



Brenda J. Threadgill

August 6, 1943 - September 22, 2020

Brenda Joyce Threadgill, age 77 of Hilliard, passed away Tuesday, September 22, 2020. Brenda was born and raised in Garrett, Kentucky, daughter of the late Mitchell and Sylvia (Campbell) Huff. Brenda graduated from Garrett High School, Class of 1962. She attended Mayo State Technical School in Paintsville, Kentucky where she studied business. She graduated from Joliet Junior College in Joliet, Illinois where she studied nursing. Brenda worked at Morris Hospital in Morris, Illinois. She worked on the trauma and surgical units for 12 years before her retirement. Brenda was a vibrant, loving, and a compassionate Christian woman. She was a Girl Scout leader, Cub Scout Den Mother and was very active in the PTA when her children were growing up. She was also a past member of the Jaycee Wives, in New Carlisle, Ohio. In recent years Brenda was a big advocate for Autism Speaks where she was very involved with fundraising. She also enjoyed reading, sewing, and crocheting in her spare time. Most of all, Brenda was proud to be a wife, mother, nana and great gramma she always put others needs above her own and treated everyone she knew like they were hers to nurture. She will be greatly missed by her loving husband of 58 years, Dan Threadgill; children, Christina (Jeff) Howard, Danny (Jackie) Threadgill, and Mary (Vinnie) Bellamy; grandchildren, Jeffrey (Lisa) Howard, Eva Aurora Howard, Cassondra (Blake) Wallace, Daniel Threadgill, Sylvia Threadgill, Paul Zachary Bellamy, Brenden Bellamy, and Dylan Bellamy; great grandchildren, Aubree, Finnley, and Adeline Wallace, Chloe and Andrew Howard; sister, Loretta (Joe) Hayes; and many other nieces, nephews, extended family and dear friends.

I've tried for many an hour and minute
To imagine this world without me in it
I cannot think of new born day without me here-
somehow - someway
I can't imagine the autumns flair without me here- alive -aware
I cannot think of a dawn in spring without my hearts awakening
These treasured years will come and go with swifter pace
But this I know.
I have no fear -

I have no dread
of that marked day that lies ahead My flesh will turn to ash and clay
But I'll be here -
somehow - someway