



Mrs. Christine T. Kelley

April 29, 1942 - November 20, 2025

Christine T. Kelley, 83, of Plant City, Florida, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on April 29, 1942, entered into eternal rest on November 20, 2025.

Leaving behind a legacy shaped by kindness, curiosity and an unwavering sense of independence. She enjoyed painting with friends and was a member of the Plant City Art Guild. She volunteered at South Florida Baptist Hospital and the Plant City Strawberry Festival. She enjoyed playing cards and dominoes and going to the beach and mountains with friends and family.

Her grandchildren especially knew her kindness; she delighted in their stories, encouraged their dreams, and made each one feel uniquely cherished.

Curiosity guided her throughout her life. She asked thoughtful questions, loved learning something new, and greeted every experience with a sense of wonder. Whether she was exploring a new place, picking up a new hobby, or simply listening intently to grandchildren's discoveries, she inspired everyone around her to stay curious.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Charles R. Kelley; and siblings, Betty Bilimek, Tom Townsend, and Carl Townsend. She is survived by daughters, Debra Pitts (Randy) of Jacksonville, and Karen Fisher (Jeff) of

Valrico; grandchildren, Rebecca Pitts, Kellen Fisher (Sami), and Duncan Fisher; great-grandchild, Eli Fisher; brother, Joseph Townsend, Jr.; and many other family and friends. Expressions of condolence at HopewellFuneral.com.

Friends and family wishing to honor Chris are invited to make a donation in her name to Lifepath Hospice or the American Cancer Society.

A Celebration of Life will be held on Saturday, January 10th from 1:00 to 4:00 P.M. at Origins Ranch, 5041 Reece Road, Plant City.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

JAN **10**. 1:00 PM - 4:00 PM (ET)

Origins Ranch
5041 Reece Road
Plant City, FL

Tribute Wall

KE

“ Nana was always around. She was a staple of my childhood growing up and she made my life better. Overnight sleepovers with a trip to long John silvers and a stop at blockbuster after for a movie while mom and dad had date night, to trips up to the river house and those LONG drives up there. She was a giving and caring person, from helping shuttle us to and from soccer camp, daycare, football practice, she was there. I always enjoyed pulling her leg, something I imagine I got from papa. Staying at nana and papa's house while mom and dad built theirs and I loved everyday of it because I loved them both. She was the matriarch and social butterfly of the family, always connecting people and living out her best life. She was humble and lived simply but I believe her love for those in her life kept her going for many years after papa passed. We would always joke that she would live forever and now that she's gone, it feels unnatural. She's nana, she's supposed to be here. I miss her dearly, and I am forever grateful for the time that I got with her and that she got to meet her great grandchild Eli. In a world with many uncertainties of the future, she was always my warm reminder of my childhood and the carefree nature of it all. I miss you nana. Rest easy with papa.



kellen - November 26, 2025 at 08:10 PM

“ In November of 1958, Mom (16) married Dad (18), then in August 1959 they had me. Now that I’m retired, I look back and think they were babies raising a baby, but if I do say so myself, I think they did a wonderful job. Karen came along in 1966 when Mom was just 23. At the time I felt sorry for Karen because Mom and Dad were “getting old”. I remember often going to Lithia Springs and mom packing sandwiches for picnics and swimming in the cold water. Mom was the one to teach me to swim, she was patient, whereas Dad’s idea was to just toss you in, and hope you figured it out. I remember Mom and Dad fishing all the time in lakes, rivers, Tampa Bay and the Gulf. Mom, Karen and I often went with Dad when he went cast netting for mullet. Many nights we spent fighting sand gnats, while Dad fished, with the highlight of the evening being our ritual stop at Krispy Kreme Donuts, where I would get a cream filled donut, dad would get glazed and Mom had to have her jelly filled donut. When Dad needed a new cast net Mom decided she could make him one. They placed a hook in the top of the doorway between the living room and kitchen, and mom spent many evenings with the shuttle making the cast net. I know it took her awhile to figure out how to tie off the knots and to use the gauge to keep the mesh uniform, and then when she tied off a knot she’d heat it to melt it a little, evidently to keep it from unraveling. It took her a while, but Dad used the cast net for years. Mom’s determination and perseverance was always on display whether she was learning to make a cast net, taking up floral arrangements, refinishing furniture, painting with acrylics, sewing a kimono with Rebecca. She was always up for a new challenge and usually did a pretty darn good job at whatever she tried. One of the last “fish” memories I have of mom, was just a couple years ago. We’d gone to Medard park and were walking on the wooden boardwalk over the lake area. There was a man who’d caught a catfish and couldn’t figure out how to get it off his line, because of the barbs in the gills. Mom reaches down and shows the man how to slide your hands up into the gills from behind the head and then get the hook out and toss the catfish back in the lake. She was always patient and ready to show folks how to do something if they needed help. I hope mom

is at peace and that she and Dad are fishing or eating donuts in heaven now. I miss them both.

Debbie Pitts - November 24, 2025 at 04:42 AM

RP

“ One of my earliest and fondest memories with Nana was when we sat at the kitchen table and decorated construction paper butterflies with fabric paint. We used those because they had fine tips, good for making dots and swirls. I think I was around 7 or 8 at the time, because I was very much into butterflies around then. (This I remember because one of my favorite shirts was a pinkish purple shirt with 3 butterflies, which I wore the day when, while exploring Redwood national forest, I accidentally led my parents halfway up a mountain after taking what I thought would be a quick little detour.) I don't remember when we transitioned to actual fabric, or what I drew when we did, but I loved decorative arts then and that love has only ever grown since. I like to think both Mom and I come by both the knack for it and the willingness to teach ourselves how to make what we wanted to honestly, though I got a double dose because Dad is also an artist. I see it all the time now that I have my own place that I had to furnish myself. We have such similar tastes in color, space filling, and sentimental value, and we're proud to display the family artistic streak, both our own works and the works of loved ones. I'm deeply grateful to Nana for her part in cultivating the love of art and appreciation of the learning process, and for loving me through my awkward, cringy, incomprehensible phases that I struggle to value even now.

Rebecca Pitts - November 23, 2025 at 11:46 AM