



Moma,  
Grandma,  
Aunt Bae,  
Mrs. Finnie

## Acknowledgement

We, the family of Mrs. Violet Finnie, so graciously thank you for all you've done. You have been wonderful, now and in years past. You have always been there when mom needed you. You have been good friends and good friends are sometimes hard to come by. Thank you from the depths of our hearts.

*Pallbearers*  
The Nephews

*Interment*  
Pisgah Cemetery  
Green Drive  
Somerville, Tennessee 38068

*Arrangements*  
J. A. Lofties Funeral Home  
112 North Street  
Somerville, Tennessee 38068  
(901) 465-3989

The Homegoing  
of  
Mrs. Violet Wa



Saturday, August  
1:00 p.m.

Mt. Olive M.B. Church  
LaGrange Road  
Somerville, Tennessee 38068

Rev. Luster A



## Love and Life

the widow of the late Huelon  
for her heavenly flight home  
25 a.m. She entered this world  
the parentage of the late Will  
let was one of 14 children in

for Christ was born and she  
She joined the Douglas Chapel  
childhood home.

et and Huelon were married.  
p and to their surprise, nine  
with a precious baby girl one  
ristine.

l, dear family and friends to  
e include two daughters, Chris  
e son-in-law, James R. Dupree;  
Fannie Finnie, Clara Finnie,  
man; one brother-in-law, Byrd  
ta, Patrick, Cecilia, Gail, Zina  
nieces and nephews; cousins  
ear friend, Reola Adair.

Tell Daddy hello.



## Programme

Processional

Selection . . . . . Mass Choir

Scripture

Prayer . . . . . Rev. Donzel Hykes

Solo . . . . . Mr. Kenneth Kee

Thoughts from Years Past . . . . . Rev. Sampson Townsend

Remarks (3 minutes each) . . . . . Mt. Olive M.B. Church  
Asbury C.M.E. Church  
St. Peter C.M.E. Church  
The Community

Solo . . . . . Mrs. Billie J. Currie

Church Resolution . . . . . Miss Pattie Hobson

Acknowledgements . . . . . Ms. Vernita Graham

Thoughts of Love (3 minutes each) . . . . . Family and Friends

The Book of Love and Life (silently read) . . . . . Soft Music

Solo . . . . . Mrs. Amanda Jefferson

The Celebration . . . . . Pastor C.N. Ricks

The Farewell Goodbye

Recessional

## Memories of Summers Past

I remember the summers past, sweet memories that give me a warm feeling much like a July breeze.

How can I forget the summertime baseball games and then racing our bikes home to what I referred to as your "Kentucky Fried Chicken".

When instead of watering the flowers, we played in the water and ran through the sprinkler, you didn't scorn us. You laughed along with us and gave us Kool-Aid. Then you told us, if we tracked mud in the house, you'd ring our necks.

Every Wednesday, we went to town and early Sunday morning, we were in church. We couldn't wait to get home, so you could teach us to make your homemade vanilla ice cream, like only you could.

You were always there when I was sick. I believed that you could fix anything with your hot lemon juice. You also had your ways of making me not scratch my chicken pox.

I will be forever grateful, Grandma, for you always encouraging me, believing in me, teaching me and for, most of all, loving me.

I thank the Almighty Power above, for letting us share this time together. Grandma, I'm sure I speak for all of us, when I say that we will love you always and your memory will be forever vivid as a million summer rainbows.

Love,  
Crista