

Acknowledgement

The family of Reverend Hazel G. Hill gratefully acknowledges every act of love, kindness, prayer, and support shown during this time of bereavement.

We extend heartfelt appreciation to Reverend J.T. Barber, First Lady Barbara Barber, and the entire Boyd Hill Baptist Church family for your prayers, support, and unwavering love shown to our beloved Rev. Hill throughout the years.

We sincerely thank all family members, faithful friends, church members, neighbors, and loved ones who visited, called, prayed, encouraged, and cared for her during her life and during this season of transition.

Special acknowledgement is extended to the compassionate staff of White Oak Manor Rehabilitation Center in Rock Hill, South Carolina, for the care and kindness shown to Rev. Hill.

With deepest gratitude, we offer special recognition to Phyllis Gaither Montague and Linda Boyd for their faithful caregiving, love, support, and devotion.

We also thank Robinson Funeral Home, all ministers, musicians, and everyone who has supported our family through calls, cards, flowers, food, visits, and prayers. Your kindness will never be forgotten.

The Family of Reverend Hazel G. Hill

Interment

Grandview Memorial Park
620 South Cherry Road
Rock Hill, South Carolina 29732

Repast

Boyd Hill Baptist Church
315 Glenn Street
Rock Hill, South Carolina 29732



Celebrate

The Life & Legacy of



Rev. Hazel G Hill

October 18, 1925 - June 7, 2026

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

Tuesday, June 16, 2026 @ 1:00PM

Celebrating THE LIFE & LEGACY

Reverend Hazel G. Hill was born on October 18, 1925, in Bayonne, New Jersey, to the late William Green and Mamie Scarborough Greene. She attended Bayonne High School and furthered her education through nursing school, where she earned her credentials as a Registered Nurse. Throughout her nursing career, she compassionately cared for countless individuals, demonstrating excellence, professionalism, and a genuine love for others.

She was united in holy matrimony to her beloved husband, Deacon Ross Hill, and together they built a life centered on faith, family, and service. Reverend Hill enjoyed music and worship and was a member of various singing gospel groups throughout her life. Later, while residing in New Jersey, she accepted the call of Jesus Christ into ministry and faithfully dedicated herself to serving God's people.

Reverend Hill spent most of her life in New Jersey before relocating with her husband to Rock Hill, South Carolina, in the early 1990s. There, they continued building a legacy rooted in faith, love, and community service.

Following her retirement from nursing, Reverend Hill devoted her time to serving others as a dedicated volunteer at Piedmont Medical Center in Rock Hill, South Carolina. She faithfully served as Director of the Christian Education Board at Boyd Hill Baptist Church and lovingly assisted her church family under the pastoral leadership of Reverend J.T. Barber, Pastor. She remained a devoted and faithful member until the Lord called her home.

Reverend Hill was known as a strong woman of unwavering faith and compassion. She possessed a true servant's heart and was someone family, friends, church members, and members of the community could always depend upon. Her wisdom, kindness, resilience, and steadfast love touched countless lives. Through every season of her century-long journey, she exemplified grace, dignity, humility, and unwavering devotion to God and others.

She was preceded in death by her parents, William Green and Mamie Scarborough Greene; her beloved husband, Deacon Ross Hill, her grandsons; Pastor Antoine Sterling Hill, Gerard S. Hill, Barry R Hill Jr., Seth Florence and Julian Williams; four sisters; and two brother.

Left to cherish her precious memories are her loving children:

- Reverend Diane Florence of Columbia, South Carolina;
- Reverend Dolores Williams and her husband, James Williams, of Rock Hill, South Carolina;
- Barry Hill and his wife, Pastor Linda Hill, of Rock Hill, South Carolina.

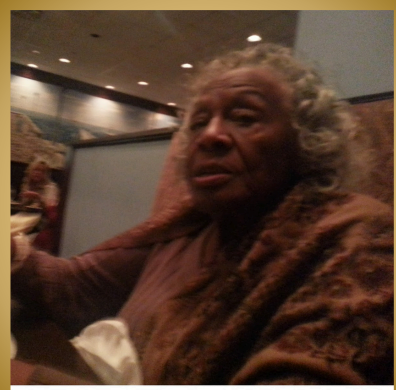
She also leaves a host of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, nephews, cousins, extended family members, church family, and dear friends who will forever cherish her memory and continue the legacy of faith, love, and service she leaves behind.

Throughout her 100 years of life, Reverend Hill exemplified grace, resilience, and dedication to God, family, and community. Whether through her profession as a Nurse, her ministry, her volunteer service, or simply the love she poured into others, she lived a life of purpose and service.

One of her greatest joys was nurturing and encouraging those around her. Her presence brought comfort, guidance, and inspiration to generations of family members, friends, and fellow believers. She was a devoted mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother, minister, caregiver, mentor, and friend whose life was a blessing to all who knew her.

Today, while we mourn her earthly absence, we celebrate her heavenly reward. Her legacy of faith, compassion, strength, and love will continue to live on in the hearts of generations to come. We thank God for the gift of her life and rejoice in the assurance that she now rests in His eternal presence.





Order of Service

Invocation — Reverend J. T. Barber, Pastor

• Selection — Combined Choir

• Scripture Readings

Old Testament: 2 Chronicles 7:14-15

Minister Chance Conyers

New Testament: Romans 8:38-39 — Minister Dwayne Walton

• Selection — Boyd Hill Hymn Choir

• Prayer of Comfort — Minister David Nelson

• Remarks (2 Minutes)

Boyd Hill Baptist Church Representative

Family Representative

Mrs. Ann Chisholm

Reverend Michelle Dunham

• Reading of the Obituary & Acknowledgements

Minister Sabrina Haigler

• Church Resolution — Boyd Hill Baptist Church

• Song — I'll Fly Away

Combined Choir led by Mrs. Cindy Wallace

• Eulogy — Reverend J. T. Barber, Pastor

• Recessional Selection — Boyd Hill Choirs



Tributes & Memories



Mom,
your kindness was something you could feel the moment you walked into her presence. She loved sincerely, gave freely, and made everyone feel cared for. Her motherly love stretched far beyond her own children — if you knew her, you knew you were loved.

I will forever cherish her advice, her daily and weekly phone calls, and the way she always made sure her family was covered in love and prayer. Her presence brought comfort, wisdom, and strength to so many lives.

And if there was one thing that could bring comfort to your soul, it was her fried apple pies. Made with love, patience, and that special touch only she had, they became more than a dessert — they became a memory, a tradition, and a piece of home.

I will forever cherish her gentle spirit, her wisdom, her cooking, and the unconditional love she gave so effortlessly.

Love You Always, Mom,
Reverend Diane Florence

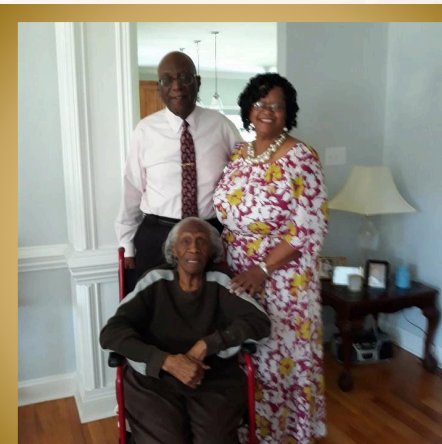
To My Mother,

Being your only son was one of the greatest blessings of my life. Thank you for the love, wisdom, prayers, and care you gave so freely every day. Some of my sweetest memories will always be of your cooking — especially your homemade cheese biscuits. Nothing in this world ever tasted the same, because they were made with a mother's love.

I will miss your voice, your strength, and the comfort of simply knowing you were here. But I will carry your love with me always.

Rest peacefully, Mom.

— Your Son, Barry



Mom,

There is nothing that can be said now to you for your ears to hear; but I can say aloud now for others to hear & know you were a Prov. 31:28-31 woman.

You were not selfish with your blessings from our Heavenly Father. Had it not been for your godly direction & examples, your encouragement & steadfast prayers for all of our family, I would not be the woman who I am today. I am so thankful and proud to have been blessed by God to be one of your daughters and friends.

“To God be the glory for all the great things He has done.”

I love you always,
Reverend Dolores B. Williams”

The Legacy Within Her Name

H

Her life was stitched in prayer and grace,
A steady light no time could erase.
Through every season, near or far,
She loved her family with all her heart.

A

A woman of strength, both gentle and wise,
With faith that stood through changing tides.
She taught us dignity, courage, and care,
And showed us God through the life she shared.

Z

Zealous in spirit, steadfast in soul,
She carried herself graceful and whole.
A voice of wisdom, calm and true,
Whose kindness touched more lives than few.

E

Everlasting are the lessons she gave,
The prayers she whispered, the path she paved.
Though generations will rise and grow,
Her love remains in all we know.

L

Loved beyond words, honored in heart,
A legacy time cannot pull apart.
Reverend Hazel Hill's life will forever be
A blessing remembered through family.

“And in every letter of her name, you will find her legacy.”



"Those we love don't go away, they walk beside us every day —
unseen, unheard, but always near, still loved, still missed, and forever dear."

My Dear Grandma,

Whew... where do I even begin?

How do you properly say goodbye to someone who has been here for almost an entire century? Someone who wasn't just part of my life... but was life for so many of us.

Grandma, you made 100 years look graceful, stubborn, faithful, hilarious, strong, and sacred all at the same time.

You were history.
You were wisdom.
You were prayer in human form.

And if we're being honest... you were also a little bit of a boss.

There are people who live long lives, and then there are people who truly leave fingerprints on generations. You did both.

You loved hard.
You prayed harder.
And you stood firm even when life tried to shake you.

You taught us that strength is not loud.
Sometimes strength looks like a woman getting up every morning, even over the age of 90, still finding her way to her knees to pray, choosing faith again, praying over everybody, singing hymns through hardship, and still finding a way to laugh. Talking to yourself and reminding Hope, "I'm talking to HIM."

You taught me resilience before I even knew the definition of the word.

Grandma, I keep thinking about all the little things:
Your voice.
Your wisdom.
Your sayings.

The way you could call somebody out and pray for them in the same breath.

The way people always knew they could come to you.
The way your presence alone made things feel safer.
You were truly one of one.

And selfishly... I honestly thought you would always be here.
I thought there would always be one more phone call.
One more conversation.
One more flight.
One more prayer.
One more laugh.

But what a blessing — what an absolute blessing — that God allowed us to love you for 100 years.
One hundred years.

Do you know how extraordinary that is?
You saw generations born.
You watched the world change.

You survived eras people only read about in books.
And through all of it, your faith never left you.
That alone is a sermon. Preach Girl!!
And Grandma... I keep hearing you sing,
"What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

Hmmm.

Now I understand why you sang it the way you did.
Because through every trial, every hardship, every heartbreak, every prayer, and every season of life... you knew Him as a friend.
And now I know that as long as I trust Him too, I will never lose the friendship you and I shared.

Because love like ours does not end here.

It carries on.

It echoes.

It lives in memory, in prayer, in laughter, in strength, and in faith.

Grandma, thank you.

Thank you for loving us.

Thank you for covering this family in prayer.

Thank you for your sacrifices that many of us will never fully understand.

Thank you for teaching us how to endure.

Thank you for showing us what grace looks like.

Thank you for showing me what a strong Black woman of faith looks like.

Thank you for being the roommate who kept my secrets.

And thank you for loving me.

I hope you knew how much I loved being your granddaughter.

Not out of obligation.

Not out of duty.

But because being near you felt like being near home.

And although our hearts are heavy, I can still hear you saying:

"Stay in Prayer."

"Trust God."

"Everything will be alright."

So that's what we're going to do.

We're going to keep going.

We're going to keep loving each other.

We're going to keep your traditions alive.

We're going to keep your stories alive.

We're going to keep your name alive.

So rest now, Reverend Hazel G. Hill.

Rest after 100 remarkable years.

Rest after a life well lived.

Rest after pouring into so many people.

Rest knowing your work here mattered.

Your prayers are still covering us.

Your love is still carrying us.

And your legacy will outlive every single one of us.

I love you forever.

Until we meet again,

Your granddaughter,

Hope



A LIFE WELL LIVED
A LEGACY *Remembered*

