

IN LOVING MEMORY

— of —

Mrs. Daisie Byrd



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1983

10:00 a.m.

BETHEL A.M.E. CHURCH

1525 Michigan Avenue

Buffalo, New York 14209

The Reverend Eugene E. McAsban, Officiating

Arrangements by:

H. Alfred Lewis Mortuary, Inc.

968 Jefferson Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14204

OBITUARY

Mrs. Daisie Byrd departed this life on December 7, 1983 in Sheehan Memorial Hospital.

She was born in Edgefield, South Carolina, one of ten children of Wyatt and Adeline Brunson. She moved to Buffalo, New York and joined Bethel A.M.E. Church, where she became actively involved in numerous church activities. She served long and well as a member of the Ladies Usher Board Number One for over forty years and was instrumental in organizing the Junior Usher Board.

She was also actively involved in the Buffalo community, as reflected by her work with senior citizens, the youth and many other civic organizations.

Mrs. Daisie Byrd leaves to mourn, two sons: William (Mary) of Buffalo and Edward (Joan) of Stratford, Connecticut, and the late James Byrd; two sisters: Mrs. Janie Cunningham and Mrs. Marie Dendy of Philadelphia; four grandchildren and many nieces, nephews and a host of relatives and friends.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Organ Prelude

Processional

Congregational Hymn "Blessed Assurance"

Prayer The Rev. Thomas A. Moore

Selection The Bethel Chorus

Scripture Reading Psalm 23

Resolution The Ladies Usher Board No. 1

Acknowledgements and

Obituary Sis. Mary Chappelle

Solo Bro. Henry Nance
"Precious Lord"

Eulogy Pastor McAshan

Recessional Hymn "Amazing Grace"

Interment:

Forest Lawn Cemetery

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you, dear friends, for every expression of love you have shown to us during this, our hour of sorrow. God bless you all.

— The Family

PALLBEARERS

Vernon Taylor
George Franklin
Dock Washington

Ray Walton
Robert Washington
Albert Mitchell

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

The Male Usher Board of Bethel Church

"When I Must Leave You"

*When I must leave you for a little while,
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow to you through the years.
But start out bravely with a gallant smile,
And for my sake and in my name
Live on and do all things the same,
Feed not your loneliness on empty days
But fill each waking hour in useful ways.
Reach out your hand in comfort and in cheer.
And I in turn will comfort you and hold you near.
And never, never be afraid to die,
For I am waiting for you in the sky.*

— Helen Steiner Rice