

Those we Love can never be
more than a thought away . . .
For as long as there's a Memory,
they Live in our Hearts to Stay.



Royal-Hall Funeral Home
Clinton, NC ~ (910) 592-4127
"Our Courteous Service Never Ends"
www.royalhallfuneralhome.com

In Loving Memory
of



Patsy Wilson
Hobbs

January 8, 1942 ~ March 23, 2017

Memorial Service
for
Patsy Ruth Wilson Hobbs

Saturday, March 25, 2017 ~ 1:00 pm

Royal-Hall Funeral Home Chapel

301 McKoy St., Clinton, NC

Officiating ~ Rev. Katrina Cunningham

Family Processional

Prayer of Comfort.....

Scripture Reading.....

Song

"Old Rugged Cross"

Special Remarks

Song

"Rock of Ages"

Message of Remembrance.....

Closing Prayer.....

*** If you haven't had the opportunity to visit with the family prior to the service, you may do so at this time.*

Mrs. Patsy Ruth Wilson Hobbs, 75, of 6151 Moseley Avenue, Clinton, passed away on Thursday morning, March 23, 2017 at Southwood Nursing & Rehab with her loving family by her side. Born on January 8, 1942 in Duplin County, Patsy was the daughter of the late Allen James and Flowers R. Green Wilson. She was a homemaker all her life and a loving mother and grandmother. She is survived by her six daughters: Michelle F. Dillon (Jimmy) of Wilmington; Denise F. Taylor and Tonya F. Smith of Rose Hill; Robin W. Hunter (Christopher) of Clinton; Patty Foss (Gary) of Clinton, Shannon Jackson (Larry) of Autryville; her only son, Christopher Floyd of Rose Hill; her brother Allen J. Wilson of Knightdale; and her former husband and best friend, Edward Williamson. She was also blessed with twelve grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. In addition to her parents she was preceded in death by her first husband, Billy Floyd and her third husband, Willie Bud Hobbs. Patsy was loved by all who knew her and words cannot express how much she will be missed.

"Come with Me"

*In tears we saw you sinking, We watched you fade away.
You suffered much in silence, You fought so hard to stay.
You faced your task with courage, You felt your hope descend,
But still you kept on fighting, Until the very end.
God saw you getting tired, When a cure was not meant to be,
So He put His arms around you,
And whispered, "Come with Me".*

During a time like this we learn how much our family and friends really mean to us. Patsy's family would like to thank each of you for sharing in their sorrow. Your kindness is deeply appreciated and will always be remembered.