



CASKET BEARERS

Horace Foster

Antonio Anderson

Kelsey Jeter

Keith Foster

Elliot Anderson

Rico Glenn

Barry Scott

WITH GRATITUDE

The family of Shannice Devonne Underwood wishes to express our sincere thanks for flowers and other expressions of love during our time of bereavement.

~The Family~



Arrangements Entrusted to:

The W. J. Gist Mortuary

519 Workman Avenue - Woodruff, South Carolina
Telephone 476-3411 or 476-6238

Alexander, Casey & Gist Funeral Service

1223 Old Anderson Mill Road - Spartanburg, South Carolina
Telephone 574-5464
wjgist.com

Homegoing Services

for

Ms. Shannice Devonne Underwood



Sunrise

March 12, 1979

Sunset

March 20, 2020

Graveside Service

Sunday, March 29, 2020

Two O' Clock in the Afternoon

Trinity AME Zion Church Cemetery

Woodruff, SC 29388

Elder Dr. Victor C. Wilson, Pastor

Rev. Derrick Scurry, Officiating Pastor

LIFE PROFILE

On March 20, 2020, Shannice Devonne Underwood entered into eternal peace. Shannice affectionately known as 'Mimi' (which was given to her by her grandmother Sarah Jane Edwards) was born to Janice Underwood on March 12, 1979 in Washington, D.C. Shannice was a mother, daughter, sister, aunt, cousin and a friend

Shannice attended D. C. Public Schools and continued and completed her education at Woodruff High School in Woodruff, South Carolina. Mimi started working at 16 until she was injured on her job and became disabled in her early 30's. She loved to cook and her daughter was her world. She also was loved by many and if you ever came in contact or befriended her, you were surely to smile. Shannice's first nickname (Poopa-doop) was given to her by her Aunt Joyce whom preceded her in death.

Shannice leaves behind to cherish her memories, her only child, Ashanti Jabria Ferguson; mother, Janice Underwood, sister, Antionette S. Robinson (Marquis); two (2) brothers, Renodo A. Taylor (Laskacia) and Antoine K. McNeely; father figure, Everett Barber, a mother away from home, Virginia Lester; six (6) aunts, Gloria Underwood, Tawanna Walker, Gwendolyn Quinn, Beverly Fowler, (Joyce Fowler & Joan Fowler preceded her in death); three (3) uncles, James Underwood, Jr., Oliver Fowler III, (Clarence Hart preceded her in death); and a host of cousins, nieces and nephews, godmother Carolyn Murray, God Sister, Stephanie Elmore, two (2) god daughters, Dontesha Ferguson and Porsha Elmore

Shannice's happiness in life was her daughter and family.

Godmother's Prayer (Carolyn Murray)

*You hold time within your hands, and see it all, from beginning to end. Please keep and carry these precious people in their sadness and loss. Cover them with your great wings of love, give their weary hearts rest and their minds sound sleep. Lord, lift their eyes so that they may catch a glimpse of eternity, and be comforted by the promise of heaven.
We ask all this in the precious name of Jesus.*

Amen

ORDER OF SERVICE

Rev. Derrick Scurry, Officiating

Processional

Song.....Sis. Sandy Norman

Scripture Readings

Old Testament:.....Minister

New Testament:.....Minister

Prayer of Comfort.....Minister

Acknowledgements.....Sis. Sandy Norman

Tribute.....Ashanti Ferguson

Solo.....Bro. Ronald Browning

Word of Comfort.....Rev. Derrick Scurry

Closing Prayer.....Minister

COMMITTAL AND BLESSING

Trinity AME Zion Church Cemetery
Woodruff, SC



A Mother's Grief (Janice)

*You ask me how I'm feeling, but do you really want to know?
The moment I try telling you, you say you have to go.*

*How can I tell you, what it's been like for me
I am haunted, I am broken, by things that you don't see.*

*You ask me how I'm holding up, but do you really care?
The moment I start to speak my heart, you start squirming in your chair.*

*Because I am so lonely, you see, friends no longer come around,
I'll take the words I want to say, and quietly choke them down.*

*Everyone avoids me now, I guess they don't know what to say
They told me I'll be there for you, then turned and walked away.*

*Call me if you need me, that's what everybody said,
But how can I call and screaming to the phone, my God, my child is dead?*

*No one will let me say the words I need to say
Why does a mother's grief, scare everyone away?*

*I am tired of pretending, my heart hammers in my chest,
I say things to make you comfortable, but my soul finds no rest.*

*How can I tell you things that are too sad to be told,
Of the helplessness of holding a child, who in your arms grows cold?*

*Maybe you can tell me, how should one behave,
Who's had to follow their child's casket, watched it perched above a grave?*

*You cannot imagine, what it was like for me that day
To place a final kiss upon that box, and have to turn and walk away.*

*If you really love me, and I believe you do, if you really want to help me,
Here is what I need from you.*

*Sit down beside me, reach out and take my hand,
Say "My friend, I've come to listen, I want to understand."*

*Just hold my hand and listen, that's all you need to do,
And if by chance I shed a tear, it's alright if you do too.*

*I swear that I'll remember, till the day I'm very old,
The friend who sat and held my hand and let me bare my soul.*