

In Loving Memory

OF



BRENDA DIANE MITCHELL

MARCH 16, 1952 - SEPTEMBER 12, 2023

Tuesday, October 3, 2023

SERVICE: 12:00 NOON - 2:00 P.M.

Joseph H. Brown Jr. Funeral Home

2140 N. FULTON AVENUE | BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T

The family gratefully acknowledges the many kind and beautiful expressions of sympathy and love shown during its hour of bereavement.



R E P A S T

Faith Hope Baptist Church
3752 West Belvedere Avenue
Windsor Mill, Maryland

O B I T U A R Y

BRENDA DIANE MITCHELL was born to the late Rufus Willard and Annabel (Malone) Mitchell on March 16, 1952, in Baltimore City, Maryland. She departed this life peacefully on September 12, 2023, after a long illness, where God carried her to a peaceful home in glory. She is preceded in death by a devoted friend for over 10 years, Mr. Willie McKoy.

Brenda was educated in the Baltimore City Public Schools System. She attended Lake Clifton/Eastern High School. Brenda was employed at Virginia Bakery in 1968. She also held a position as a bus attendant from 1985 to 2012 at City Wide Bus Company.

Brenda loved cooking meals for all to enjoy. Her favorite dish was barbecue spareribs. Brenda's interests included dancing, listening to music, watching movies, decorating her home during the holidays, getting her hair washed, playing scratch offs, and taking trips to Family Dollar store with Chakita.

Brenda shared a close relationship with her family, especially her siblings. Barbara would call to check on her every day and simply ask how she was doing. Although she wasn't always feeling well, Brenda would reply "I'm alright." Gloria and Brenda would always argue while playing cards as Brenda would accuse Gloria of cheating. Angela and Brenda had their ups and downs but nevertheless they loved each other.

Brenda leaves to cherish her memory: her daughter, Francine Moore; two sons, Steven Moore and Gary Moore; two daughters-in-law, Morna Moore and Tanya Moore; sister-in-law, Virginia (Jenny) Mitchell; three sisters, Gloria (Jean) Harris, Angela (Bernie) Mitchell, and Barbara (Duck) Mitchell; grandchildren, Chakita, Christian, Steven 3rd, Jaden, Jada, Shavon, Khary, and Shamira; a host of great-grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives, and friends. She was preceded in death by her brothers, Glenn Mitchell, and Ronald Mitchell and two sisters, Marsha Mitchell-Bastfield and Francine Mitchell.

O R D E R O F S E R V I C E

Rev. Richard Mosley, *Officiating*
New Solid Rock Pentecostal Church

HYMN

SCRIPTURE READINGS
Old Testament – Tyshae Mosley
New Testament – MaKiyah McNair

PRAYER OF COMFORT
Elder Natarsha Valines

SELECTION
Rev. Richard A. Mosley, Sr.

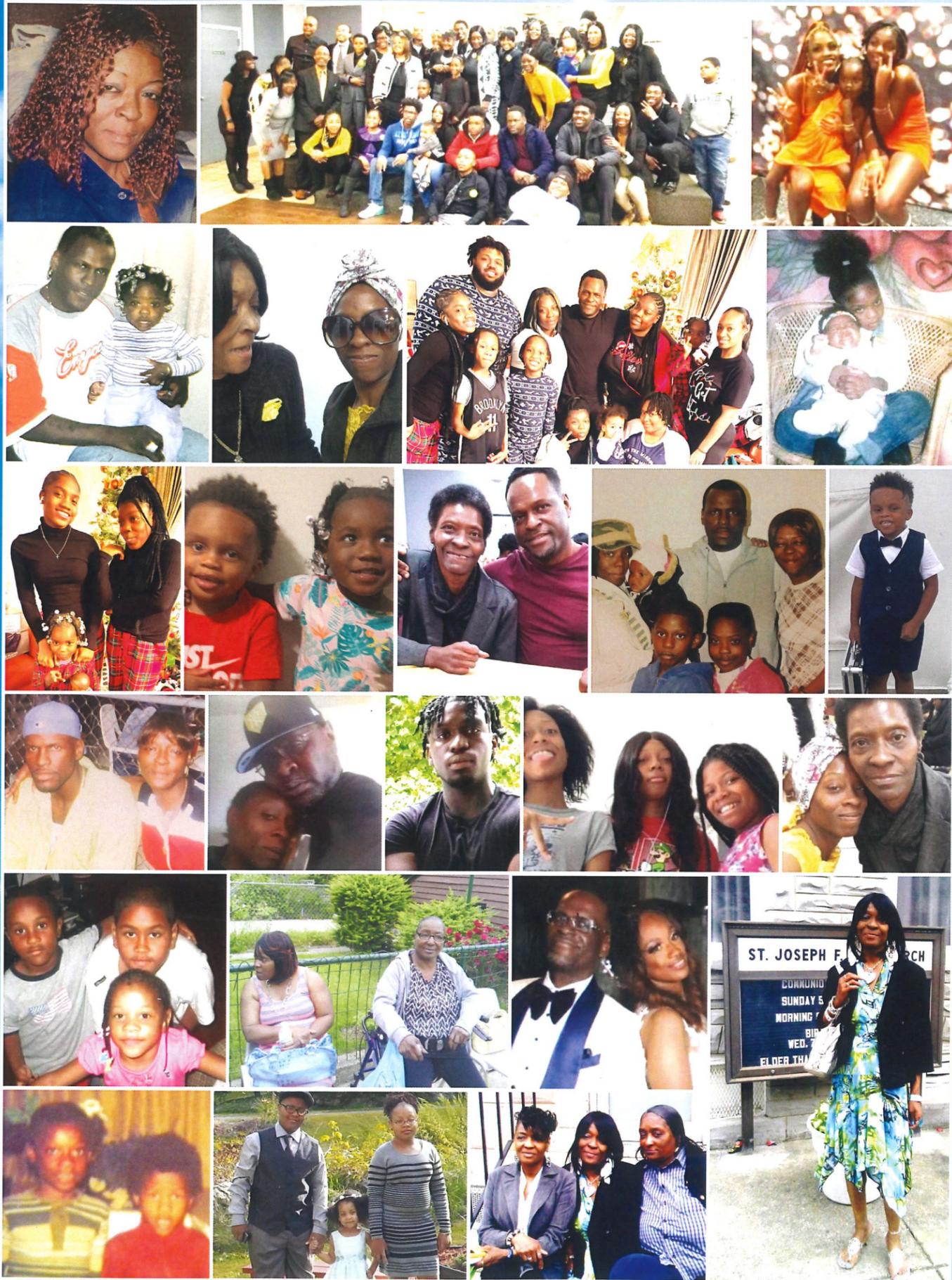
LITURGICAL DANCE
Tyshae Mosley and MaKiyah McNair

OBITUARY
Kindra Stokes

REMARKS
(2 minutes please)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
Elder Natarsha Valines

EULOGY/BENEDICTION
Rev. Richard A. Mosley, Sr.



My Mother

Look up to the sky
 Now tell me what you see,
 A cloud, the moon, possibly the sun
 Many answers there will be.
 When I look up to the sky
 I'll tell you what I see,
 I see my mother
 And she's looking back at me.
 She tells me she didn't want to leave us
 But it was time for her to depart,
 It was the hardest thing she had to do
 And it's breaking her heart.
 She tells me we mustn't be sad
 Because finally she's pain free,
 She's found her place in heaven
 Underneath a blossom tree.
 She'll always be there to guide us
 When we feel we've lost the way,
 She'll always be there to comfort us
 And wipe those tears away.
 She'll always be there to share our joy
 And laugh at the jokes we make,
 In order to feel her presence
 Only a little imagination it'll take.
 She may be in the form of a butterfly
 Or simply a floating feather,
 Or hovering over like a busy bee
 Or simply part of the weather.
 You've all come here to say your farewell,
 But for me it's not goodbye,
 If I want to see her, all I have to do
 Is look up to the sky.

From Francine, Steven and Gary

Grandma

There's this one special person
 She's always on my mind,
 All the things we used to have
 Are so far behind.
 I wish she'd come back
 I wish she'd come to stay,
 She left this world
 And went so far away.
 Now that she's gone
 I always pray,
 The very last thing she said was
 Don't worry about me, I'll be okay.
 When she was here
 She told me not to cry,
 But I could not help it
 I knew in a short time she'd die.
 Ever since she left
 It hasn't been the same,
 I don't know why
 But I feel I'm the one to blame.
 I tried my best
 To keep her here,
 Now that she's gone
 All I feel is fear.
 I know she's watching over me
 That I do believe,
 I know I'll be with her someday
 Because I'll have to leave.

Sleep, My Sister

I wish you sweet sleep, my sister dear, although there's so much that you've left bare.
 I hate that you had to endure such pain, on my mind, your saddened eyes have left a stain.
 I want to know what crossed your mind, unspoken words you've left behind.
 Undone things we'll never do, no sharing thoughts you never knew.
 A peace has fallen upon your head, ataste of sorrow we have been fed.
 It really is like a hole in our lives, one swiftly dug but carved out by knives.
 But I have hope that those sleeping will rise, the Bible says that God will open their eyes.
 No suffering, sickness, yes not even pain, those who did good, eternal life they'll gain.
 So...sleep on, my sister; sleep tight, for now with you the sky is night.
 But after night will come daybreak, therefore, I will wait hoping to see you awake.

From Gloria, Angela, and Barbara



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