

A portrait of Mildred Wilder, a woman with short dark hair, wearing glasses and a blue top, set against a blue background with a large white daisy flower on the right side.

In Loving
Memory
of

Mildred Wilder

Sunrise: May 9, 1921

Sunset: January 25, 2016

Service

Wednesday, February 3, 2016 - 12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr., Officiating

Rev. Dr. Eric B. Turner, Organist

Obituary

Mildred Wilder was born to Atkin and Mable Rivers on May 9, 1921.

She met and married Jack Wilder, within this union she had seven children, Arthur, Jack-Tony, Herman, Mable, Evon and Anthony.

Mildred attended and graduated from Avery High School in Charleston, South Carolina. She was a faithful member of Fourth Tabernacle Baptist Church until she migrated to New York.

Mildred loved and adored her family. She loved to cook and bake. Her favorite was baking her infamous nut and fruit cakes which she sent to her family and friends during the holidays.

Preceding her in death were her husband and three sons, Arthur, Atkins and Tony.

Mildred was loved and adored by all her children. Mildred had a full life, longevity runs in her family. Mildred departed this life on January 25, 2016 at the age of ninety-four.

She leaves to mourn: her remaining four children, Herman, Mable, Evon and Anthony; eighteen grandchildren; thirty-seven great grandchildren; and a host of loving friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

*Rosehill Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey*

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown

Acknowledgement

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of
kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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