

*Home Going Services  
For*

*Ms. Brenda Joyce Myers*

*April 24, 1953 - October 3, 2020*

## *Life Reflections*

On Saturday, October 3, 2020 at 12:00 am at Palmetto Health Richland Memorial Hospital in Columbia, SC, Brenda Myers answered Gods call from 'Labor to Reward'.

Ms. Brenda Joyce Myers was born on April 24, 1953. She was the daughter of the late Coree and Harvey Edmond.

Brenda attended the public schools in Batesburg-Leesville, SC and graduated from Twin City High.

Brenda was a member of Hall Hill Missionary Baptist Church where she was a member of the Gospel Choir. She worked at Amick's Farm for thirteen years; she also worked at Pelion Elderly Care for ten years and Rikard Nursing home for ten years.

Those who preceded Brenda in death are her parents, Harvey and Coree Edmond, grandparents, Lawrence and Lula Edmond, her sisters, Sally Lou Brown, Mary E. Edmond, and Fredricka Peeples.

Ms. Brenda leaves those who shared the joys of her life: a loving daughter, Marieka S Myers of the home; one son-in-law, William Tyrone Peebles of Lexington, SC; two grandsons, T. J. Peebles and Tyson Peebles both of Lexington, SC; two granddaughters, Destiny of the home and Deaundra Myers of West Columbia, SC; three loving sisters, Beverly White, Vickie Fraylon and Dorothy McIlwain all of Charlotte, NC; one brother, Thomas Bryant of Los Angeles, California; a host of nieces, nephews and many sorrowing friends.



Saturday, October 10, 2020

2:00 PM

*Hall Hill Missionary  
Baptist Church*

1140 Cedar Creek Road  
Swansea, South Carolina

Reverend Eugene Green, Pastor



*Order of Service*

*Pastor Eugene Green, Officiating*

*Prayer*

Reverend Carthell Davis

*Words of Comfort*

Pastor Eugene Green

*Committal*

*Benediction*

*"Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away into the next room.  
I am I, and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.  
Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in  
the easy way which you always used.  
Put no difference in your tone,  
wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at the  
little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word  
that it always was, let it be spoken without  
effect, without the trace of a shadow on it.  
Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was;  
there is unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of mind because  
I am out of sight?  
I am waiting for you, for an interval,  
somewhere very near, just round the corner.*

*All Is Well. "*

*Author -- Henry Scott Holland*



**J. H. ROBINSON'S  
FUNERAL HOME**

*"When only memories remain let them be beautiful."*

190 Railroad Avenue W.  
Wagener, SC  
(803) 564-5521

701 Hendrix Street  
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