

Celebration of Life
for



Treser Alston Jackson

October 21, 1943 – October 24, 2005



Thursday, October 27, 2005

6:00 p.m.

Knotts Funeral Home
50 Masonic Street
Pittsboro, NC

The Order of Service

Bishop Orne L. Mason, Presiding

Prelude

Invocation. Bishop Orne L. Mason

Scripture

Solo. Chrystal Glover

Prayer of Comfort Reverend Stanley V. Burnette

Acknowledgements

Poem Kaye Booker

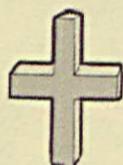
Reflections

(Please be brief)

Remarks Bishop Mason

Solo Jeannie Alston

Benediction Reverend Burnette



Obituary

Ms. Treser Alston Jackson, daughter of the late Annie Jane and John Henry Alston was born on October 21, 1943.

Treser or TJ, as she was known by some, never met a stranger. She was known for her quick wit and ready smile. Treser had a unique zest for life and she made an impact on everyone that she met. She could be counted on during good times and bad.

Treser was an active and devoted member of Powerhouse Temple Ministry Church, where she was a member of the choir and a Sunday School Teacher.

Treser departed this life on Monday morning October 24, 2005 at St. Rapheals Hospital after a brief illness.

Treser will be dearly missed by her three children, Eundra Alston (Yvonne) of Burlington, NC, Rayvon Alston(Lyn) of San Diego, CA, and Pamela Alston of Sanford, NC. Four grandchildren, Kadijah, Jasmine, Tyrelle and Rayvon.

Also mourning her loss will be her three brothers, Elmer Alston of Siler City, NC, Welbun Alston(Jeannie) of Graham, NC, Tyree Alston of Ramseur, NC; and five sisters, Doris Oden of Norwalk, CT, Geri Feaster of Upper Marlboro, MD, Alberta Dark of South Windsor, CT, Kaye Booker of Reidsville, NC and Marvie McCrimmon(Randy) of Great Mills, MD and a host of relatives and friends.



*Please don't say that I gave up, just say that I gave in,
Don't say that I lost the battle; it was God's war to lose or win.
Please don't say how good I was, but that I did my best.
Just say I tried to do what was right, to give the most I could, not less.
Please don't give me wings or halos, that's for God to do.
I want no more than I deserve, no extras, just my due.
Don't be concerned about me, know, I'm well with God.
I've made it home.
Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and it's done!
Just see to all my family's needs, especially the little ones.
When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a saint.
I've done some good, I've done some wrong
So use your paint, not just the bright and light tones,
Use some gray and dark.
In fact, don't put me down on canvas, paint me in your heart.
Don't just remember the good times, but remember the bad.
For life is full of many things, some happy and some sad.
But if you must do something, then I have one request.
Forgive me for the wrongs I've done; with the love that's left.
Thank God for my soul's resting, thank God for I've been blessed.
Thank God for all who love me, Praise God who loved me best.
Submitted by the Family*

Acknowledgments

The family gratefully acknowledges all acts of kindness and other comforting and sustaining measures of sympathy extended to us during our bereavement. May God richly bless you.

*"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."
Romans 8:28*