

CELEBRATION OF LIFE *Memorial*

MS.

Tommie Lee Nichols

SUNRISE: August 22, 1927

SUNSET: November 17, 2023



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 2023

VISITATION: 10:00 A.M. | FUNERAL SERVICE: 11:00 A.M.

SHALOM CHURCH (CITY OF PEACE)

5491 N. Highway 67 | Florissant, MO 63034

DR. FREDDIE JAMES CLARK, Officiant

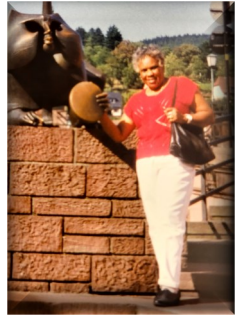
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Life Reflections

Tommie Lee Nichols was born on August 22, 1927 in Sunflower, Mississippi to the union of the late Tom Phillips and Susie Howard Phillips. Tommie was the first child of six children. Her father, mother, two sisters (Frankie Green and Ethal Bush); two brothers (Edward and Charles Phillips); a daughter (Valerie Jefferson) and two sons (Leamon Nichols Jr., and Steven Nichols) preceded her in death.

Tommie received her education at the Free Union School in Madison County, Mississippi. She confessed a hope in Christ at an early age and joined the Free Union Methodist Church. After growing up and marrying Leamon Nichols (preceded her in death), they left Mississippi and moved to St. Louis, Missouri where four children were born. Later she moved her family to the Pruitt/Igoe Housing Complex where she joined the Morning Star Baptist Church. Tommie eventually became a member of the Shalom Church (City of Peace) under the guides of Dr. Freddie James Clark at the Berkeley Campus then finally at the Lindbergh Campus.

Tommie leaves to celebrate her Homegoing: her son – Raymond Lee Nichols (Launice) of Warrensburg, Missouri; her sister – Helen Moore of St. Louis, Missouri; eleven grandchildren; and a host of great grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.



Order of Service

Processional

Scripture Reading

Old Testament Psalm 23:1-6

New Testament Revelation 7:13-17

Prayer

DR. FREDDIE JAMES CLARK

Selection

EVELYN BUSH OR SHALOM CHURCH (CITY OF PEACE)

Acknowledgements / Condolences

SHALOM CHURCH (CITY OF PEACE)

Family Tribute

ROMEY GREEN

Life Reflections

(Read silently, soft music)

Selection

EVELYN BUSH OR SHALOM CHURCH (CITY OF PEACE)

Words of Comfort

DR. FREDDIE JAMES CLARK

Closing Prayer

DR. FREDDIE JAMES CLARK

Recessional

Interment

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY

2000 Pennsylvania Ave.

St. Louis, MO 63133

Casket Bearers

Chontel Stanburry

Lonnie Nichols

Glenn Nichols

William Whiteside

LaVelle Bush

Erick Quinn

Honorary Casket Bearers

Andre Wilson

Noah Legel

Arkeem Patterson

Franchot Walker

Marquis Wilson

Christian Stanburry

MOTHER, A CRADLE TO HOLD ME

Poem by Maya Angelou

*"It is true I was created in you. It is also true that you were created for me.
I owned your voice. It was shaped and tuned to soothe me.
Your arms were molded into a cradle to hold me, to rock me.
The scent of your body was the air perfumed for me to breathe.
Mother, during those early, dearest days
I did not dream that you had a large life which included me,
For I had a life which was only you.
Time passed steadily and drew us apart. I was unwilling.
I feared if I let you go you would leave me eternally.
You smiled at my fears, saying I could not stay in your lap forever.
That one day you would have to stand and where would I be?
You smiled again. I did not. Without warning you left me,
But you returned immediately. You left again and returned, I admit, quickly,
But relief did not rest with me easily.
You left again, but again returned. You left again, but again returned.
Each time you reentered my world you brought assurance.
Slowly I gained confidence.
You thought you know me, but I did know you,
You thought you were watching me,
But I did hold you securely in my sight,
Recording every moment, memorizing your smiles, tracing your frowns.
In your absence I rehearsed you, the way you had of singing on a breeze,
While a sob lay at the root of your song.
The way you posed your head so that the light could caress your face
When you put your fingers on my hand and your hand on my arm,
I was blessed with a sense of health, of strength and very good fortune.
You were always the heart of happiness to me,
Bringing nougats of glee, sweets of open laughter.
I loved you even during the years when you knew nothing
And I knew everything, I loved you still.
Condescendingly of course, from my high perch of teenage wisdom.
I spoke sharply of you, often because you were slow to understand.
I grew older and was stunned to find
How much knowledge you had gleaned. And so quickly.
Mother, I have learned enough now to know I have learned nearly nothing.
On this day when mothers are being honored,
Let me thank you that my selfishness, ignorance, and mockery
Did not bring you to discard me like a broken doll which had lost its favor.
I thank you that you still find something in me
To cherish, to admire and to love.
I thank you, Mother.
I love you."*

Professional Services Entrusted To:

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