

Homegoing for  
**Juanita Miller-Fox**  
"quiet mother of the church"



**July 27, 1912 – January 25, 2005**

Our mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother was a very special woman. Thank you mother for all your love and for the way you made life special for us. We Love You!!

**Rev. Dr. Cardes H. Brown, Jr., Sr. Pastor**

**New Light Baptist Church**

1105 Willow Road, Greensboro, NC 27401

Family Visitation will be held on Saturday, January 29, 2005 at 11:00am.  
Service will follow at 12pm.

Till we meet again...





## REFLECTIONS

Juanita Miller-Fox was the only child of James Franklin Miller and Maggie Davis-Miller of Chatham County, North Carolina. Her father was a Baptist minister. She was taught that the first thing you do every morning and the last thing you do every night is to get down on bent knees and praise God. This laid the foundation for her entire life.

In 1935 she married her sweet-heart, Jack Hermon Fox. Over the next 14 years, she gave birth to seven of her eight children, Hermon Franklin, Davis Allen, James Lindsay, Larry Crawford, Edward Francis, Brenda Ann, and Janice Elaine.

In 1949 the family, including her parents, moved to Greensboro, North Carolina, where they built houses across the street from each other on Eastwood Avenue. Her husband worked as a construction worker first, and then as a brick mason.

The first Sunday after they moved to Greensboro, her father James Franklin Miller, marched Maggie, Juanita and her seven children to New Light Baptist Church, located then on McConnell Road. The adults and children, over the age of twelve, all joined New Light Baptist Church that Sunday. Juanita was a member until her passing. At the time of her passing, she was believed to be the oldest living member of New Light Baptist Church. She was one of the mothers of the church and sometimes referred to as the "quiet mother."

She gave birth to her last child, Craig Thomas in Greensboro at the L. Richardson Hospital.

She raised her children to be God fearing and to praise the Lord. She didn't allow work on Sunday because that was the Lord's day. About the only time you ever saw her riled up, was when someone was defying her Lord.

On February 13th, 1971, her husband of thirty-six years, died at the age of fifty-six. He died of a sudden heart attack.

On one of her last jobs, she worked part-time at Belk Department Store. She worked as a seamstress. Before her retirement, she sold the family home and built a new house across the street on the spot where her parents lived and died. She lived her remaining years in this home.

She spent her retirement doing the things she loved best, working in her garden and working in New Light Baptist Church.

One of the highlights of her life was when her son, Edward Francis and his wife, Linette, hosted a surprise 80th birthday party. By this time she had seen her family expand three generations, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She sat in shock as she opened card after card that contained gift certificates for use at, her one time employer, Belk Department Store. This was a big thing for Juanita. She lived a life always conscious of money and her lack there of. She

## Acknowledgements

The family greatly acknowledges, with appreciation and gratitude, the comforting expressions of sympathy and love, through your prayers, cards, flowers, numerous phone calls, visits, and other acts of kindness shown during our time of bereavement, and wishes to offer heartfelt thanks to all. May God shower his richest blessings upon you. We shall be forever grateful to you.

## Hospice

We would also like to thank Wendy Graham, RN, Marcia Patterson, MSW, and Nettie Garland, CNA, all of Hospice, for helping us through our darkest hours.

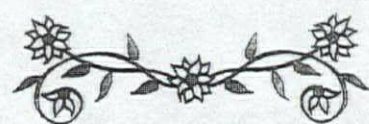
## FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO:

### Woodard Funeral Home, Inc.

3200 N. O'Henry Blvd.  
Greensboro, NC 27405  
336 621-3461







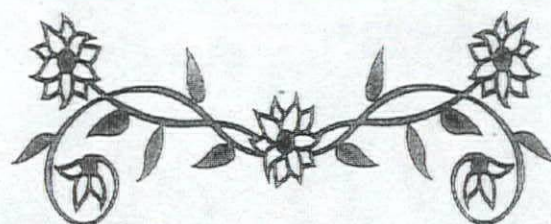
## Pallbearers

Deacons – New Light Missionary Baptist Church



## Floral Bearers

Deaconess – New Light Missionary Baptist Church



now held in her hands hundreds of dollars to do with exactly what she pleased. It took almost two years for her to spend all that money.

By this time, she had lived a vibrant, healthy, and prosperous life. She had only been hospitalized once.

By the time she turned eighty-eight, her memory began to decline, she developed pneumonia, and she broke her hip. Although she was unaware of it, she had developed Alzheimer's disease. Due to her great pride, strong will and independence, her family chose not to tell her that she had Alzheimer's, even after the official diagnosis. By the time she was in the end stages of the disease she said many things that no one could even begin to understand.

She often said that she wanted to go home. We can only assume, that she meant that she was ready to go to her heavenly home and be with the Lord.

The last years of her life were peaceful ones. They provided a time for her family to say a long goodbye and to come to peace with her impending death. It was in her final years, that she spent more time with her children than probably in the entirety of their adult lives. She did not spend one moment alone in the last two years of her life. Friends sat with her on a few occasions. At least one of her children was with her day and night at home and in the hospital the remainder of the time. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren visited often.

By the last Christmas she spent on earth, she was the matriarch of four generations. She had given birth to eight children, those children gave birth to her sixteen grandchildren, her grandchildren had given birth to nine great-grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren had given her one great-great-grandchild.

She spent her last Christmas with family. In her home sat three generations: Juanita, the oldest member of the family, her children and grandchildren, as well as one of the two newest members, Olivia Bent. Olivia Bent and Nicholas Fox, were both born just months before her passing.

July 27, 1912  
January 25, 2005



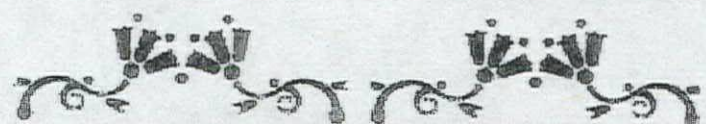




## Survivors

<u>Children</u>	<u>Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great-Grandchildren</u>	<u>Great-Great-Grandchildren</u>
Hermon Franklin	Judith Michelle Sharissa Anita (Kelvin Jones)		
Davis Allen	Lorraine ("Pinky") Johnell Nathan Faith Kevin Yalonda Jevonna James (Irene)	Billy Keith McGirt Jullian Nathan Tucker  Savannah Rebecca Samantha Aieana	Mikael Adams
James Lindsay	Tonya		
Larry Crawford	Jalani Ede Tchad	Nyah	
Edward Francis (Linette Pratt)	Jenica Juan	Nicholas Tahliah	
Brenda Ann	Robin (Amiel Bent) Kenneth (Tina) Aissa	Olivia  Miles	
Janice Elaine			
Craig Thomas			

She will also be missed by a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends. She will be especially missed by first cousins, Veatrice Fox and Hoy Miller, who were also childhood playmates.



My grandmother's undying dedication to God and her family has had an indelible impact on me that I will not ever forget. I will always cherish her tenderness, patience and words of encouragement. She always told me that I was such a good girl and her belief in me gave me strength during life's inevitable challenges. I could not have asked for a more kind and loving grandmother, whose fierce self-reliance was only surpassed by her capacity for forgiveness and warmth. I thank God for blessing my life with her love.

Mere words cannot express how much I will miss her, but I know that if she were here today, her warm smile would be evident and she would want to reassure all of us that all is well and she is at peace. Robin Martell Bent







Grandmas has been there for each and every one of us. She has guided us all. Children and grandchildren alike. Grandma lives on through us in her teachings of God, love of family, and right from wrong. We've laughed with her. We've cried with her. She's loved us all unconditionally. Her body has passed away but she lives on through each and every one of us. Rest in peace grandma. Until we meet again. Judy



Mom I just want to thank you for being not only my mother, but also a close friend. We are not just losing a great mother but also a great woman. I will miss you terribly mom, but only better times are ahead for you now. I love you dearly mom. Janice



Grandma, I have lots of memories of you, like when I was about 7 or 8 years old and I tried to calculate your age. I was convinced that you were the oldest person alive. You just laughed and laughed.

I remember when you went to the hospital. I must have been no more than 9 years old. I drew you a picture with construction paper and crayons. It was of a flower and said "Get Well Soon". That picture was still hanging in your room on the day you died, 25 years later.

I also remember, 4 years ago, how you laughed when I told you I was "jumpin the broom." You still viewed me as a little girl skipping across the yard headed to your house. You couldn't imagine me as being old enough to get married.

Most importantly, I will remember, your strong convictions about God, and how you tried to teach us all to praise him for all his gifts and blessings.

I have been blessed with many memories. Through them, you will forever live in my heart. Sharissa



## Order of Service

Rev. Dr. Cardes H. Brown, Jr., Pastor, Presiding

PRELUDE

PROCESSIONAL

OPENING HYMN No. 325.....New Light Mass Choir  
"We'll Understand It Better By and By"

SCRIPTURE – OLD TESTAMENT.....Rev. Maurice Withers

SCRIPTURE – NEW TESTAMENT.....Rev. Shirlene Bennett

PRAYER OF COMFORT.....Rev. Ray Hudson

SELECTION HYMN No. 27..... New Light Mass Choir  
"Blessed Assurance"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS/REMARKS.....Sandra E. Cook

SOLO.....Sandra E. Cook  
"His Eye Is On The Sparrow"

EULOGY.....Rev. Dr. Cardes H. Brown, Jr

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.....Woodard Funeral Service

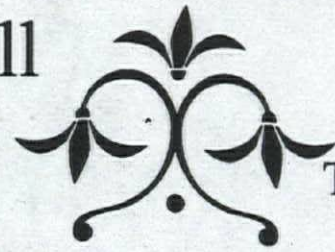
RECESSIONAL

INTERMENT.....Piedmont Memorial Park







## Farewell



Till we meet again...

 Anyone who has known Mom knows this about her. She was a very spiritual and strong willed woman. At a very young age she started to teach us about God and the importance of doing the "right" thing. To her, being a Christian was not something you did by just going to church on Sunday. It was a lifestyle. It was what you do and practice every hour of every day. Financially she was poor all her life but I can never ever remember her turning away any person in need from our door. As I sat here and watched her take some of the last breaths of air on this earth, I can't help but think about how rich she was and how truly blessed I am to have had her for a mother. Craig

 During the 68 years of my life, there have only been a few years (less than 10) when we didn't live in the same house or across the street or next door to each other. We talked. We talked a lot but not enough. We talked about life, politics, world affairs, the importance of family, life after death, justice, injustice, and many other subjects. My life has been shaped by the strength of your convictions on these and other subjects.

We didn't talk much about her love of growing things (flowers, trees, fruit trees, plants etc). Some of the trees and flowers she planted and tended are over 50 years old. Some of the flowers she planted and tended are now large trees and produce flowers for all the neighborhood to enjoy. One of the trees that she planted was a Christmas tree, discarded from Brenda's house. It was dead to everyone but her. She planted it beside her driveway. It grew, and grew, and grew and crossed the driveway, making the driveway useless in that area. But she would not allow it to be cut down. Finally, when it was blocking passage to the back door, she allowed us to cut it, but insisted on keeping a tall stump. I guess she continued to love that large 3 foot high, pine stump. It is still there. If the decision is mine, it will always be there. My heart feels stumped with her gone. Hermon



I remember the first day of the first grade when Mamma took me to school. I had never been anywhere without a member of my family. I cried and cried when Mamma left me in the classroom, that is until I saw her peeking through the small pane of glass near the top of the classroom door. I felt safe then and grew to love school.

I remember Mamma entering contest after contest for prizes. It didn't matter whether it was a crossword puzzle, a jingle or find the hidden picture. She actually won some money in one of those contests and bought Ed and me new winter coats.

I remember Mama laughing as she told the story of how she got caught by her father ( the Baptist Minister) dancing the Charleston on a Sunday afternoon in the barn. Her father believed dancing was a sin anytime, but doubly so on a Sunday.

Although Mamma did not generally consume alcohol, I remember her getting pleasantly toasted once on rock candy and whiskey which she took as a cold remedy.

I remember Mamma as a kind, considerate, understanding and compassionate person; who laughed and cried who had victories and defeats. Her spirit and teachings have always been with me and will continue to reside in me and guide my life. Larry



It takes a while to realize the things that mothers do. It takes many years of growing up before the time arrives when we see the sacrifices our mother made for us throughout our lives. Mama was a wonderful person. She was my best friend. She shared my pains as well as my joys. My mother was the one person in my life who saw all that I am and loved me unconditionally. Thank you mama for being wonderful in all the ways that count. You were my stability, the one person I could always count on. You have been the dearest friend I've known. May you rest in peace with our heavenly father. I love you always!! Brenda

