

~~We Shall~~

We shall weep thro the Valley in the
Shade in Peace we shall weep thro the
Valley in Peace

Pallbearers

Nephews

Acknowledgement

The family takes this means of expressing their sincere appreciation of their many friends for their acts of kindness tendered them during their time of bereavement.

The Family

Arrangements

Gilliam Jones Funeral Home in charge
Stanton, Tennessee

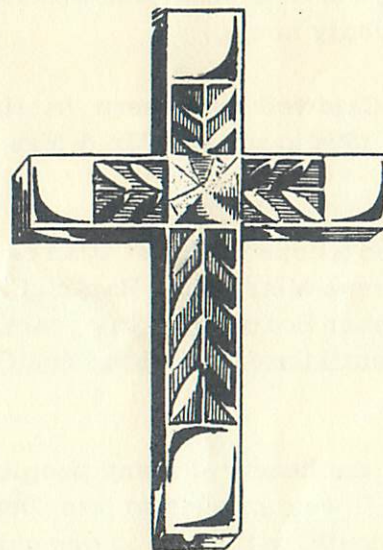
Interment

Russell Grove Cemetery
Somerville, Tennessee

1898

1981

Obsequies for
Mr. Issac Caldwell



Saturday, March 21, 1981
1:00 P.M.

Russell Grove M.B. Church
Somerville, Tennessee

Rev. P. L. Hunter, Officiating

Obituary

On the 14th day of March, 1981, the angels of silence came into the Haywood Park Hospital and, with chilly fingers, sealed the lips of Mr. Issac Caldwell. His soul winged in flight from the world of sin, sorrow, and pain to a place of eternal rest.

A Christian life came to a close when Mr. Caldwell was called to his heavenly home.

Mr. Issac Caldwell was born in Haywood County Tennessee April, 1898 to the late Mr. & Mrs. Ida and Junious Caldwell.

He professed a hope in Christ at an early age. He later joined Russell Grove Missionary Baptist Church, and was a member of the Usher Board for many years. He remained a faithful member until the end, the kind that God could depend on.

He lives in the hearts of many people who knew him. Mr. Issac Caldwell was married to Mrs. Dora Caldwell who preceded him in death, to this union one child was born. He leaves to mourn his passing one daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Douglas and one son-in-law, Walter Douglas; one sister; one brother; two sisters-in-law; two grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and a host of nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Processional.....	Soft Music
Song	Choir
Scripture	
Prayer	Bro. Fon Hunter
Song	Choir
Remarks	Bro. George Bowers
Obituary	Soft Music
Acknowledgement	Sis. Mary Williamson
Solo	Sis. Ella Hudson
Remarks	Bro. Norwood
Song	Bro. Ned Giles
Eulogy	Rev. P. L. Hunter
Viewing of Remains	Soft Music
Recessional	Soft Music

*There's an open gate at the end
of the road. Through which each must
go along. And there, in a light
we cannot see, our Father claims
His own.*

*Beyond the gate your loved
one finds happiness and rest,
And there is comfort in thought
That a loving God knows best.*