



A Letter From Heaven

When tomorrow starts without me
 And I'm not there to see
 If the sun should rise and find your eyes
 filled with tears for me.
 I wish so much you wouldn't cry
 The way you did today
 While thinking of the many things
 We didn't get to say.
 I know how much you love me
 As much as I love you
 And each time that you think of me
 I know you'll miss me too.
 When tomorrow starts without me
 Don't think we're far apart
 For every time you think of me
 I'm right there in your heart.
 - Author Unknown

Pallbearers

Family & Friends

Acknowledgements

The family of Ms. Annabelle Foster, wishes to express their sincere appreciation for the many acts of kindness, words of support, and expressions of sympathy during the passing of their loved one. May God shower His richest blessings upon you.



Services Entrusted To:

Ozella J. Foster Funeral Services
 4100 Dr. Martin Luther King Drive ~ St. Louis, MO 63113
 Tel. 314-652-3305 ~ Email: info@ozellajf.com
 *"To Him We Give The Glory"*

*Celebration
 of Life for*



Ms. Annabelle FOSTER

Sunrise: - **Sunset:**
 November 14, 1930 - September 14, 2025

Saturday, September 27, 2025 - 10:00 AM

Rev. Keith Pendilton, Pastor

True Light Missionary Baptist Church
 2838 James Cool Papa Bell Ave. | St. Louis, MO 63106




Reflections of Life

Born to Burt and Fannie Foster November 14, 1930, Annabelle was the first girl to make an appearance to this union. Her older brother Elbert, and older sister Ella Dee (from Burt's previous marriage), then came James, Elliot & Louis, who were fascinated with this tiny thing that cried all the time demanding Fannie's attention. She tugged on their heart strings, earning her the nickname *Bae* and *Lil Sister*. Even her younger siblings, Luvenia and Robert called her that.

Annabelle moved from her birthplace of England, Arkansas to St. Louis, MO, with her family after the death of her father at the tender age of six. She was educated at Dunbar and Vashon High School.

At the urging of her aunt, Annie Belle Holloway, they attended True Light, M. B. Church and were baptized under the tutelage of Dr. R.C. Clopton. Annabelle remained faithful until God saw fit to call her home. She was dutiful at serving in the church and was a part of the choir, BTU, PTL, Hospitality Team, Sunday School, Usher, and the Mother's Board. Not only did she engage in church activities she made sure that her children were introduced to the Lord and served in the church as well.

As she matured into a beautiful young woman who was versatile in many work skills and personality, God blessed Annabelle with two daughters, Sylvia (John Hornaday) and Kim (Steven Jackson) who preceded her in death.

All who know her will tell you that she is the epitome of hospitality; from allowing the homeless to share her home, orchestrating people to gather in fellowship, taking groups of children in the neighborhood to carnivals and circuses, family bar-b-ques, and dinners for the hungry. All who knew her were touched in some way by her kindness.

She will be missed by her daughter, Sylvia Hornaday; six grandchildren, Ma'Shella (Robinson, Daniel), John, Jr. (Angela), Jo'Juan p.h. (Giselle), Le'Ron, Melanie Jackson, Steve Jackson (Quieta); seventeen great-grandchildren; twenty-two great-great-grandchildren; a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, extended family, friends & Weuther's Carmel Candy Company.

Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL	Pastor Keith Pendilton
SCRIPTURE Old Testament New Testament	Pastor Keith Pendilton
PRAYER	Pastor Keith Pendilton
SELECTION	True Light MBC Choir
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS & CONDOLENCES	Sis. Maggie McFadden
SELECTION	Min. Angela Hornaday & Joseph Prophet
SPECIAL MEMORIES	Kim Haney-Jones
MINISTER REMARKS	Please limit to two minutes
LIFE REFLECTIONS	Read silently to music
SELECTION	Min. Angela Hornaday & Joseph Prophet
WORDS OF COMFORT	Pastor Keith Pendilton
PARTING VIEW	Ozella J. Foster Funeral Directors
BENEDICTION	
RECESSIONAL	

Interment

Lake Charles Park Cemetery
7775 St. Charles Rock Rd. | Saint Louis, MO 63114

Repast

Immediately following Interment
at True Light M.B. Church

My Mother My Angel

Once upon a time an angel held my hand.
She wiped away my tears and helped me understand.
Our time on earth is brief; there's lessons to be learned.
Each precious day God gives us another page is turned.

Every chapter full of memories, times of joy and tears,
Triumphs and defeats through every passing year.
She loved us unconditionally, always by our sides,
When no one else would listen, in her we could confide.

With gentle words of wisdom, she led us on our way,
Down the path of righteousness if ever we did stray.
She saw the light in everyone and gave with no regrets,
Always from her heart let's not forget.

Angels come in many forms, for me it is my mother,
With love I cannot say in words there'll never be another.
Everything she taught me as I stroll down memory lane,
Thank you God for giving me the most priceless of all treasures.
Help me Lord to keep alive her memory here forever.

I pray that we all could someday be everything she hoped I would,
That she's smiling down from heaven knowing she did good.
As we gather here today, there's no ending to her story.
Another chapter has begun full of grace and glory.

God's called her to His heavenly home, part of His great plan.
Although it may be hard, we all must understand.
Faith is what is hoped for, things we cannot see,
Heaven is promised to all of us if only we believe.

-Author Unknown