

FUNERAL SERVICES

OF THE LATE

MISS CYNTHIALIN L. HOLMES

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The family would like to express their sincere gratitude for every act of kindness, expressions of sympathy by cards, telegrams and flowers, for your prayers and attendance at this service.

May God bless each of you.

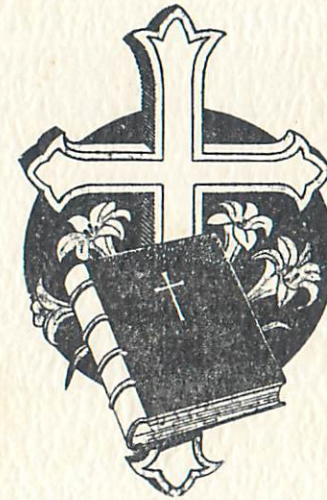
INTERMENT

Church Cemetery

N. J. FORD AND SONS FUNERAL PARLOR

Funeral Directors

219 Joubert Avenue Memphis, Tennessee



SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1971

1:00 P. M.

DANCEYVILLE C. M. E. CHURCH

Stanton, Tennessee

REV. B. F. SMITH, PASTOR

REV. F. J. POWELL, Officiating

O B I T U A R Y

CYNTHIALIN L. HOLMES was born October 20, 1953 in Stanton, Tennessee. She was the fifth child of Mr. Julius Holmes and Mrs. Thelma Holmes.

Miss Holmes confessed a hope in Christ at an early age at Mt. Azoma C. M. E. Church under the leadership of Rev. Alexander. She was active in the Youth Educational Department of the church until 1968, when she moved to Memphis to live with her mother. She united with Pilgrim Rest Baptist Church under the leadership of Rev. C. M. Lee. She served with the Youth Choir.

She attend Vincient High School in Henderson, Tennessee, and Carver and Southside High Schools in Memphis, Tennessee. She was a member of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Association Youth Conference. She was named "Miss Martin Luther King, Jr. Association Youth Conference" by Mrs. Coretta Scott King.

Miss Holmes departed this life Sunday, December 27, 1970.

She leaves to mourn her passing a mother, Mrs. Thelma Holmes of Memphis, Tennessee; a father, Mr. Julius Lee Holmes, Sr. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; a grandmother, Mrs. Mary S. Sweet of Stanton, Tennessee; a grandmother, Mrs. Mattie Holmes of Henderson, Tenn.; a great-grandmother, Mrs. Barbara A. Sweet of Stanton, Tennessee; 6 sisters, 4 brothers, 1 aunt, 1 uncle and a host of other relatives and friends.

A PERFECT DAY

*When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone in your thoughts.
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart?
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part.
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day.
The soul of a friend we've made.
Well, this is the end of a perfect day
Near the end of a journey too:
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true.*

ORDER OF SERVICE

PROCESSIONAL

HYMN

SCRIPTURE

PRAYER

SELECTION

REMARKS

SELECTION

ACKNOWLEDGMENT of Cards, Telegrams, Ets.

OBITUARY Soft Music

SELECTION

EULOGY Rev. F. J. Powell

RECESSIONAL