

FUNERAL SERVICE

for

MILDRED M. BRANCH



Saturday, May 27, 1983  
2:00 P.M.

BETHEL A.M.E. CHURCH  
1525 Michigan Avenue  
Buffalo, New York

Reverend Eugene E. McAshan, Pastor

## OBITUARY

Mildred M. Branch was born in Buffalo, New York, one of four children of Mrs. Linnie Duff Branch and the late William A. Branch.

Mildred was a graduate of Public School #47, Hutchinson Central High School, and attended the University of Buffalo for approximately three years. For the past thirty-nine years she was an employee for the City of Buffalo. Through constant competitive Civil Service Achievement (via examinations) she became Assistant Director for the Department of Human Relations in this city. She was a member of the Business and Professional Women's Association for Western New York.

Mildred joined Bethel A.M.E. Church in 1939 at a tender age under Rev. H.P. Anderson and received her early Christian training in the Church School along with her brothers and sisters. She developed a deep and intensive religious conviction. She sang in the choir and was a strong worker and contributor in the church. Her favorite passages of scripture were the 23rd and 35th Psalms.

Left to mourn her passing are her beautiful mother, Mrs. Linnie Branch; two brothers, Frank E. Branch of Huntsville, Alabama, Frank E. Branch of Montclair, New Jersey; two sisters-in-law, seven nieces, four nephews, and four grand-nieces and nephews. Her only sister was the late Arleana Branch Collins who preceded her in death.

## ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude

Processional

Congregational Hymn No. 450  
"Amazing Grace"

Prayer

Old Testament

New Testament

Resolution

Acknowledgements

Selection

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

The Pastor

Recessional



## PALLBEARERS

Mr. Manning Fogan

Mr. Leroy Ferguson

Mr. Cleo Ivey

Mr. Eugene Peeples

Mr. Vernon Taylor

Mr. Raymond Walters

Mr. Brett Lynch

Mr. Don Collins

## AU SPICES

H. Alfred Lewis Mortuary

### A Christian Prem

I'm going on a long, long journey, I'm tired  
the dust & heat, & the rays of the sun beats  
upon me, the briars have wounded my feet, but  
the city to which I'm traveling will more than  
my trials repay, then all of the toils of the  
road will seem nothing when I get to the end  
of the way.