



Leatrice Joyce Cooper Horton

October 26, 1932 - March 14, 2026

It is with heavy hearts but grateful spirits, we announce the passing of our precious mother, Leatrice Cooper Horton who went home to be with her Lord and Savior on Saturday, March 14, 2026.

Leatrice was the beloved matriarch of her family, a woman whose love, strength, and unwavering faith shaped generations. She spent her life caring for those around her, always offering a warm smile, a kind word, and a steady presence to anyone who needed it. Her home was a place of comfort, laughter, and unconditional love.

She is survived by her children, Perry Lawler (Regina), Gail Newbury, Kenny Lawler (Teresa), Sonya Clement, Michael Lawler (Lynn), stepchildren, Michael Horton, Al Horton (Marsha), Hal Horton (Carla), Laura Everett (Randall); her grandchildren, Chris Lawler, Kamiren Butler (Steven) Mark Newbury (Katie), Cara Redhorn (Clark), Kimberly Addie, Melissa Putman, Erin Wilson (Jon), Seth Newbury (Nancy), Caleb Lawler (Angie), Holly Montgomery (Nate), Stacey Putman, and great grandchildren, Glenn, Cailynn, Jackson, Mia, Hudson, Gwen, Zoey, Olivia, Claire, Mila, Brandon, Sophia, & Isaiah.

She is preceded in death by her husbands; Glenn Lawler, George T Horton; her son, Anthony Horton, stepchildren, David Horton, George T Horton Jr.; parents, Wiley E. Cooper, Louia Gentle, and her siblings, Nelson Cooper,

Lorene Rogers, Calvin Cooper, Iva Mae Mayfield, and Darold Cooper.

Her legacy lives on through the lives she touched, the lessons she taught, and the faith she instilled in those who knew her. She will always be remembered for her love, her faith, and the gentle way she held her family together.

Though our hearts ache in her absence, we rejoice in the promise that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord and we know that she is now healed and made whole.

A celebration of her life will be held at Spry Memorial Chapel on Wednesday, March 18, 2026 with visitation 12-2 pm and funeral to begin at 2 pm.

The pallbearers will be Caleb Lawler, Jon Wilson, Nate Montgomery, and Steven Butler.

We would like to give a special shout out to all of the caregivers who helped take care of our mom in her final days on this earth. It takes strength, compassion, and selflessness to do the job that these ladies did, and we are forever grateful for the love and care you each showed her. Teresa Dickey, Wanda Lambert, Dianne Holland, and Kimberly Addie.

Spry Memorial Chapel assisted the family. To leave private condolences, please visit our website at www.sprymemorialchapel.com.

Previous Events

Visitation

MAR 18. 12:00 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Spry Memorial Chapel/ Funeral Home
907 Jackson Ave S
Russellville, AL 35653-2625
(256) 332-1122

Funeral

MAR 18. 2:00 PM (CT)

Spry Memorial Chapel
907 South Jackson Avenue
Russellville, AL 35653
(256) 332-1122
sprymemorialchapel@yahoo.com

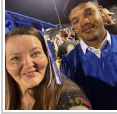
Tribute Wall



“ *Spry Memorial Chapel created a Tribute Video in memory of
Leatrice Joyce Cooper Horton*



Spry Memorial Chapel - March 17 at 04:27 PM



The Lord began speaking to me about Mamaw soon after I came to know him almost three years ago. At first, I didn't understand clearly but over the past few years of growing in my relationship with Him, he began giving me clarity. When I finished my assignment at my old job, he made it clear to me that he was blessing me with this opportunity to care for Mamaw in her final days on this earth. I was honored to do so.

On this journey, I have learned that God's word tells us that our family are those that do the will of God. I didn't get the opportunity to care for my biological grandparents in their final days.... but God saw to it that I would be doing so for her and I am forever grateful to Him for allowing it.

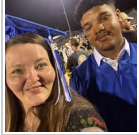
As a child, this family accepted me in as their own... and I never felt like I was anything less. In one of my encounters with the Lord, he showed me that Mamaw accepted me when she didn't have to... she could have chose not to do God's will... but she didn't. Mamaw used to tell me about Jesus when I was a child. She planted the seeds and God made sure they grew. I was blessed that before she didn't remember who I was anymore, I was able to share with her that I had been saved and to see her light up when I shared it with her, warmed my heart so much.

It wasn't easy everyday in the end, but everyday was worth it to me... in the good moments and even in the hard ones and I'd do it all over again for her. She was absolutely precious to me. Thank you for trusting me to care for her, love on her, & pray for her. It means so much and it was one of God's greatest gifts that I will treasure always.

I love you all... but remember this.... Jesus loves you more..

-Kimberly

Kimberly Putman - March 21 at 03:49 PM



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-Kimberly

Kimberly Putman - March 21 at 04:15 PM

“ Erin:

What to say about our sweet, spunky little Mamaw? What a blessing it was to have my grandmother in my life for almost 38 years. It is a privilege that most people are not granted. She lived a full, long life marked by both joy and sorrow, peace and tragedy. She loved the Lord, and I believe several televangelists would have abandoned their ministries without her financial support. I will never forget the time, not long after Jon and I had married, that Mamaw called me and asked us to come over because she had something she wanted to give us. It was an expositor's study Bible she had ordered (likely from one of said televangelists) that she said the Lord had told her to give to us. We stayed and visited with her for a while and I began to get sleepy and start yawning. I said something like, "Mamaw, I'm getting tired". She responded, "It's just the presence of the Holy Spirit in this house." And everyone present can likely hear her say that clear as day.

Another thing many people know about Mamaw is that you weren't officially part of the family until you were gifted underwear for a Christmas or birthday. Man, did that little lady love buying some underwear.

She was also known for her unfiltered honesty, feeling it her duty to inform everyone when she noticed they had put on a few extra pounds. A few years ago at Easter, she asked me if I was pregnant. When I told her no, that I had just gained weight, her response was, "Oh thank the Lord!"

But just as she could be so brazenly unfiltered, she was also so loving and patient. I'll never forget when Tom passed away. I was 11 years old and it was really my first experience with death. It didn't really hit me until after his funeral was over that he was truly gone and I began to breakdown. Mamaw was the one that took me in her arms right there in the empty funeral chapel and just held me and let me cry all my tears out. As someone familiar with death, having lost both of her husbands, a young son and many other loved ones, she didn't chastise me or give empty platitudes to try to quiet me. She simply held me and patiently let me express my grief in my own way. And I would like to think if she could be present right now, as

we mourn her own death, she would do the same for all of us. She would just sit with us, hold us, let us cry and patiently comfort us as we grieve the loss of such a special lady. Her legacy lives on in her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and everyone whose lives she touched. I cannot begin to imagine what she is experiencing in the presence of her Savior and I look forward to the day when we will be reunited to forever worship King Jesus together!

Erin Wilson - March 21 at 03:51 PM

HM

“ Mamaw,

Today, we gather not only in grief, but in gratitude for a life that gave us so much love, wisdom, and warmth.

You were the heart of our family. Your presence was a quiet strength, a steady light that guided us through life's ups and downs. In your arms, we found comfort. In your words, we found wisdom. And in your love, we found a home that never faded.

You taught us the true meaning of kindness not through grand gestures, but through the everyday moments: the meals you prepared, the stories you shared, the way you listened, and the way you made each of us feel seen, valued, and deeply loved. Your laughter filled our lives with joy, and your resilience showed us how to face life with grace.

Mila is going to miss your sweet hugs and the way you'd say, "my beautiful girl." That love, that tenderness it's something she'll carry with her forever.

Hudson will miss standing next to you, sizing up his height against yours, and those gentle hugs that always made everything feel okay.

Nate will miss all of the wonderful breakfasts you made for him, especially those eggs... though we might say, with a little smile, that you're probably the reason he's allergic now after feeding him so many. And he will never live down the fact that you always got on to him for "making" me go to work so far away even though we all know it was my idea. (Insert your signature sigh) That was your way of loving us, looking out for me, and keeping him in line all at the same time.

And the little things I'll miss just as much...

- *Your sweet hugs, your daily calls, our shopping trips to the Tot-n-Teen downtown Russellville for new dresses, school checkouts just because, following us out to the car after we had already said goodbye and ending up talking another 45 minutes...*
- *Your voicemails yelling our names when the voicemail started only to tell us what you were calling for in the most gentle tone.*
- *Your late night calls to tell us to turn the channel to match what you were watching so we could watch it too.*
- *The time you were my kindergarten substitute teacher... That was back before substitute teacher applications were required.*

...we had so many memories I could go on forever.

I wish I had written down your skincare regimen. Your skin was always so flawless and beautiful, like time had made a gentle exception just for you.

Though our hearts ache in your absence, we carry you with us in everything we do. You live on in our memories, in our traditions, and in the love you planted so deeply within each of us.

I want you to know this, Mamaw, I promise to take care of your great grands just as you took care of me. I will carry forward your love, your lessons, and your legacy through them, just as you did for me. Your nurturing spirit will never fade; it will continue to grow through generations.

Rest peacefully, sweet lady. Our last spend the night party turned into a celebration in the arms of Jesus. You have done your work here on earth so beautifully. We will hold you in our hearts forever. 190 Grove will always hold a special place in my heart.

I love you,

Holly Christina

Holly Montgomery - March 21 at 03:44 PM



“*My Mamaw was a woman of many facets, but above all, she was known for her faith and her giving heart. If you think she only had six children—or eleven if you count the stepchildren—you’d be mistaken. Mamaw had a way of collecting people. She took in others like they were her own, giving them whatever they needed until they were strong enough to stand on their own again.*

She had her own way of doing things. Every time she called me, she’d say, “Stacey, this is Mamaw”—like I didn’t already know. Then she’d go on to tell me all about the message from her favorite preaching program at the time.

And sometimes... her imagination kept things interesting. At one point last year, she was convinced I had been on Judge Judy and owed a lot of money—which, for the record, I did not. She even called my mom to ask what kind of trouble I had gotten into and whether I needed financial help. That was Mamaw—always ready to help, no matter the situation.

That giving spirit is something I carry with me, and I’m proud to say I got that from her. Even now, seeing all the messages from friends and coworkers—past and present—it’s clear just how much I talked about her. Everyone who’s ever known me has known how special, how unforgettable, my Mamaw was.

And if you notice some of us wearing her hats, scarves, brooches, or carrying her handbags today... it’s because Mamaw wasn’t just loving—she was an icon. A true fashionista.

She was also a little hard of hearing—but if you asked her, she didn’t need hearing aids... you just needed to speak up. Over time, we found our own way of communicating without words. I could look at her and smile, and she knew I was saying, “Hey, my sweet little Mamaw.”

And she’d look back at me, and I knew she was saying, “Hey, my Stacey girl.”

Though she may no longer walk beside us, she lives on in the way we love, the way we give, and the way we show up for others. That was her gift to us—and it's one we'll carry forward every day

Stacey Putman - March 21 at 03:44 PM

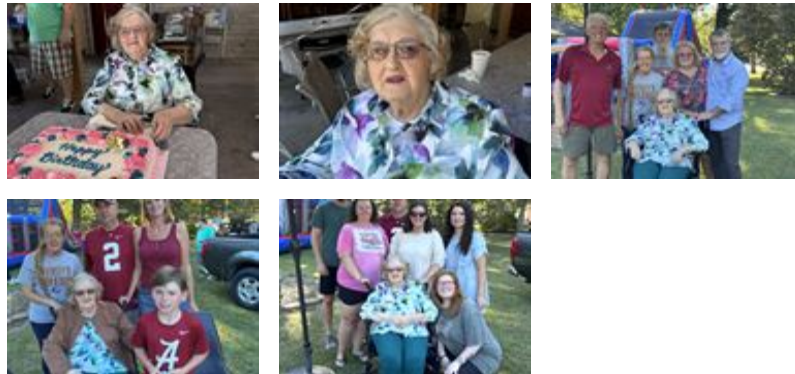
SO

I love it 😍

Sonya - March 21 at 03:46 PM



“ 158 files added to the album *LifeTributes*



Spry Memorial Chapel - March 17 at 04:09 PM



“ *Beautiful in Blue* was purchased for the family of *Leatrice Joyce Cooper Horton*.



March 17 at 03:34 PM

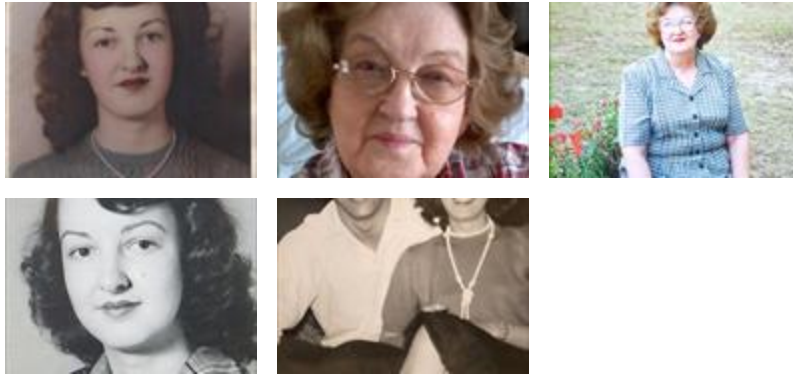


“ A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Leatrice Joyce Cooper Horton.

March 17 at 03:34 PM



“ 5 files added to the album My Beautiful Mother



Sonya - March 17 at 11:06 AM



“ Hendrix Enterprises & The Hendrix Family purchased the Crystal Cross Bouquet for the family of Leatrice Joyce Cooper Horton.



Hendrix Enterprises & The Hendrix Family - March 17 at 09:40 AM



“ She will be missed but not forgotten Candice Cooper

Candice Cooper - March 16 at 08:59 PM