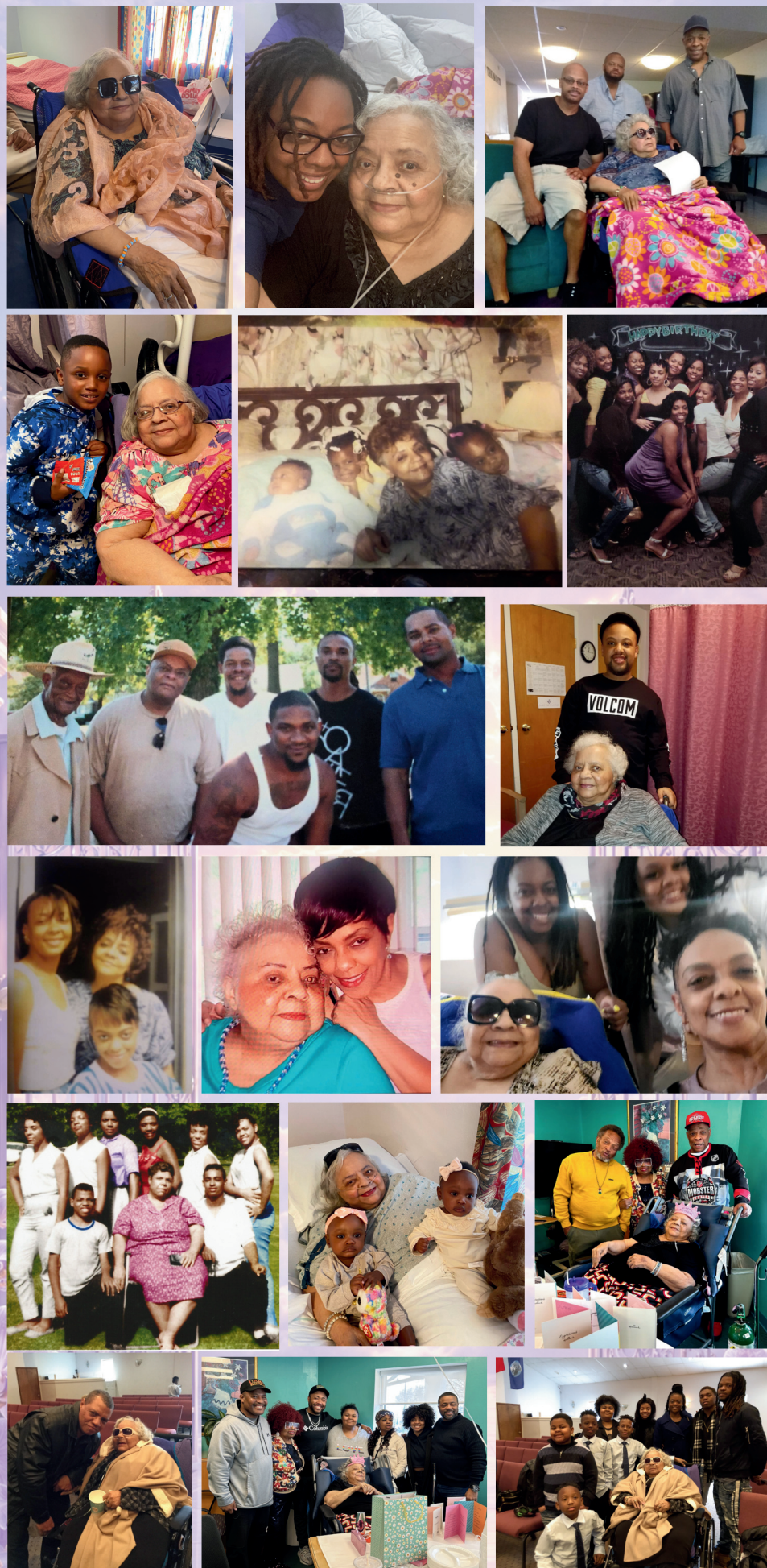




A Letter From Heaven

When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not there to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
filled with tears for me.
I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say.
When tomorrow starts without me
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me
I'm right there in your heart.
- Author Unknown



Psalms 23

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
He leads me beside quiet waters, He refreshes my soul.
He guides me along the right paths for his name's sake.
Even though I walk through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil, or you are with me;
Your rod and your staff, they comfort me.
You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.
Surely your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

Acknowledgements

The family of Ms. Mary Hampton, wishes to express their sincere appreciation for the many acts of kindness, words of support, and expressions of sympathy during the passing of their loved one. May God shower His richest blessings upon you.

Services Entrusted To:

Ozella J. Foster Funeral Services

4100 Dr. Martin Luther King Drive ~ St. Louis, MO 63113

Tel. 314-652-3305 ~ Email: info@ozellajf.com



"To Him We Give The Glory"

Celebrating the Life of

Mary
HAMPTON

"Mom"

FEBRUARY 24, 1932 ~ JUNE 14, 2026

Pastor Jason Pye, Sr. Officiant

Saturday, June 27, 2026
11:00 AM

Ozella J. Foster Funeral Services

4100 Dr. Martin Luther King Dr.
St. Louis, Missouri 63113

REFLECTION OF *Life*

Mary Hampton, born the third Mary whom was affectionately called “Mom” by all her children and grandchildren, was born on February 24, 1932, in Louisville, Kentucky, to Edward and Mary Washington. At the age of three, she moved with her family to St. Louis, Missouri, the city she would call home for all of her life.

Mary was the third-born of eight children. She was raised by her grandmother, Anna Jones, whose strict guidance and care helped shape the woman Mary would become.

Mary attended Vashon High School and began building the family that became the center of her life. In the late 1940s, she married Raymond Hampton, and together they were blessed with eight beautiful children! Married at 15 years old and giving birth to her first child at 16 years old - Mary often said how her children were her whole world and truly her only and best friends that grew up with her.

Throughout her years, Mary worked various jobs, including as a school bus driver and in security. However, her greatest joy and proudest accomplishment was being a mother and homemaker. She had a special love for decorating and took pride in creating a beautiful and welcoming home for her family.

Mary later shared many cherished years with her beloved companion, Laothia “Lee” Jones, until his passing in 1997. She lovingly embraced his two sons as her own.

Mary was a woman of many talents and interests. She enjoyed shopping for cosmetics, coloring/drawing and crocheting, and was exceptionally talented artistically. She taught herself how to play the piano. She also loved cooking and was especially known for her famous Pruno Pie, a treasured German recipe passed down through her family that became a favorite among all who tasted it.

Mary was preceded in death by her five sisters - Mildred, Rose, Edna, Anne and Bertha, her brother Edward “Man”, beloved companion “Lee” Jones; her loving daughter Linda Mayes, her sons Damon Hampton and “Junior “ Jones, grandson Johnny Mayes Jr., great grandsons Devon Foreman and Ken Hughes Jr.

Mary also leaves behind her loving children- Ronnie (Nedia), Carolyn (Charles), Bonnie, Larry (Sharon), Wayne, Sandra (Keith) and Tony; brother Oclevia Washington (Snooky). She also leaves a host of loving nieces, nephews, extended family members, many many grandchildren that adored her, great-grandchildren, and several great-great-grandchildren, all of whom were blessed by her love, wisdom, and unwavering devotion.

Mary spent the last nine years of her life at Delmar Gardens of Creve Coeur, where she was cared for with dignity and compassion. It was there that she peacefully departed this life on June 14th, 2026, at 94 years old! Leaving behind a legacy built on faith, strength, creativity, and unconditional love.

To know Mary was to know warmth, laughter, good food, honest advice, and a love that never wavered. Whether she was decorating her home, creating beautiful drawings, cooking or simply spending time with her family, she filled every room with her presence and every heart with her love.

Though she is no longer physically with us, her spirit lives on through the generations she nurtured, guided, and loved so completely.

“Her hands built a home, her heart built a family, and her love built a legacy.”

Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL Pastor Jason Pye, Sr., Officiant

PRAYER Minister Phillip Burbridge

SCRIPTURE Pastor Lacha Hughes
Old Testament
New Testament

SELECTION Angie Brown
(Lead Director of Agape praise team)
Eyes on a Sparrow

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS & CONDOLENCES Beverly Burbridge

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT Tiffany Hardieway

POEM “If” read by Mauriah Lovejoy

REMARKS (Please limit to two minutes)

MINISTER REMARKS Deacon Kenneth Hughes

SELECTION “Yes”
by Shanika Glory - Kimberly Esper

LIFE REFLECTIONS Read silently to music

SELECTION “Sadie” a song by the Spinners

WORDS OF COMFORT Pastor Jason Pye, Sr.

**BENEDICTION/
RECESSIONAL**

Repass

Repass to be held at
1651 Redman Rd. | Spanish Lake, MO 63138

If...

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!
-by Rudyard Kipling

