

FLORAL BEARERS

Miss Beatrice Ratliff	Miss Judy Burnette
Miss Barbara Parrish	Miss Faye Burnette
Miss Lou Burnette	Miss Kaye Price

PALL BEARERS

Mr. Samuel Burnette	Mr. John R. Foust
Mr. Walter Glover	Mr. Herley White
Mr. Jimmie White	Mr. Paul Price

Your many and varied expressions of sympathy are deeply appreciated, and they shall long be remembered by us, the family.

HARGETT AND BRYANT SERVICE

FINAL RITES

FOR

Mr. Charlie William Baldwin

Terrell's Chapel A. M. E. Zion Church

Rev. Percy Sykes, Pastor

Sunday, June 7, 1964
4:00 P. M.

Now God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude

Processional

Hymn

The Choir

Scripture

Prayer

Hymn

The Choir

Remarks

Mr. R. G. Mitchell,
Supervisor of Alamance County Schools

Acknowledgment of Condolences and
The Obituary

Mrs. Martha Stone

Hymn

The Choir

Eulogy

St John 13:27-30

Rev. P. W. Sykes

Hymn

The Choir

Parting View

Recessional

Interment

The Church Cemetery

HARGETT AND BRYANT SERVICE
Burlington, North Carolina

THE OBITUARY

Charlie William Baldwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Baldwin, was born in Chatham Co., North Carolina, on October 27, 1944.

His life ended on June 5, 1964, as he was the victim of an automobile accident. He was 19 years of age.

He was graduated from Central High School as a member of the class of 1964. He was a member of Terrell's Chapel Church.

For a few days, he was employed at the Sellars Manufacturing Company, having been employed following graduation from high school.

Along with his parents, he is survived by 6 sisters: Ruby of the home; Mrs. Pearl Stone and Mrs. Artis Slade of Graham; Mrs. Glenn Hunter of Saxapahaw; Miss Myrtle Baldwin of Philadelphia and Miss Virginia Baldwin of Bridgeport, Conn.; 3 brothers: Wallace and Vernon of the home, and Larry of Graham; his maternal grandfather, Mr. Robert Baldwin of Chapel Hill; several aunts, uncles, and many other relatives and friends.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay.
Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
"Not lost, but gone before."