

*Berland*  
**FISHER**

SUNRISE: MAY 14, 1935 - SUNSET: APRIL 6, 2025

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 2025  
11:00 AM

GIDDENS MEMORIAL CHAPEL  
2610 N MARTIN LUTHER KING BLVD  
NORTH LAS VEGAS, NV 89032

# THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF

# Berland

# FISHER

“MOTHER”

Berland was born to Jametta Amanda Baker and John Brice on May 14, 1935, in Lonoke, Arkansas. She was the “baby girl” of 21 siblings who all preceded her in death.

Berland met Herman Lewis at a very young age. They married on January 9, 1952, and three children were born through this union: Berlinda, Virginia, and Renee. In 1956, she married Clifford Davis, and no children were born from this union. In July of 1963, Berland married Artie Fisher, Sr. Even though no children were born to this union, she was blessed with her daughter Linda and raised her as her own.

Berland loved to laugh and tell jokes, but most of all, she loved the Lord. Berland accepted Christ at an early age. She began her spiritual journey at Hosea Temple, then later joined Cross of Cavalry under the leadership of the late Bishop Davis. In 1983, she joined the Church of the Living God Pentecostal, where she was an active member who wore many hats. Known to her church family as “Sweet Elder Mother Berland Fisher”. She played the organ, piano, keyboard, and drums, served as the president and director of the choir, was ordained as an Elder, and loved to teach the word of God.

Berland was known to us by several different names, depending on where she was at the time. She was known as "Mother" by most of her family and friends, as “Aunt Berland” to all her nieces and nephews, as "Fish" to her coworkers at the United Corporation, and as “Berlee” to others. Regardless of how you knew her, she would always be remembered and known best for her sweet potato pies.

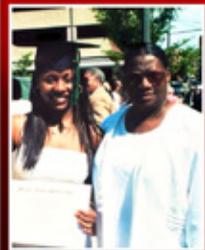
Mother was loved by many, and she loved us all. She was the backbone of our family, our prayer warrior, our confidant, and a mother to us all. She leaves to cherish and mourn her daughters: Berlinda Good (Kevin Murphy), Linda Smith, Virginia Marcus, and Renee Metcalf. Three sons at heart: Herman Cole, Albert Cole, and Craig (Judy) Lewis. Ten grandchildren: Tawana (Kelly), Harry Jr. (Shirleen), Imani, Unetta (Albert), Oretias (Keisha), Motilewa (Anthony), Artie Jr. (Carolynn), Nikita (Donta), Dafina, and Jimmie (Anna). A host of great-grandchildren, great-great-grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and cousins. Two special friends: Pastor Elder Tommy Sullivan of Memphis, TN, and Mrs. Colletta Floyd of Chicago, IL, who is a sister to her in heart.

THE LIFE CELEBRATION OF  
*Berland*  
FISHER

Elder Melissa Louden-Allen, Niece  
Funeral Officiant

Processional.....Clergy & Family  
Old Testament Scripture Reading - Psalm 23.....Kelly Sellers Jr., Great-Grandson  
New Testament Scripture Reading - John 14:1-3.....Dr. Erica Louden, MD, PhD, Niece  
Prayer of Comfort.....Officiated by Imani Good, Grandson  
Musical Selection.....“I Can Only Imagine”  
Obituary Reading & Acknowledgements.....Harry Smith II, Grandson  
Musical Selection.....“I Shall Wear A Crown”  
Expressions of Love and Remembrance.....Family & Friends  
(Please Limit To 2 Minutes Per Speaker)  
Musical Selection.....“Goin’ Up Yonder”  
Eulogy.....Pastor Elder Tommy Sullivan of Memphis, TN  
Recessional.....Clergy & Family

**FINAL RESTING PLACE**  
Palm Northwest Mortuary & Cemetery  
6701 N Jones Blvd  
Las Vegas, NV 89131





Hold My Hand 🤝

Mother, I never knew I would feel so much pain. There's no answer when I call your name. It feels like I can't go on. When you saw the tears in my eyes, you said, "Don't cry. Hold my hand." Mother suffered much. She faced her pain with courage until the very end. She tried so hard to stay with us. God saw her getting tired; a cure was not to be. Even though you are gone, your memory will live on and on. I know you want our family to be strong—  
Holding hands.

I love and miss you so much.

Your Daughter, Virginia



Dedication to Mother

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, From whence cometh my help."

Psalms 121:1 KJV

I will always love you Mother

Linda, your daughter

Mother,

I will cherish our times spent together, whether it was laughs, life lessons, or a shoulder to cry on. Memories with you were priceless. A great-grandmother's love is endless, and you've shown me that all my life. I love you and will miss you dearly. Keep watching over us.

Love, Malaysia Kennedy

A Limb Has Fallen

A limb has fallen from the family tree I keep hearing a voice that says,

"Grieve not for me" Remember the best times,

The laughter, the song. The good life I lived

While I was strong. Continue my heritage,

I'm counting on you, Keep smiling and surely

The sun will shine through. My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.

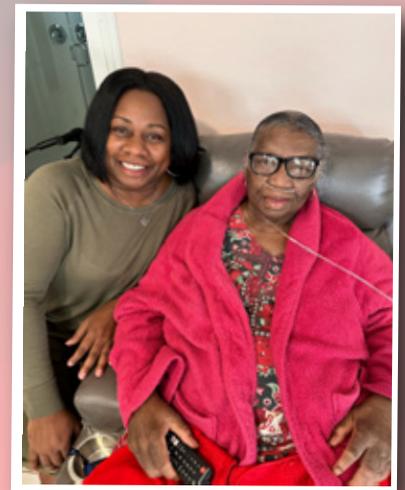
Remembering all, how I truly was blessed. Continue traditions,

No matter how small. Go on with your life, don't worry about falls

I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin. Until the day comes we're together again.

Author Unknown,

Dedicated by Motilewa Good-Johnson, Granddaughter



To Mother,

Usually, I would say, "Bye, Mother, I love you. See you later." But, in my heart, it was more than that— I need you to sing, love, and laugh with me once again to no end, I'll never find a way to run out of saying I'll love you forever.

Yours truly, Darvey C.

Mother,

You created a family dynamic filled with genuine love, laughter, and warmth. Whether as our prayer warrior, our comedian, or the strong matriarch of our family, your presence was always felt and cherished. Even though you're no longer with us physically, your spirit lives on in each of us, and we will carry a piece of you in our hearts for the rest of our lives. Well done, Mother. Because of you, we are strong in so many different ways. I pray that you continue to watch over us and remind us of the strength you've instilled in us. Rest peacefully and know how much we love you. Forever and always.

Love Tierra

For Mother, Our Matriarch In Loving Memory – April 6, 2025

Mother, how do I say goodbye To the woman whose prayers reached the sky?

Our matriarch, so strong and wise, With gentle hands and laughing eyes.

A prayer warrior that covered us each day and night, Protected us from the world with all her might.

You loved your family with all your soul, And somehow still, you made us whole. Through every trial, you stood so tall— The one we leaned on through it all.

At 89, you found your rest And left this world, having given your best. But heaven gained an angel so rare; When I look up at the sky, I know you're there,

Smiling down on us, saying, "Everything is okay, And things will get better, day by day."

But in my heart, I feel your peace— No more pain, no more sorrow, No more nights of feeling hopeless Just to live for tomorrow.

I'll miss your voice, your laugh, Your iconic jokes that set you apart. I'm so glad I got to tell you, every chance I got, That I love you with all my heart.

And when I bow my head to cry, I feel your presence standing by.

Mother, thank you—for love, for grace, For being our light, And for helping me keep going When I could no longer fight.

Even though I can no longer hold your hand, I will continue to be strong And keep our family together, like you planned.

With all my love, Angela Whiteneir

To My Sheroe... aka Mother, RIH From Your First Born...  
Berlinda

I will always remember the lessons you taught me as a child. I will always remember the lessons you passed down from Big Momma. I will always remember the lessons you passed down from her mother. I remember those cold, snowy, windy mornings coming out of our apartment building on 67th Street to catch the bus for school and you for work. You would tell us to walk single file behind you. We were told to step in your footsteps, where you had broken a path in the deep snow. I remember how brave you were to take on the elements so we would be spared the harsh cold winter and the gangs on the Southside of Chi-Town. You and your big sister, Aunt Betty, were a force to deal with over your children! Today, your fierceness on behalf of your children—we celebrate you. Your request for us to get an education and find a church home, wherever we find ourselves, stays with me always as I pass these lessons on to my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. "Standing on the shoulders of our ancestors" is a metaphor that acknowledges the debt we owe to those who came before us, whose achievements and contributions have paved the way for our current knowledge, progress, and societal standing. It implies that our progress is built upon the foundations laid by past generations, and we benefit from their work and legacies.

Love, Your Daughter, Berlinda Good, BSN, JD Attorney/Registered Nurse



Dear Mother,

I don't know anyone as powerful as you were. I will miss you so much, especially hearing your voice and calling you to pray for me. You prayed so well and effortlessly; it was second nature for you, and it always immediately calmed me. There's so much I could say, but I'll keep it short: the light has faded, but your memory will continue to shine through our hearts.

I love you, and I know you'll be watching over us. ❤️

Love Tianah



### ACTIVE PALLBEARERS

Grandsons, Great-Grandsons, and Great-Nephews

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The family of Berland Fisher extends their heartfelt appreciation for the many prayers, comforting words, and acts of kindness shown during this difficult time. Your support has been a source of strength and comfort. She was deeply loved and will be profoundly missed.



Professional Funeral Services Entrusted To:  
Giddens Memorial Chapel  
2737 N. Lamb Blvd., Las Vegas, NV 89115  
[www.giddensmemorialchapel.com](http://www.giddensmemorialchapel.com)