



Mr. Thomas Henry Connors

December 9, 1947 - September 8, 2024

It is with great sadness that we announce the death of Thomas Henry Connors. born December 9, 1947. Tom passed in the early morning hours of September 8, 2024 after a long battle with several illnesses. He was surrounded by family at home as he peacefully transitioned into his glorified body,

Tom graduated from the University of Alabama with a degree in Industrial Management. He was a true Alabama fan. He and his family traveled to many Alabama games until he was unable to go. He loved Alabama football and singing Gospel Music.

Tom was raised in Fayetteville, Alabama by his Mother, Laura Connors who preceded him in death. He is survived by a loving wife of 46 years Betty Jackson Connors and two wonderful sons Jason D. Connors and Christopher T. Connors He loved his family and provided well for them. Tom was a home and family man.

Other family members include Linda and Gary Raymond, Chris and Danna Mathews and Lisa Lindsey. He had one niece Alexandria Mathews and one nephew Joshua Lindsey. He had two adopted(sons by love not by blood) Jesse Pitts and Corey Clark.

Tom worked in Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Alabama

where he held many titles at Walmart including store manager. He built good relationships with people and had many devoted friends who faithfully called and visited during his illness.

We would like to thank the team of Gentiva who serviced the family during his illness. They were wonderful.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

SEP **26.** 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

Cottage Hill Memorial Funeral Home
7158 Cottage Hill Road
Mobile, AL 36695
(251) 380-6601

Tribute Wall

LR

“ Sept 8 was a hard day for our family . Tom Connors was able to walk into Heaven singing . Parkinson’s disease had taken away his love of singing and movement but he had a sharp mind until the day he died . He was a generous person and would help anyone who needed help . We love him and know he will be missed everyday. His life touched many people . We know we will see him again .
Linda and Gary Raymond

Linda Raymond - September 29, 2024 at 08:20 PM

JL

“Many would define a father by relation, but actions truly speak louder than words. My biological father was never in my life. He never cared. He left before he could see me grow. Yet in his stead, in his absence, I found three more. Three men who would step up and form me into the man I have become. I have lost one of them. It’s a void I will carry the rest of my life.

You taught me to tie my shoes. Faith Academy was playing for the state championship game so many years ago. My shoes had become untied and I couldn’t fix them. You got down on a knee and showed me how. You engrained a love of Alabama football into me. For so many years we’d watch the games. We watched so many National Championships together. Countless comebacks, countless defining moments, you showed me what football could be. You took me to my first game. In 2008, we played Tulane at Bryant Denny. It was a blow out, but I remember you got me a houndstooth hat and my first foam finger. It’s one of my greatest memories I will never forget. I still remember the 09’ LSU game, you took me there. It was the biggest game I had ever been to. We watched and cheered as Julio Jones won the game. I could go on for endless times about the games we watched. Even now, when I watch football, I think of you. I think of all those childhood memories. They were the building blocks of what would shape my weekends.

You taught me to play football. We’d play scrimmage in the front yard. You’d run your hands over the ball. Explaining to me where to run, telling me to extend my hands and watch the ball. I’d see the frustration when I’d drop it, but you never raise your voice. We played baseball in the front yard. You taught me to swing, you taught me to pitch. My favorite of all was the game of golf. You taught me how to play and this was when I learned what frustration truly was. You gave me my first golf set and told me to not get mad whenever I played badly. Funny how you never followed your own advice, but we won’t talk about that. We used to play so many times at Hurley Golf Club. When I finally learned how to hit a decent drive, you got a big smile and patted my back. I still can’t putt to save my life, but I’m trying. I’ll never forget when you threw your putter, then

got mad when Jason went and grabbed it. You turned red and didn't want it; it was that putter's fault. It was always an adventure playing golf with you.

I'll never forget all the memories we built over the years. I know you loved me. I hope you know I did too. I look at you, Gary and Chris as the father's I needed in my life. You were all there for me when I needed you most. It's so weird and strange to know you are gone. I wish I had seen you more towards the end. But my love for you never faulted. It never fled. I will remember you with each day that goes by. With each Alabama Game I watch, I know they'll win for you. I love you Uncle Tom. This isn't goodbye, this is a farewell, but I will see you again.

Joshua Lindsey - September 18, 2024 at 08:38 PM