

In Loving Memory



Wan Nisha Ebony Efferson

JULY 19, 1984 - OCTOBER 17, 2025

A Beautiful Life Story

Hi, I am WanNisha Ebony Efferson born July 19, 1984 to Kellie Polk and Ronald Efferson who was my biological father, but big David Ross was the active father for me.

I attend Lakewood and 112th street elementary. I went to Vanguard Jr High and graduated from Centennial High School. Yeap, I attend Southwest College, graduated with AA Degree. MOVIN ON

I was so excited to find out I will be employed with the County Of Los Angeles. I works for (DPSS) Department of Social Service as (ITC) Intermittent type clerk then later, I was promoted to (DCFS) Department of Children Family Service as a (STC). Senior Typing Clerk. All thought my time was cut short I met some wonderful people who welcome me into they family with open arms.

My favorite color is purple, the man of my life and favorite artist Jigga AKA Jay-Z. I went to Atlanta Georgia to see that man, I mean my main man(lol). I Know I done some of y'all hair and I had it slayed down whether it was braids or weave, cause neatness was my hair, or dressing, let me tell y'all when my daughter Khole and big WaWa step out, you best to believe we was smelling good and looking good not a wrinkle or a string of hair out of place.

I Know y'all sitting around saying WaWa know she can cut a person up and down, only if you cross me and I Did That!! But I still had love in my heart for my family and friends.

I was sad when illness came upon me, but I didn't cower out, I fought with all my might until I heard death calling out for me. I told the Lord I am here, he gave me my wings and heaven gates open up.

You won't believe it, the first person welcome me was Uncle Chubby, he had the nerve to tell me you made it to heaven WaWa, No need to raise Hell anymore, I told him Uncle Chubby I don't have time for that, I am trying to control these wings, I am smiling and flying around heaven all day. Khloe, I left you in such a short notice and young age, I know you did your best helping me, I didn't mean for this to happen like this but mama love you and I'm not in no more pain. Don't be sad about me I'm at peace, I need you to be happy and listen to GG, Granny, Brothers, Sisters, Uncles and Aunties and life should be easy for you baby girl.

My mother, thanks for taking off work making sure I go to the Doctor, or the Hospital, and for answering my late-night cry out for help, glad our relationship had a chance to grow. Granny I love you for being a caring grandma from my childhood, to being an adult, for all the support and love.

To my sibling Lil David, Kendale and Kayana, I love y'all, we had our ups and downs, but I need y'all to help mama with Khloe, she needs y'all for support and love, take care of her.

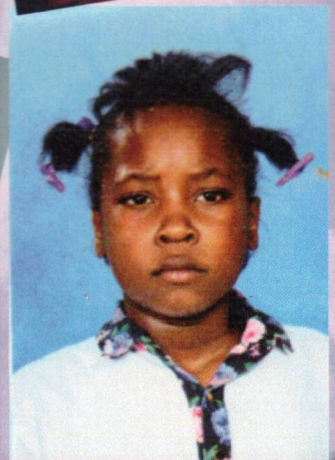
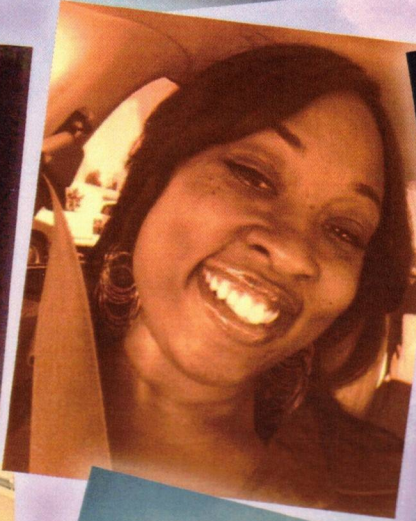
Lil Andre you are one of my favorite cousins, I'm going to miss our funny arguments lol, and thank you for all that you have done for me, love you.

Lil Derrick, I know we cousins, but we grew up like brothers and sisters, I love you bro. To all my good close friends, you know who you are, I thank you for putting up with me. I know sometimes I can be difficult, but I love all that you all have done for me.

Well, it's time for me to go now, it's so sad I have to say goodbye like this, until we meet again, I leave behind my beautiful daughter Khole, My mother Kellie Polk, father Ronald Efferson, my active father Big David and his wife Kava Niel Ross (Kay), my granny Wanda Jackson, my sister Kayana Hudson, Jazmyne Efferson-Phillips (Marvelle) Phillips, Nakita Efferson (Bryan Ross) and Kyleisha Efferson. My brother Lil David Ross and Kendale Ross, Steveland (Berniece) Efferson and Pierre Efferson. Uncle and Auntie Dwayne Polk and Charlotte Polk. Nieces and Nephews Manson Ross and Sahniyah Ross, Ze'yona, Na'kayla, Brianna, Zachariah, Chance, Ethan, Eliana, Eiza. Great- Auntie Rayneda, Gloria, Beverly, Angie, Renita and host of family and friends.

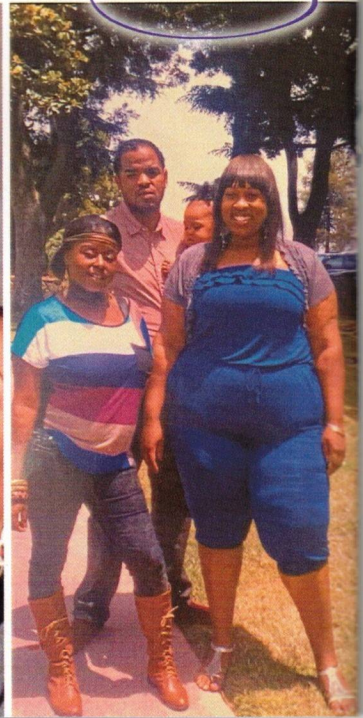
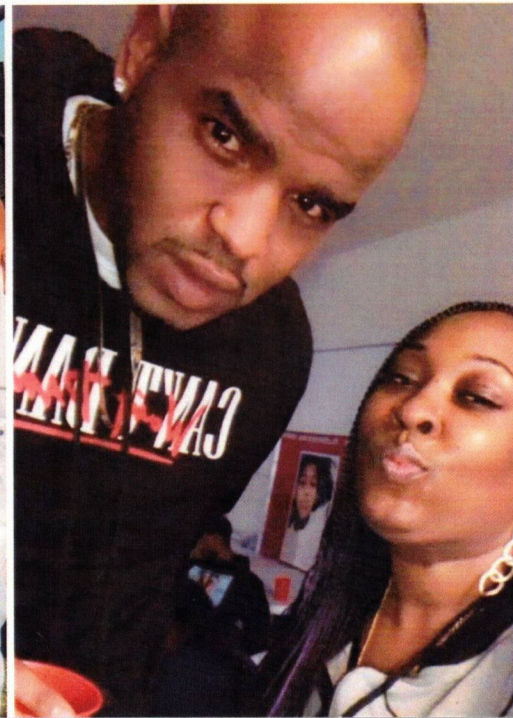
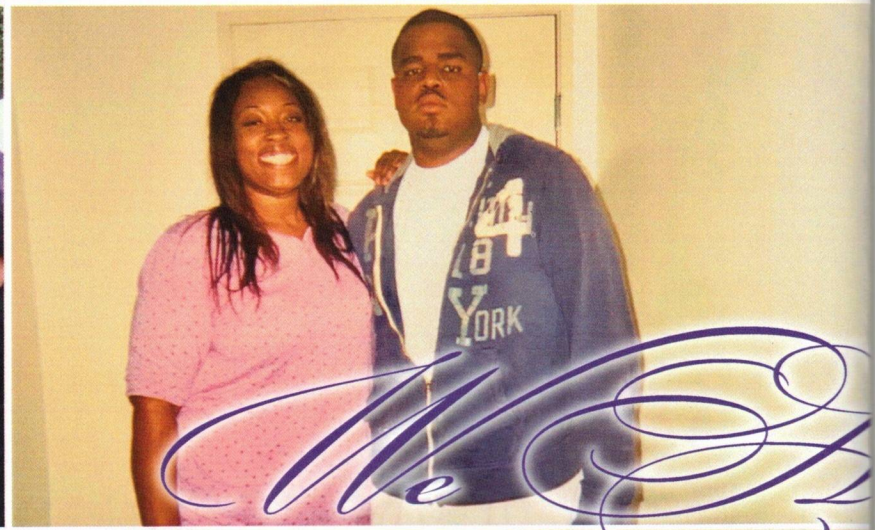
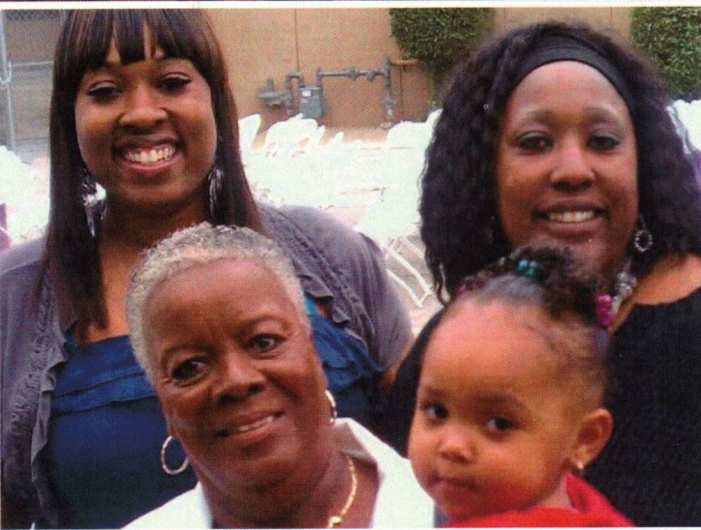
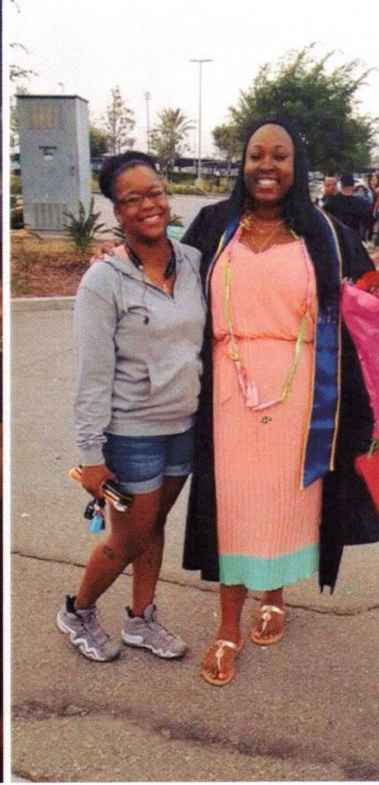
***Love WanNisha
AKA Big WaWa***

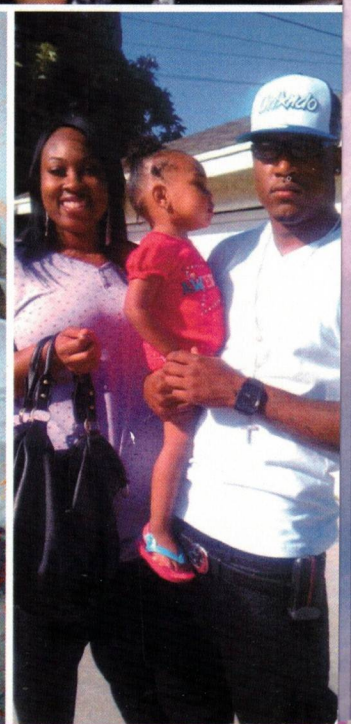
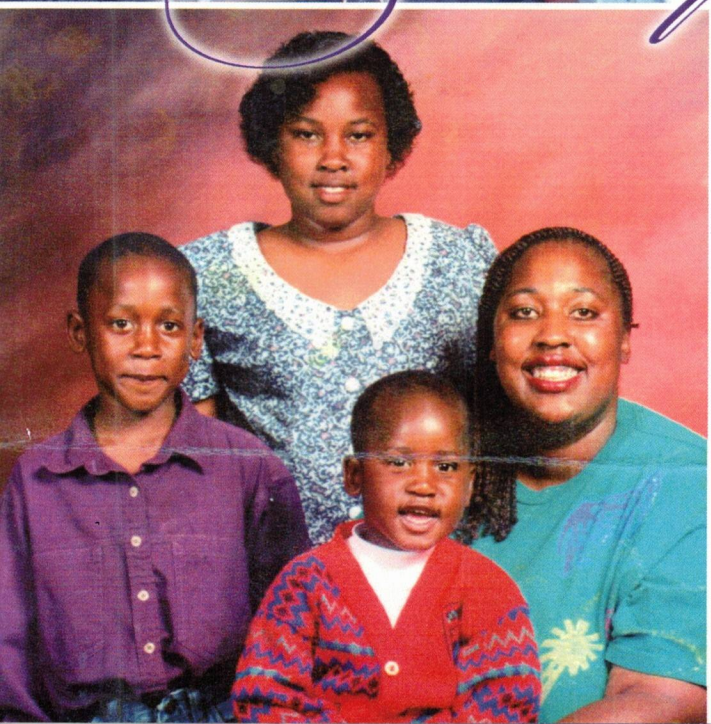
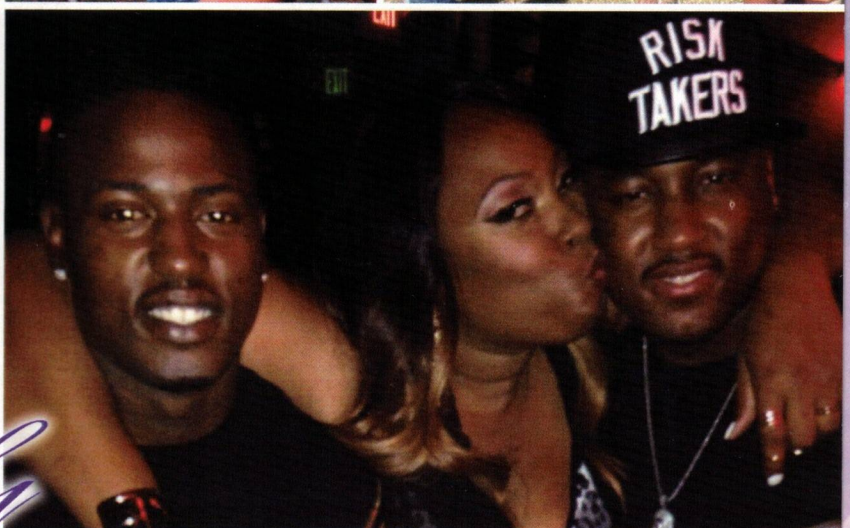
Reflections Of A Special Life

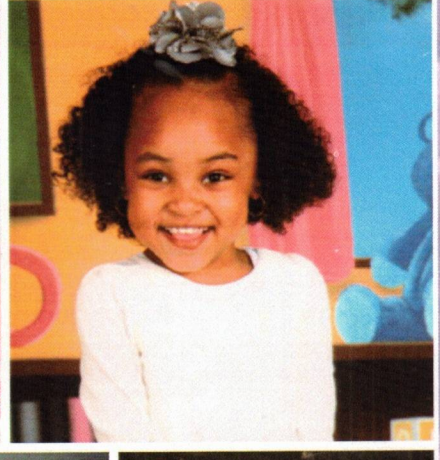
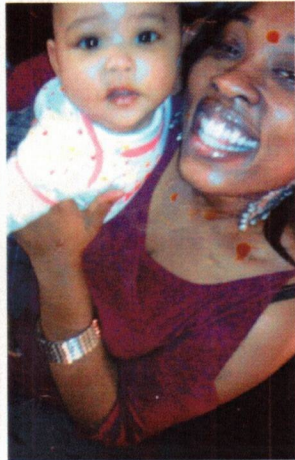
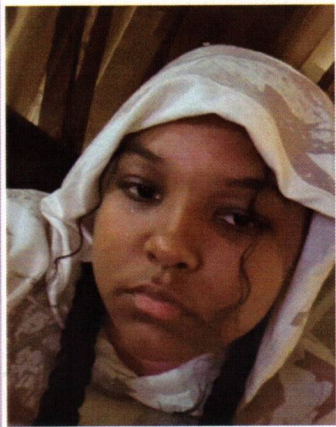
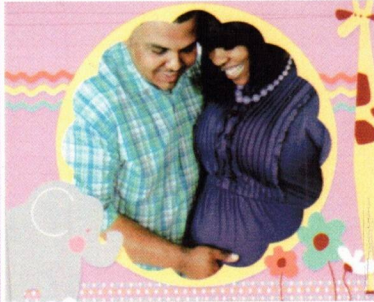
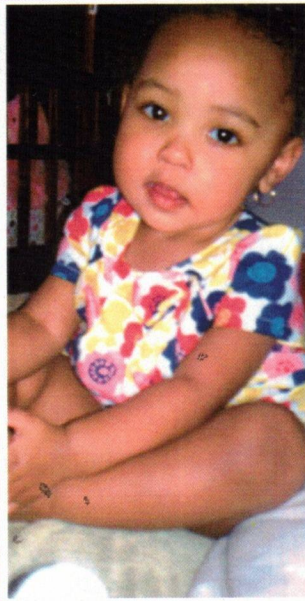
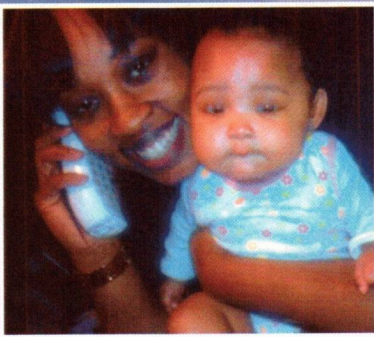


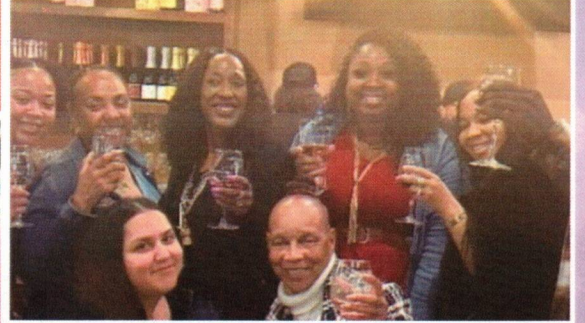
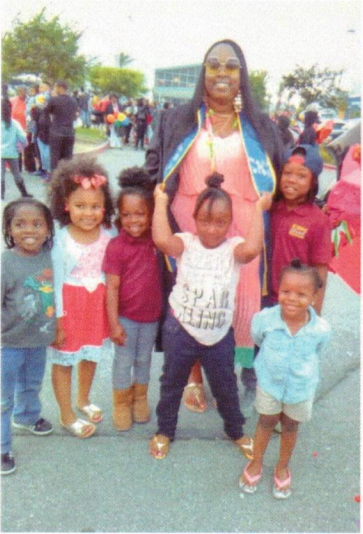
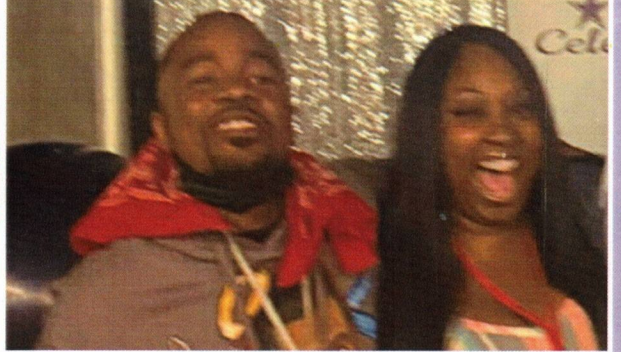
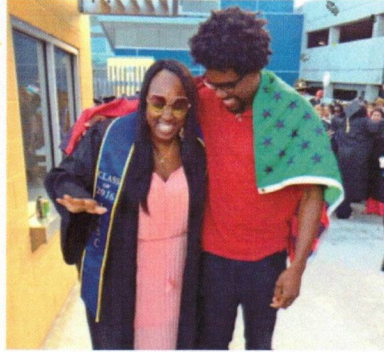
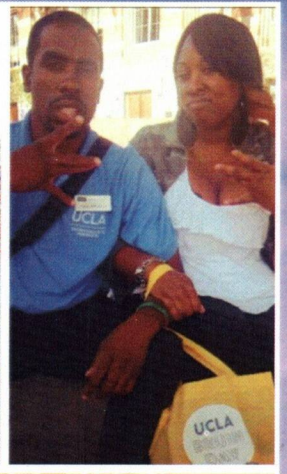
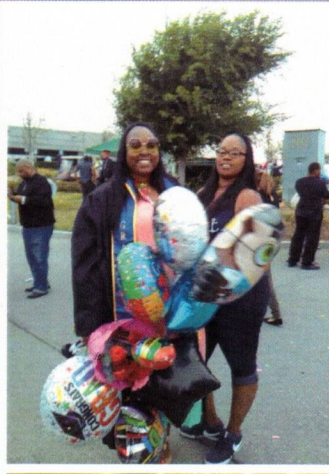
Remembering Big Wa Wa











Expressions Of Love

A Mother's Heart to Her Child

MY baby, my oldest child, we've walked a long road together. There were ups and downs, moments of joy, and moments that tested our hearts. But thank God we made our way back to love. We made our peace.

Caring for you through your struggles wasn't a burden, it was a blessing. In those moments, God drew us close again. I saw your strength fighting.

Those days changed me. They taught me what love truly means, to show up, to pray, to trust God even when I didn't understand. I watched you fight the battle with grace and determination, and though your body grew tired, your spirit never gave up.

But there comes a moment when even love must let go, and trust that God's arms can hold you better than mine. I know God had the final word, and that word was peace. No more pain, no more struggle, just rest, light, and freedom.

**Love you, your mother,
Kellie Polk**

Wan'nisha, I remember our last talks and our last text messages, and I'm so grateful for them. You told me you got sick again and that you were just tired, it was just too hard for you. I said, "Hey boo, please, please start reaching out. Start answering our calls and texts. We love you and care about you. I know mentally it can be a lot, but you need your friends, and mostly, you need your family."

I remember you telling me, "You know, it's hard thinking about my baby girls." You said they would always be watching over me and wrapping their arms around me.

Well Wawa, I'm here, for Khloe. Khloe, your mom will always be watching over you, wrapping her arms around you. Wawa, we will forever be here to love and support Khloe. As long as I'm here, I'll be here for her whenever she needs me. She can always call me.

Love you always and forever, I know!! Ugh, I can't stand you, you get on my nerves, but I LOVE YOU! (in WaWa voice)

- Tisha

Wan'nisha, As I try to find the words to say, tears are running down my face. My heart is so heavy. I know God doesn't make mistakes, but this one feels different.

I think of all the memories we've shared, from kids to becoming adults. From getting in trouble at Vanguard in Mr. Curry's class because of Cory, Richard, and you with your backpack full of candy for sale! We'd get put out of class, and then Cory would turn around and say, "Mr. Curry, you know that was Wan'nisha," and we'd be standing outside the classroom cracking up.

Summertime, walking back and forth from Piru Street down Parmelee to 142nd. I can't forget the parties Kelly would let us have in the backyard, with David, Kyndell, and Derek getting on our nerves, calling me "Jellyroll." We really had a time.

I'll never forget when we found out we were both becoming mothers, crying and laughing at the same time. We've shared so many moments, cried together, laughed so hard we couldn't breathe, and even prayed together. And yes, there were times we didn't talk because of our stubbornness, but we always found our way back. At the end of the day, we're family, nothing and no one could ever change that.

For my own selfish reasons, I want you back here with us. I can hear you now saying, "Hey fatty, get it together," with that unforgettable laugh. I miss you so much, but I know God's plans are best. You're no longer suffering or in pain.

I love you, Wan'nisha, forever and always.

**Love,
Biggie aka Gell'e**

Big Wawa, A sister from another mother, a term I don't use loosely. Processing this is tough for me, but questioning God or asking why something is, I don't do. You asked me to remain strong and told me it's okay to feel weak at times to see who will be strong for me, and I will always remember your message behind that.

This is a time when my emotions are mixed up, but with that, I'm grateful for the time I spent with you and for being able to see you two days before you were discharged from the hospital. I anticipated and prayed for more time with you, and I know that you're in a better place, free from pain and suffering.

As I write this, your favorite prayer we learned together in Mr. Brown's class comes^o to mind and makes more sense. I will take heed to it, the

"Prayer of Serenity"

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change,
the courage to change the things I can,
and the wisdom to know the difference.

Until we meet again, down here, you will always be loved and missed.

- **Corey Burrell**

To Our Sister

It's hard to put love like yours into words, but we'll try—because you deserve that and more.

You were our big sister, our guide, our protector, our example—the one who stood in front for us before we even knew we needed defending.

And yes, we had our moments. We argued, we bumped heads, we got loud sometimes. But that was just us. That was family. Because no matter what, at the end of every day, the love always stayed.

You loved us with your whole heart. You gave when you had little. You poured into us even when you were tired. You made sure we were taken care of, made sure we felt seen, and you always showed up when we needed it most.

Your love was strong, bold, and real. And even when we didn't say it enough—we were grateful. We are grateful.

No one can ever fill the space you hold in our lives. No one can replace your laugh, your warmth, your style, your spirit.

We will carry your lessons with us—to love hard, to give freely, to show up for family.

And we promise you this: your baby girl, Khloe, is covered. We will love her, guide her, and protect her the way you did for us. She will always know who her mother was—a woman with a heart full of love, strength that didn't break, and a spirit that touched everyone around her.

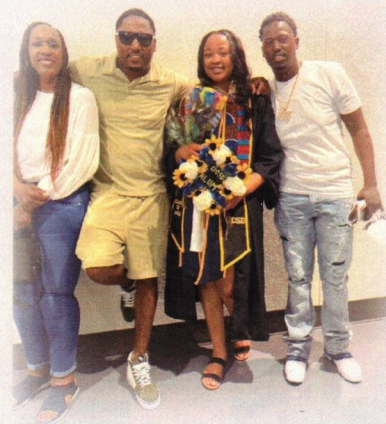
We thank God for every moment we had with you. Though we miss you deeply, we know you are resting now—wrapped in His arms, surrounded by peace.

We love you forever, WanNisha. Your memory lives in us. Your love lives in us. And we will never let your light fade.

May you rest with God, and may your love guide us always.

Love,

David, Kendale, and Kayana



God's Garden

God looked around his garden, And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth, And saw your tired face.

He put his arms around you, And lifted you to rest.

God's garden must be beautiful, He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering, He knew you were in pain.

He knew that you would never, Get well on earth again.

He saw the road was getting rough, And the hills were hard to climb.

So he closed your weary eyelids, And whispered, 'Peace be thine'.

It broke our hearts to lose you, But you didn't go alone,

For part of us went with you, The day God called you home.



Pallbearers

Tremeal Bradford
Acey Mobley
Derrick Matthew
Corey Burrell
Lamar Harris
Dionte Brooks
Danny Lang

Honorary Pallbearers

David (Ace) Ross
Kendale (Jaba) Ross
Dwayne (Wayne Wayne) Polk
Lil Andre Price
George Polk
Richard Jamerson
Rickey Jameson

Acknowledgement

The family would like to thank their family and friends for the loving kindness shown to them during their bereavement. Your thoughtfulness is deeply appreciated and will always be remembered

The family of WanNisha

Repast

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739 Redondo Beach Blvd
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