

It is with profound sadness that we announce the heavenly transition of Whitney Angel Bowden, age 38, of Columbus, Ohio, who entered eternal rest on Sunday, June 14, 2026, in Cincinnati, Ohio. She was born on Tuesday, January 12, 1988, in Atlantic City, New Jersey.



Friends are cordially invited to a visitation with the family from 10:00 am until 11:00 am, on Thursday, July 2, 2026, at the Walker Funeral Home - Mt. Healthy, 7272 Hamilton Avenue, Mt. Healthy (45231). The funeral service will immediately follow the visitation, beginning at 11:00 am. Friends and family will gather to share memories, find solace in one another's company, and honor the legacy she leaves behind.



Whitney Angel Bowden

A Celebration of Life

January 12, 1988 - June 14, 2026

Thursday, July 2, 2026
Walker Funeral Home - Mt. Healthy
7272 Hamilton Avenue, Mt. Healthy, Ohio 45231

Acknowledgements

Whitney leaves to cherish her memory:

Siblings: Gary Gross, Sandra Hildebrand,
Connie Singh, Timothy Newbill, Antheus Bowden,
and Raymel Bowden

Also a host of aunts, uncles, cousins,
extended family, and dear friends
who will forever hold her in their hearts.

The family of Whitney Angel Bowden wishes to
express their sincere gratitude for the many acts of
kindness, love, and support shown during this
difficult time.

Your prayers, calls, visits, flowers, and words of
comfort have meant more than words can express.
May God bless each of you for your thoughtfulness
and generosity.

With heartfelt appreciation,
The Bowden Family

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted
and saves those who are crushed in spirit."
Psalm 34:18

THE WOLF

SHE WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE CAGED BY ORDINARY THINGS. SHE
WALKED THROUGH LIFE LIKE A WOLF BENEATH A SILVER MOON—
WILD ENOUGH TO CHASE HER OWN PATH, GENTLE ENOUGH TO
GUIDE THOSE SHE LOVED HOME.

ANGEL CARRIED A FEARLESS SPIRIT, THE KIND THAT STARED
STORMS IN THE EYE AND DARED THEM TO DO THEIR WORST. WHEN
LIFE GREW DARK, SHE BECAME HER OWN LIGHT, BURNING BRIGHT
WITH COURAGE, LAUGHTER, AND A HEART TOO STRONG TO
SURRENDER.

SHE SAW BEAUTY WHERE OTHERS SAW EMPTINESS:
IN THE WHISPER OF THE WIND THROUGH THE TREES
IN THE GLOW OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY
IN THE HOWL OF WOLVES CALLING TO ONE ANOTHER ACROSS THE
DISTANCE

SHE UNDERSTOOD THEM—THEIR LOYALTY, THEIR STRENGTH, THEIR
UNTAMED SOULS. LIKE THE WOLF, SHE PROTECTED HER PACK
FIERCELY. LIKE THE WOLF, SHE LOVED DEEPLY AND WITHOUT
CONDITIONS. AND LIKE THE WOLF, SHE NEVER LOST HERSELF
TRYING TO BELONG.

HER CREATIVITY PAINTED COLOR INTO EVERY ROOM SHE ENTERED.
SHE TURNED SIMPLE MOMENTS INTO MEMORIES, ORDINARY DAYS
INTO ADVENTURES, AND STRANGERS INTO FRIENDS. THE WORLD
FELT LARGER, BRIGHTER, AND MORE ALIVE BECAUSE SHE WAS
HERE.

NOW, WHEN THE NIGHT SETTLES QUIETLY UPON US, I IMAGINE HER
RUNNING FREE BENEATH AN ENDLESS SKY, WHERE NO PAIN CAN
FOLLOW, WHERE EVERY STAR KNOWS HER NAME. AND IF YOU
LISTEN CAREFULLY, PAST THE SORROW, PAST THE SILENCE, YOU
MAY HEAR THE DISTANT SONG OF A WOLF ON THE WIND—NOT A
GOODBYE, BUT A REMINDER THAT FEARLESS SOULS NEVER TRULY
LEAVE.

THEY LIVE ON IN EVERY STORY TOLD, EVERY LAUGH REMEMBERED,
EVERY HEART THEY TOUCHED. AND ANGEL'S SPIRIT—WILD,
BEAUTIFUL, AND UNBREAKABLE—WILL RUN BESIDE US FOREVER.