

*Celebrating*

OUR PRECIOUS MOM | SOUL OF OUR FAMILY | BEAUTIFUL LEGACY



*Susie 'AdaBee' Grant*

**GETHERS FUNERAL CHAPEL**  
ST. STEPHEN, SOUTH CAROLINA  
SATURDAY, MAY 10TH, 2025 | 11.00 AM





*Susie "Ada Bee" Grant*  
11/01/1946 - 04/24/2025

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## MUSICAL PRELUDE

*TAKE ME TO THE KING*

## SCRIPTURE READING

*Read by Russellville Class of 1965 Classmates*

JOB 14: 1-14 | JOHN 14:1-3

## PRAYER OF COMFORT

*PASTOR, Rev. Edna H. Bryant, M. Div*

## READING OF THE OBITUARY

## READING OF LETTERS TO MOMMY

*Thomas Grant, Jr. (June) and Pamela Ash (Buffy)*

## REFLECTIONS FROM RUSSELLVILLE CLASS OF 1965

*Leonard King, Friend and Classmate*

## VOICES OF LOVE AND REMEMBRANCE FROM FAMILY & FRIENDS

*(Two Minutes Per Person)*

## MUSICAL SELECTION

*Musician: Andre Myers*

*Soloist: Gwen Mazyck and Vanessa Miller*

*New Covenant Baptist Church*

## EULOGY/WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

*PASTOR, Rev. Edna H. Bryant, M. Div*

## RECESSIONAL

## INTERMENT

*OLD FIELD CEMETERY*

*St. Stephen, Berkeley County, South Carolina*

## COMMITTAL

## REPASSE

*New Covenant Life Center, 131 Church Road, St. Stephen, SC, 29479*

# OBITUARY

Susie Jefferson Grant, lovingly known to most as AdaBee, passed away peacefully on April 24, 2025, in her beloved secondary hometown of Harlem, NY. She was 78 years young. Born on November 1, 1946, in St. Stephen, South Carolina to the late Morris and Lillian (Ravenell) Jefferson, Susie brought her Southern charm up North and hardly ever looked back.

A proud graduate of Russellville High School, Class of 1965, she attended Morris College for three years before marrying Thomas Grant Sr., in May of 1969. Together, they had two children—Thomas “June” Anderson Grant Jr. and Pamela “Buffy” Regina Ash—who both inherited her fierce determination, strong opinions, and love of home-cooked meals.

Susie began her New York chapter working at Western Union Telegraph Company in 1968. A few years later, she joined the East Harlem Council for Human Services/Bilingual Head Start—not as a teacher, but as the office secretary who knew the name of every single child, parent, and baby sibling who walked through those doors. She had a mind for names and a heart for people.

Eventually, her love of calculating could no longer be ignored. She enrolled in accounting courses at CUNY’s City College of New York and never looked back. That decision led her from the daycare to the accounting department of Boriken Health Care Center, just 4 blocks away and still a Group under EHCHS, Inc, where she rose to become Chief Fiscal Officer. After 47 years of service, she retired in February 2020... only to have her grand retirement plans grounded three weeks later by the COVID-19 quarantine.

Beyond the office, Susie was a parent volunteer MVP. In 1983, she famously led a team of parents to victory in a half-court basketball game against the Activity Leaders, and Afterschool Assistants at Minisink Townhouse. She also aided in cooking activities for the Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops at Minisink.

She ran the SUSIE LEISURE CLUB, hosting monthly bus trips to Atlantic City. And let’s be clear—she ran that bus like a cruise director with a clipboard, raffles, cocktails and food. There were three ways to do things: the right way, the wrong way, and The Susie Way. If you acted up? Six-trip suspension. No arguments. But if you played your cards right, you’d be rewarded with her famous fried chicken, and a guaranteed seat on the next bus trip.

She wasn’t just about fun—she was about fairness. As a member of the Tenant Association, she helped lead the charge in a lawsuit against a corrupt NYC landlord, which resulted in a major renovation of the apartment complex where her family lived for 54 years.

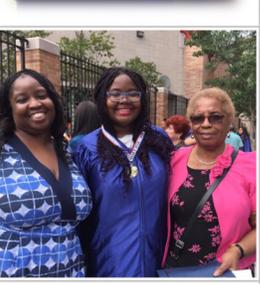
Susie was also basically CNN before CNN. If it was on the news—local, national, international, or just rumored on page six—she already knew it and had a full briefing ready. You’d barely say hello before she hit you with, “Did you see what happened to such and such?” And if you said no? Oh Lord, sit down, because here comes the 7 o’clock and the 11 o’clock news—commercial-free and with all the juicy details she picked up from channel 2, channel 4, channel 7, and a few coworkers.

Susie loved three things deeply: the Dallas Cowboys, a cold Pepsi, and her family. Sunday dinners were sacred. Her side dishes of macaroni and cheese, potato salad, and candied yams were the kind of dishes that got remembered forever.

She is survived by her children, Thomas Grant Jr. (Tonya Richardson Grant) and Pamela “Buffy” Ash (Christopher Ash); grandchildren Jayla Ash, Taliyah Richardson, and Ceejay Ash; and her brother Arthur Earl Jefferson (Omelia Clinkscales Jefferson). She was preceded in death by her cherished grandson Thomas Alonzo Grant III, whom she held dear every day of her life. She is also remembered with love by two nieces & four nephews who she considered her own, countless cousins, and a wide circle of friends.

Susie was a force. She loved hard, laughed loud, and led with heart. If you knew her, you were better for it.





IDENTIFICATION CARD NO. 74198  
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
Susie Mae Jefferson  
Automatic Operator  
LOCATION 26 Broadway, New York, N.Y.  
DEPARTMENT Automatic  
SEX Female HAIR Black  
EYES Blue HEIGHT 5' 4"  
VALID Local Restrictions  
DATE ISSUED July 9, 1968



## A LETTER TO MOMMY

*Written with Love by June*

My Dearest Mommy,

This is one of the hardest letters I've ever had to write. It was just a couple of days ago when Tonya and I talked to you and provided updates on us and Taliyah. Everything seemed fine at that time. Now, I'm longing for those moments when you called to check on us to make sure everyone was doing fine. You would always end the call by saying 'Love you' and I would say the same back. I'm also going to miss all those times when you got on me growing up. Now that I think about it, a lot of that tough talk was your way of showing love and support and to toughen us up for the world we would face. To paraphrase the line in "Mother To Son" by Langston Hughes, life for you had not "been no crystal stair." But you always made sure Buffy and I had the best of things in a way where we didn't feel deprived of lacking in anything. I miss the fact I

didn't have the full opportunity to say thank you because of my inner frustrations of not living up to your high standards. Deep down, I believe you saw the good and high potential in us and you didn't want us to be disappointed with whatever ups and downs life gave us. I know I'm going to miss all those Sunday dinners and spending time together. The thing I'm going to miss most is just seeing you, being able to tell you I love you and you say you love me more. I just pray that in Heaven, you're surrounded by nothing but love from Grandma and Grandpa Jefferson, Vestine, Auntney Queen, Uncle John, Uncle Conway, Uncle Jackie and especially little Thomas. I love you, Mommy.

Always and Forever

Thomas (June) Anderson Grant Jr.



# A LETTER TO MOMMY

*Written with Love by Buffy*

First, I asked Ceejay if he thought I could read this at your Homegoing without breaking, and he said “NOPE!”—loud and proud. So, at press time, we’re still deciding if I’ll read it myself or have someone else do it. Hope I can surprise you and do it myself.

**YOU WERE MY EVERYTHING.** You were love wrapped in stubbornness (and boy, were you stubborn), strength wrapped in tenderness, a beautiful heart wrapped in a woman who knew exactly how to stand tall—even at a short 5’2”—when life tried to knock you down. You were my greatest teacher, even when I was too young (and too stubborn myself) to understand it.

For 54 years—almost every single day—we were together. Not just in the same space (remote working can REALLY put a strain on a relationship), but in spirit, in laughter, in battles (again, remote working), and in healing. A lifetime of days that I will carry in my heart forever.

Wishing petty ill will on your mother is basically a childhood rite of passage. I definitely used to wish minor disasters upon you—all because you would had the audacity to say, “If you want McDonald’s, I can make McDonald’s here!” But now? Now I get it. Because karma has kids—and they live at our house. And truthfully, I wish I could take back every silly, stubborn, eye-rolling wish I ever made against you.

Your rules, your stubbornness, your strictness, your legendary death stares — weren’t there to make my life harder (even though dodging your radar felt like a full-time job). They were how you built me. You molded me into a woman strong enough to raise kids of her own with a moral compass, to be the backbone of a family, to take charge, fight, and advocate for a twice-transplanted husband, and to navigate the chaos of life with a strong spine, a steady hand, a heart that won’t quit and a recklessly foul mouth--wait, that wasn’t from you, sorry! And judging by the heavy sighs, dramatic eye rolls, and loud teeth-sucking from my kids (and the fact that I still let them keep their teeth), I must be doing something right. You weren’t just raising a “girl”. You raised a fighter, a protector, a woman who bends but doesn’t break—someone who can solve a crisis on no sleep and onion dip. And every time life tries to knock me down, I hear your voice—strong, steady, and hollering at me with just the right amount of sass—and I keep standing...mostly because I’m still a little afraid of you and always wanted to impress you, even as a grown woman.

I don’t care how many times you said, “I ain’t one of your little friends”—but Woman you knew after a while you weren’t just my mother. You were my Queen. My best friend. My Ride or Die. The first person I ran to with the neighborhood or family gossip. If you hated someone, I hated them too. You always believed in me, even when I forgot how to believe in myself.

I hope I’ve done right by you, Mommy. And I’ll keep trying to make you proud. But if I’m messing up, go ahead and send me a sign—but nothing too spooky. You know I talk big, but I’m still a bit of a punk. Just make my hand sting like you when you used to pinch me in church... or trip me in the street, but don’t let me fall! I’ll take that as a sign that you’re still keeping me in line. Or better yet—let me hit a number. Straight. Then I’ll really know it’s you. Love you Woman...Forever....



## TO OUR MO-MA

You always had time to listen,  
And time to give and share,  
By all your words and actions,  
You showed us that you care.

You taught us life's true meaning,  
It shines in all you do—  
The thoughtfulness you once showed us  
Now will live in us too.

Though we miss you dearly,  
We know we're not apart—  
Because you left behind your love,  
Forever in our hearts.

—Jayla, Taliyah and CeeJay



## WITH DEEPEST GRATITUDE



### **Gethers Funeral Home**

Moncks Corner  
200 Grace Street  
Moncks Corner, SC 29461  
843-761-8519



### **Gethers Funeral Chapel**

St. Stephen  
221 Church Road  
St. Stephen, SC 29479  
843-567-4046

Our family would like to extend our sincere thanks to **Gethers Funeral Home** for your extraordinary dedication, warmth, and care during one of the most tender moments of our lives. From the very first call to the final farewell, your team held our hands through every step—offering guidance, comfort, and respect as we planned Mommy's homegoing. Your professionalism and genuine compassion brought peace to our hearts, and your attention to every detail made sure her farewell was filled with grace, dignity, and love.

We also want to express deep appreciation to the family members and loved ones who stood by us throughout the planning process. Whether it was helping coordinate services, organizing the repass, help writing the obituary, checking in with us with a phone call, or simply offering a shoulder to lean on—your presence and support meant more than words can say. In a time of sorrow, you reminded us what love looks like in action. We are forever grateful.

—The Family of Susie "AdaBee" Grant



