

## *With Our Heartfelt Thanks*

We are so appreciative of Myra Cuthbertson and Beverly Linney who served as her caregivers and aided us during Thelma's illness. Thank you to the outstanding team at Trellis Supportive Care and Accordius of Clemmons, NC. Our sincerest thanks to all of our family and friends for cards, flowers, prayers and sympathy. These expressions of love have helped console our hearts and are received with deep gratitude.

We are also grateful for the love and support of Rev. Carpenter, Ministers, Officers, Deacons, Trustees and Members of Third Creek Missionary Baptist Church and other members of the Clergy who have aided us during our time of bereavement. May God bless each of you for always being so kind to us and our Thelma/Aunt "B".

~The Family~



### **Casket Bearers**

Nephews & Great Nephews

### **Flower Bearers**

Nieces & Great-Nieces

Services Entrusted to  
**Rutledge & Bigham Mortuary, Inc.**  
603 S. Center Street, Statesville, NC 28677



~ppmc2020~

## *Celebrating the Life of Thelma Miller Ramsue*



*Friday, August 7, 2020 at 2:00pm*

***Rutledge & Bigham Mortuary***

*Statesville, North Carolina*

*Reverend Sterling Howard, Officiating*

*Minister Maurice Lackey, Eulogist*

*Rev. Tommy G. Carpenter, Pastor*

## When We Were Kids

by **Thelma Miller Ramsue**

In those days our house was small just three rooms, not even a hall  
There were no toys, not even a ball. Had fresh air wall -to-wall  
Get a little money way in the fall get shoes and a sweater, and that's about all!  
Couldn't cook; - we waste the lard. Mama would tell us get out in the yard.  
Tie your shoes, clean your nose don't play so rough and tear up your clothes. She made  
our bread we would beg for some dough if you weren't careful she would step on your  
toes. Same "one" you stumped a few days ago.  
Didn't think kids ought to mess in the kitchen never did do a whole lot of switching, spent  
too much time cutting and stitching  
Played in the branch played in the trees swing on a limb as long as you please  
Played in ditches, slid down banks get awful dirty; didn't get spanked  
We played "church" in grandpa's barn, us and our cousins didn't mean any harm sing  
"quartet" jump and "shout" "Lift" an offering and then "turn out" Grandma and Grandpa  
nowhere about.  
Rock and knock for an apple or peach, the one you wanted, you could never "reach".  
All this took place on grandpa's farm. It's different now, but the memories have  
"charm"!  
Said we weren't like the neighbor kids, them tell us what and how they did.  
Mama thought we were awful lazy. Later thought we were awful crazy.  
Hated to go to bed at night, we didn't have "electric lights".  
Never could find our stocking caps, in those days they called us "chaps".  
Sit on chairs nod and nap, Mama will find it – later perhaps.  
That's the way it was way back then. We were all tiny and "kinda" "thin".  
Didn't allow us to sit on the "beds". Think they rather we stand on our heads.  
All in all it was lots of fun. A lot of the time was spent in the sun.  
Hoeing "cotton", picking berries, don't know why we didn't have cherries.  
Go to grandma's 'bout everyday in the week. Walk right in, not think to speak.  
From room-to-room; wander around, before we left we might sit down.  
Grandma would patch and she would "hem". Hurry up and leave; if company came.  
'Cause way back then we were 'fraid of the preacher. Wasn't much better when it came to

## *An Evening Prayer*

*If I have wounded any soul today,  
If I have caused one foot to go astray,  
If I have walked in my own willful way,  
Dear Lord, forgive*

*If I have uttered idle words or vain,  
If I have turned aside from want or pain,  
Lest I offend other thru the strain  
Dear Lord forgive*

*If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold,  
If I have longed for shelter in the fold,  
When Thou hast given me some fort to hold,  
Dear Lord forgive*

*Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee;  
Forgive the secret sins I do not see;  
O guide me, love me, and my keeper be,  
Dear Lord, Amen*

**I Wanted To Be A Christian**  
by  
**Thelma Miller Ramsue**

I wanted to be a Christian  
If I didn't know the cost  
They told me if I wasn't one  
My soul would be lost  
They told me if I was one  
I should listen and obey  
They told me if I was one  
That I should always pray  
They told me if I was one  
I'd still make mistakes  
They told me if I wasn't sincere  
I would be "fake"  
They told me if I was one  
I should be a light  
Be honest and forgiving  
And practice what is right  
Others read our actions  
If we have Christ like traits  
Our actions speak more loudly  
than we verbally relate  
When I became a Christian  
How little did I know  
I was just a small seed  
That would never cease to grow  
For all who read my story  
When you pray remember me  
Ask God to forgive my sins  
Even those I don't see



a teacher. Mention the doctor, we'd have a "fit". Tell us he was coming then we would split".

Sweep, churn, bring in the water, there was a job for every daughter. Feed the pig till time for slaughter. Bring in the wood while they milk the cow. One didn't milk cause one didn't know how.

Mama's chickens didn't do too well, just now and then had eggs to sell.

After supper put out the cat. Wasn't often you'd see a rat.  
Just before "bed" wind the "clock". Go to the door, check the lock.

Too much homework, frost bit feet going to school in the wind and sleet.

Running late to catch the bus. Aunt "Mame" and Aunt Ella felt sorry for us.

Yes, things were rough, but we had some pride. God was our shield; Christ was our guide.



*The Family Tribute*

*“Because she was so dear to us, her memory will live on;  
Just as the fragrance of a rose still lingers when it is gone.  
Her kind and endearing way, in thought are with us still.  
And in the hearts that loved her. She lives and always will.”*

*Order of Service*

**Rev. Sterling Howard, Officiating  
Minister Maurice Lackey, Eulogist**



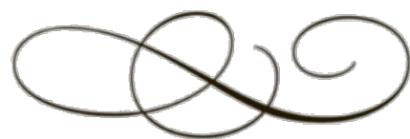
Prelude  
Processional  
Invocation  
Hymn  
  
Scripture Reading  
    Old Testament  
    New Testament  
The Prayer of Comfort  
Solo  
Remarks  
Acknowledgements and Presentation  
Hymn  
The Eulogy  
The Committal  
The Recessional Hymn

Mrs. Gerri P. Howell  
  
Great Is Thy Faithfulness  
  
Minister Jerry Ratchford  
Minister Joy Jones  
Minister Joy Jones  
Mrs. Beverly Linney  
Rev. Sterling Howard  
Funeral Director  
How Great Thou Art  
Minister Maurice Lackey  
  
Take My Hand, Precious Lord

*At Third Creek Missionary Baptist Church Cemetery*

*The Gathering of the Christian Community  
The Placing of the Casket  
The Final Departure*

## Obituary



Mrs. Thelma Lillie Miller Ramsue, 92, of Cleveland, NC, daughter of the late James William and Martha Parker Miller was born in Alexander County on April 22, 1928. She passed away at her home on Monday, August 3, 2020, following an extended illness.

She was educated in Alexander County Schools and was the Valedictorian of the Class of 1948 at Happy Plains High School in Taylorsville, North Carolina. She also attended Russell's Commercial Business College.

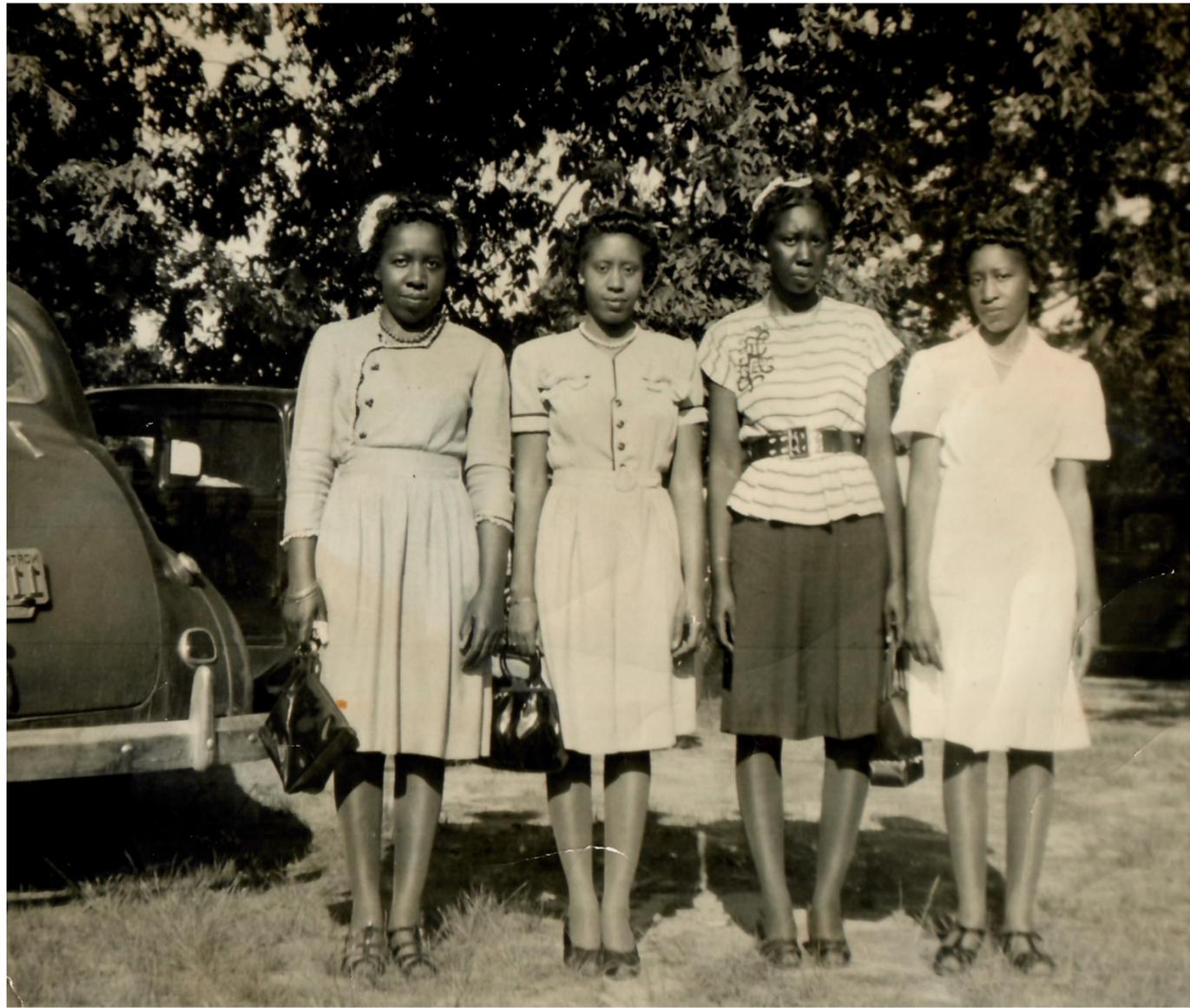
She retired from Belk Department Store in Statesville, NC and lastly worked at Maple Leaf Health Care, also in Statesville, NC.

At an early age she confessed Christ and became a member of Third Creek Baptist Church. As a youth, she served as an Usher. She enjoyed attending Sunday School, writing poetry for the church and serving on the church's Historical Committee as well as the Pastor's Aid Committee. She was also a member of the Golden Women's Club.

She was affectionately known as "Aunt B" or "Aunt Thelma" to her family. She enjoyed sewing, playing the piano, writing poetry, baking and spending time with her family and friends.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Lonzo B. Ramsue, Jr.; her beloved sisters, Ida Belle Miller, Creola Moore and Edna Little; her grandparents, Albert and Harriett McClelland Parker and William and Emily Alexander Miller, one nephew David Ramsue and one step-grandchild, Gary Eugene Bryant.

She leaves to cherish the memory of her life, a step-daughter, Zandra Bryant of Cleveland, NC; a cousin who was like a sister to her, Ophelia Bennett of Stony Point, NC; a sister-in-law Nellie Ramsue of Salisbury, a brother-in-law Anthony Wilson of Cleveland, NC; three step-grandchildren, Stacy Bryant, Ebony Bryant and Jared Bryant all of Cleveland, NC; five nephews, Andre (Phyllis) Biggers of Salisbury, NC, Julian (Sonya) Ramsue of Orangeburg, SC, William (Sharon) Little of Cleveland, NC, Dennis (Tonya) Ramsue of Dunn, NC, Patrick (Beth) Ramsue of Cleveland, NC; eleven nieces, Jeanette Kyle (Gene) of San Diego, California, Denise (Johnny) Stoutamire of Charlotte, NC, Dr. Joyce (Orlando) Thompson of Sheffield Village, OH, Jackie Cathcart of Statesville, NC, Karen Parker of Glen Burnie, MD, Jerri Brown of Severn, MD, Judy Daye of Salisbury, NC, Maria Moore of Hiddenite, NC, Janet Moore of Taylorsville, NC, Peggy (John) Hudson of Salisbury, NC and Thelma Ramsue of Fort Mill, SC; best friend and cousin, Betty Banks of Stony Point, NC; nine step great-grandchildren; four step great-great grandchildren; and a host of great-nieces, great-nephews, great-great nieces, great-great nephews, cousins, other relatives, church family and dear friends.





**African-American History**  
**By Thelma Miller Ramsue**  
**February 27, 2011**

We're not ashamed of our past; but we, are not pleased to have lived in bondage. It was not a life of ease.

From Africa to America, from aboard a ship it wasn't a cruise or a vacation trip  
Our ancestors didn't come here to be taught

They came because they were sold and bought  
They weren't hired servants who worked for pay  
They worked hard in the cold and heat of the day

Like products or machinery, they were used and like animals, they were often abused they were viewed for appearance from auction block  
Like produce, poultry or that of livestock

Life in slavery was a terrible life  
Forced to marry or take a wife and you could be forced to take a mate  
Longing for freedom-was a mighty long wait

Once decided all people should be free, "they knew slavery should never be"  
No more to be sold like sheep or cattle

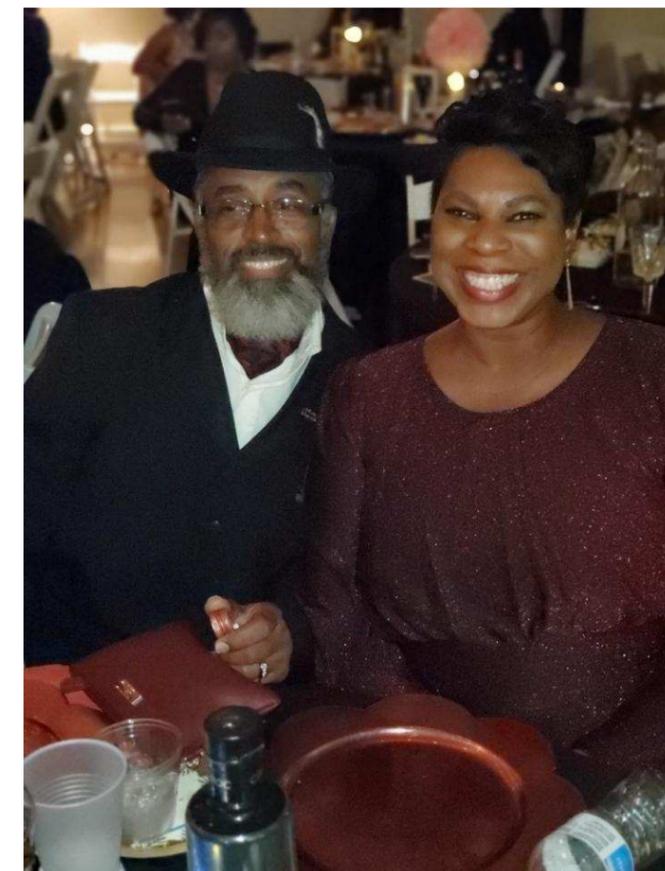
The north and south then went to battle

Lincoln proclaimed the emancipation, then shortly came his assassination  
There was no justice-no equal rights.

Life of equality was nowhere in sight  
Out of bondage-helpless and poor  
No opportunity-no open door

How hard it was-without education.  
Families were victims of separation.

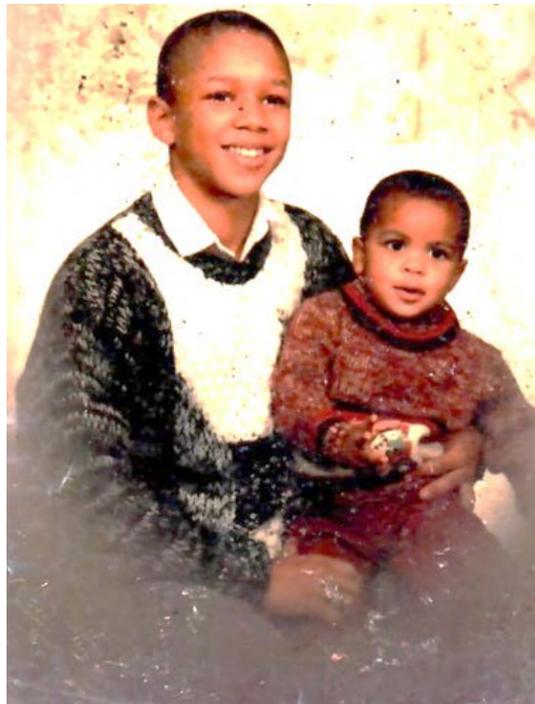
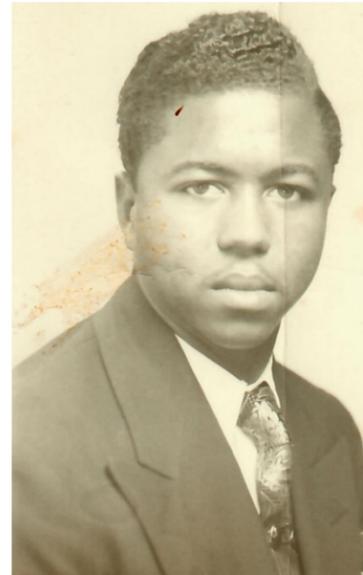
Some didn't know their true fathers and mothers  
Nor the whereabouts of their sisters and brothers  
"Bondage" hardened hearts and crippled minds.  
"Bound" by those who were spiritually blind.  
"Bound" by those who crossed moral lines.  
Through it all: we have come to the place for which our ancestors sighed.  
It's sad to know so many died.  
So many stood up and took a stand, all for the sake of their fellowman.





Time passed and slowly came change; things weren't perfect but not quite the same. Discrimination made laws, that make our way so bleak; with colored assignments and colored seats, Days, places and colored weeks, and colored water was not a special treat. Then in time with intimidation, came the end of segregation.

Thanks to our God and our heroes, who took away the slave borne woes, and with changes- we still have the ancient foes; that still exist and still oppose. For that's just, or unjust, right and fair We will stand in the need of prayer!



*Lonzo & Thelma*  






HAPPY PLAINS REUNION  
2016

