

In Loving Memory
of
Annie Adams

Sunrise

November 19, 1928

Sunset

November 19, 2016

A portrait of Annie Adams, a woman with short, dark, curly hair, smiling and looking down. She is wearing a dark, patterned top and large, dark, round earrings. A large, light pink flower is visible in the foreground, partially obscuring the bottom of the portrait.

Friday, December 2, 2016 - 6:00 p.m.

ST. JOHN COMMUNITY BAPTIST CHURCH
1066 Bergen Street • Newark, New Jersey

Order of Service

Facilitator Pastor Cole

Musical Prelude

Processional Clergy & Family

Invocation Bishop Elijah Davis

Opening Hymn Congregation

Scripture Reading – Old Testament Bishop Dortch

Scripture Reading – New Testament Bishop Alton Little

Prayer of Comfort Bishop Burney

Selection

Reading of Resolution and Obituary Bishop Phillip Gilmore

Remarks (*2 minutes each please*) Clergy

Selection

Eulogy Bishop Hilton Rawls

Recessional Clergy & Family

INTERMENT

William C. Doyle Veterans Cemetery
Wrightstown, New Jersey

Obituary

“Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her ... a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.” Proverbs 31.

Annie Maude Adams, the late wife of Bishop Robert James Adams, departed this life surrounded by her family on November 19, 2016; the same day God and her family welcomed her into this world 88 years ago.

Born in Crawfordville, GA, 1928, Annie attended Springfield High School along with her late sixteen siblings. She was the “baby” of the family, but played an integral part. Her brothers protected her beautiful spirit, and her sisters cherished her. As the daughter of Deacon Stelustus and Fannie Mae Turner, Annie grew up in the church. She was hard-working, determined, possessed an abundance of strength, and most importantly, was God-fearing with an astounding joy for the Lord in her heart.

Arriving in Newark, New Jersey at the age of 17 years old, Annie shortly after began her career at Plessey Dynamics; a plane engineering and manufacturing company, and then SkyChef. In 1958, Annie became the wife of Robert Adams. Their Christian journey began at Randall Chapel church in Newark. Annie supported her husband in every way, and was the Mother of the church at House of Prayer UFWBC. Annie began an outreach program of holding a local flea market at the church providing clothing and furnishings for those in need, and she held Sunday dinners for the homeless and also church parishioners. She was always in the kitchen making sure her church family and those in need were nourished with good food, support, and the word. Annie sang in the choir, ushered, organized programs for the children, and taught Sunday School. Annie always visited the sick and shut-in and did extensive charity work. Mother Adams was a true missionary.

Annie enjoyed going to the farm in New Egypt, NJ with her family to pick fresh vegetables, she loved shopping, and she spent many years working as President of the Grumman Avenue Block Association. Most importantly, she loved when all her kids were together at the family home.

To her family, Annie was *Ma*, *Grandma*, and a *Georgia Peach*. To her daughters Delores Davis and Thelaine Adams, with Bishop Adams as head of the household, Annie was the backbone of the family. She was a loving, caring, good-natured, soulful spirit. To her 4 grandchildren, 7 great grandchildren, and 1 great great grandchild, “*Grandma*” was the center of their life. She was funny, direct, loud, and she meant business. She gave excellent advice and instilled the best morals and values in her entire family including anyone who walked through the door of her home. Annie was a wonderful wife, mother, sister, church mother, and friend.

Annie leaves to cherish her memory her beloved husband, Bishop Robert Adams, her two daughters, Delores and Thelaine, who was by her side every day and cared for her until the very end, her 4 grandchildren, Mark Davis, Tai Davis, Tiffany Adams, and Tiara Adams, her beautiful great and great, great grandchildren, and a host of church family, nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

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The moment that you died my heart was torn in two,
One side filled with heartache, the other side died with you.
I often lie awake at night when the world is fast asleep,
and take a walk down memory lane,
with tears upon my cheeks.

Remembering you is easy, I do it every day,
But missing you is heartache that will Never go away.

A Mother's work is never done,
And Heaven must have needed one.

For Angel's came and took your hand,
And led you to GOD's promised land.

Mommy, Grandma, we hold you tightly within our heart
and there you will always remain.

Until the joyous day arrives,
that we will see our beautiful mother again.

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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