

Precious Memories



Angeline Harden



Monica Parrish



Mildred & James Taylor



Linear Harden

A Letter to My Grand Children



To my Great Grand Children,

When I was a little girl, I would play with my brother Franklin. We would get thread and tie it on Vaseline tops, and we would thread onto the grasshopper and make them push it until the grasshopper got tired and died. We had a big Creek and we would go swimming but instead of swimming I would catch small fish and put them in a jar and watch them swim until they die. I had lots of fun. Later, in life I had to do dishes and boy I hated it because I was very lazy, I just wanted to play. I was good at riding horses.

But as I got older, I had to work I had to wash dishes I had to sweep the yard. Go to the field and pick cotton and corn. We had to kill the hog to eat meat and then we had cleaned the hog guts and put water in the intestine to clean them. How I did hate that job. We had to take cotton to sale, we had to load it on a wagon to take it to town. Lord that was a hard job. The sun was so hot I thought I would melt. Life was not easy on the farm, grandson. We still have the farm in Waynesboro GA if you want life on the farm.

One more thing I would like to tell you we went to school about ten miles away from home. We had to walk some days my hands and feet got so cold I would just cry. My brother would blow on my hands to make them warm. It was not easy like you go to school today, but somehow, we made it. You have it much easier than we had.

Listen, the farm is still out there in Waynesboro Georgia and I hope your father and mother will take you to that farm and if you desire to live there like I did, it's all your pleasure.

Your Great Grandmother
Mildred Taylor



Professional Services By
JAMES HUNT FUNERAL HOME
Kevin L. Small, Mgr NJ Lic. #4880
126 Ridge Avenue • Asbury Park, NJ 07712 • (732) 775-8722

Sunrise: January 23, 1927

Sunset: August 13, 2020

Celebrating the Life of A Joyous and Virtuous Woman



Mildred Harden Taylor

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 2020

12:30 PM

JAMES HUNT FUNERAL HOME
126 RIDGE AVE • ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY

Mildred's Journey



Mrs. Mildred Harden Taylor fell asleep in death in the dawn of the day in the summer of 2020 on August 13th. She was always an early bird. She was born as a twin with her brother Franklin Skeeterlee on January 23, 1927 to the late Linear and Angeline Harden on the family farm in Waynesboro Georgia. She was one of 13 siblings, Gaynelle Jones, Levester Williams, Nathan, Franklin, Arthur, Linear, Albert, Elizabeth, Edward, Shamie and William Harden, all of which preceded her in death. Mildred was a devoted and loving Jehovah Witness, wife, mother, grandmother, and friend.

Mildred loved to tell the family stories and one of her favorite stories to tell is how she and her mother became Jehovah Witness. When she was a young girl, she noticed some happy women in the neighborhood giving out books and phonograph. She took the books and records and hide them in the attic and would sneak in the attic to read the books. The two women that left the books were Jehovah Witness. Those books laid the foundation for Mildred to become a baptized Jehovah Witness in 1954. Years later she tells her mother, Angeline, of the records and books in the attic. Her mother doubts her and says, “if you can prove that the witness was here when you were a young girl, I will become a witness”. Mildred retrieved books and records from the attic and showed them to her mother. Mother Angeline kept her promise and became a baptized witness in 1968.

In addition to her faithfulness to kingdom ministry she loved to dance, host gatherings, sew and roller skate. She said sewing was a love of her life. She loved to stay current with the times and never wanted to become outdated. Mildred started roller skating at the age of 60 and drove a moped to work in the 1980s. She was the first to cut the landline and said “ain’t nobody but a fool walking around without a cell phone”.

Mildred met her late husband James Taylor at one of the many gathers that she loved to host. They shared a love for Jehovah and was married for 45 years until his passing on a sunny day in April 2017. Together they raised 5 of their nine grandchildren, had a special relationship with their first grandchild, the late Monica L Parrish, and were devoted great grandparents.

Mildred sacrificed to make sure her grandchildren went on summer vacations, camping, amusement parks, and to visit family and the farm in Georgia. Mildred enjoyed those trips with her grandchildren and would often tell them after their many trips “You know I sure enjoy you-all”.

As a young girl on the farm she loved to play with her brother Franklin and ride horses. However, once she became older and the work on the farm became hard, she did not like it. She would often tell us that “I sold a bushel of peas to get out of Georgia and bought a train ticket to Miami, Fl.” After several years in Miami she moved to New Jersey where she met and married her first husband, the late Dan Parrish. To this union two daughters were born, Yvonne Williams and Diane Brown.

Mildred was faithful to the wisdom of the Bible and had verses she shared often, 2 Timothy 3:1-5 and Matthew 24: 12. She would frequently remind her family that “we are living in critical times hard to deal, but those that endure will be saved, so don’t you give up and I ain’t gonna give up either”.

Mildred leaves to celebrate her life two daughters, Yvonne Williams of Neptune, NJ, and Diane Brown of Augusta, GA; eight grandchildren, Michael Durden, Richard Durden, Veronica Stevens Jackson, Winfred Stevens, Toni Brown Anderson, Annie Brown, Roman Thomas, and Timmy Brown; twenty- five great grandchildren, AJ, Anthony, Michel, Mason, Chase, Demetris, Cameron, Shamara, Kevon, Jaya, Ashely, Nicole, Branden, Dedra, Dasha, Nasha, Tyree Weston, Iasia Butler, Inajah Singletary, Christen Stevens, Paige Stevens, and Madison Stevens; devoted friends of Jehovah Witness along with a host of great grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and cousins.

Mildred's Many Words of Wisdom



Don’t y’all throw those biscuits away

You do not get nowhere by being shame

Life has a lot of bens and crooks

I so enjoyed y’all

*If your break anything you bet not be here
and you bet not be gone*

You must think I am a fool

The worlds in a terrible fix

Matthew 10:35
*And a man’s enemy shall
be they of his own household*

Proverbs 15:17
*Better a meal of vegetables
where there is love than a fattened ox
where there is hatred*

Order of Service



Viewing.....

Music selection “Life Without End at Last”
Silent Prayer and Mediation

Memories and Reflection

- Winfred Stevens.....
- Michael Durden Poem..... Read by Tyree Weston)
- Richard Durden Read by Byron Jackson)
- Song Selection..... “Make the Truth Your Own”
- Scripture Reading Veronica S Jackson
2 Timothy 3:1 -5
Matthew 24:12
- Song Selection..... “God Loyal Love”
- Reading of Obituary..... Brother Sam Fellenz
- Memorial Talk (Hosted on Zoom)..... Brother Johnson

Interment

Mount Prospect Cemetery
Neptune, New Jersey

Visitation with Family

Sister Williams House

Acknowledgement

*The family wishes to thank everyone for their tender
and kind words during this time of bereavement*

