

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

ANGELA

REAMES

Mases

PALLBEARERS

Camden High Class of 1986

FLORAL BEARERS

Camden High Class of 1986
Wateree Community Actions

EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE

Perhaps you sent a lovely card, or sat quietly in a chair, perhaps you sent a flower; if so, we saw it there. Perhaps you spoke the kindest word, as many a friend could say, or you were not there at all, just prayed for us that day. Whatever you did to console our hearts, thank you so much whatever the part. May God richly bless each of you.

The Family

INTERMENT

Forest Lawn Memorial Park
Camden, South Carolina

Professional Services Entrusted to
Reverend Anthony J. Bracy, Jr. and the Staff of

Collins Funeral Home, Inc.
714 West DeKalb St. | Camden, SC 29020
803-432-3636
www.georgecollinsfh.com

COLLINS

Since 1914



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TUESDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 2025

12:00 PM

Camden First United Methodist Church
704 W. Dekalb Street
Camden, South Carolina

HER STORY

ANGELA

REAMES

Moses

ANGELA REAMES-MOSES made her entrance into this world on November 24, 1967. She was born in Bishopville, South Carolina to parents, Irene Huggins Reames and Leroy Reames. Angela peacefully entered into eternal rest on January 20, 2025, at her home in Camden, South Carolina.

Angela attended Kershaw County public schools and graduated from Camden High School in the class of 1986. She would then go on to attend Columbia Junior College. Angela was a member of Camden First United Methodist Church. She was united in holy matrimony to Lawrence Moses Jr.

Her favorite hobbies were couponing and shopping. Angela was a die-hard Cowboy's fan. She always believed that this year would be their year and when it wasn't, she was still a proud supporter of Cowboy nation. Angela loved spending time with her grandkids, kids and family. Her kids joke that if it wasn't for Sterling, she would never have found her forever job, working at Wateree Community Action Kershaw County HeadStart. She began as a volunteer and would later become employed as a teacher assistant and bus driver. She will be missed by not only her family, but her HeadStart family and the little people that she picked up in the mornings and dropped off in the evenings.

Angela was preceded in death by her brother, Bruce Artrell Reames.

Those left to cherish her memories include her husband, Lawrence Moses Jr.; her parents, Irene H. Reames and Leroy Reames; her children, Amira Reames, Ashton Reames, and Sterling Gamble; her stepchildren, Amanda (Donnell) Ransom, Quentin Moses, Ahmad (Carla) Ransom, and Sha-keem Coleman; her best friend, Carrie Prioleau; mother-in-law, Estelle Moses; 13 grandchildren; three sisters-in-law; one brother-in-law; a host of aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and friends.



ORDER

OF Service

Rev. Gwendolyn T. White, Presiding Pastor

Processional
Words of Grace

Hymn of Praise
Invocation

Old Testament

New Testament
Affirmation of Faith

Gloria Patri
Selection

Reflections

Her Children
Community
Church

Acknowledgements
Selection

Words of Comfort

Commendation

Dismissal with Blessing
Recessional

Rev. Keith Hunter
Pastor of Mt. Zion UMC, Kingstree, SC
Camden First Voices and Congregation
Rev. Ellis White, Jr.
Pastor of Edisto Fork UMC, Orangeburg, SC

Rev. Keith Hunter
Pastor of Mt. Zion UMC, Kingstree, SC
Rev. Keith Hunter
#881

Chrisandra Jennings

Ashton, Amira and Sterling
Cedric Kirkman
Brigitte Tucker

Emily Johnson
Rikiah Shaw
Rev. Blondell Miller
Retired Pastor, UMC Hartsville District

Victor Reid



HER BEAUTIFUL LEGACY:

She taught young minds with care and grace,
At Head Start, she always found her place.
Driving the buses, keeping the score,
Her love for the game—and life—meant more.

Her heart belonged to her grandkids,
To practices, games, and all they held dear.
A chauffeur, a fan, a proud guiding light,
She gave them her days and cherished each night.

With coupons in hand, she had a plan!
On Christmas, birthdays, or Valentine's Day,
Her baskets of goodies always found their way.
Toothpaste, soap, and paper towels galore,
Who knew household gifts could mean so much more?

And oh, how she loved her Cowboys team,
Through every touchdown, loss, and dream.
A fan through it all, loyal and true, cheering
them on in her Dallas blue!

With love for her husband and home's sweet grace,
she decorated each season and best believe
she filled every space.

We'll miss her laugh, her warmth, her care,
But her spirit surrounds us everywhere.
So here's to her life, her joy, her heart,
Forever with us, though we're apart.

by Amanda Ransom

Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
I am I, and you are you. Whatever we were to each
Other, that we still are.
Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the
Easy way which you always used. Put no difference
in your tone, where no forced air of solemnity or
Sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed at little jokes we
Enjoyed together.
Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that is always
Was, let it be spoken without effect, without the
Trace of shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it
Ever was; there is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very
Near, just around the corner.
All is well

-- Henry Scott Holland

ANGELA
REAMES

Moses

