

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MAYBELLE OLIVE ANDERSON

9th July 1936 - 7th March 2024



Littleover Baptist Church
Friday 26th April 2024
at 11.00 am





PALL BEARERS

Maurice

Patrick

Raj

Ravi

Roy

Clive

ORDER OF SERVICE

Entrance Music: Amazing Grace

Opening Words and Welcome: Ellie

Prayer: Ellie

Hymn: Here I Am, Lord

Eulogy Reading: Glenn Amoah (grandson)

Poem and Tribute: Bethany Marshall (granddaughter)

Hymn: The Lord's My Shepherd

Tribute: Symone Garvey (granddaughter)

Scripture Reading: Revelations, 21:1-7, read by Julian Amoah (grandson)

Reflection: Ellie

Hymn: How Great Thou Art

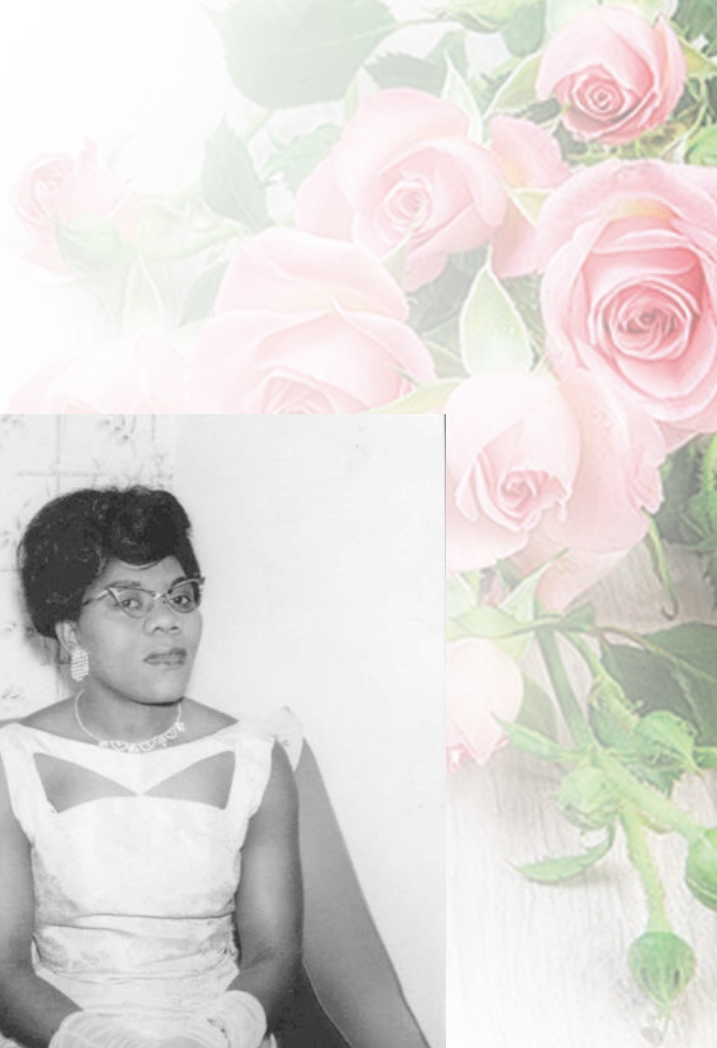
Final Tribute and Words: Maurice (eldest son)

Prayer: led by Ellie

Blessing: led by Ellie

Exit Music: In The Arms Of An Angel by Sarah McLachlan





Here I Am, Lord

I, the Lord of sea and sky
I have heard my people cry
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save
I have made the stars of night
I will make their darkness bright
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Here I am, Lord

Is it I, Lord?

I have heard You calling in the night

I will go, Lord

If You lead me

I will hold Your people in my heart

I, the Lord of wind and flame
I will tend the poor and lame
I will set a feast for them
My hand will save
Finest bread I will provide
'Til their hearts be satisfied
I will give my life to them
Whom shall I send?

Here I am, Lord

Is it I, Lord?

I have heard You calling in the night

I will go, Lord

If You lead me

I will hold Your people in my heart

I will hold Your people in my heart



The background of the page is a soft-focus photograph of a bouquet of pink roses. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. They are set against a light-colored wooden surface, possibly a table or a rustic backdrop. The overall tone is gentle and romantic.

The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be

BIBLE SCRIPTURE

Revelations, Chapter 21: verses 1-7

Then I saw “a new heaven and a new earth,” for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and there was no longer any sea. I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride beautifully dressed for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, “Look! God’s dwelling place is now among the people, and he will dwell with them. They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God. ‘He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death’ or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.”

He who was seated on the throne said, “I am making everything new!”
Then he said, “Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true.”

He said to me: “It is done. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End. To the thirsty I will give water without cost from the spring of the water of life. Those who are victorious will inherit all this, and I will be their God and they will be my children.



A background image of several pink roses in various stages of bloom, set against a light-colored wooden surface. The roses are the central focus, with their petals showing delicate textures and colors ranging from pale pink to deeper shades. The lighting is soft, creating a gentle and serene atmosphere.

How Great Thou Art

Oh Lord, my God When I, in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration
And then proclaim, my God, how great Thou art

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*





FAMILY TRIBUTES

Audrey Amoah – daughter

My dear mother. I am missing you today, but I know that you will always be with me in my heart. I am so grateful for the way I was raised. You were never afraid to be my mother; to put your foot down; to teach me right from wrong, and to make sure that I did my best in life. I am who I am because of your loving hands. I have my sweet and compassionate soul from watching you and your generosity and kindness to others.

You always let me know that, as a mother, you cared deeply for me and believed in me when it came to my various endeavours in life. You were always there for me no matter what. I will miss our routine chats at night before going to bed.

Thank you for always loving me and your drive and perseverance. Even though you are no longer with me, I can still feel your love guiding me. You are always in my heart. I love you and miss you dearly.

Glenn Amoah - grandson

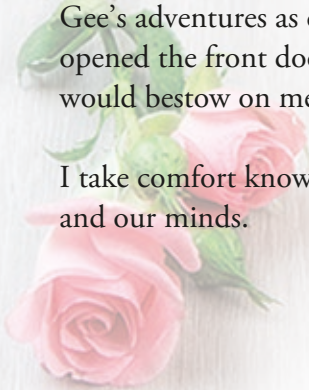
Our elders serve a valuable purpose in providing us with important life lessons and passing down knowledge of our culture, traditions, and stories of our past. They help us to make sense of the life and times we live in, and through them we can better understand who we are. I can firmly attest to the value of having Gran in my life. From the many stories that she would tell, I learnt so much about our family's history.

I was fortunate enough to meet all but two of my grandmother's siblings, and even more fortunate to meet her father, my great grandfather, Mr. Grant, affectionately and more commonly known as Mas Carol or Papa. Gran, with her slender frame, resembled Papa and spoke with great affection about him. It is an affection that my mother also shares when talking about her childhood.

As a person, my grandmother was hardworking, disciplined, and very caring. Growing up, me and my brothers would get jumpers she'd knit for us as gifts and they'd always be accompanied with a homemade fruit cake or coconut cake, depending on the time of year.

When you walked into my grandma's home, the aroma of good home-cooked food was hard to ignore. Whether it was rice and peas, yam, green banana and cho cho, stew chicken, Gran always cooked with love and made sure any guest left her home feeling full and content. I will miss the stories of her and Sister Gee's adventures as children; I will miss that smile and hug whenever she opened the front door; I will also miss those little nuggets of wisdom she would bestow on me, which would range from marriage to career choices.

I take comfort knowing she is at peace and remains with us in both our hearts and our minds.



Julian Amoah - grandson

My dear Nanny, I'll be honest writing this tribute is no easy task, but I can hear you now, saying "Oi! C'mon, get on with it." So, I'll continue and give you a deserving tribute.

When I reflect on the memories, the weekends spent in your company, the fondest memory that comes to mind, is one summer weekend that I came to visit. The plan was to have a cosy catch-up, enjoy your infamous coconut cake, make a quick trip to Nottingham to see a friend, and then home. However... it turned into something much more, a weekend of a lot of lessons and a lot of love. I can remember getting ready to visit my friend in Nottingham, only for you to inspect my outfit and then declare my shirt wasn't ironed properly. You literally snatched it off my back, brought out your arsenal of ironing tools, and worked your magic with pride until it looked brand new.

Day two of the weekend brought the gardening 'project'. You wanted a new plant in your front garden, and what I thought would be a brief job turned into a long labour of love. Despite the '+25 degrees heat' and my initial haste, you insisted on a job well done. No shortcuts, no half-hearted efforts only the satisfaction of work that meets the mark.

That weekend reminded me of your standards of excellence and that for me is a part of your lasting legacy.

Nan, you lived a rich life and imparted lessons, love, and memories that will last us several lifetimes. You taught me so much, not just through your words, but through every action, every cake shared, and yes, even every ironed shirt.

As we say goodbye, know that you are so deeply loved and will be profoundly missed. But I also know that you are not truly gone. You will live on in the stories we'll tell, the values we embody, and the cakes we'll try (and likely fail) to replicate lol. Your spirit, your love, and your lessons are gifts that we will carry with us, always.

Rest well, Nan. You've earned it. And thank you, for everything.

Julian x

Tameika Mitchell - niece

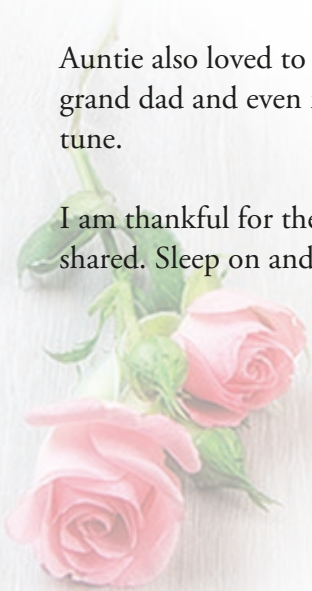
My aunt Maybelle Anderson, affectionately called Auntie Olive was a kind, loving, generous woman. I met her for the first time in Jamaica at the funeral of her sister my aunt Little.

I can't forget how elegant she looked, and I loved that British accent. I subsequently had the privilege of visiting her in 2002. She was a family woman as evidenced by all the pictures she had throughout her home of her children and grandchildren. She also had a photo album with pictures of her parents (my grandparents). She would be present at memorial occasions such as weddings. She attended my wedding in the United States.

My aunt was very hospitable. I felt at home when I visited. Although she was a vegetarian, she always prepared ackee and salt fish with fry dumplings for me.

Auntie also loved to hum a tune. I believe it's a family thing as my mom, grand dad and even my cousin Audrey would always be always humming a tune.

I am thankful for the for all that you did, the love you gave and the times we shared. Sleep on and take your rest until we meet again. Love you Auntie.







The family would like to thank everyone for their kind words and support at this sad time.

All are welcome for light refreshment at
Grange Banqueting Suite,
457 Burton Road,
Littleover,
Derby
DE23 6XX.

Donations in memory of Maybelle are for
Littleover Baptist Church.

A.W. LYMN

The Family Funeral Service

Meek House
521 Burton Road
Littleover
Derby
DE23 6FT
www.lymn.co.uk



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