



10/02/1934

First Breath

04/23/2026

Last Smile

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

for

London Budden, Jr.

Saturday, May 2, 2026

11:00 AM

Jehovah Missionary Baptist Church
609 Manning Avenue, Sumter, SC 29150
Marion H. Newton, Senior Pastor

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 for long and not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love that once we shared.

Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take and each must go alone.

It's all part of the master plan.

A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick at heart go to the friends we know.

Laugh at all the things we used to do.

Miss me, but let me go.

Christina Rossetti

Order of Service

Pastor Nate Brock
Presiding

Organ Prelude	Shonda English
Processional & Viewing	
Opening Hymn	"Hold to God's Unchanging Hand"
Old Testament	Ecclesiastes 3:1-4 Pastor Ricky Simmons
New Testament	Revelations 21:1-7 Minister Hallie Wilson
Prayer	Pastor Larry Barnes (Bethlehem Missionary Baptist Church)
Selection	The Combined Choir "I Have Decided to Follow Jesus"
Reflections	Church: Deacon J. David Weeks Family: Elder Olden Budden, Sr. (Hartsville Church of Christ)
Acknowledgements	Deaconess Cheryl Weeks
Selection	The Combined Choir "It Is Well"
Words of Comfort	Pastor Marion H. Newton
Call to Discipleship	
Recessional	Medley of Songs
Interment	Evergreen Memorial Park
Benediction	

London Budden, Jr.

“Pray for the best, plan for the worst, and take what you get”

London Budden, Jr. was born in Sumter, South Carolina on October 2, 1934 to the late London Budden, Sr. and Mary Frierson Budden. He was the oldest son of eleven children. Deacon Budden attended public schools in Sumter County and is a 1955 graduate of Manchester High School in Pinewood, South Carolina where he developed a love for mathematics. He earned a B.S. degree in mathematics from Morris College in Sumter, South Carolina in 1961 and a master's degree in mathematics from FAMU in Tallahassee, Florida.

On July 2, 1961, he married the love of his life and best friend, Mrs. Ola Mae Witherspoon Budden and moved to McRae, Georgia. They moved to Albany, Georgia in 1964 and remained there until retiring to Sumter, South Carolina in 2005. They were married for 61 years until his devoted wife made her transition in December 2021. Their union was blessed with two daughters (Angela and Cheryl). Deacon Budden loved his girls, but he had a special bond with his only granddaughter (Bria) and they shared the same birthday, celebrating together every year for 33 years.

Deacon Budden accepted Christ and joined Enon Baptist Church in Sumter at an early age. He attended Shiloh Missionary Baptist Church in Albany, Georgia from 1965 - 2005 and served as a Church School Teacher, Member of the Deacon Ministry, and Chairperson & Treasurer of the Trustee Ministry. He joined Jehovah Missionary Baptist Church in Sumter, South Carolina in 2005 and was a member of the Deacon's Ministry, JMBC Brotherhood Ministry, and Assistant Teacher for the JMBC ABE tutorial program. He was a devoted member attending services regularly in person until he could no longer physically attend and faithfully watched services virtually until he made his transition.

A man of integrity and standard, he Budden touched the lives of so many serving as a role model and example of what a son, brother, husband, father, grandfather, uncle, and friend should be. He had a strong faith in God, a zest for life and a true will to live overcoming numerous health challenges in his lifetime. It was not uncommon to hear him burst into song singing “I am a living testimony”. Deacon Budden was a man of few words, a gentle giant and was always jovial. He loved to tell a joke and enjoyed brainteasers, riddles, and rebuses (images representing words/phrases). Family was everything to him and he always looked forward to any opportunity to gather with his siblings and extended family. Known as the family historian, he always had his camcorder in hand to capture all the memories. He was ecstatic about upgrading to the iPad and iPhone fully embracing technology and was quick to tell you his smart phone was smarter than he was when he called you or facetedimed the entire family group chat by mistake. He loved breakfast and grits were his favorite. Fridays were reserved for “hot fish”, and he made the best in town. Known to make light of tough situations, when he was beginning to transition, he said, “whelp, it's about time for me to bail on out of here.”

On April 23, 2026, Deacon Budden answered God's call and quietly departed this life leaving a legacy that no grief can diminish and no grave can contain. In addition to his parents and beloved wife, he was preceded in death by five siblings: Frizena Budden Ramsey, Ida Mae Budden Getter, Cleveland Budden, Mary Lou Budden Rosseu, and James Earnest Budden, Sr.

Left to cherish his memories, he leaves to mourn two daughters: Angela Yvette Budden and Cheryl LaVette Earls; one granddaughter, Bria Nicole Earls; one brother, Olden “Sugar Boy” (Yvonne) Budden, Sr.; four sisters: Eartha Lee English, Fannie (William) Lanon, Barbara (Alonzo) Richburg, and Paris (John) Williams; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.

May the work I've done speak for me

Deacon Budden's determination and strong work ethic were remarkable. Prior to college, he served in the United States Army for two years (1957-1959) with an Honorable Discharge. He took great pride in providing for his family and in his early years he worked two full-time jobs teaching school during the day and working the night shift at the hospital as an orderly getting only a few hours of sleep in between to ensure that all of "his girls" graduated from college (debt free). He made immeasurable contributions throughout his professional career touching the lives of so many working in multiple other roles, but primarily as a mathematics educator:

- Telfair County School System – McRae, Georgia
- Carver Junior High School – Albany, Georgia
- Dougherty Junior High School – Albany, Georgia
- Dougherty High School – Albany, Georgia
- Adult Basic Education Program - Lee State Prison in Leesburg, Georgia
- Adult Basic Education Program – Lee Correctional Institution in Rembert, SC







A Tribute from The Girls

Today, we honor a husband, a father, and a grandfather who lived his life as a testament to quiet strength, unwavering presence, and gentle guidance. To us, he was simply everything, and we were his girls. He built his life on a foundation of consistency, character, and love, and he taught us what it meant to show up for the people you cherish.

He was a man of few words, but his presence filled every room. When he spoke, you listened; when he was silent, you felt seen. He had a gift for understanding what was in our hearts without a word being said. His love wasn't found in grand gestures, but in the steadfast rhythm of his life—in the morning grits, the birthday cards sent for no reason, and the simple, profound act of just being there. Whether it was a hospital visit, a school play, or a six-hour drive to say goodbye to a friend, he was there. He taught us that the greatest gift you can give is your time and your presence.

He was our first hero and our forever guide. He saw the potential in us even when we didn't see it in ourselves, encouraging a path that would lead to a life of purpose. He was the calm in a crisis, the steady hand through uncertainty, and the man who showed us how to care for others with grace and strength. In his final years, we were blessed to be able to give back a portion of the care he had always given us, a full-circle moment of love and devotion that we will treasure forever.

The void he leaves is deep, but his legacy is deeper still. It lives on in the lessons he taught us, the memories we share, and the love that will forever bind us as "his girls."

Dad, you were my first hero, teaching me strength and kindness. You supported every game and every dream, always putting family first. I will miss you deeply, but I know you are at peace. Rest well.

Love, Angela

Dad, thank you for being the best father a girl could have and for encouraging me to be a nurse. I am so grateful I could be your clinical advocate, but it was always God who was the healer. Thank you for trusting me. Rest easy, you've done well.

Love, Cheryl

Grandpa, I am so grateful for the laughs and for your silent presence. I'll miss you here on earth, but the example you set and your impact will be felt every day—especially on our day, which will never be the same without you.

Love, Bria

Fun Facts & London's Favorite Things

- **Dad truly did it his way and was always a man's man till the end.**
- **He was very clever and always found a way.**
- **He liked things a certain way and was always very organized.**
- **His food didn't touch and he ate it in a certain order.**
- **He always saved his toast with jelly and coffee to savor last from his breakfast.**
- **He was an avid gardener and had a massive crop loaded with collards, black-eyed peas, okra, cucumbers, squash, peanuts, lima beans, watermelon, and tomatoes. He even had pear trees.**
- **He always sung along with the Liberty commercial - "Liberty, Liberty, Liberty"!**
- **Dad knew every Andy Griffith, Gomer Pyle, and Perry Mason episode.**
- **He was proud of his military service and loved being a mathematician.**
- **Christmas was his favorite holiday and he was like a kid when it came to opening gifts.**
- **He opened all mail and packages that came to his address whether his name was on it or not.**
- **Dad loved to drink Dr. Pepper, Pepsi, and ice-cold water. And don't try to take it away too fast. When the glass appeared empty or he'd tell you "there's one more swig in there." Kind of like his take on life. The glass was always half full.**

A Note from Heaven

If I could write from Heaven, this is what I'd say,
Please don't miss me too much,
I'm with you throughout your day.
You may not see or hear me, but if you're quiet and still,
You may just feel my presence;
because, in Heaven, there is free will.
Don't worry for the day, it will come and go as planned,
Enjoy each moment you are given,
Keep worry from your hand.
Keep sorrow to a minimum;
For if Heaven you could see,
You'd know I'm safe and happy
I did not cease to be.
Moments in time are brief,
until we'll be together again,
as Eternity lasts forever,
our lives, they have no end.

Love, Dad & Grandpa

An actual card London left for his girls



Back Together Again

I walked alone through endless days,
Lost in a world wrapped in a haze.
Your laughter gone, your touch so far,
Yet still, you shone-my guiding star.
The bed grew cold, the house stood still,
No warmth to chase the creeping chill.
I whispered prayers into the night,
Dreaming you'd hold me, hold me tight.
Then came the day my time had passed,
The pain was gone-I'd come home at last.
And there you stood, just like back then,
Smiling bright-back together again.
No more sorrow, no more pain,
No more waiting in the rain.
Hand in hand, like we began,
Forevermore, back together again.

Honorary Pall Bearers and Flower Bearers

JMBC Deacons and Deaconess

Flower Bearers

Estonna Wells Jarrett

Melody Jordan

Lekisha Fulwood

Yolanda Richburg-Massey

Sivitra Lighty

Kisha Townsell

Marchetta Williams

Lashondra Daniels

Pall Bearers

Glen Clark

Thomas Jordan

Olden Budden, Jr.

James Budden, Jr.

Reginald Felder

Tyrone Felder

Acknowledgements

With sincere appreciation, the family of the late London Budden, Jr. wishes to thank the McLeod Hospice Staff, the Jehovah Missionary Baptist Church Family, and our many friends and family for their expressions of kindness shown during the illness and death of our beloved one. May God continue to bless each of you.

To share a memory of Mr. Budden or send a condolence to his family, please visit:

www.londonbudden.com

In lieu of flowers, please make donations to:

Jehovah Missionary Baptist Church

609 Manning Avenue, Sumter, SC 29150