I am grateful for is to have been able to witness my son experience unconditional love and a bond that was unbreakable.

One day when I was driving home from work and almost home I got a phone call. This teenager's voice says, "hey mom, don't be mad". I should have hung up the phone then. He continues with, a friend is moving and needed me to keep something for him for a few weeks. As I pull into the drive way there stands the cutest, biggest goat I had ever seen. Next thing I know the goat is hanging out in my house with my dog and 3-year-old Nadia. I just never knew

a boring life with Brent around.

When thinking about what I wanted to say today so many crazy “Brent stories” came to mind. He could make me so mad and then I could not stop from laughing. He just had this way about him. I was at home one day and he came running in the house when he was around 14 carrying a small fish. Took off straight to the fish tank and put it in. It was this pretty coy looking fish. I was like, “where did you get that?” All he would say is he caught it. Well the next day I found out where it came from when the police knocked on my door asking if I had any extra fish at my house. Come to find out a few houses down had an above the ground pool where he raised coy fish. Brent confessed and said he put a hook on a string and stuck it in the water and caught it. In his mind, he just went fishing. And yes, we gave the fish back. Life wasn’t always full of laughter and adventures though, we went through some difficult times that I would not wish on anyone. One thing that never stopped was my love for my son. No matter what pain, struggles, situations, or heartbreak that were thrown at my family, one thing I know for sure is that Brent knew his family would move mountains for him.

Over the past years there have been so many times when I wished I just knew the answers. To figure out a solution to make his struggles go away. I wished I could just snap my fingers and all his pain would cease, but that was not God’s plan. It warms my heart to know the past two summers Brent has been living his life’s dream working as a deck hand on a charter boat, fishing every day with Alicia was by his side.

I never thought this day would come. I would never receive another call with him saying hello mom it’s your son. We may not have spoken everyday but he has been and will continue to be in my heart and on my mind every day. We love you “buddy”, rest in peace, and continue to fish forever.

Arrangements are entrusted to Cason Funeral Service in Foley Alabama

Tribute Wall



“ As we go through each day remembering Brent and all of the um, let's call them "adventures", he brought into our lives the laughs and tears are overwhelming. Here is an adventure that made me laugh.

When the kids were younger, Brent and Alicia probably 15ish and Nadia 3ish, we went to Gulf Shores for a long weekend. We stayed in a condo with a very nice swimming pool, piers on the bayside to fish and easy access to the beach. Just like always Brent and Alicia had multiple fishing rods and gear all piled up at the door and would fish to late hours in the night. That morning it was time to pack up and head home when I noticed Brent and Alicia kept laughing and looking out the window. As I walked over to see what was going on I could tell people were standing around the swimming pool laughing and taking pictures. To my surprise there was a shark (real but dead) laying on a boggie board wearing sunglasses floating in the pool. I panicked thinking management was going to knock on the door any minute. Brent was laughing so hard and said no one saw us and then I reminded him we were the only ones with fishing gear beside our door!! After I calmed down, I tried not to laugh and encourage him too much with his crazy ideas but thinking back now that was 100% Brent! And of course Alicia was right there with him

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Kristi Cockrell - April 19, 2020 at 09:30 AM

JS

“ Uncle Jim and Sandra send our most sincere sympathy.

Jim and Sandra Smith - March 09, 2020 at 02:00 PM