

Pallbearers
Enon's Men of God Ministry
Sons

Floral Bearers
Enon's Women's Ministry
Nieces

My Last Party

*When you come to my last party, don't come with faces long.
But come with memories that are pleasant in your hearts, let there be a song.*

The place will be full of flowers and I'll be dressed grand.

The only thing I shall be sorry for, I won't be able to shake your hand.

The daily papers will print the invitations that everyone might see.

I am going to hold it in a church-like place and no one will be turned away.

At the place where I hold my party, many friends will come to pray.

When you come to my last party, we won't play games.

But there will be a register where you can sign your name.

And as you stand there and sing my praises in voices so silently of what good things you know about me –

When you come to my last party, my LORD will be your host,

because 'tis He 'mongst all of my friends, who really loves me most.

HE bore my Cross at Calvary. HE bears my cross today. When you leave,

HE will still be with me, to comfort me on my way.

*When you come to my last party, in spirit I'll be there, and as you stare back at me through closed eyelids,
at you I'll stare.*

And when you say that I look natural, as that is as it should be,

because at my last party, who should look more natural than me.

I did the best that I knew, now it's up to God to take care of me now.

*When it comes to your last party, I'll be there with arms open wide,
and together we will go forward to that big going home party in the sky.*

The family of Mr. Hazel Budden wishes to acknowledge your out pouring expressions of love, concern and support. We also appreciate the many kind words, home visitations, flowers, cards, telephone calls, and prayers during our time of bereavement.

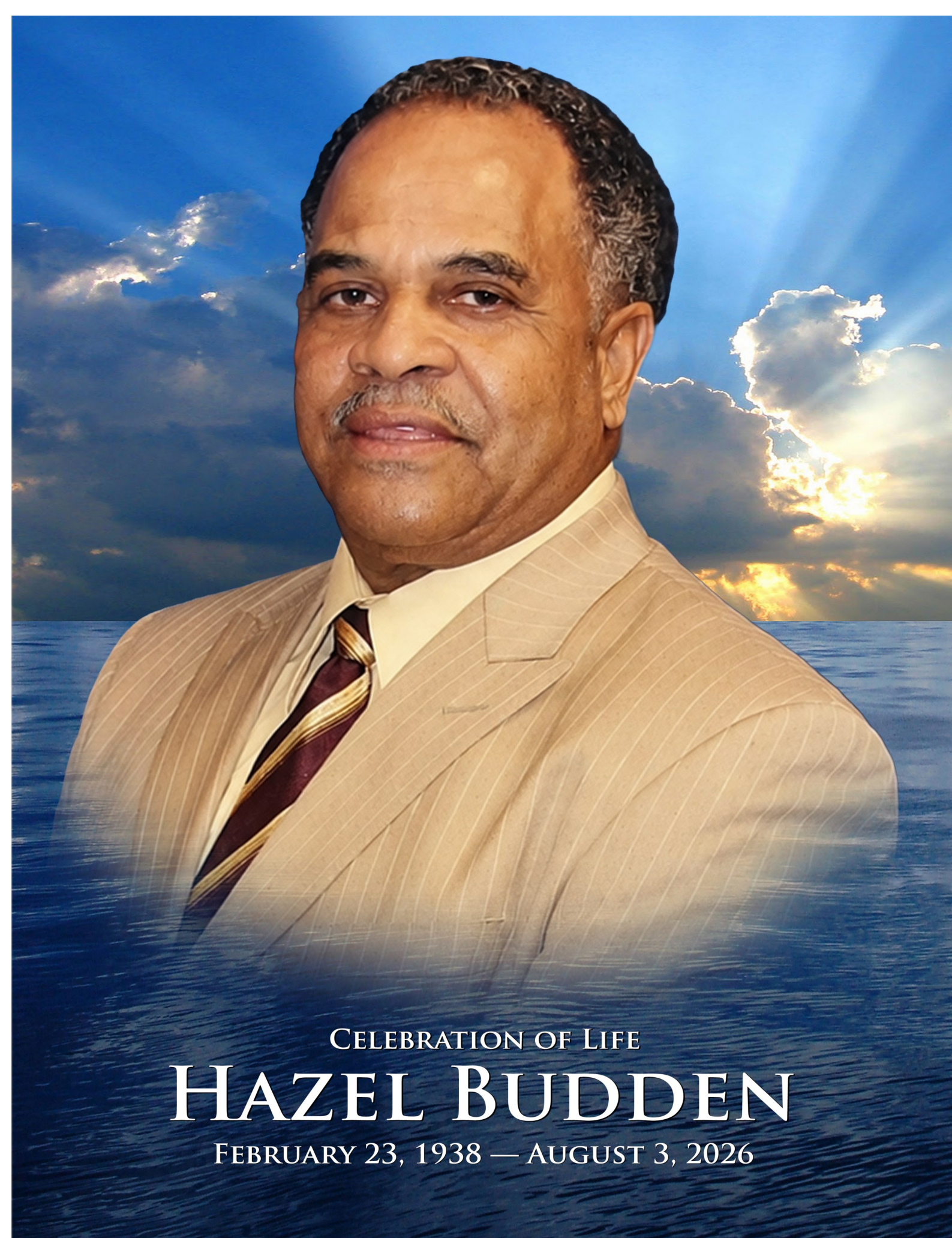
Job's Mortuary, Inc.

Ralph W. Canty Sr., Director

312 South Main St.
P. O. Box 1231 - Sumter, SC 29151
803-773-3323 or 803-773-3324
Fax 803-775-4297



Home of Distinctively Finer
Funeral Service



CELEBRATION OF LIFE
HAZEL BUDDEN
FEBRUARY 23, 1938 — AUGUST 3, 2026

**Celebration of Life for
Mr. Hazel Budden**

**Saturday, August 8, 2026
2:00PM**

**Jehovah Missionary Baptist Church
609 Manning Ave., Sumter SC 29150**

Order of Service

Rev. Rossi Ramsey, Worship Leader



Prelude		Soft Music
Processional & Viewing		Clergy and Family
Musical Selection		Enon Music Ministry
Old Testament	 Ecclesiastes 3:1-11	Dr. Georgia Walker <i>Enon Missionary Baptist Church</i>
New Testament	 John 14:1-6	Apostle Jamie Pleasant <i>New Zion Christian Center, Suwanee GA</i>
Prayer		Dr. Charles Jackson Sr. <i>Brookland Baptist Church, West Columbia, SC</i>
Musical Selection		Sister Latonya Gordon
Words of Expression:		
Church		Deacon James Shaw
Family		Dr. Fannie Lanon
Community		Dr. Ralph W. Canty Sr.
Acknowledgements		Deaconess Rochelle Blake
Song of Praise		Enon Music Ministry
Words of Comfort		Pastor Julie A. Hayes <i>Enon Missionary Baptist Church</i>
Recessional		Medley of Songs

Committal & Benediction
Evergreen Memorial Park
802 N Guignard Dr., Sumter SC 29150



The Book of Hazel

Shared on behalf of his brother and sisters.

If we were to write a book about our brother, Hazel, it wouldn't be a small book. It would be filled with stories, lessons, laughter, hard work, and love. As his one brother and five sisters who remain, we believe these would be some of the chapters of The Book of Hazel.

Chapter One: A Son Who Answered the Call

When our parents could no longer carry the weight of the family farm and grocery store, Hazel stepped in. He didn't simply inherit responsibility—he embraced it. He worked hard, made sacrifices, and ensured that what our parents built would continue.

Chapter Two: The Businessman Everyone Respected

Hazel earned the respect of farmers, bankers, business owners, and neighbors alike. His name carried credibility. People trusted his word because they knew his character. In our community, mentioning Hazel's name often opened doors—not because he demanded respect, but because he had earned it.

Chapter Three: The Quiet Advisor

Many of us can remember Hazel pulling us aside for a private conversation. He didn't embarrass us publicly. Instead, with love and sincerity, he would offer advice, guidance, or correction. His words were honest because he wanted the best for us.

Chapter Four: The Giver

Hazel believed in helping others. Whether someone needed encouragement or financial assistance, he gave quietly and generously. He found joy in lifting burdens from others without expecting recognition in return.

Chapter Five: Family Was Everything

As one of thirteen brothers and sisters, family was woven into Hazel's heart. He cared deeply for each of us in his own way. His love wasn't always spoken loudly—it was often demonstrated through his presence, his protection, his advice, and his generosity.

Chapter Six: A Man of Faith

His commitment to his church and to God helped shape the man we knew. His faith wasn't confined to Sundays; it influenced how he lived, worked, and treated people throughout the week—the other six days.

Chapter Seven: He Loved to Laugh

Hazel knew how to work, but he also knew how to enjoy life. Family gatherings and time with friends were filled with laughter, stories, and unforgettable memories. He loved a good time and made those around him smile.

Chapter Eight: He Appreciated Excellence

Whether it was his farm equipment, his trucks, or his cars, Hazel appreciated quality. He took pride in his work and in the tools that helped him accomplish it. That wasn't about showing off—it reflected the pride he took in doing things the right way.

The Final Chapter: A Legacy That Lives On

No book about Hazel could ever truly end because his influence continues in the lives he touched. It lives on in the values he modeled—hard work, integrity, generosity, faith, excellence, and devotion to family.

We imagine Heaven has already heard the rumble of a tractor, and somewhere Jesus is wondering why the angels suddenly have an interest in upgraded farm equipment.

Rest well, Hazel. Your final chapter on earth has been written, but your story will continue to be told for generations to come.



Life Reflections

In Loving Memory of Brother Hazel Budden

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith" 2 Timothy 4:7

Hazel Budden, born February 23, 1938 in Sumter, SC, was married to the late Caroline Dubose Budden, and was the son of the late Willie Budden, Sr. & the late Daisy J. Budden. He departed this earthly life and entered into eternal rest on August 3, 2026 at Prisma Health Tuomey, Sumter, S.C.

Hazel was educated in the public schools in Sumter, S.C. He attended Green Elementary School and Lincoln High School. He also attended the Enon Missionary Baptist Church School of Ministry to aid in his spiritual growth.

He was married to the late Caroline Dubose Budden on December 24, 1961 and they were married for 64 years. To this union they were blessed with five children, Hazel, John, Jocelyn, Shawn and Dwayne.

At an early age in his spiritual journey, he accepted Christ and was a lifelong member of Enon Missionary Baptist Church. At Enon, he was a faithful and dedicated member. He served on the Enon's Men of God Ministry, the Directing Council and the Trustee Ministry. He served as a Trustee Ministry Chairperson for several years. While at Enon he was honored as Man of the Year. He stood firm in his belief and faith in God and was a pillar in Ministry. In spite of the various challenges that he faced over the years, he would find himself in the house of the Lord always seated with the Trustee Ministry. Hazel had a gentle and quiet spirit but a demeanor about him that made a strong and impactful delivery in the way he carried himself in ministry and in the community. He was a devout businessman with a distinguished voice, distinguished laugh and always had a smile on his face. He was self-employed and the owner of Budden Farming and Budden Trucking Company. He enjoyed horseback riding, motorcycle riding, family gatherings, and truly loved his church ministry and Ministry Gift.

He leaves to cherish his memories: two daughters; Jocelyn (Darrell) Williams of Sumter, SC and Deandrea (Marvin) Singleton of Great Falls, Montana; seven sons, Hazel L. Budden of Columbia, SC, John F. (Sabrina) Budden of Sumter, SC, Shawn K. (Tonja) Budden of Columbia, SC, Dwayne (Temisha) Budden of Sumter, SC, Bernard (Lynette) Jones of Columbia, SC, James Cauty of Sumter, SC and Demone (Latosha) Archie of Columbia, SC; fifteen grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren; five sisters, Louvenia Conyers, Catherine (Marion) Henry, Daisy L. (John) Ramsey all of Sumter, SC, Jessie (Dewey) Hamilton of Tampa, FL, Matlea (Jeffrey) Parker of Atlanta, GA; one brother, Jacob (Ethel) Budden of Tampa, FL; four sisters in law, Bernice Budden of New Jersey, Priscilla Budden of New York, Rosa Henderson and Ruth Budden both of Sumter, SC; two brothers in law, Matthew and Moses Dubose.

In addition to his beautiful wife, Caroline Budden, his parents, Willie and Daisy J. Budden, his father and mother in law, Gilbert and Eliza Dubose, he was preceded in death by one son, two grandsons, one sister and five brothers.



The Name You Left Us

Daddy, you taught us that a name was more than what people called you.
It was something you carried, something you earned, something you gave meaning to by the way you lived.

You carried Grandpa's name with pride and with care, and then you handed it to us.
You told us to protect it, not with words, but with the way we lived, the way we worked, the way we treated people, and the way we kept our word.

When we were young, we didn't always understand what you were trying to teach us.
We thought you were asking too much. We thought you were being hard on us.

Now we know. You were preparing us for the day you wouldn't be here to show us what to do.
You taught us responsibility before we understood what responsibility really meant.

You taught us to work for what we wanted, to stand behind our word, to own our mistakes, and to get back up when life knocked us down.

And you believed in second chances. Sometimes third. Sometimes fourth. You understood that people make mistakes because you knew we were people too.

We watched you. We watched what you did and sometimes what you didn't do.

We learned from your strength, your struggles, your successes, and even your imperfections.

That's how we learned you. That's how fathers become part of us. As we grew older, we stopped trying to become something greater than you.

We began to understand that maybe the goal was never to surpass you.

Maybe it was simply to become the people you spent your life teaching us to be.

Now we carry your name without you here to remind us what it means.

So we will remember. We will work hard. We will keep our word. We will take responsibility.

We will give people another chance. We will take care of our families. And when life gets hard, we will keep going.

Because those are the things you left behind. Not just things we can hold, but things we can have to live.
Your greatest gift to us wasn't something you could put in our hands. It was the man you showed us how to become.

And Daddy, when people hear our name, we hope they hear a little bit of you.

We hope they see the values you lived by, the work you put in, the love you gave, and the family you built.

You gave us your name. We will spend the rest of our lives trying to make sure we are worthy of carrying it.

We will miss you always Daddy, We love you.

And we will carry you with us
for as long as we have a name to carry.

Love Always,
Your Sons

To My Daddy, With All My Love

Daddy, How do I say goodbye To the man who meant so much to me,
The man who worked so hard, Who gave his all to his family,
And loved us unconditionally.

You were a father like no other, A provider, strong and true.
You worked hard to make sure your children had everything they needed—
And somehow, Daddy, you always found a way to give us more, too.

You had a heart that was bigger than words could ever explain.
If someone needed you, you were there.
You gave without hesitation, you helped without expecting anything in return,
And you treated so many people like they were part of your own family.

You were blessed with five plus children, and I know I held a special place in your heart.
I was the only daughter who lived in the house with you, growing up surrounded by my four brothers,
with my mama right there beside us, too. Our home was full of love, laughter,
and I'm sure a little bit of chaos along the way. And Daddy, you always said I was controlling.

Well... I guess I have to admit it—I was. I wanted things done my way, I worried about you,
I fussed at you, And I tried to make sure you were okay.

And Daddy, I was controlling right up until the very end. But now I realize that underneath all of that
Was simply a daughter who loved her daddy more than she could ever put into words.

I would give anything to hear you say my name again, To hear your voice, To sit beside you,
To fuss with you, And yes, Daddy... Even to hear you tell me, "Jody - you cannot control my life!"

I never knew those words would one day become memories I would treasure so deeply.
You gave me so much, Daddy— Not just the things you worked hard to provide,

But lessons about strength, About sacrifice, About helping others, About loving your family, And about what it truly means to be a good father.

You were my Daddy, My protector, My provider, My example, And one of the greatest blessings God ever gave me.

I will miss you more than words can say. There will always be a piece of my heart that belongs only to you.
So rest now, Daddy. Your work here is finished. You gave us your very best, And you loved us the best way you knew how.

And if heaven has a place where you can hear me, I hope you hear me say this one more time:

I love you, Daddy. I always have. I always will.
And yes... Even though you're no longer here, Your daughter is still going to have the last word.

Because Daddy, I was controlling to the very end—and you loved me anyway.

Until we meet again, Rest peacefully, Daddy.

Forever your daughter, Forever your little girl,
Forever loving you!

