

Personal Reflection from Her Daughter, Frankie

If I could describe my mother in just a few words,

I'd say she was love in action.

Whether she was cooking Sunday dinner for a crowd, tending her garden,

or simply holding a conversation that left you

feeling lighter than when you walked in,

my mother had a way of making you feel like you mattered.

I will miss her voice, her laughter, and yes—even her bossy way of

making sure you made a plate before you left.

But more than anything, I will miss calling her “Mommy”

and hearing her call me “Babydoll.”

Mommy, I held your hand as you took your last breath,

but I will hold your love for the rest of my life.

You taught me how to be strong, how to keep going,

and how to keep my eyes on the better days ahead.

And I promise—I will.

I'll keep your memory alive in my heart and in the way I live my life. I love you forever.



Loving Care & Professional Services Entrusted to:



Sanders Funeral Home
806 E Market St • Smithfield, NC 27577
Phone: (919) 934-8416

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Ada Mae Taylor



NOVEMBER 24, 1934 — JULY 26, 2025

KINGDOM HALL OF JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 2025

1:00 PM

3580 LIZZIE MILL ROAD, SELMA NC 27576

Program

Chairman: Andrew Marshall

Opening Song: #139 - See Yourself When All Is New

Discourse: Chris Mitchell

Announcements: Andrew Marshall

Closing Song: #151 – He Will Call

Closing Prayer: Pete Hinnant



Obituary

THE LIFE OF ADA MAE TAYLOR—beloved mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great grandmother, sister, friend, and faithful servant of Jehovah—began on November 24, 1934, when she was born Ada Mae Raynor to Naomi Bryant Rayner and Frank Rayner Sr. in Selma, North Carolina. She was the second of twelve children—eight boys and four girls—each one part of a noisy, loving, hardworking family. Even as a little girl, Ada’s hands and heart were always busy. She often told people with a laugh that she had “been cooking since I was seven years old” and “taking care of children” for just as long. She learned early that caring for others was not just a chore—it was part of who she was.

Ada was educated in the Selma School District and graduated from Richard B. Harrison High School in 1956. At just 19, she made a bold move—leaving the familiar red dirt roads of North Carolina for the bustling streets of Pennsylvania, where she stayed with relatives. She worked various jobs, but it was when she became a nurse assistant at the local hospital that she found her calling. Helping people in their most vulnerable moments fit her personality perfectly. Patients felt safe with her; co-workers admired her; and everyone who knew her remembered her kindness.

Not long after settling in Pennsylvania, Ada met her future husband, Charles Taylor, a welder, through her sister-in-law. They married and built a family together, welcoming five children: Charles Jr. (who passed away in infancy), Jackie, Frankie, Quincy, and Matisha.

Their home in Pennsylvania was never just for the immediate family—it was a refuge. Ada welcomed friends, strangers, and anyone who needed a warm meal or a safe bed. She often had boarders and houseguests, and they always left feeling like family. Over the years, she and Charles also opened their home to dozens of foster children and grandchildren, caring for them as if they were her own. In fact, Ada devoted more than 55 years of her life to fostering children—a legacy of love that touched countless lives.

In 1990, Ada returned to her beloved home state of North Carolina, bringing Charles with her as they settled in Kenly. There, Ada quickly reconnected with old friends and, with her signature warmth and humor, made many new ones.

In 2014, Lucy Davis, a dear friend and fellow Jehovah’s Witness, moved in with her, and the two developed a friendship as close as family. When Ada’s health began to decline in the winter of 2023, Lucy—along with Ada’s cousin (whom she affectionately called her “nephew”) Stanley Bryant and her daughter Frankie Hands—became her caregivers. By January 2025, Frankie was caring for her full-time, continuing the same devotion Ada had shown to so many.

Ada dedicated her life to Jehovah on April 15, 1950, and her faith was her anchor. She loved the fellowship of her brothers and sisters at the Kingdom Hall, and even when she could no longer walk, she attended Kingdom Hall meetings via Zoom, often staying online until every last person had left the virtual room. She would often say, “I can’t wait until I can walk again so I can walk into the Kingdom Hall and go out in field service!” She will walk again in paradise. Until then, she sleeps peacefully, awaiting the words of Revelation 21:3,4 to come true.

Ada had an unforgettable sense of humor. Whether she was telling one of her many stories, teasing someone playfully, or simply making a facial expression that said more than words ever could, she kept people laughing. Friends and family loved to point out her striking resemblance—and, some would say, similar personality—to the fictional character Madea, a nickname she wore with a chuckle.

She also had a surprising brush with royalty. In the early 1980s, while working as a housekeeper for a prominent Philadelphia family, Ada sometimes answered the phone to hear Princess Stéphanie of Monaco on the other end. She and the princess would talk for a while, and though Ada never mentioned it directly, those who knew her suspect she couldn’t resist sharing the Good News even then. The friendship with her employer lasted decades, with her former boss even traveling to North Carolina to visit and stay for a week or two each visit.

But perhaps the memories most people will hold closest are of her Sunday dinners—epic affairs where no one left hungry. Her chitterlings and collard greens were famous, and she was happiest when her kitchen was full of conversation, laughter, and the smells of a home-cooked meal. “Y’all better come in here and make a plate!” and “Y’all better come in here and eat!” were her loving commands to anyone within earshot.

Ada also loved gardening. Even in her later years, she talked about planting more flowers and getting a chicken coop. She carried dreams and plans right up until her last months—a testament to her spirit.

In the final years of her life, Ada endured significant health challenges, but her strength never wavered. In her last two months, the challenges became too great, and after several hospitalizations, she spent 12 days in the loving care of Transitions LifeCare Hospice. On the evening of June 26, 2025, at 9:30 p.m., she took her last breath with her daughter Frankie holding her hand.

She is now at peace, waiting for the day when she will awaken healthy and joyful in Jehovah’s promised paradise.

Ada leaves to cherish her memory: daughters Frankie Hands and Matisha Taylor of Raleigh, NC; son Quincy Taylor of Selma, NC; and was preceded in death by daughter Jacqueline Jones and infant son Charles Taylor Jr. She is survived by siblings Frank Rayner Jr. (Carlene) of NC, Betty Hollis of TX, and Clara Robertson (Richard) of IN; sisters-in-laws Coleen Rayner, Estelle Rayner and Elizabeth Rayner-Abru. She was preceded in death by brothers David, Henry, McKinley, Preston, Lewis, and Noah Rayner, an infant brother, sister Cora Rayner, and grandsons Benicio Brown and Maelo Brown. She leaves behind 8 grandchildren, 10 great-grandchildren, 5 great-great-grandchildren, and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

The family wishes to express heartfelt gratitude for the outpouring of love, prayers, and support during this time of loss. We also want to give our deepest thanks to Elder Chris Mitchell, a dear friend who loved Ada deeply. In the midst of his own busy life, he rearranged his schedule and took on the heavy lifting of making her funeral arrangements, easing our burden in ways words can’t fully capture. Chris didn’t just help with details—he brought comfort, peace, and a deep sense of care that reflected the love he had for her. We will always treasure the kindness he showed, the respect he gave, and the friendship he and Ada shared.