



James Thomas Williamson III

November 2, 1958 - November 30, 2025

James Thomas Williamson III (Tom) of Birmingham passed away peacefully at home on November 30, 2025 with his loving wife LouAnn by his side. Born November 2, 1958, Tom is pre-deceased by his father James Thomas Williamson, Jr., his beloved step-mother Mary Lula Long Williamson. He is survived by his loving wife and soulmate LouAnn Williamson, daughter Melanie Petix, and his beloved grandchildren Brody and Chandler Grace Petix. His sisters Renee Gorman (Kent) and Sandra Agricola (Matt), step-mother LaVonne Williamson, sister-in law Nancy Scheidemantel (Skip) who was like another sister to him, brother-in-law, Cliff Priest and beloved nieces and nephews.

After a tragic diving accident at 21, Tom lived his life as a high functioning quadriplegic. He loved the sunshine and Springtime, his dogs and cats, car races and Alabama football. He never failed to call his loved ones on their birthdays and other special holidays, sending cards and gifts picked especially for that person. One niece remembers that when three family members all owned pugs, he collected pug pictures and collaged a pug bowl for one of the nieces. If a family member was going through chemo, he would call daily without fail with cheerful words of encouragement. A nephew recalls "Tom had a way of bringing levity into rooms that otherwise felt too heavy for it. When I was a teenager, Tom seemed impossibly cool—quick with a joke, generous with the small treasures he knew we would all love, and always ready to turn

up the music before anyone else thought to. He had lived enough life to see through pretense, and that gave him a kind of groundedness that drew people in. At every holiday gathering he claimed his quiet form of authority in the kitchen, mixing and shaping what became, without argument, the best cheese ball any of us had ever tasted. Maybe it was the care he put into it, or the way he laughed while doing it, but that simple dish felt like him—uncomplicated, sincere, and offered with a warmth no one else could replicate.” Tom was the family’s role model for grace under pressure, exhibiting a kind and quiet disposition one day at a time and often one moment at a time.

He taught us that the best way to exist was to exchange bitterness for gratitude.

“And I saw the river over which every soul must pass to reach the kingdom of heaven and the name of the river was suffering. And I saw the boat which carries souls across the river and the name of the boat was love.” —St. John of the Cross

Give rest, O Christ, to thy servant Tom with thy saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting