It Is Well With My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, when sorrows, like sea billows, roll; Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say, It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, thou trials should come, let this blest assurance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well with my soul, It is well with my soul.

My sin oh, the bliss of this glorious thought: My sin, not in part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, even so, it is well with my soul. It is well with my soul, it is well with my soul.



727 North Patterson Avenue Winston-Salem, NC 27101-3030 336.722.8117 www.clarksbrownandsons.com

Memorial Service For

Mrs. Mildred H. Batchelor



Saturday, October 1, 2011 Service 12:00 PM

Evergreen Cemetery
New Walkertown Road
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

The Reverend Glenn Pettiford, Eulogist

Order of Service

Hymn "It Is Well With My Soul"

Poem "Flowers for the Living" Ms. Wanda Hairston

Holy Scripture

Old Testament Psalm 23:1-6
New Testament John 14:1-4

Prayer of Consolation

Remarks Please limit to two minutes Family/Friends

Eulogy Reverend Glenn Pettiford

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

The family of Mildred Hairston Batchelor, with sincere appreciation, wish to acknowledge the many comforting prayers and acts of kindness exhibited in thought and deed, and request your continued prayers.

Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

Obituary

Mildred Hairston Batchelor was one of four children born to the union of the late Rufus Reynolds and Emma Hughes Hairston. She was educated in the local public schools. In 1932, she married Percy Dan Batchelor. One daughter, Jacquelyn Elaine Batchelor (Charles Roy Pierce) was born to this union. Following her marriage, Mrs. Batchelor continued her educational pursuits and graduated from Winston Salem State Teachers College. She received a Master's Degree in Education from and was one course shy of completing her Doctorate from Columbia University in New York. Mrs.Batchelor was an educator. She taught in various school systems throughout North Carolina. A large amount of her time was spent in Thomasville City Schools. She retired from Winston Salem Forsyth County Schools after more than 30 years of service with the state. At the time of her retirement, she was working with the Visually Impaired Program. Mrs. Batchelor received numerous awards and accolades throughout her teaching career.

At the age of fourteen, Mrs. Batchelor became a member First Baptist Church on Highland Avenue. During her years as a member, she served in many capacities. She was a member of the then called Young Women's Progressive Club. She volunteered during the start up of the Church's youth summer camp. For many years she served as a costume designer for the Church's annual outdoor live Nativity Scene.

Mrs.Batchelor was an active community member. She served on the Forsyth County Mental Health Board. Mrs. Batchelor was a member of various clubs including, but not limited to the Columbia Heights Community Club, Semper Fi Pinochle club and the Rho Zeta Chapter of Zeta Phi Beta Sorority Incorporated. She had a love for the arts and was a proud member of the Along the Garden Path Flower Club. Mrs. Batchelor was a talented doll maker. She also enjoyed ceramics, needlepoint, candlewicking, macrame, and flower arranging.

She was preceded in death by both of her parents, Rufus and Emma Hairston; siblings and their spouses W. Frederick(Olivia) Hairston; Ernest L. (Leola) Hairston; and Helen Hairston Richardson; her daughter and son-in-law, Jacquelyn (Charles) Pierce.

She leaves to cherish her memory, grandchildren Helen Pierce (John III) Jones and Frederick Charles(Carmen) Pierce; great-grandchildren, Shannon, Christopher, Ashley and Charles Pierce, Chasity McCurdy, Joseph and Jonathan Pittman, Tyler, Ashleigh and Pierce Jones; great great grandchildren, Christopher Pierce, Jr. and Christian Pierce. Mrs. Batchelor had a close relationship with and is also survived by her nephews and neices, Ernest L Hairston II, William H. (Jill) Hairston, Wanda Hairston(James Mays) and Melanie Hairston and great nephews and great neices Ernest L. (Gia) Hairston, Kristin and Brittney Lawrence and Chandler Mays. During the last couple of months, Mrs. Batchelor was excited to meet the youngest member of the Hughes/ Hairston family and her great-grand nephew, Isaiah Hairston. Mrs. Batchelor was fortunate to have two very supportive first cousins who helped with her care during later years, Loretta Hughes and Mona Henderson(Ricky Wilson). She is also survived by a host of other relatives and friends. The family wishes to extend their profound gratitude to Richard (Lillie) Byrd, Helen (George) Phillips, Carla (Chip) Rumph, Willie and Mary Grace Ware, Shonna Brannon, Betty Graves, Joi Holman, and Karen Nickson for thier unyielding support in Mrs. Batchelor's time of need. Additionally, we are most grateful to Drs. Betsy English, Daniel Murphy, and Donald Heck for going above and beyond expectations in their compassionate care for Mrs. Batchelor during her illness



Flowers For The Living

I've noticed when a fellow dies—no matter what he's been,
A saintly chap or one whose life was deeply steeped in sin;
His friends forget the bitter words they spoke but yesterday,
And now they find a multitude of pretty things to say.
I fancy when I go to rest someone will bring to light
Some kindly word or goodly act long buried out of sight;
But if it's all the same to you just give to me instead
The bouquets while I'm living and the
knocking when I'm dead.

Don't save your kisses to imprint upon my noble brow,
While countless maledictions are hurled upon me now;
Just say one kindly word to me while here I work alone
And don't save all your eulogy to carve upon my stone.
What do I care if when I die the paper of the order
Gives me a write-up with a cut all set in mourning border;
It will not flatter me a bit, no matter what is said.

So kindly throw your bouquets now and knock me when I'm dead.

It may be fine when one is dead to have the folks talk so,

To have the flowers come in loads from relatives you know;

It may be nice to have these things for those you leave behind.

But just as far as I'm concerned I really
do not mind. I'm quite alive and well to-day. and when
I linger here Send me a helping hand at times—give me
a word of cheer; Just change the game a little bit—just
kindly swap the decks. For I will be no judge of flowers when
I cash in my checks



You give but title when you give of your possessions.

It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.