A CELEBRATION OF LIFE



Alice Fay Rodgers

JANUARY 31, 1944 — JULY 31, 2026

"White & 82 Shades of Purple"

Alice Fay Rodgers

Psalm 23

KING JAMES VERSION

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

IN LOVING MEMORY

Her Life Story

Alice Fay Rodgers was born January 31, 1944, to the late J.D. and Mary Ida Davis. She was the 8th of 14 children. She attended Harrison High School in Blytheville, Arkansas, where she was an all-star basketball player — an early sign of the strength, spirit, and competitive fire that carried through her entire life.

She accepted and established her relationship with Jesus Christ in the early years of her life at New Bethel M.B. Church, under Reverend Conway. She later joined New Mt. Olive M.B. Church under Reverend Lawrence Echols, Sr., where she served faithfully as a member of the usher board and choir.

Alice was a natural athlete who never slowed down. Beyond basketball, she played softball for years, holding down first base like no one else could. She was also an avid and truly skilled bowler, a queen of darts who often beat her competitors, known for her talent at double dutch, and a spirited ping pong player — fittingly, she played her very last game at age 81, on October 14, 2025, while in the Bahamas. And when it came to cards, especially spades, she was often unbeatable.

Music was one of Alice's great loves. For years she sang with the gospel group "The Faithfuletts," traveling to cities and states across the region to share her gift of song. Her oldest daughter, Teresa, joined her gospel group at just nine years old, and the two carried that harmony together for years to come, even until her last days.

Working hard came naturally to her, but her true joy came from loving people and loving life. She was the true definition of a selfless giver — always putting others first without a second thought. Endlessly strong and full of spunk to the very end, she lived life unapologetically on her own terms.

She always said that when the Lord got ready to call her home, she would be ready. She spent her final week making preparations, going about her business and making sure everything was taken care of, through every ache and pain. Then, on Friday, July 31, 2026, she answered the call of her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, that the place He had prepared for her was ready. In the only way she knew how, she hurriedly said her goodbyes and slipped from mortality to eternity.

She was preceded in death by her parents, six brothers, and three sisters and ex-husband John Rodgers, (2017).

Left to cherish her memory

She leaves to cherish her memory: three daughters, **Teresa Davis** of Houston, Texas, **Rachel Davis** of Detroit, Michigan, and **Landraya Rodgers** of Blytheville, Arkansas; grandchildren, Sam Weddington and Kevion (Angelica) Xespansione of Houston, Texas, Joseph (age 10) and Zaleah (age 7) of Detroit, Michigan; one great-granddaughter, Eliana (age 3), of Houston, Texas;

three brothers, Sandy (Rochelle) Davis of Westland, Michigan, Robert "Skete" Davis of Memphis, Tennessee, and William Davis of Inkster, Michigan; and one sister, Barbara Davis of Jonesboro Arkansas. She also leaves to cherish one aunt, Easter (Virgil) Washington, and a special niece, Ureka "Candi" Cooper of Jonesboro, Arkansas; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, & friends whom she loved, and her fur-baby Oreo.

Alice's first husband & best friend was James Albert Davis — affectionately known as "Papa," her partner in crime — whom she had known since she was just thirteen years old. James and Alice remained close and stayed connected right up until her final days — laughing, talking, and reminiscing often on the "good ole days" that they had shared for a lifetime.

Reflecting on her passing, James — A.K.A Papa — shared these words:

> *"She was my partner in crime. She will be missed, and I can't wait to see her again."*
>
> — JAMES, "PAPA"

"That Kind of Mama"

I was the first to call her Mama,
her only child for twenty plus years —
her name was written first in my story,
and I in hers.

She carried more than required of her.
She reached past what her body couldn't give
and pulled two more daughters
straight to her heart,
called them hers,
raised them like she'd carried them all along… Rachel. Landraya.

She had that kind of spirit,
that kind of strength,
that kind of love
that made strangers' children
love her as if they'd known her forever.

Grandbabies. Great-grandbaby.
A whole family —
her choice, over and over,
to love her children
and whoever showed up,
like they were always meant to be hers.

So when they ask
what kind of mama
gives herself away like that,
YOU tell them:
"The kind of mama God anointed, appointed, & approved,
and the kind of mama
who never once
called it giving away."

She called it family.
She called it love.
She called it God's gift.
She called it God's providence.
She called it God's "Love,"

That's the kind of woman, and the kind of mama
I was blessed to have all the days of my life.

— Teresa, 08/08/2026

Landraya *a love letter to Mom*

To me she was my mama, and I love her to no end, even after every disagreement, she remained with love to give. And for her — the one thing she wanted me to do and be able to do — was to be independent, to not reach for her and lay on her with weight she knew she couldn't hold any longer. And whether she knew it or not, I wanted the same thing. I wanted to be her rock like she was mine. I wanted to tell her "I got it" and for it not to be temporary, but permanent.

Throughout the days of us with our routine and struggles, I handicapped myself and hurt her in the process, and I regret that every day. But this past week, this month, my birthday month, she was setting me up. Knowingly or not, she set me up the best she could to hold myself.

No matter how much this world is crumbling, I will do what she wanted. She will not lay in the ground with guilt or worry on her body, her shell — it will be able to smile as she is in heaven with all the family we and you all have lost over the years, even before me. And I want to thank this family for accepting me with all the love you could give, and all the food too.

But again, for her and for myself, I will get on my own two feet. I won't stop. I won't sit in my mind with stormy clouds and let her watch me rot and sink with wishes that she could've held on a little longer, with her strong will, and keep going for me — but that's the last thing she would've wanted, despite wishes that I could hear her shouting my name for not doing the dishes.

Now I have to take her philosophy and I won't sit still: "If I see something that needs to be done, I'ma do it." As she said so many times, I will take what she's left me and build off of it, at twenty years old. And in that building, I'll create what I wished to create for myself: to be an artist, and lay down the ground that I wanted for her and for myself.

With this little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine, and I pray she will see that light through the heavens above.

She was and is lovely. She was and is wonderful. And she was and is at rest — and that hopefully will let all of us both grieve and also be happy that she lived and is now home. Truly home.

— Landraya

Rachel *a love letter to Mom*

Today, I stand before you with a heart that feels heavier than I ever imagined it could. There are moments in life when words seem far too small for the love we carry, and today is one of those moments. Today, I have to say goodbye to my mother.

My mom, Alice, lived a beautiful 82 years — eighty-two years of loving, giving, teaching, sacrificing, laughing, and shaping the lives of everyone blessed enough to know her. She was strong, kind-hearted, well-dressed, and carried herself with a quiet dignity that naturally earned respect. She wasn't afraid to tell you the truth, either; she was blunt, and sometimes you heard exactly what you needed instead of what you wanted. But if she corrected you, it was because she loved you. If she pushed you, it was because she believed in you. Looking back now, I realize every hard lesson was wrapped in love, even if I couldn't always see it at the time.

One thing about my mom — she also had a mischievous side. When I was about fourteen years old, she took me and my friends trick-or-treating, and at one point someone wearing a mask started chasing us. I was absolutely terrified and ran two whole blocks, convinced I was living through my own horror movie. I still don't know if she was trying to teach me courage or just wanted something to laugh about for the next twenty years — but knowing her, it was probably both.

She was preparing me for a day she prayed would come much later than this one, a day when I would have to walk through this world without her beside me. A mother's love is the first home we ever know, the first voice that comforts us, the first hands that lift us when we fall. No matter how old we become, a part of us never stops being someone's child, and losing your mother changes something inside of you that leaves a space no one else can ever fill.

But even in that emptiness, I find peace, because my mother's greatest gift wasn't something she could leave me in a will — it was who she helped me become. She lives on in my voice when I encourage someone, in my strength when life gets difficult, and in every act of kindness, every lesson I pass on, every laugh I share, and every time I choose love over anger. Death may end a life, but it cannot end a legacy.

The miles between Michigan and Arkansas seem so small today compared to the distance between Heaven and Earth. But love has never been measured in miles — it's measured in memories, in lessons, in laughter, in the people we become because someone loved us so well.

Mom, thank you — for every sacrifice I never saw, every prayer you whispered when I didn't know you were praying, every lesson I fought against but eventually understood, and for believing in me before I believed in myself. If I could have one more conversation with you, I wouldn't ask for anything extraordinary; I'd simply ask for one more hug, one more laugh, one more story, one more "I love you." But since I can't, I'll carry those moments in my heart for the rest of my life.

Mom, your hands may have let go of ours, but your love never will. You were our anchor, our teacher, our protector, and our home. And while our hearts are broken today, they are also incredibly grateful — grateful that we were blessed with you, grateful that we got to call you Mom.

Rest peacefully, Mom. Your work here is finished, and your love is eternal. And as long as we speak your name, tell your stories, and live by the values you gave us, a part of you will never leave this Earth.

I love you. Always.

— Rachel

Teresa *a love letter to Mom*

Mama, I tried to call you the other day. I had to keep reminding myself that you have stepped out of time and into eternity with the Heavenly Father.

I am sure going to miss you. I had plans to see you this week, but God had other plans for you. We were also making plans for this upcoming Thanksgiving, but even then, God knew the day He would call you home. I am a firm believer that 'heart-to-heart' conversations with the Father above are important – I know you were having those 'heart-to-heart' conversations with Him even more in your last few years. You and I just talked about revisiting your final wishes; making sure I had things in order just in case Father God called you home before me, and He did so. I can't say that it took me by absolute surprise but I can say that I am going to miss you, mama. I have so many memories of you. I have endless accounts of all the times, we travelled together, we sang together, we played cards together, we danced together – OH how much I will miss singing and dancing with you. You were always a team-player. You were the most resilient woman I know... strong by every means of the word and yet "love" flowed from you like rivers of water.

Because of all the days, weeks, month, and years I had you in my life – that I spent with you "my" heart is able to rejoice in knowing that you are in Heaven, and that God is pleased. I had the opportunity to tell you every time we spoke, "I love you," and I never missed a moment to tell you. I had the opportunity to pray with you and pray for you and read the word of God, declaring His truth above all. I am honored to have witnessed God work in our lives and to have created space & time for us to praise His Holy name together... such a gift.

My soul is at rest knowing that you did the work that God entrusted to you. In fact, you ran your race until the very end. Something I hope to be able to do as I live this life in Christ. You were certainly loved by many people, more than you know mama. I'm sure you're looking down on today's "Celebration of Life," and singing along with us and rocking to the music – just like you rocked with "The Faithfuletts."

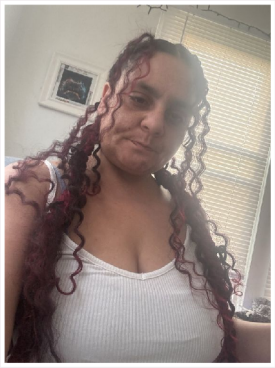
While you were here with me on earth, I told you everything I needed to. I gave you endless hugs and kisses. We travelled miles around the country together. We sang songs of praise together. We even cooked together. AND we often celebrated holidays together. So as I write these final words, I do so knowing that you already know everything I know about our life together on this side of time – our life together as mother & daughter, an irreplaceable & unforgettable "Love Story," that can only be written by the hand of God!

Love you, Mama, and I look forward to singing together in Heaven one day; one day indeed....

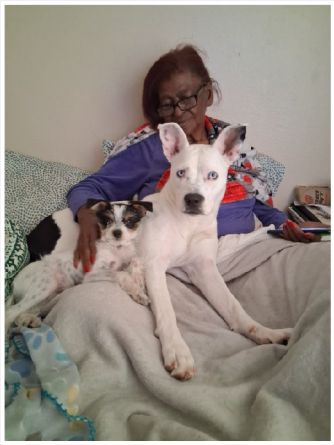
— Teresa

In Living Memory

Moments we hold close

















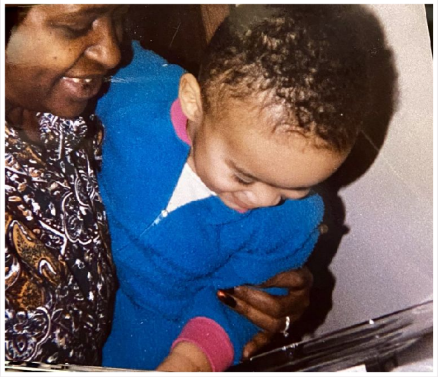


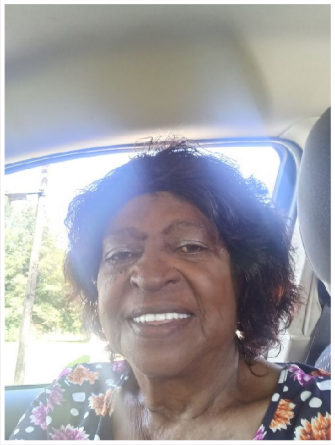




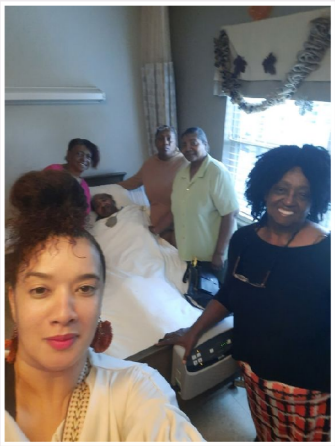














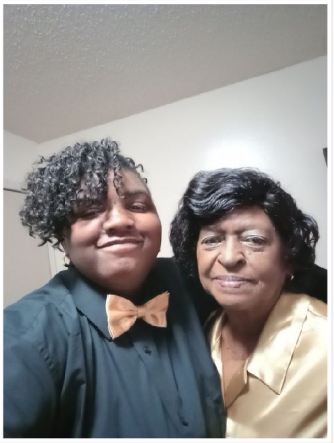
RIDE HEIGHT CHART

















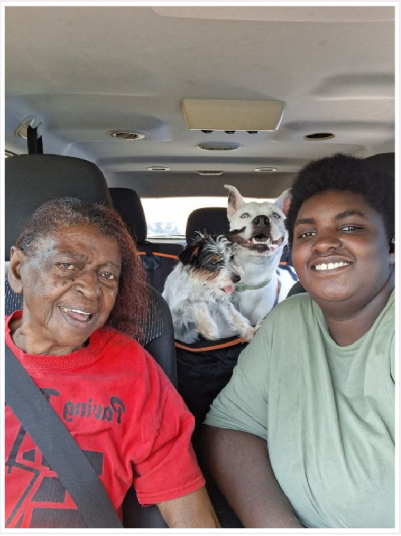


REVIEW
Lit Touch
ORDER NOW


HAPPY

EXIT



24




CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Order of Service

Saturday, August 15th · 2:00 PM · New Mount Olive M.B. Church, Blytheville, AR

Processional	*Family & Clergy*
Selection	*"Jesus Done Fixed It"*
Invocation	*Ashley Postell (Psalm 23)*
Old Testament	*Isaiah 30:21*
New Testament	*John 10:27–28*
Selection	*"He Holds Me Close"*

Remarks & Acknowledgements

- Melissa Williams — *"That Kind of Mama" (Poem)*
- Alrick Rowe — *"Heartfelt Sentiments"*
- Family & Friends — *"Open Floor" (2 min per person)*
- Ureka Cooper — *"One Last Ride"*
- Teresa Davis — *"God Speaks"*

Reading of the Obituary	*Tracey Shine*
Selection *(all stand)*	*"Mama's Going Home"*
Eulogy	*Reverend Doug Echols*
Recessional	*Family & Clergy*

INTERMENT

Final Resting Place

Memory Garden Cemetery

Stuart Street, Blytheville, Arkansas

PALLBEARERS

Tony Postell Sr.	Earl Spaulding
Elijah Williams	Tony Postell Jr.
Tony Postell	Travis Postell
Samuel Delaney	James Delaney

REPAST

You Are Invited to Gather

Immediately following the Celebration of Life, the family invites you to join them for a repast at **New Mount Olive M.B. Church**, 534 Maple St, Blytheville, AR 72315.

Additional family & friends hours will also be held in **Blytheville** (hosted by Shirley Marshall) and in **Jonesboro** (hosted by Ureka & James Cooper).

★

WITH LOVING GRATITUDE

The family of Alice Fay Rodgers wishes to express our sincere gratitude for every prayer, kind word, floral arrangement, and act of love shown to us during this time. Your support means more than words can say.

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Reverend Doug Echols · New Mount Olive M.B. Church & Members · Leonard Middlebrooks

Shirley Marshall · Jasmine Ramirez · Mrs. Evelyn M. Bland

& All Family & Friends

Professional Services Entrusted To

Wilson Funeral Home & Staff

1020 South Division Street, Blytheville, Arkansas 72315

Forever in our hearts

A CELEBRATION OF

Life

Alice Fay Rodgers





Psalms 23: 1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Born: 01/31/1944

Entered Into Rest 07/31/2026

"Floral Arrangements"
Please deliver to:

Wilson Funeral Home
Address: 1020 South
Division Street,
Blytheville, Arkansas 72315

***White & 82 Shades of Purple ***
Color theme

SERVICE

Saturday August 15th

Visitation: 1:00pm - 2:00pm

Celebration of Life 2:00pm

Location:
New Mount Olive M B Church
534 Maple St,
Blytheville, AR 72315

"Well done, good and faithful servant."