

Eulogistic Service
for
Mrs. Mary Agnes Roseborough



Saturday, February 6, 1993
1:00 P. M.

Grier Heights Presbyterian Church
325 Skyland Avenue
Charlotte, North Carolina
Rev. Dr. Lloyd B. Morris, Pastor
Officiating

Obituary

MARY AGNES ROSEBOROUGH, was born to the late Tom and Hester Caldwell Roseborough in Chester County, South Carolina. She departed this life on Monday, February 1, 1993.

Her major education was received in the Chester County School System. The last (40) years of her life were spent as a resident of Charlotte, North Carolina.

For a brief period, she was a member of Mt. Carmel Baptist Church and later became affiliated with Grier Heights Presbyterian Church where she held membership until her death. She served her church as an Elder, member of Presbyterian Women, Adult Sunday Church School and as a Choir member.

"Aunt Shuggie", as she was fondly called, was a lover of people and found great joy in reaching out to them in many different ways.

She adopted a child through the Save the Children's Fund in Ghana, was director of a day care that operated out of her home and served as a Nurse's Assistant at Wesleyan Nursing Home. Having been reared in a Christian home, she found it easy to be a Care Giver for family and friends. In her community it was she, who led the way for the collection of money for flowers, food or clothing for those in need. She provided personal care for many homebound and shut-in persons.

Her real love for family manifested itself through the teaching of strong morals to her daughter and the unselfish assistance provided to extended family members.

Her sense of resignation and acceptance of God's will for her life will be cherished by her daughter, Tammy R. Johnson; a brother, Clarence Roseborough, Baltimore, Maryland; a son-in-law, Otto Benjamin Johnson, II; fourteen nieces, nephews; and a host of other relatives and friends.



*Death is just another step
along life's changing way,
No more that just a gateway
to a new and better day,
And parting from our loved ones
is much easier to bear
When we know that they are waiting
for us to join them there.
For it is on the wings of death
that the living soul takes flight
Into the Promised Land of God
where there shall be no night.*

—THE FAMILY