

## ACTIVE PALLBEARERS

Alan Michael Harding, Sr.      Jonathan Jones  
Christopher Elliott Jones      Zyion Rashad Madison  
Jaylen Jones      Dontrell Jamall Phillips

## HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Harvey Baptiste      Willie Narcisse  
Rory Neal Burney      Carl Richardson, Jr.  
Cleveland Charles      Eldwood Shields  
Louis Colston, Jr.      Jackie Shields  
Joseph "Tonka" Doucet      Joe L. Shields  
Wilfred Henry      Raymond Shields  
J'Shaun Jones      Winston Shields  
Christopher Snowden, Jr.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*During our time of bereavement, we are deeply and profoundly appreciative to know we have extended family and friends who have been here with us each and every step of the way. You have sustained us with your prayers, love, words of encouragement, calls and visits during Jane's transition. We thank you and we ask God's grace and blessings upon you.*

## REPAST IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Sacred Heart of Jesus  
414 Martin Luther King, Jr. Street  
Baldwin, La 70514

## FINAL ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO:

**MK DIXON**  
FUNERAL HOME

211 Main Street | Baldwin, La 70514



*"And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes;  
and there shall be no more death,  
neither sorrow, nor crying,  
neither shall there be any more pain;  
for the former things are passed away."  
Revelation 21:4*

*The Angels Were Waiting  
at Heaven's Gates  
For*

*Jane*  
**HARDING**

*Our Beloved Mother, Grandmother, Sister*

**EARTHLY ARRIVAL**  
NOVEMBER 26, 1963

**HEAVENLY ARRIVAL**  
MARCH 9, 2026

**SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 2026**  
VIEWING: 9:00 AM - SERVICE: 11:00 AM  
**MT. PLEASANT BAPTIST CHURCH**

1262 MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. ST. | CHARENTON, LA 70523

*Pastor Paul Godfrey, Officiating*

**A Time to Be Born...**

On November 26, 1963, Jane Harding was born to Lionel Harding, Jr. and Myrtle Shields Harding. Jane was the youngest of six children.

**A Time to Learn and Play...**

Jane was educated in St. Mary Parish Schools, attending Mary Hines Elementary in Charenton, Louisiana, Franklin Junior High School, and Franklin Senior High School Class of 1984 in Franklin, Louisiana. After high school, Jane attended and graduated from Delta School of Business in Lafayette, Louisiana.

Jane was employed with the St. Mary Parish Sheriff's Office, where she retired after many years dedicated service. After retirement, she remained active, working at various times with Premier Community Services, the St. Mary Parish School Board, Cypress Bayou Casino, and Jeanerette Mills.

No matter where Jane worked, she was known for her warm smile, strong work ethic, and caring nature toward everyone she encountered.

**A Time to Live and Work for the Purpose of His Creation...**

Jane was a faithful servant of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. She accepted Christ and was baptized by the late Reverend Johnny Carr, Jr. at Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church. She sang in various church choirs and actively participated in Sunday School and Vacation Bible School.

Jane found joy in life's simple and meaningful moments. She loved to cook and made sure everyone was well fed. She also enjoyed cleaning and caring for others, always ensuring those around her felt comforted, cared for, and most importantly, loved.

Jane was a remarkable friend—always there when you called. Her deep love for family and friends made her a trusted source for advice—but one had to be ready for her honest opinion, given in the way that only Jane could.

In her quiet moments, she found strength and peace in her faith. She faithfully attended her morning prayer line, where she uplifted others through prayer and encouragement.

**A Time to Be with the Lord...**

Jane transitioned to be with the Lord on Monday, March 9, 2026, in Humble, Texas. She gained her eternal victory and entered everlasting rest.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Lionel Harding, Jr. and Myrtle Shields Harding; her maternal grandparents, Willie Shields, Sr. and Pearly Joseph Shields; her paternal grandparents, Lionel Harding, Sr. and Hazel Harding; three brothers, Allen Harding, Lemerro Harding, and Glenn Harding; nephews, Ron Madison, Sr. and Lemerro Antonio Washington; and one niece, RoKelia Nicole Jones.

**A Time to Weep...**

Jane's life will forever be remembered and cherished in the hearts of her loving and devoted children: her daughter, Carlonda Nicole Colston (Louis, Jr.) of Raeford, North Carolina; and her son, Claude Jacoby Harding of Humble, Texas.

She also leaves to cherish her memory six grandchildren: Ramani Harding, DeShaun Colston, Aniya Colston, Amaya Colston, and DeAndre Colston, all of Raeford, North Carolina; and Chylon Francis of Humble, Texas, whom she lovingly reared as her own.

She is also survived by two sisters, Kathy Jones of Baldwin, Louisiana, and Brenda H. Henry (Wilfred) of Franklin, Louisiana; a special great-nephew, Joseph "Tonka" Doucet of Dallas, Texas, and devoted nephew, Rory Neal Burney, who held a very special place in her heart.

Jane is also survived by one uncle, Joe L. Shields (Myrtha), and a great-great uncle, Willie Narcisse (Ethel), both of Baldwin, Louisiana.

She held a special place in her heart for her godchildren: Raylisha Randall-Ransom, Ja'Misha Vincent, Kennisha Washington, and Torien Young; her bonus daughters, Jaclyn Washington and Samantha Booker; and a host of nieces, nephews, relatives, and friends.

Jane Harding had a loving, kind spirit that touched everyone she met. Her life was a beautiful reflection of compassion, faith, and unconditional love. Though she will be deeply missed, her warmth and generosity will continue to live on in the hearts of all who knew and loved her.



# Order of SERVICE

MUSICAL PRELUDE	CHARLES MCKINLEY & TRI PARISH CHOIR
PROCESSIONAL	MINISTER, PALLBEARERS, & FAMILY
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN	CHARLES MCKINLEY & TRI PARISH CHOIR
MUSICAL SELECTION	
SCRIPTURE READINGS	
OLD TESTAMENT... REV. DEANDRE JOHNSON	
NEW TESTAMENT... REV. CHARLES SPAIN	
PRAYER	REV. ARNOLD RAY JOSEPH
PRAYER CHANT	CHARLES MCKINLEY & TRI PARISH CHOIR
MUSICAL SELECTION	CHARLES MCKINLEY & TRI PARISH CHOIR
OBITUARY READING & RESOLUTIONS	TAMARA JOHNSON
SOLO	KEFIA ROLLERSON
TRIBUTES: DAUGHTER AND SON	CARLONDA COLSTON CLAUDE JACOBY HARDING
GRANDCHILDREN	RAMANI' HARDING    AMAYA COLSTON DESHAUN COLSTON    DEANDRE COLSTON ANIYA COLSTON    CHYLON FRANCIS REV. TERRY LEE JOSEPH
SOLO	
MESSAGE OF HOPE AND COMFORT	PASTOR PAUL GODFREY
MUSICAL TRIBUTE	IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW
CLOSING PRAYERS	PASTOR PAUL GODFREY
THE PARTING VIEW	M. K. DIXON FUNERAL DIRECTORS

# Jane HARDING

*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.  
2 Timothy 4:7*

## Loved by Her, Kept by God, Forever Covered by My Mother's Love...

We gather today to pay tribute and celebrate my mother, Jane Harding, who epitomized strength and compassion, a woman whose unwavering commitment taught me valuable lessons about life, God's love, and service to others.

From the beginning of my life, my mother's love was a quiet yet profound presence. It wasn't loud or grand, but steady and sacred, deeply rooted in her faith. My mother's love was my anchor, grounded in her devotion to the Lord. As Psalm 46:1 reminds us, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," and through her, I felt that refuge every day.

My mother showed love through her actions of many sacrifices, faithfulness, steadfastness, and dependability. Time and time again, my mother carried burdens on my behalf, reminding me in her calm, reassuring way: "You will be okay, Jacoby, because the presence of the Lord is with us." Just like Isaiah 41:10 says, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee...I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee." My mother believed that and lived that, and she made me believe it too.

My mother was my prayer warrior, my comfort, and my covering. Even while facing her own struggles, she poured strength into me and those near to her heart. The Bible says in James 5:16, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous person availeth much," and I know I am standing here today because of her prayers and eternal love.

I can still hear her softly singing one of her favorite songs by Douglas Miller:

"Though the storms keep on raging in my life, and at times it's hard to tell night from day, that hope that lies within me reassures me that my soul is anchored in the Lord."

Because we know in Hebrews 6:19, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Then she would smile and say, "My baby, Jacoby - God is good all the time," and keep pressing forward, - living out Galatians 6:9, "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not."

My mother didn't just live; she ministered to everyone she encountered. Through small acts of kindness and great self-sacrifice, Momma showed the world what it truly means to love selflessly. She carried the spirit as in I Corinthians 13: patience, kindness, and enduring all things. She had a gift for making people feel seen, heard, and valued as if her heart had room for everyone. As Galatians 5:22 reminds us, she lived out the fruit of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, gentleness, and faith.

She made my first house a home, she was my first teacher, and the first example of what kindness looks like in action. Just as Proverbs 31 says, "Her children arise up, and call her blessed." And today, we thank her and call her blessed.

As I reflect on the legacy she leaves behind, I am surrounded by her essence, a warmth, steady presence that always reassured me that everything would be okay, even when life felt uncertain. My dear mother stood on God's promises, like Proverbs 3:5-6: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart... and He shall direct thy paths."

My mother didn't just teach strength, she lived it. Through every burden she carried with grace, every act of love she gave without hesitation, and every trial she faced with unshakable faith. She left a lasting imprint on my life and showed me how to have grace in hardship and joy in the simplest things. As Philippians 4:13 says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me," and she lived that truth daily.

Though she is no longer here with us physically, her impact lives on. I see her in the way I love, in how I treat others, and in the values she instilled in me. Her life echoes 2 Timothy 4:7 "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

In my life, I've learned that grief is the price we pay for love. And today, family and friends, my grief is deep, painful, and I'm numb. The love for my mother is deeper and more meaningful than anything in this world. Yet in sorrow, we must hold onto God's promise and unchanging hand in Matthew 5:4: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

But alongside that grief is gratitude. Gratitude that God chose her for me, that I was loved by her, and that I was shaped by her. I am proud to call her my mother.

Though she may be gone from our sight, she will never be gone from who we are. Because to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord (2 Corinthians 5:8). Revelation 21:4 reminds us, "God shall wipe away all tears... neither shall there be any more pain." And I find peace knowing she is resting in His presence and not suffering.

Today, we honor and celebrate her life, giving her the place of honor she has earned. Her love remains, and her memory will live in us forever. And we hold fast to the hope of John 14:2-3 that in our Father's house are many mansions... and one day, we will see her again.

So today, we don't just say goodbye, we say, "Well done, thy good and faithful servant... enter into the joy of the Lord." (Matthew 25:23)

You have earned your wings and your crown. Rest peacefully, dear Mother (Jane). I will be still and know that I will hear your voice, until we meet again.

*I love you, Momma.  
Your Baby, Jacoby*

There are no words that can fully capture the depth of what my mom meant to me, but there is love, and that love tells her story better than anything else ever could. My mom was more than just a parent; she was my safe place, my guide, my comfort, and my strength when I had none of my own.

My mom had a way of making even the hardest days feel lighter by simply being there. Her kindness, her laughter, and the warmth she carried in her heart touched everyone lucky enough to know her. Momma taught me lessons that will stay with me forever: how to be strong in the face of hardship, how to love unconditionally, and how to seek out beauty in the smallest moments. Everything good in me is, in some way, a reflection of her. Though she is no longer here physically, I feel her spiritually keeping me covered in her loving arms.

In the quiet moments, I look for her, and I recall beautiful memories and valuable lessons that she instilled in me that will live on. We often shared good times, long conversations, and would sometimes get on each other's nerves, but that was "our thing", a true representation of mother-daughter love. She lives on in me, in the love I give, and in the way I choose to move through this world. I miss her more than words can ever express, but I know she is resting with our heavenly father. I am eternally grateful for God blessing me as her one and only daughter, as a mother-in-law to my husband, Louis, and our wonderful children. The time we had was brief, yet I am forever grateful for the love she unselfishly gave and will cherish this for the rest of my life.

Mom, you will always be a part of me, and I will carry you with me all the days of my life. I love you, always and forever.

*Your Daughter, Carlonda*

## A Tribute to Our Grandmother Jane

Today, we come together not just to mourn our grandmother, but to celebrate the beautiful life she lived and the love she gave so freely to all of us.

Our grandma was the heart of our family. She had a way of making everything feel safe, warm, and full of love. Her home was always open, always clean, and always filled with the kind of comfort you can't explain; you just felt it the moment you walked in.

She taught us so much, often without even realizing it. Through her cooking, she showed us how love lives in the little things. Through her words, she reminded us to stay focused, to work hard, and to build a future for ourselves. She believed in us, even when we didn't fully believe in ourselves.

We'll always remember the lessons she shared and the way she cared so deeply for everyone around her. She had a strength and kindness that will stay with us forever.

Even though this is incredibly hard, we're grateful to have been loved by her, raised by her, and shaped by her. That kind of love doesn't leave. It stays with us in how we live, how we love, and how we carry her legacy forward.

Grandma, thank you for everything. Thank you for your love, wisdom, warmth, and guidance. We will carry you with us always.

We love you, and we will miss you more than words can express.

*From Ramani', DeShaun, Aniya, Amaya, DeAndre, and Chylon*

## If Roses Grow in Heaven

If roses grow in Heaven  
Lord, please pick a bunch for us.  
Place them in our sister's arms  
and tell her they're from us.

Tell her that we love her and miss her,  
and when she turns to smile,  
place a kiss upon her cheek  
and hold her for a while.

Because remembering her is easy,  
We do it every day, but there's an  
ache within our heart  
that will never go away,

In childhood we did not understand  
the gift wrapped up in a greater plan.  
Time has taught us about the bond of love;  
and though that love, we have chosen friendship,  
We have learned together, sharing the good times and the bad,  
and no matter what, there has always been love.  
You are our sister always, our friend forever.  
We will always love you!

*Your sisters, Kathy and Brenda*

## If You Could See Me Now

My prayers have all been answered,  
I've finally arrived,  
The healing that has been delayed,  
Has now been realized.

No one's in a hurry,  
No more schedules to keep,  
I'm enjoying Jesus, just sitting at his feet.

If you could see me now,  
I'm walking streets of gold.

If you could see me now,  
I'm standing tall and whole.

If you could see me now,  
You'd know I've seen him face to face;  
If you could only see me now.

Though I've had my sorrows,  
They can never compare what Jesus has in store for me,  
No language can ever share.

You would not want me  
To leave this perfect place,  
If you could only see me now.

I didn't want to leave but I had to go. See you on the other side!!

*Carlonda, Jacoby, & Family*

