

# Memories

## Pallbearers

FAMILY AND FRIENDS

## A Celebration of Life

for



## Floral Bearers

FAMILY AND FRIENDS

## Expression of Gratitude

THE FAMILY WISHES TO EXPRESS OUR HEARTFELT THANKS TO ALL WHO HAVE PROVIDED COMFORT AND SUPPORT DURING THIS DIFFICULT TIME. YOUR PRAYERS, KIND WORDS, AND ACTS OF KINDNESS HAVE BEEN A SOURCE OF STRENGTH TO US. THANK YOU FOR BEING THERE FOR US AND SUPPORTING US WHILE HONORING AND CELEBRATING OUR BELOVED WENDELL JENKINS.

# Wendell Jenkins

NOVEMBER 9, 1964 - MARCH 20, 2026

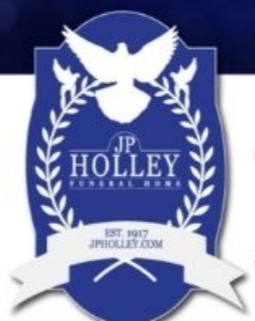
SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 2026

1:00 PM

ST. MARK BAPTIST CHURCH

510 MANVILLE - WISACKY ROAD, BISHOPVILLE, SC 29010

REVEREND R. IMMANUEL FOXE, II, PASTOR



CELEBRATING 100 YEARS OF SERVICE

COLUMBIA NE CHAPEL  
9010 Farnas Rd  
Columbia, SC 29203  
803-764-0888

COLUMBIA SE CHAPEL  
8132 Garners Ferry Rd  
Columbia, SC 29209  
803-695-1666

ST. MATTHEWS CHAPEL  
102 Church Street  
St. Matthews, SC 29135  
803-874-3317

BISHOPVILLE CHAPEL  
114 East Church Street  
Bishopville, SC 29010  
803-484-7245

Jonathan P. Holley PRESIDENT & DIRECTOR

WWW.JPHOLLEY.COM



# REFLECTIONS OF HIS *Life*

## WENDELL JENKINS

Wendell Jenkins of Bishopville, South Carolina, passed away on March 20, 2026 at Carolina Pines Hospital. Wendell was born November 9, 1964 in Bishopville, South Carolina to the late Mr. James and Mary Cooper Jenkins.

In addition to his parents, Wendell was preceded in death by his brothers, James Jenkins Jr., Leroy Jenkins, and Robert Jenkins. Wendell was a textile worker for several years until the plant closed. He loved spending time with his family and friends, laughing and joking with everyone he came in contact with. He enjoyed working on cars.

Wendell's legacy and memories will live on through his two children, Wendlyn (Wendy) Frierson and Ivan Jenkins both of Bishopville, South Carolina; siblings, LouEthel Moses, Wesley (Carolyn) Jenkins, Jeanette Rogers, Bernell Jenkins, Donald (Marilyn) Jenkins, Levern (Alaska) Jenkins, Kathy (Lorenzo) White all of Bishopville, South Carolina and Deloris Jenkins of Columbia, South Carolina. He also leaves to cherish his memories, three grandchildren along with a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and devoted friends that he loved.

# ORDER OF *Service*

Prelude

Processional  
Clergy and Family

Old Testament  
Reverend Dennis McQuillar

New Testament  
Pastor Marilyn Bailey McDonald

Prayer of Comfort  
Pastor Marilyn Bailey McDonald

Selection  
Minister Flossie Boyd -Johnson

Remarks

Selection  
Minister Flossie Boyd - Johnson

Words of Comfort  
Reverend R. Immanuel Foxe, II

Recessional

Committal, Prayer, Benediction

Interment  
St. Mark Baptist Church Cemetery  
510 Manville-Wisacky Road, Bishopville, South Carolina

Repast  
St. Mark Baptist Church

I didn't know how quiet the world could feel  
until your voice wasn't in it.  
Not in the morning,  
not in the middle of a story,  
not calling my name like you always did—  
half serious, half smiling.

You were never just "Dad."  
You were the steady hand when life shook,  
the laugh that filled a whole room,  
the one who made ordinary days  
feel like something worth holding onto.

I keep replaying the small things—  
the way you told stories like you were reliving them,  
how you could make anyone feel like they belonged,  
how even in your hardest moments,  
you still found a way to show up for us.

I hope you knew—  
really knew—  
how much of you lives in me.  
In the way I love,  
in the way I try,  
in the way I keep going  
even when it hurts.

Because it does hurt.  
More than I can say out loud.  
There's a space here now  
that nothing can fill—  
and maybe that's what love does...  
it leaves behind something too big to replace.

But I also hear you—  
in the laughter that sneaks in through the tears,  
in the memories that make my chest ache and smile  
at the same time.

And if you were here right now,  
you wouldn't want this to be all sadness.  
You'd probably nudge me and say,

Don't make this so serious."  
So I'll say this—  
because it's true, and because it's you:  
Out of all the things I'll miss—  
your voice, your hugs, your presence—  
I think I'll miss your goofiness the most.

Because let's be honest...  
you were the only dad I knew  
who could survive me as a kid—  
even that one time I tried to poke you in the eye  
with a pencil while you were sleeping...  
and somehow, you still woke up loving me anyway.

I love you, Dad.  
Always.  
-Wendy

