

Acknowledgement

Words cannot express how grateful
our family is for your generous support,
encouraging words, and thoughts and prayers.
Thank you for thinking of us in our time of need.
May God Bless You.

The Wilkins Family



Celebrating the Legacy
of

Mrs. Thelma Ozella Wilkins



Alpha:
July 11, 1929

Omega:
April 22, 2020

Thursday, April 30, 2020
1:00 P.M.

Rowland Springs Cemetery
79 Rowland Springs Road S.E.
Cartersville, Georgia 30121
Reverend Michelle Rizer-Pool, Eulogist

Loving Care & Services Entrusted To:

Mack Eppinger & Sons

FUNERAL SERVICE, INC.

(770) 386-1313 † WWW.MACKEPPINGERFUNERALHOME.COM
MRS. BRIDGETT GREENE, SENIOR DIRECTOR

Program Designed By:
Mr. Kenya Robbins



Thelma's Legacy

On Wednesday, April 22, 2020, God saw fit to call home one of His Angels. Mrs. Thelma Ozella Wilkins peacefully ascended to her heavenly home in the presence of her loving family. Thelma was born into this world on July 11, 1929, the youngest of ten children to the late Daniel and Alice Harris of Cassville, Georgia. She was educated at the Noble Hill School and spent 87 of her 90 years living in Bartow County. On May 4, 1952, Thelma married the love of her life, Wofford Wilkins. They raised three children, Thelma Drucilla, Wofford, Jr., and Darren.

"Millie" or "Granny," as she was affectionately known, was a phenomenal woman with a beautiful smile. She had a great sense of humor and had a passion for God, church, family, flowers, cooking, sewing, travel, word search puzzles, jigsaw puzzles, watching westerns, and watching sports. She often took trips with church groups or the senior citizen center and was a gardening enthusiast with a magical green thumb for flowers.

Thelma joined St. James A.M.E. Church at an early age and was a devoted member until its closing. Afterward, she joined New Hope Baptist Church in Cartersville, Georgia and later, regularly attended Grant Chapel A.M.E. Church in Macon, Georgia.

Thelma was preceded in death by her parents, Daniel and Alice Harris; husband, Wofford E. Wilkins Sr.; son-in-law, Martin Perkinson; siblings, Jessie Harris, Floyd Harris, Samuel Harris, Myrtle Cammon, Nathaniel Harris, Lewis Harris, Frances Kinnebrew, Ben Harris, and Katherine Beasley.

Thelma was a virtuous woman who leaves to cherish her memories, one daughter, Thelma Perkinson of Chicago, Illinois; two sons, Wofford E. Wilkins, Jr. (Denise) of Savannah, Georgia and Darren Wilkins (Marquita) of McDonough, Georgia; two granddaughters, Stephanie Williams (Alex) of Chicago, Illinois and Whitney Williams of McDonough, Georgia; one great-granddaughter, Chelsea Williams of Chicago, Illinois; a very dear lifelong friend, Lorena Mays of Cartersville, Georgia; a newfound friend, Louise Thrower of Lithonia, Georgia; and a host of nieces, nephews, and loved ones.

Order of Service

Prelude-----Pastor Michelle Rizer-Pool
Song-----Ahmad Hall
Invocation-----Pastor Daryl Porter
Scriptures
 Old Testament Reading-----Pastor R.J. Mitchell
 New Testament Reading-----Pastor William Reed
Song-----Ahmad Hall
Eulogy-----Pastor Michelle Rizer-Pool
Committal
Acknowledgements-----Mack Eppinger & Sons Staff
Benediction

Her Hands

Her hands held me gently from the day I took my first breath.
Her hands helped to guide me as I took my first step.
Her hands held me close when the tears would start to fall.
Her hands were quick to show me that she would take care of it all.
Her hands were there to brush my hair, or straighten a wayward bow.
Her hands were often there to comfort the hurts that didn't always show.
Her hands helped hold the stars in place, and encouraged me to reach.
Her hands would clap and cheer and praise when I captured them at length.
Her hands would also push me, though not down or in harm's way.
Her hands would punctuate the words, just do what I say.
Her hands sometimes had to discipline, to help bend this young tree.
Her hands would shape and mold me into all she knew I could be.
Her hands are now twisting with age and years of work,
Her hand now needs my gentle touch to rub away the hurt.
Her hands are more beautiful than anything can be.
Her hands are the reason I am me.

-Maggie Pittman