EULOGISTIC SERVICES

FOR

Mrs. Emma Harris Fletcher Johnson

Thursday, October 5, 1972, At 4: P. M.

At Old Hammond Grove Baptist Church

'Preciong in the sight of the Lord is the
death of his saints' (Psalms 116:15)
Life's work well Done
Life's race well run
Life's crown well won
And now she rests
ORDER OF SERVICES

Presiding-------Rev. I.E. Smith

Processional-------

Selection---Choir---Sweet Home

Scripture-------Rev. W.H. McCain

Prayer----------Dea. James Cooks

Selection---Choir---Servant of God Well Done

Remarks(3 minutes)

As a society member-President--Bro. Tom Wigfall
as a church member--Dea. A. Abraham
as a neighbor-------Dea. Sam Quiller

Solo--------Mrs. Rosa Hill
Acknowledgements--Dea. F.A. Jenkins

Eulogy--------Rev. Jacob C. Trowell

Viewing of Remains
Recessional-------
Interment--Old Hammond Grove Church Cemetery

PALL BEARERS - Union Rising Star Society
Flowers Bearers--Ushers

People's Mortuary
Charge
Augusta, Ga.
OBITUARY

A very long and useful life came to a close for Mrs. Emma Harris Fletcher Johnson of Belvedere, S.C. on Sept. 27, 1972 at the Blair House Rest Home, Augusta, Ga. She was 112 year of age.

She was born to a pair of Southern Slaves, Mr. & Mrs. Ben Harris on Butler Plantation in Edgefield County, S.C. in the year of 1860. She was converted and baptized at an early age at the Old Hammond Grove Baptist Church by the late Rev. Cokey Danford where she served until her health began to fail.

She was married in 1874, to the late Mr. Louis Fletcher to this union 2 children were born. Husband and son preceded her in death. She later married to the late Mr. Joseph Johnson, Sr. to this union 10 children were born and 3 step-children were added. All proceeds here in death but 3.

She leaves to mourn her passing 3 daughters, Mrs. Lucy Bussey of Jacksonville, Fla., Mrs. Christine Stokes & Mrs. Rosa Mae Scott of Augusta, Ga., daughter-in-law Mrs. Hattie Mae Johnson of Edgefield County, S.C. 23 Grandchildren, 64 great grandchildren, 14 great, great grandchildren, 3 great, great, great grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins and a host of friends.

POEM:

There an open gate at the end of the road,
Through which each must go alone:
and there's alight, we cannot see,
our father claims his own.
Beyond the gate our loved ones
find happiness and rest
and there comfort in the thought
That alowing God knows best.