

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a red sequined dress and a white flower corsage, stands on a golden staircase. The background is a bright, cloudy sky with sunbeams radiating from behind her. The entire scene is framed by a black border.

In Loving Memory of
Thelma Holder

Sunrise
January 23, 1953

Sunset
September 21, 2011

Monday, October 3, 2011 - 12:00 Noon

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

1025 Bergen Street • Newark, NJ 07112

Bishop Hilton Rawls, Officiating

Emory Lee, Organist

Obituary



Thelma Kathy Holder was born on January 23, 1953 in Zebulon, North Carolina to the late John William (Buddy) Holder and Naomi Holder. Thelma was educated in the Newark school system she attended Weequahic High School in Newark.

“Kathy” as she was known to her friends and family was a delightful and funny individual. She was known to be very family orientated; she would sit in her window to keep an eye on her kids and would look after other kids that crossed her sight. “Ms. Kat” as the kids called her would feed you in a minute and give you the third degree quick “does your mother know you’re in this court”? It did not take long for her to become one of those ladies who knew your parents and treated you like one of her own.

Kathy was a stay at home mom who occupied her time with her children and stayed involved in their education. While her kids attended 18th Ave. she volunteered with the after school program and became a scout mom when the boy’s scouts set up a troop at the school.

As time went on and generations changed she became a staple in the Felix Fuld (Little Brick) family. You could set your watch by her running for her pick-its at 7:30, you could chit-chat with her but you better be able to walk fast. Then as the clock ticked on and she slowed down she had a new purpose in her life, the birth of her grandchildren. Ms. Kat kicked it back in high gear and took care of those grands like her own. She packed her bags in a second to go baby-sit and when they came over she’d run them to school pick them up and the whole nine yards. Family was an important part of her life she even started helping others out by watching their children when she could no longer get around like she use to this continued up until her health took priority.

She was preceded in death by her son, Na-il Holder, her former companion and children’s father, Frank (Omar) Earl, her niece, Tonya Walker-Fields

Ms. Holder is survived by her mother Mrs. Naomi Holder; her son, Akil Holder; her long time companion, Barrett Young; her four brothers, Quinton Heggins, Stanley Holder, Gregory Holder, Rex Holder; her two sisters, Belvin Walker-Stockton and Wilma Holder, two grandchildren, Nyeisha Peoples and Na-il Na-im Holder Jr; her cousins, Lois Thomas, Trudy Barthelemey, Ogether (OJ) Heggins; her special niece, Fatima Hudson and her brother Glen; and a host of other relatives and special friends.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Processional

Opening Hymn

Scripture Reading

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Acknowledgement / Resolutions

Remarks (*2 minutes please*)

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Recessional

Cemetery

Fairmount Cemetery

Newark, New Jersey

REPAST

Village Social Club

Irvine Turner Blvd. • Newark, NJ

With These Words....

Mother only now can you truly see that your words did not fall upon deaf ears, your words had many meanings; Every **NO** was not a refusal... I learned **NO** meant I love you and I don't want you to come to harm, **NO** meant you must learn self-reliance, **NO** meant you tried your best but was not able to do it, I also learned **No** is the hardest word to say to your child... I learned **PRIDE** is not always a bad thing, when a mother tells you she is **PROUD** of her child she is not being vain... **PROUD** means that the child has learned their lessons well, **PROUD** that she passed on values that made a better person, **PROUD** to know her child will do the same... The only two words you ever used that confused me was **I** and **LOVE**... You used "**I**" many times but in school, "**I**" was always meant to refer to one's self but your "**I**" was always directed towards us... **I** want you to get your education, **I** want you to take care of yourself, **I** want you to be happy, **I** want you to know **I** love you... there that word **LOVE**, I am so sorry but I can not say that I even understand any of what a mother's **LOVE** means. I have an idea of what it means... I **LOVE** my family, I **LOVE** my friends. But I haven't been able to say that my **LOVE** has been tested like your **LOVE** has... I don't know what it is to go without a meal to feed your children in the name of **LOVE**... I don't know what its like to give up your room to accommodate your children in the name of **LOVE**... I never stayed up all night thinking of ways to provide for a family by myself in the name of **LOVE**, and when you told us you **LOVED** us it was felt... it resonated through the soul... it comforted, energized and brought out the best in us. So sorry that some of your strange mother language was over my head but let me just close with this... Dear Mother **I** hope and pray that God is pleased with you... I am so **PROUD** that I had such a loving and supportive mother who **LOVED** and sacrificed for her family till the end. I want you to know that **NO** one can and will ever take your place in my heart. **I LOVE** you!

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.

Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.

Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.

Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

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