



## Paula Barron Hughes

July 31, 1964 - January 15, 2018

Funeral will be held at 12 PM, Saturday, January 20, 2018, at Village Chapel for Paula Hughes, 53, Ashville, who died Monday, January 15, 2018.

Reverend Danny Battles will officiate. Burial will follow at Chandler Mountain Baptist Cemetery. Village Chapel Funeral Home and Crematory is in charge of arrangements.

She is survived by her daughters, Amberly (Stacey) Sims and Ashley (Michael) Ashcraft; granddaughters, Veyda, Jaida, and Jovie; parents, Betty and Roy Barron; siblings, Gary (Kelly) Barron and Jerry (Vicky) Barron; several nephews and a niece, special friend, Shirley Smith (Buckner) and many others.

Pallbearers will be Gary Barron, Jerry Barron, Stevie Barron, Dustin Barron, Philip Mulkey, and Dennis Buckner.

“Make yourself familiar with the angels, and behold them frequently in spirit; for without being seen, they are present with you.” – St. Francis.

We will forever carry you in our hearts.

The family will receive friends from 10 AM until the time of the service Saturday at Village Chapel.

# Cemetery Details

## Chandler Mountain Baptist Cemetery

Steele, AL

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JAN 20. 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

Village Chapel Funeral Home  
101 Vandell Blvd  
Gadsden, AL 35904  
(256) 547-5557  
<https://villagechapelfuneralhome.com>

## Service

JAN 20. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (CT)

Village Chapel Funeral Home  
101 Vandell Blvd  
Gadsden, AL 35904  
(256) 547-5557  
<https://villagechapelfuneralhome.com>

# Tribute Wall

AS

“ Ashley lit a candle in memory of Paula Barron Hughes



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ashley - January 19, 2019 at 05:47 PM

AS

“ A year ago, today, I spent my last one-on-one time with you, before we laid you to rest. I took my time, to try to perfect every detail of your hair and makeup. It was hard, and it was easy... in ways that only the daughter of a departed mother could understand. I miss you, today, and every day. I know that you are at peace. You are free from the burdens of this mortality on earth. You are our angel...watching over us, until we are reunited. I love you. I look for you in the crescent moon. “God’s thumbnail” I keep your pictures where I can always see you. The others are often looked through. So many stories and memories flow from them. Veyda likes to hear about each story from each picture. She misses her Nana, and treasures every gift and card from you. You’d be so proud to know that those hairstyles are making a comeback! You always said they would. You were always right. Rest easy, momma. Visit us, frequently. I love and miss you.

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ashley - January 19, 2019 at 05:39 PM

Y?

“ *Your Little Bug....ash ?? lit a candle in  
memory of Paula Barron Hughes*



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**your little bug....ash ??** - June 05, 2018 at 02:24 AM

Y?

“ ?

*your little bug....ash ??*

*8 minutes ago*

*Momma, I'm looking up at the sky, at the half moon 🌙 I remember when you told me that, that was God's thumb nail. We were in our trailer, I was about three years old. It was a mild summer night, just like this one. Our windows were open, because we had no air. The crickets were chirping, and the sounds of American Muscle cars, at the drag strip, were humming us off to sleep. You worked so hard to be able to give us what we needed. I remember you working three and four jobs, at times. I'll never forget you coming to see us, when we were at marlene's, after you left one job, headed to the next. You didn't want to wake us, bc it was so early, so you sat down on the water bed, which, of course, woke us, and you started sobbing, saying how much you missed us, and how sorry you were for not being able to spend time with us, that you had to work, because we needed money to survive. 😭😞 I want you to know that I now understand everything you went through, raising two girls on your own, with an alcoholic, abusive, husband. I remember you crying and praying for Stan to change. To let him see what a gift God have to him. I know that pain. That hurt. That hopeless hope. But, I want you to know, that your will power, and strength was instilled in me at such a young age. I've learned to be a survivor of many a thing.....but, surviving your death is only possible through the reassurance that You are walking the, golden, streets, with Jesus, Granny Ober, Poppa Lonnie, Granny Doshie, Papa Jim and uncle Bobby Joe. You're there to take care of, sweet, Justin, while Tammy is awaiting her reunion. Tell them all, "I love them!" I LOVE YOU, and I miss you every day. Your hurts are healed. Your heart is no longer broken. Nothing, and no one, can hurt you, any longer. I wish that I could have understood, everything, a long time, ago. I wish I could tell you that I'm so proud of you. You were so beautiful, inside and out. It was hard to see the forest, for the trees. We laid you, to rest, beside granny and poppa. I have not been able to go back, to that place, since. You know my reasons. That plot and stone's not where I feel you, anyway. You're in the crescent moon. You're in*

every angel and butterfly. Veyda misses Nana, all the time. Your pictures, that we got so mad about you taking 24/7 have been the greatest gift. I saw how much fun you had on life. It brings a smile to my face, every time I go through them. You tried to capture every moment. And you did a good job ❤️ you were the life of every party. Funny, smart, beautiful, witty, caring, great dancer, wonderful writer and most of all, a survivor. You will never know how much I love and miss you. How I long to talk to you, for hours, about life, love, life after love, life after death, and to just listen to your crazy stories. You did some crazy, awesome things in your time. I guess I took after you, and fulfilled that legacy. I've had a fun life. Made a lot of mistakes, and wouldn't take (most of ) them back for anything, because the memories and stories are, everlastingly, epic, and, some might say, bittersweet. Defining me. Leaving behind so many details that brought me to where I am. Maybe I took a few dirt roads, when I should've stayed on the yellow bricks, but, where's the fun in that?? I think I'll go rummage through some more pictures and letters. I love getting to know you, even deeper, through your journalism. The raw emotions and the baring of your soul...  
momma, I wish I would have known you, better, when you were here, but I understand that life isn't easy, and so often, we feel the need to distance ourselves from loved ones for so many reasons. If there's one thing that I've learned, and will never allow, it is to be open with the girls. To always keep the connection open. I've always done that with Veyda, and I will continue, as with mini pearl. I LOVE YOU, MY BEAUTIFUL ANGEL. I can't wait to embrace you, again. To breathe in your scent. The scent that is on your shirts...the one that takes me back to my childhood, when I would just lie in your bed, and smell you. Babies never forget their mother's scent, and I'll always be your baby "bug". You told Judy Golden Gable that, " my baby will always love me, and she knows I will always love her. She will come back to me. She will always come back to me. No matter what has happened. She will always take care of me..." 😭😔 and I did, but, I was too late, to save you, but who am I to do the saving? You were saved by God's grace. Washed in His blood. Delivered by his sacrifice. Praise God, that you, now, have everlasting life! Night, night. Love you.

**your little bug....ash ??** - June 05, 2018 at 02:24 AM

YO

“ *My family and I would like to extend our deepest condolences for the loss of your loved one. May the true God mend your family crushed and broken hearts, and may your family be comforted by God's promise of the resurrection. (John 6:40) Which assures us that we will see our loved ones again.*

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**Young** - January 22, 2018 at 10:32 AM

DS

“ *Donna Sparks lit a candle in memory of Paula Barron Hughes*



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**Donna sparks** - January 20, 2018 at 07:33 PM

TR

“ *The master walked in his garden,  
Plucking flowers along the way;  
He plucked one of my loved ones,  
To add to his bouquet.*

*My heart at first was broken,  
At a loss of one so dear;  
But, the tears I shed just washed my eyes,  
So I saw his way more clear.*

*The Lord has a need for just this one,  
For the pattern he has in mind;  
But it's hard for the rest of us to see  
Why we must be left behind.*

*Perhaps we are not ready to go just yet  
We may need to ripen more  
To reach the full blown fragrance  
My Lord is waiting for.*

*To give forth a fragrance  
To each we chance to meet  
we should each be trying day by day  
To make our fragrance sweet.*

*So I'm going to try my very best  
To be loving and kind each day,  
So at last I'll be counted worthy  
To be part of my Master's bouquet*

*I love you Paula and your girls may God bless them for giving you a  
such a beautiful service.*

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**Tammy Robinson** - January 20, 2018 at 02:20 PM



“ *There wasn't a day that went by that we did not talk I miss my phone ringing I miss my friend thank you for being a good friend to me. I'm glad that you're not suffering anymore. I love you Paula.* ”

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**Jane Christopher** - January 19, 2018 at 11:42 PM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Paula Barron Hughes.* ”



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January 19, 2018 at 12:23 PM

TR

“ I was maybe 13 years old when we became friends. Your favorite phrase “excuse me!” We had so much fun learning how to survive in this cruel world. You my lady was my idol! I wanted to be strong like you because whether you knew it or not I thought you hung the moon! Through our marriages and childbirth we became real women with real dreams but not so great outcomes. It is ok though because we knew the meaning of the truest love ever and that was our babies. I can still see you cry the first day back at work after having Amber ... I can still see you kiss her forehead dropping her off with Stan’s sister while we went to work at a dusty old sewing plant. I can still see your tears over love gone wrong.... I can still see your tears because things just didn’t turn out like we planned but we dreamt big didn’t we? Paula if there ever was a fail it was life on this wicked Earth! God never promised us life would be easy he just promised he would be with us..... we tried we succeeded because you and I will live on in memory because we was not deceived we knew the truth and the truth will stand when the world is on fire! Right girl?! You Rest In Peace now and remember I will be there searching for you at those pearly gates when my time comes. You was the bomb and my greatest gift of a friend in this life. Thank you for helping me through some of the worse times of my life and forgive me for not being a better friend. No worries God will take care of all... xo

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**tammy Robinson** - January 18, 2018 at 11:47 PM

 Judy  
Gable

“ I'm supposed to leave a memory here but first I need to take a step back in time. Liberty Trousers 1983 here we are meeting for the first time you a shy beautiful girl that had just became a wife and me just beginning a life as a single mom both of us just trying to figure it out. Days turned into yrs and here we are at a AHS homecoming game and the names are being read I hear Amber Hughes seconds later I saw this woman with a huge camera around her neck crying and saying that's my baby. I recognize the crazy lady it's you my friend. I go up and congratulate you and tell you how beautiful your baby was. Days turned into yrs and here we are again I get a call Judy I want you to come tomorrow to the homecoming parade and here we are again two crazy blondes one with a huge camera around her neck her neck behind the courthouse and here comes the homecoming court I see the most beautiful girl in a yellow dress (lord i hope that I got the color right) you would be giving me a earful you crying and jumping up and down yelling that's my Ash Well later here we are at the homecoming game and thus started our hit list.

Days turn into yrs and we are still trying to figure it out.

Well you left a legacy behind one daughter that looks like your twin and one crazy one just like her mama

Both are beautiful and strong. Both are mothers trying to figure it out. Parenting doesn't come with a manuel you just love and try to figure it out. I guess that you won that trophy because here I am alone with plans that will never happen.

Our get rich plans. I was going to hire Alexander Shunarah and we were going to sue the creators of the show impractical jokers. They stole that from our real shenanigans.

That brings me to now I'm not going to put my memories on here.

You left me here alone I'm not going to take the rap for our shenanigans. Shirley Smith want be booking me. How stupid do you think I am.

I've had a million laughs on that line.

I'll treasure every moment we talked or hung.

There will never be another friend like you.

In my heart you will be until we meet again and we will have it all

*figured out.  
I love you*

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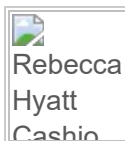
**Judy Gable** - January 18, 2018 at 07:45 PM



*Well Paula I finally figured out how to post on here and dear Lord. I made a few mistakes wrote some things twice. Didn't finish my sentence and misspelled a few words. I was going to edit it. But I don't know how. I can't figure it out.  
But one line I didn't finish was the one where you won the trophy for being a mom. You left me here and still trying to figure it out. Parenting doesn't come with a Manuel but I guess the key to parenting is love and you mastered it. Well here I am alone still trying to figure out how to get along without you.  
You were my Rock and Roll. I leaned on and you were my Rock and my Roll when I needed some laughter and fun  
Well now you are in heaven so try to behave Thelma until Louise gets there. I will treasure every moment we talked or just hung out. Our laughter and our tears. The times we were just trying to figure it out. I love you my dear friend and there will be moments tears and laughter as I relive the memories. Hopefully I got it right this time. I will keep you alive in my heart until we meet again and I love you my crazy friend*

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**Judy Gable** - January 19, 2018 at 07:51 AM



“ *Rebecca Hyatt Cashio lit a candle in memory of Paula Barron Hughes*



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**Rebecca Hyatt Cashio** - January 18, 2018 at 01:12 PM



*I will miss our talks! I will miss you! God Speed My Dear Friend!!*

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**Rebecca Hyatt Cashio** - January 18, 2018 at 01:13 PM



“ Arrive in Style was purchased for the family of Paula Barron Hughes.




January 16, 2018 at 11:52 PM



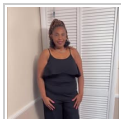
“ I never knew Paula but what I do know is that prior to her death she was weighing heavy on Ashley's mind. A feeling in my heart was Ashley was missing her mom. This was right around Thanksgiving. Thank you, Paula, for making Ashley the strong talented, brilliant, beautiful, classy young lady and mom she is today. She is smart and she said that was one of her mom's traits. We can't go through our lives thinking "what if." But then again I think a lot of Ashley and Ambers questions have been answered during this difficult time in their lives waiting and written for them and left at their mom's home. Amber, Ashley, I love you both and will always be here for you. Thank you, Ashley, for the greatest gift of all...another family.

**PeeVee** - January 16, 2018 at 11:13 PM



Paula was my best friend she was like my sister ,Paula and I went through some hard times together but with Paula there with me they didn't seem so bad !We have laughed together and cried together and i cant remember a time when we weren't friends! Paula I'm gonna miss you!!!

**Remea Brogdon** - January 17, 2018 at 11:04 AM



Paula was my friend, i couldn't have asked for a better friend, i seen her as family, we go way back to the time when Ashley & Amber was young as their little ones now, I'm gonna truly miss my friend. R.I.P my friend..i love u!

**Shariel Mostella** - January 18, 2018 at 04:39 PM



*I just wrote you a 2 page letter and it didn't post. I guess it was meant to be between us.  
Just like always whether it's minutes or years we will pick up right where we left off*

**Judy Gable** - January 18, 2018 at 05:03 PM



*Praying for peace in your hearts. You are each loved so very much*

**edie hobgood** - January 19, 2018 at 11:26 AM



*Ashley and family, I am so sorry. Sending you all a hug, but Paula received a hug from Jesus and those who waited in Heaven. She got the greatest hug of all.*

**Danny Yates** - January 20, 2018 at 07:18 AM



**your little bug....ash ??** - June 05, 2018 at 01:30 AM

Y?

Momma, I'm looking up at the sky, at the half moon 🌙 I remember when you told me that, that was God's thumb nail. We were in our trailer, I was about three years old. It was a mild summer night, just like this one. Our windows were open, because we had no air. The crickets were chirping, and the sounds of American Muscle cars, at the drag strip, were humming us off to sleep. You worked so hard to be able to give us what we needed. I remember you working three and four jobs, at times. I'll never forget you coming to see us, when we were at marlene's, after you left one job, headed to the next. You didn't want to wake us, bc it was so early, so you sat down on the water bed, which, of course, woke us, and you started sobbing, saying how much you missed us, and how sorry you were for not being able to spend time with us, that you had to work, because we needed money to survive. 😭😭 I want you to know that I now understand everything you went through, raising two girls on your own, with an alcoholic, abusive, husband. I remember you crying and praying for Stan to change. To let him see what a gift God have to him. I know that pain. That hurt. That hopeless hope. But, I want you to know, that your will power, and strength was instilled in me at such a young age. I've learned to be a survivor of many a thing.....but, surviving your death is only possible through the reassurance that You are walking the, golden, streets, with Jesus, Granny Ober, Poppa Lonnie, Granny Doshie, Papa Jim and uncle Bobby Joe. You're there to take care of, sweet, Justin, while Tammy is awaiting her reunion. Tell them all, "I love them!" I LOVE YOU, and I miss you every day. Your hurts are healed. Your heart is no longer broken. Nothing, and no one, can hurt you, any longer. I wish that I could have understood, everything, a long time, ago. I wish I could tell you that I'm so proud of you. You were so beautiful, inside and out. It was hard to see the forest, for the trees. We laid you, to rest, beside granny and poppa. I have not been able to go back, to that place, since. You know my reasons. That plot and stone's not where I feel you, anyway. You're in the crescent moon. You're in every angel and butterfly. Veyda misses Nana, all the time. Your pictures, that we got so mad about you taking 24/7 have been the greatest gift. I saw how much fun you had on life. It brings a smile to my face, every time I go through them. You tried to capture every moment. And you did a good job ❤️ you were the life of every party. Funny, smart, beautiful, witty, caring, great dancer, wonderful writer and most of all, a survivor. You will never know how much I love and miss you. How I long to talk to you, for hours, about life, love, life after love, life after death, and to just listen to your crazy stories. You did some crazy, awesome things in your time. I guess I took after you, and fulfilled that legacy. I've had a fun life. Made a lot of mistakes, and wouldn't take (most of ) them back for anything, because the memories and stories are, everlastingly, epic, and, some might say, bittersweet. Defining me. Leaving behind so many details that brought me to where I am. Maybe I took a few dirt roads, when I should've stayed on the yellow bricks, but, where's the

*fun in that?? I think I'll go rummage through some more pictures and letters. I love getting to know you, even deeper, through your journalism. The raw emotions and the baring of your soul.... momma, I wish I would have known you, better, when you were here, but I understand that life isn't easy, and so often, we feel the need to distance ourselves from loved ones for so many reasons. If there's one thing that I've learned, and will never allow, it is to be open with the girls. To always keep the connection open. I've always done that with Veyda, and I will continue, as with mini pearl. I LOVE YOU, MY BEAUTIFUL ANGEL. I can't wait to embrace you, again. To breathe in your scent. The scent that is on your shirts....the one that takes me back to my childhood, when I would just lie in your bed, and smell you. Babies never forget their mother's scent, and I'll always be your baby "bug". You told Judy Golden Gable that, " my baby will always love me, and she knows I will always love her. She will come back to me. She will always come back to me. No matter what has happened. She will always take care of me..." 😭😞 and I did, but, I was too late, to save you, but who am I to do the saving? You were saved by God's grace. Washed in His blood. Delivered by his sacrifice. Praise God, that you, now, have everlasting life! Night, night. Love you.*

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**your little bug....ash ??** - June 05, 2018 at 02:15 AM