



I will always treasure the memories of growing up with you and the fun we had whenever we saw each other at holidays, birthdays, and family gatherings. You brought laughter, energy, and warmth wherever you went – literally the life of the party at every event. Even as life grew busier and we got older and became mothers, I always looked forward to the times we could be together, reconnect and talk about our lives. I never imagined that the last time I'd see you would be a random day at the zoo. We both happened to be there with our boys, ran into each other completely unexpectedly, and ended up spending time together and making the sweetest memories. Out of all the places we could've been that day, what were the chances of us ending up in the same place at the same time? I truly believe that was God, giving us one more beautiful memory together without either of us knowing just how precious it would become. We had the BEST time, and I'm so grateful we got that day together. If only I had known it would be our last, I would've held onto every second a little lighter.

You were truly the life of every gathering, and your presence brought our family a joy that will never fade. I will miss you more deeply than words can express, but I will carry our childhood memories, your radiant spirit, and the good times we had in my heart forever. The light you brought into our lives will continue to shine through all of us who were blessed to know you. Love you so much Meka girl. *Zhoe Patterson*

Pallbearers

Friends of the Family

Flower Bearers

Bonnie Whitehead - Bre'Ann Whitehead
Brooke Whitehead - Blaire Whitehead

Acknowledgement

The Family of Shameka Ann Whitehead Bell wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, kindness, and support shown to us during this hour of bereavement. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your support and comfort. It is immensely appreciated!



RENFRO PATTERSON & JORDAN FUNERAL HOME
THE CHAPEL OF PEACE CINCINNATI

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In Loving Memory of



Shameka
ANN WHITEHEAD BELL

SUNRISE SUNSET
AUGUST 13, 2002 | OCTOBER 2, 2026

SATURDAY – OCTOBER 17, 2026

VISITATION: 10:00 AM
SERVICE: 11:00 AM



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
3640 ROLL AVENUE
CINCINNATI, OH 45223
PASTOR RONNIE DUPUY | SENIOR PASTOR

Obituary

Shameka Ann Whitehead Bell left us far too soon on October 2, 2026, at age 24. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on August 13, 2002, to Karen Bell and Juandais Whitehead, Sr.

Shameka attended and graduated from Orion Academy on the West Side where she was a was a member of the girls’ championship basketball team. She brought light, laughter, and boundless energy wherever she went. Her compassion and zest for life inspired everyone who knew her. As a devoted social media content creator, she loved sharing the best of her hometown, Cincinnati, with friends, family, and followers. Her joyful posts celebrated Reds Opening Day, Bengals tailgates, Taste of Cincinnati, the Cincinnati Zoo, and the city’s vibrant LGBTQ+ celebrations. She found magic in every festival and gathering and was always ready for her next adventure.

Compassion was at the heart of Shameka’s dreams. She hoped to become a nurse, guided by a deep desire to help and heal others. She was also learning to cook and quickly became known for her creativity in the kitchen, eagerly sharing new dishes with loved ones. Whether cheering for her favorite teams or enjoying time with family and friends, she embraced every moment with spirit, humor and love.

Shameka is survived by her beloved son, Phoenix Whitehead Bell; her devoted mother, Karen Bell; her loving father, Juandais Whitehead, Sr.; her siblings, Ebone, Juandais II, Senessia, Shalya, Santais, Santion, and Sirentais; one great uncle, Albert “Ceon” Taylor; uncles Diondre, Sr., Frank, Jr., and Brandon; Her godparents, Bridgett and Jon Patterson; many nieces, nephews, very special cousins, extended relatives including the Todd and Williams families, and close friends.

Family and friends will forever remember Shameka as a little firecracker! Spirited, unforgettable, and full of life. Words can scarcely capture her essence, but those who knew her will never forget the joy and resilience she brought to the world. Though our hearts ache, we will cherish the laughter, adventures, and memories she gave us. Her legacy of love, courage, and wholehearted living is a gift we will carry always.

We'll Look for You in the Sunrise

I like to think of you in the quiet parts of the morning.
Not in the heavy grief of the ending,
out in the way the light slowly finds its way through the dark.
You ran your race so beautifully.
You loved us so deeply.
And though our hands have to let go for now,
we know exactly where you are.
Rest easy in the grace you always talked about.
We'll look for you in the sunrise.

Order of Service

ORGAN PRELUDE Musician

PARTING VIEW Immediate Family

SCRIPTURE READING Juandais Whitehead, Sr. Old Testament: New Testament:

PRAYER Pastor Ronnie DuPuy

SELECTION “Got To Be There” Michael Jackson

REMARKS Family and Friends (Two Minutes Please – Limit Five People)

READING OF OBITUARY Read Silently

LITURGICAL DANCE Jariyah Burnett

THE EULOGY Pastor Ronnie DuPuy

BENEDICTION Clergy

RECESSIONAL Clergy, Family and Friends

Tributes

"We’re going to miss your goofiness, your outrageous jokes and your humor, too. we'd give anything to laugh with you again, to hear your voice and be around you. You brought so much laughter into our lives, and our memories will forever remain. No words can explain how much we miss you, or how much our hearts ache with pain. We love you so much, Sista. Until we meet again, you'll forever be in our hearts." *Senessia & Shalya*

“I love you forever, Auntie. You lived your truth with no regrets, and your legacy lives on through your son and all of us who love you.” *Eshauna "Shaunbie*

"I love you and miss you already. Wish this could have been different. Until we meet again." *Emonnie "Tank”*

“I remember as kids we would go on many adventures. Whether it was snowboarding on cardboard behind schools, or finding something to do before the streetlights came on, LOL! Those memories can never be replaced and I'll cherish them forever.” *Naesha*

"Sissy" - My one and only sister. As I sit here and write this last message with tears in my eyes, my brain still doesn't process this loss. I was so excited to finally have a Lil sister who I could talk to, love, and protect. You was one of my babies nonetheless. Way more than just a sibling. Everybody knows I never played about you, and you never played about me. Remember when you would get in trouble? LOL! Daddy and Karen used to say "Ima call your sissy". Man, you used to beg them not to call me. Words can't describe how much I love you. So, I put it into action. It's comforting to me to know that you love me without any doubts. Always and forever, your 1st and eldest, "Big Sissy". *Ebone*

My Dearest Meka,
I can't bring myself to say you're in a better place, because the selfish part of my heart still wants you here with me-to see your smile, watch you dance, and hear your laugh. I'll miss you calling to ask if I'm cooking, then walking in without knocking because our home has always been yours. You'd lift the lid, smell the food, take a taste, and tell me exactly what it needed. I'd add that special ingredient and proudly watch you enjoy it. I believe everything happens for a reason, even when that reason is beyond our understanding. I just wish we hadn't had to say goodbye so soon. I'll love you until it's my turn-and beyond. Watching you grow into the woman you became and sharing in every milestone has been one of my greatest joys. *"Aunt" Bridgett*

“Child! You are my first baby sister, and I helped raise you as my own. As your big brother, I was your protector and taught you to live life with no limits. I’m going to miss our love-hate bond—the arguments we lived for. Our lives together would not have been the same without that part. I hate that you are no longer here to fight with! At the end of the day, we still loved as hard as we fought. Rest easy baby sis. Love you always and I am missing you.” *Li’l Juan*