

#### **Pallbearers**

Terence Bullard, Sr Nathanial Adkins Lamar Wood Louis Wyche. Samuel Adkins



### **Afterglow**

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways
of happy times and laughing times
and bright and summer days.
I'd like the tears of those who
grieve to dry before the sun
of happy memories that I leave
When life is done.





## Acknowledgements:

The family would like to express our heartfelt gratitude for all of the love and kindness shown and donations given during our bereavement.

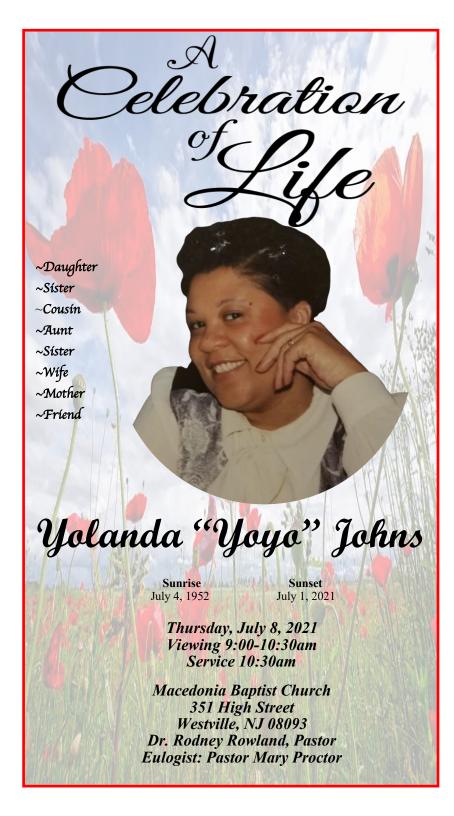
The Johns Family

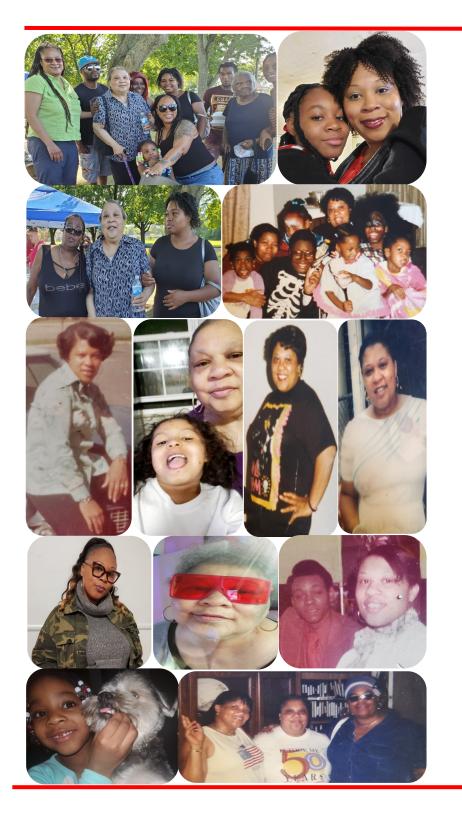




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### **Order of Service**

**Processional** 

**Prayer of Comfort** 

Bishop

**Scripture Reading** 

Old Testament
New Testament

Pastor Mary Proctor Psalms 23 John 14: 1-7

Clergy and Family

w Testament Jon

Solo

Megan

**Obituary** 

Crystal Omealy

Remarks/Reflections

Shanika Adkins

**Selection** 

**Eulogy** 

Pastor Mary Proctor

Recessional

Clergy, Family, Friends



# Loving Memories

### To My Family

Close your eyes and touch your heart.
That heartbeat you feel is yours and mine.
Together we will always shine.
I am not gone, I have only
changed my address.

When you wish for me to be there,
Just close your eyes and feel me near.
Continue to be strong and make a positive

Mark on the Earth.

Your happiness gave me so much strength, which caused my joy to overflow.

So just know.....If I had to choose between loving you and breathing.....

I would use my last breath to tell you....how much

I LOVE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU!













### Yolanda's Life Story

**Yolanda Johns** was born on July 4, 1952 to Gloria Wyche. She was the second eldest of eleven children. She departed this life on July 1, 2021.

Yolanda was born and raised in Philadelphia where she attended the Philadelphia School System. In her late twenties she moved to New Jersey. She worked at Lourdes Hospital for several years and a lunch aide for the Camden School System. She went to school to become a Phlebotomist and CNA. She worked as a Certified Nursing Assistant until she retired. She was blessed with three daughters and three step daughters whom she loved so much. She shared her life with her partner Warren Proctor as she discovered her dreams and hobbies in Film and Photography.

Yolanda was raised in church at an early age where she found a passion to sing. She later joined Dunamis Life Church in 2003 where she served the Lord and others. She had a love for everyone and enjoyed helping others. She enjoyed spending time with family and friends. Some years later she attended Prestige Adult Day Care Center with her mother where she was received in love by all those who attended. Yolanda will forever be cherished and loved by many.

Yolanda leaves her memory to be cherished in her three daughters Shavon Johns, Tenesha Proctor, and Jasmine Proctor. One Step daughter Nikia Johnson, one son-in-law Terence Bullard, one God daughter LaShaje Stanley, Several Siblings, Linda Wood Muse (Bertholomew Muse), Samuel Adkins (Kesha Adkins), Louise Wyche (Renee Wyche) Irving Wyche (Marie), Nathaniel Adkins (Myesha), Stanley Proctor (Mary Proctor), A host of nieces and nephews, cousins, grand-children, family and friends.

Yolanda has joined with her mother Gloria Williams, brothers Hamilton Wyche, Alexander Adkins, Kenneth Wyche, David Wyche, Albert Proctor and Partner Warren Proctor.

Precious Memories...



## Loving TRIBUTE

Our MOM

Our mom gave us the world put it right at our feet and with her at our side There is nothing we cannot beat
Our mom was a woman Who taught us never to lose sight though times may seem helpless she taught us to fight
She has shown us how through times of much sorrow to look to the future and new days of tomorrow
Even though times may be hard and all we feel is pain
Remember, this too shall pass even the clouds and the rain
So it is with heavy hearts and tears in our eyes that we lay her down to rest and say our last goodbyes
RIP MOM



God saw you getting tired,
When a cure was not to be.
So He wrapped his arms around you,
and whispered, "Come to me".
You didn't deserve what you went through,
So He gave you rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He only takes the best
And when I saw you sleeping,
So peaceful and free from pain
I could not wish you back
To suffer that again.