1-1-2011

Obituary; 2011-01-01; Fuqua, Verneda Mae

Hopewell Baptist Church

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Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever. Amen

-Acknowledgment-

The family would like to extend its appreciation to all for the many expressions of sympathy and love.

The Family

-Pallbearers-

Larry White Jr.
Anthony Joseph
Bruce Evans
Mario Reynolds
Muff Barnes
Craig Cawthon
Leon Wilson
Deon Reynolds
Arlee Daniels Jr.
Clifford Tillman

-Flower Bearers-

Grandchildren, Great-Grandchildren

-Interment-

FOREST LAWN CEMETERY

-We Entrusted Our Loved One to-

THOMAS T. EDWARDS FUNERAL HOME
995 Genesee Street
Buffalo, NY 14211

Sunrise: April 30, 1933
Sunset: January 1, 2011

Verneda Mae Fuqua

Saturday, January 8, 2011
Wake: 11:00 a.m.
Funeral: 12:00 noon

HOPEWELL BAPTIST CHURCH
1301 Fillmore Ave
Buffalo, NY 14211

Rev. Dennis Lee Jr., Officiating Pastor
Verneda Mae Fuqua (née Smallwood) was born on April 30, 1933 in Canton, OH to the Late George Smallwood and Lucille Jolly. After a short illness she was called to rest on Saturday, January 1, 2011 at Home in Buffalo, NY.

Verneda was united in holy matrimony to John Hickie Fuqua on August 3, 1951. Of this union five children were born. She was a devoted wife and mother. She was a hard worker. She was a Home Health Care Aide working privately for over twenty years, worked at Deco for fifteen years and Gigi’s Restaurant for 34 years. She was an active member of her church, Hopewell Baptist Church, serving as a Church Mother. She sang in the Choir, was a member of the Nurses’ Guild, a member of the Usher Board and a member of the Sunshine Club. Verneda loved everyone and everyone loved her.

She was preceded in death by her husband, John Fuqua, a brother, Norman Reynolds, a nephew, Norman Reynolds Jr., a grandson, Eric Duncan Fuqua, a great-granddaughter, Imani Boone, four brother-in-laws, Collis Jr., Calvin, William, and Lonnie, and one sister-in-law, Arlee Butler.

She leaves to cherish her memory: two sons: Andrew (Brenona) Fuqua, Lonnie (Clairessa) Fuqua, and three daughters: Verneda (John) Fuqua-Ball, Carolyn Fuqua, Deborah (Andrew) Fuqua-Wilson, one brother Harold Smallwood, four sisters Tearah Riley, Rosetta Wilson, Claudia Lee, and Harriet Manning, twenty two grandchildren, thirty nine great-grandchildren, and seven great-great grandchildren.

There are many things in life we don’t understand, but we must trust God’s judgment and be guided by His hand. And all who have God’s blessing can rest safely in His care.
In our Mother's hand, 
we saw all of the hard work she did for us. We 
saw the caring she provided for our benefit 
down through the years.

In our Mother's eyes, 
we sensed a gentle understanding of our ways 
and also a longing to sometimes help us see 
some better ways of living.

In our Mother's arms, 
we found comfort from the world so many 
times from fears, hurts and everything that 
troubled us. We know that if anything 
happens to bother us now the remembrances 
of those arms are always open just for us.

But in my Mother's heart, 
is where she kept the greatest gift of all for 
that is where so much love was kept 
for all of us.

Your Loving Children

When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey 
and I travel my last weary mile. 
Just forget if you can that I ever frowned 
and remember only the smile. 
Forget unkind words I have spoken; 
remember the good I have done. 

Then forget the grief for my going 
I would not have you sad for a day. 
But in summer just gather some flowers 
and remember the place where I lay, 
And come in the shade of the evening 
when the sun paints the sky in the west. 
Stand for a few moments beside me 
and remember only my best. 
Love, 
Momma

Her Journey's Just Begun
(Submitted by the Grandchildren, Great-Grandchildren, 
and Great-Great Grandchildren)

Don't think of her as gone away- 
her journey's just begun, 
life holds so many facets-
this earth is only one... 
Just think of her as resting 
from the sorrows and the tears 
in a place of warmth and comfort 
where there are no days and years. 
Think how she must be wishing 
that we could know today 
how nothing but our sadness 
can really pass away. 
And think of her as living 
in the hearts of those she touched... 
for nothing loved is ever lost- 
and she was loved so much. 

In Loving Memory 
We Love You and Miss You Grandma