

PALL BEARERS

Members of Masonic Lodge No. 71, Athens, Alabama

FLOWER ATTENDANTS

Glen Golbert
Terisa Gilbert
Wilma Horton
Carolyn Parker

Sharon French

Mamie McLin
Willie Gordan
Margie Askins
Evella Benford

The family would like to express their sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown during the illness and death of their loved one.

Addie

Funeral Services
for
Mr. John Henry Woods



Wednesday, May 1, 1985 2:00 P. M.

St. Mark Primitive Baptist Church
Athens, Alabama

Rev. Anaise Green, Officiating

Burial in Smithfield Cemetery, Elkmont, Alabama

Peoples Funeral Home, Directing

Obituary

Mr. John Henry Woods, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis and Columbus Woods was born in the year of April 21, 1925.

He united with the Persimmon Grove P. B. Church under the pastorship of Rev. Johnny Woods in 1981.

He leaves to mourn his passing, his wife, Elnora Woods; nine children, Rev. Johnny Woods, Indianapolis, Indiana, William Woods, Decatur, Alabama, John Dewayne Woods, Odell French, Alice Ingran, Nancy Woods, Kattie Wilson, Eula Woods, Minnie Williams, all of Athens, Alabama; two daughters-in-law, Bobbie Woods of Indianapolis, Indiana, Chyanne Woods of Dayton, Ohio; two sons-in-law, Homer French, Robert Ingran of Athens, Alabama; four sisters, Alice Woods, Margie Bell, Hattie Malone, Mae Ella Malone all of Athens, Alabama, two brothers, James Woods of Athens, Lindberg Woods of Kentucky; two brothers-in-law, Frank James Bell of Athens; 25 grandchildren; eight great grandchildren and a host of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends.

We were born to live, laugh and to cry
Why should we die.
We will never know or understand
Why God chose such a good man.
We live, we learn, we grow
We never know when its time to go.
But we have to except the way life is today
Because we live in our own way.
Up so high we want to go
But only He knows when we shall go.
So now until judgement day
We all will go our separate way.
Like a bird up in the sky
Like a tree that grows so high
The dreary days the dreary nights
Will be over for He who knows
The days we laugh the days we cry
The days of good times pass us by.

Poem written by:
Sharon French

Order of Service

Processional

Selection Choir

Scripture

Song & Prayer Rev. Lee Williams

Selection Choir

Remarks

As A Church Member Henry Gilbert

Selection

Eulogy Rev. Annias Green, Pastor

St. Mark Primitive Baptist Church

Viewing of Remains Peoples Funeral Home