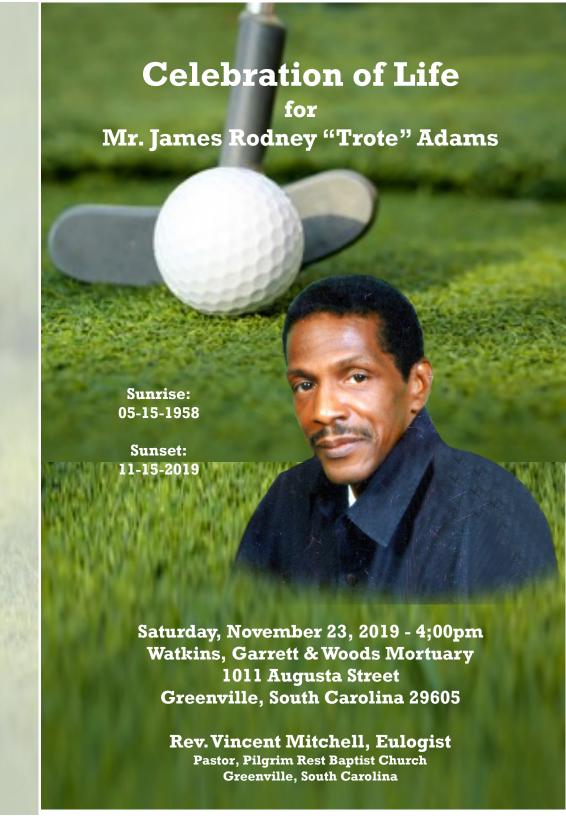
## **Memories of You**

We remember everything about you, your voice, your smile, your touch, the way you rolled around in your wheelchair, the way you looked at us meant so much.
We remember all the words you said to us.
Some funny, some kind, some wise and all the things you did for us we now see with different eyes.

We remember every moment you shared, seems like only yesterday or maybe it was eons ago, it's really hard to say.
You are gone from us now, but one thing that can't be taken away is your memory, it resides in our hearts and lights up our darkest days.

Your Nephew,
Ronrego Adams

Services Entrusted to
Watkins, Garrett & Woods Mortuary, Inc.
1011 Augusta Street
Greenville, SC 29605
(864) 242-1144



# Order of Service Rev. Anthony Wilson, Presiding

New Pleasant Grove Baptist Church

#### **Prelude**

Ms. Myra Garcia (Friend)
Ms. Stephanean Jones (Niece)

Ms. Linda Adams (Sister)

Solo ......Mrs. Vonda Wilson

Words of Comfort ......Rev. Vincent Mitchell

Committal/Prayer/Benediction

#### **Recessional**



### **Obituary**

Mr. James Rodney "Trote" Adams, 61, of Greenville, South Carolina, passed on Friday, November 15, 2019, at Prisma Health Upstate. He was a son of the late James Albert Adams and Willie Lou Henry Adams and the husband of the late Stanley Vanessa "Paula" Bigby Adams.

Surviving: one son, LaTravic Bigby of Greenville; four sisters, Linda Adams, Virgie Y. Washington, Augie Mitchell and Loretta Ladd, all of Greenville, SC; two brothers, David Henry, Sr., (Stella) and Timothy Albert (Betty) Adams, both of Greenville, SC; one uncle, Alvin Stewart (Pauline) of Greenville, SC; nine grand-children, Tytianna Bigby, Ti'Mylan Massey, Camryn Bigby, Kenya Bigby, India Bigby, Mylasha Bigby, Malik Rogers, Malikah Rogers and Amirah Bigby; and a host of other relatives and friends.

God saw you getting tired; and a cure was not to be;
So, He put His arms around you, and whispered,
"Come to Me," With tearful eyes we watched you,
and saw you pass away.

Although we loved you dearly,
we could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating;
hardworking hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
he only takes the best.

