

WORDS ABOUT YOU!

Dorothy Richards (Mom)

Dorothy Richards was everyone's "MOM." She had a big heart, loved her family, and would help any and everyone in need to the best of her ability.

Love, Jiki

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card,
or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a funeral spray,
if so we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words,
as any friend could say;
Perhaps you were not there at all,
Just thought of us that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts,
We thank you so much
whatever the part.

THE FAMILY OF MRS. DOROTHY RICHARDS





Reflections of Life

MRS. DOROTHY RICHARDS was born April 27, 1942, in Little Rock, Arkansas. She later moved to Cleveland, Ohio then to St. Louis, Missouri. In the late 1960's, *Dorothy* met and married Ellis Richards.

Dorothy lived a full, fun and lively life. She loved music but most of all she loved her family. You either called her Dorothy, Aunt Dorothy, or Mom, as she was most commonly known as, because she treated everyone with love and attention just like a mother. She always had a smile on her face and a helping hand whenever you needed it: This is why she will be greatly missed. She made an impression on everyone she touched. Those who were blessed to know her, know they was touched by an angel.

The sun set for *Dorothy* on Saturday, July 10, 2021 at her home in Florissant, MO with her loving nurse by her side. *Dorothy* is preceded in death by her husband, Ellis and son, Jeffrey Richards who are waiting at the gate for her.

Dorothy leaves behind quite a few people to honor her memory: her daughter, April Davis; sister, Dorothea

Wilson; four grandchildren, Keshia Jones (Joseph); Michael Davis, Jr., Tiki Richards, and Jasmine Richards; five great grandchildren; a host of other loving angels and everyone else who knew her, we lovingly call you family.



Prelude

SOFT MUSIC

Prayer

Scripture

Acknowledgement and Condolences

Reflections and Remarks

Reading of Obituary (Silently)

Song

Sis. McCloud

Eulogy

MINISTER ELAINE FRANKLIN

Benediction

Recessional

Repast to Follow

3335 Parker Spur Florissant, Missouri 63033



THE DASH

The Poem by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend. He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears, but he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth and now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars... the house... the cash. What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard;
are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that still can be rearranged.
To be less quick to anger and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile... remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.

So when your eulogy is being read, with your life's actions to rehash, would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash?