



## Virginia Campbell

April 16, 1929 - February 20, 2016

Virginia Foldes Campbell, 86, died Saturday, February 20, 2016, after a long illness. A native of Polk County, Florida, Virginia lived in Tallahassee for 85 years. Born to parents Henry Marion Foldes and Corrie Inlow Foldes, she was the middle child of seven and a 1947 graduate of Leon High School.

Virginia was an active member of Saint Paul's United Methodist Church in Tallahassee, serving in several volunteer capacities and belonged to the Ed Wynn Sunday School Class. She was a past president of the Tallahassee Chapter of the T.T.T Society, a charitable sorority organization.

Virginia was predeceased by her husband of 39 years, Clyde W. Campbell and is survived by sons Charles (Anne) of Des Plaines, Il and David of Tallahassee. She is also survived by grandchildren Kristine Barzano and Kate Barzano of Des Plaines and one brother, Doug Foldes of Tallahassee.

A memorial service will be held at 11 AM Saturday, February 27 at Saint Paul's United Methodist Church, 1700 N. Meridian Rd. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions are suggested for The Leon County Humane Society, The Alzheimer's Project or any charity of choice. Susie Mozolic of Bevis Funeral Home is assisting the family with their arrangements. ([www.bevisfh.com](http://www.bevisfh.com) 850-385-2193)

# Tribute Wall

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“ Our family (The Hoovers) as well as many others were blessed obviously with many special Aunts & Uncles and have vast memories of our Aunt Virginia. Like most of her brothers & sisters....she had a great sense of humor, love for the Lord, life in general and helping to share life lessons for generations. Personally, how can i for get the black calderon in her back yard...& the many things she use to tease "were boiled" in there long ago! Watching her make peanut brittle on the dining room table and then going home to mom & dad on a sugar high! The way she became so animated when telling a story or listening to one. I always thought is was neat when most of the time we pulled in the driveway for a visit, she knew you were there and would meet you on the front porch with the door open, a smile and a greeting such as " well hello there sweetie, or hey there huny". I'll never forget the first time i spoke at a funeral. I was about as nervous as you can get & when i went to greet her before the service she said " well preacher...is this gonna be a quick service or the Baptist service!", & then proceeded to chuckle in her raspy voice. i laughed right along with her and in turn, it was just what i needed to relax a bit. Just like the brothers & sisters before her she will be sorely missed.

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**mitch hoover** - February 22, 2016 at 05:00 PM