



Pallbearers

Nephews



Farewell My Family

*Farewell my family, don't weep
For I'm at peace now, just asleep.
Farewell my family, I'm not alone.
The "Mighty Maker" has led me safely home.
Just think back over the many years,
How the family seemed so strong, holding back tears.
Yet God somehow always made a way
and I thanked Him every night for another day.
Be good my family, always love each other.
Be strong my family, strong in heart.
The blood ties, no one can ever part.
And if somewhere I made a mistake
As you live many will you make.
Farewell my family, I've been called away.
Walk with God, trust in God
Each and every day.*



Acknowledgements

The family would like to thank each and every one for all their acts of kindness. Words cannot express our deep sense of gratitude.

Williams Funeral Home, Inc.

2945 Old Tobacco Road * Hephzibah, Georgia
706.792.1003

1765 Martin Luther King, Jr. Boulevard * Augusta, Georgia
706.722.5551

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HOMEGOING
CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Deaconess Myra Lee Clark

Sunrise
September 16, 1921

Sunset
April 15, 2014



"Mother of the Church"

Saturday, April 19, 2014
11:00 A.M.

Springhill Baptist Church
1830 Springhill Church Road
Hephzibah, Georgia



Reverend Willie Mincey, Pastor

The Obituary

DEACONESS MYRA LEE CLARK was born on September 16, 1921, the third of ten children born to the late Deacon Arthur and Deaconess Annie Sue Wright in Hephzibah, Georgia. She made her transition after a very full life on April 15, 2014.

She was baptized at an early age in July 1934 under the leadership of Reverend R. B. Mabry at Springhill Baptist Church in Blythe, Georgia. She quickly joined the Senior Usher Board when her father was chief and served faithfully thereafter for approximately eighty years. She has also served fervently as the Mother of the Church for sixteen years.

She was a 1942 graduate of the Haines Normal and Industrial Institute, Augusta, Georgia and later attended Bettis Academy and Junior College in Trenton, South Carolina. She worked and retired from the Pilgrim Health and Life Insurance Company in Augusta, Georgia after thirty-eight years.

Myra was preceded in death by her first husband, Mr. Harold Holmes, whom she married in 1950 and her second husband, Deacon John D. Clark, whom she married in 1986. She was also preceded in death by three beloved sisters, Mrs. Mattie Pugh, Mrs. Ella Mosley and Mrs. Fannie Haynes; and four beloved brothers, Mr. Arthur Wright, Jr., Mr. Nathaniel Wright, Mr. Fort T. Wright and Mr. Solomon Wright.

She leaves to cherish her memories: two sisters, Mrs. Mae Bussey of Fort Washington, Maryland and Mrs. Bernice Tompkins of Augusta, Georgia; sister-in-law, Annie Wright of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; brother-in-law, Reverend Charlie Pugh of Riverdale, Georgia; and a host of loving nieces and nephews including, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Pugh, who was by her side and cared for her throughout her health crisis; godchild, Ms. Tammie Mosley of Augusta, Georgia; along with other loving relatives and dear friends.

Loving Others

Loving others is an easy job, that is, if you're a child of God. "I can't love others," one might say, well, on your knees you'll have to stay. "Lord help me to love others" I say, should be our prayer from day to day. Open up your heart, let love come in, you'll wonder where it's always been. It's been there all the while you know. But the way you live, it doesn't show. Be a light for the world to see, I want God's love to be seen in me. I want it to show in all that I do, in order to stay kind hearted and true, not a haughty love or vain desire, true love, real love, is a gift from on high. Share a smile as you go along. And before you know it, you'll sing this song. "Loving others is not a job, it's easy - for I'm a child of God."



A Poem for Auntie

Sometimes we know the words to say, give thanks for all you've done, but then they fly up and away, as quickly as they come. How could we possibly thank you enough, the one who makes us whole, the one to whom we owe our life, the forming of our soul. The one who tucked us in at night, the one who stopped our crying, the one who is an expert at knowing when we are lying. The one who makes such sacrifices, to always put us first. Who lets us test our broken wings, no matter how much it hurts. Who brought our first phone card, who endured our boring days, who always said something funny, that mattered in oh-so-many ways. For accepting us as we changed, accepting all our flaws. Not loving just 'cause you had to, but loving just because. For never giving up on us, even when your nerves had reached the end. For always being proud of us. For being our best friend. So thank you Auntie for everything. Thank you for letting us cheat.; that's how we always win. Thank you for letting us be spoiled, and most of all thank you for being there to the very end!

The Order of Celebration

Presiding, Reverend Howard Harden
Pastor, Spring Grove Baptist Church

Processional Congregation and Family
Final Viewing

Scripture Readings Old and New Testaments

Prayer of Comfort Reverend Ella Thomas
Springhill Baptist Church

Solo Earnestine Hill

Remarks (Two Minutes)
Reverend Beatrice Neeley - Springhill Baptist Church
Minister Tyrone Johnson
Quincy Pugh - Behalf of the Family

Solo LaEbonie Griffin

Life's Reflections Julia Brown

Selection Sanctuary Choir

Eulogy Pastor Willie L. Mincey, Sr.
Springhill Baptist Church

Recessional