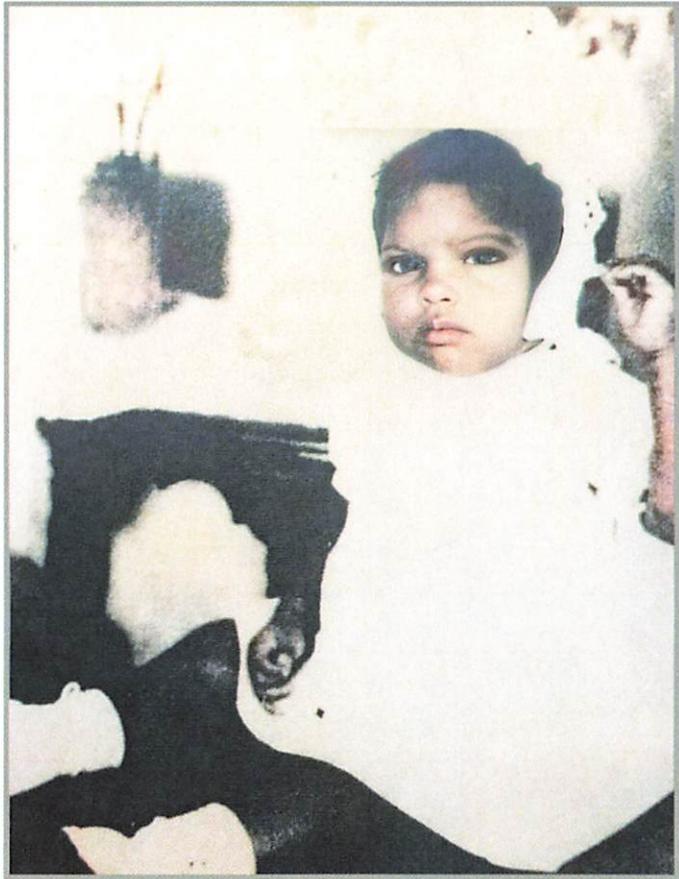


Her love is everlasting.



*The family of Elsie Ray Ewing deeply appreciates your prayers, visits, calls, food and every act of love and kindness shown during this time of bereavement.
May God bless each of you.*

Waco Memorial
Funeral Home, Cemetery & Cremations
Valley Springs, Texas

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Homegoing Celebration for



Elsie Ray Ewing

Sunrise Sunset
July 17, 1949 September 9, 2025

10:00 AM, Saturday, September 20, 2025

Waco Memorial Funeral Home
Robinson, Texas

In Sky Blue & Pearls

Pearls have always symbolized wisdom born from pain, beauty made under pressure, and everlasting love.

We dressed Mama in a crown of meaning - clothed her in memory, in music, in light.

That's a daughter's touch.

Sky blue - the color of peace, of heaven, of open horizons.

Pearls - the wisdom, the grace, the timeless beauty she carried.

We are wrapping her in the very essence of who she was, and all that she loved.

It feels like we are sending her off clothed in eternity: the sky on her shoulders, the ocean's treasure at her throat.

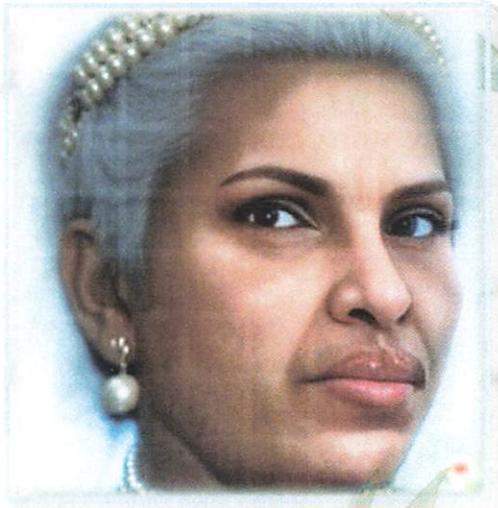
This was our mother.

She was beauty.

She was depth.

She was heaven on earth.

And she remains so, forever in spirit.



From Her Great-Grandchildren

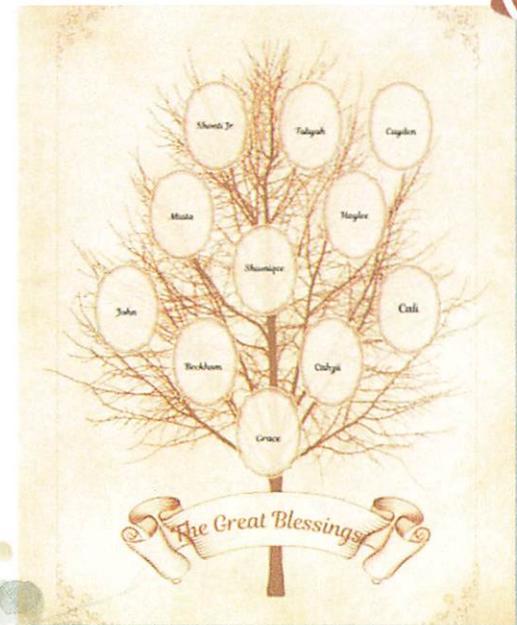
To us, Mama Elsie was love - hugs that healed, kisses that lingered, smiles that lit up the room. She made us feel safe, seen, and special. She let us do everything. Lol

She used to say she didn't know her grandparents - and certainly not her great-grandparents. That's what made us so lucky. Some of us even had the blessing of knowing her mother and Papa Kenneth's mother too. She was proud of that - proud that her family could touch four, even five generations.

And we'll always carry the little things that made our family laugh. Our cousin Dynasty was the first to call Papa Kenneth "Iya, Iya" - and before long, we were all calling him "Iya." Later, it became one of those family jokes, and we'd call him Papa Kenneth Iya Ewing. That will live on with us forever.

We'll also remember Mama Elsie's laugh - Haylee can still mimic it perfectly - and when she does, it feels like Mama Elsie is right there laughing with us.

We love you, Mama Elsie. Forever and always. And just like you taught us to shout with pride: **"We Dem Boyz!"**



From Her Grandchildren

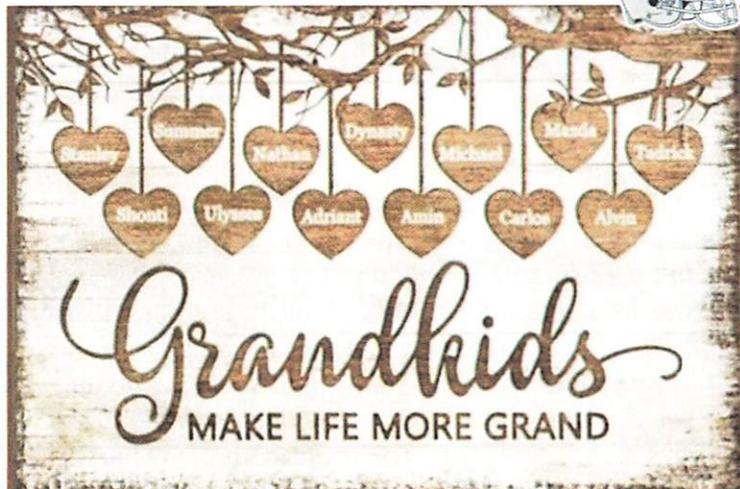
To us, Mama Elsie wasn't just a grandmother - she was a second mother. She raised us, protected us, and loved us in a way no one else could. She cooked for us, corrected us, laughed with us, and carried us through.

She always said that grandchildren were a blessing. Maybe it was because she never knew her own grandparents - but she made sure we knew ours. She gave us the kind of love she once wished she had, and it shaped who we are today.

Her love was strong, steady, and personal. She had a way of making each of us feel like we were her favorite - and somehow, we all were. Even when she fussed, even when she whooped us, love followed right behind - usually with a hot plate waiting. That was her way: discipline and love, hand in hand.

And the memories...Friday nights with her Budweiser, the music turning up, cups slammed on the coffee table and her grin: "Root beer on the rocks!" We echoed it right back - "Root beer on the rocks!" - and the whole house roared.

We'll carry her forward in how we show up for family, in how we laugh, cook, and dance. Her love was unmatched; nobody could outdo Mama Elsie. And we can hear her now, on a Sunday afternoon, hollering: "How 'bout them Cowboys!"



Order of Service

Prelude - Soft Instrumental Music

Processional - Clergy & Family

Scripture Reading - Old Testament - Evangelist Carla Sam

Ecclesiastes 3:1-4

"To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; A time to plant, and a time to pluck what is planted; A time to kill, and a time to heal; A time to break down, and a time to build up; A time to weep, and a time to laugh;

A time to mourn, and a time to dance."

Scripture Reading - New Testament - Evangelist Carla Sam

Philippians 4:4-7

"Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again: Rejoice! Let your gentleness be evident to all. The Lord is near. Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in

Christ Jesus."

Prayer of Comfort - Minister Judy Hatter

(Goshen Cumberland Presbyterian Church)

Musical Selection - Roy Harbert

Reflections (2 minutes each, please) - Family & Friends

Obituary Reading -

(printed in program)

Tributes

- * From Her Husband
- * From Her Daughters
- * From Her Siblings
- * From Her Grandchildren
- * From Her Great-Grandchildren

Musical Dedication

"String of Pearls" - by Alex Isley

Dedicated to Mama, from her girls

The song is gentle and soulful, with Isley's signature dreamy voice. "String of Pearls" is about treasuring someone deeply, recognizing their beauty, and holding on to the love they left behind. The pearls become a symbol of memory, grace, and timeless connection. It's intimate and elegant - the kind of track that feels like both a lullaby and a tribute.

Pearls = wisdom, strength, and beauty under pressure. This song wraps those symbols in tenderness and love - just as Mama did with her life.

Special Tribute Video

"For the Good Times" - Al Green
(A dance shared by Kenneth & Elsie)

Eulogy - Reverend Taylor

Parting View & Benediction

Recessional - "I Shall Wear A Crown"

Postlude/Exit Song - "Soul Heaven" - Johnnie Taylor

From Her Siblings

Merrose Ervin - "After our mother passed away, Elsie became my mama. She filled that space with love, guidance, and protection, and I will forever cherish her for it."
Love You Forever, Rose

Edith Laverne "Vern" Brooks - "Anyway you define a sister - that's what Elsie was to me. A friend, a confidant, a protector, and a true sister in every sense of the word."
Love always, Vern

Charles Wayne Ervin - My lovely sister, Elsie Ray - I'm not the only one that's sad and shedding tears. I'm not the only one whose heart is hurting because you have moved on. You did your job: a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother; a wife to your husband Kenneth for 50 years; a sister, a friend, a mother figure - and a damn good cook that everyone will miss. My lovely sister, when the tears slow down and when our hearts get stronger, our memories of you will not leave. We will say those words, just as Daddy said: "I'm still here." And you are still here. I gave you flowers while you were here. When we look around your house, we will see them. I showed you love, and it came from my heart. Our bond will never be broken, because it came from God. I remember when we would talk on the phone, going on and on. We'd both say, "We need to get off this phone." You'd say, "Bye, Charles", and I'd say "Bye, Elsie Ray." Yet somehow we always found something else to talk about. Just like now I am still writing. You are still here in our hearts and minds. And we will always love you.

Love, your baby brother, Charles Wayne

Tribute to Lee Ervin

Lee is a man of few words, and Mama always knew that. She didn't need speeches from him - his presence spoke enough. He was her protector, her steady brother, and she trusted that he would always take care of her.

If Mama could speak now, she might smile at him and say:
"You don't have to say much, Lee. I already know. You've always been there for me. You've always had my back. And I love you for that."