

Pall Bearers
Grand and Great Grand Children

Flower Bearers
Grand and Great Grand Children

Interment
Smithfield Cemetery
Elkmont, Alabama

Acknowledgement

*The family wishes to say thanks to their many
friends, for their kind deeds shown during their
hour of bereavement. Your visits, prayers, cards will
serve to brighten the lonely days ahead.*



Mason Funeral Home, Directing

Aldie

Funeral Services
For
Mr. Buster Horton
1885 - 1992



Wednesday, December 2, 1992
St. Mark Primitive Baptist Church
1:00 p.m.

Officiating, Reverend Willie Booker

Burial in Smithfield Cemetery

Mr. Buster Horton was born December 25, 1885, to the late Robert and Martha Horton in the Elkmont Community. Mr. Buster Horton was well known in the Elkmont and Athens Community. He was always willing to lend a helping hand to his neighbors, family, and friends.

Mr. Buster Horton departed this life on Sunday morning, November 30, 1992.

In the year 1914, Mr. Horton was united in Holy Matrimony to the late mother Dora Horton. To this union seven children were born. Five preceded him in death.

He leaves to cherish his memory: Two daughters, Edmonia Horton, and Rosa Mae Southard. A son-in-law, James Southard and one daughter in-law Fannie Bell Horton, a devoted grandson, Robert Earl Horton, all of Athens, Alabama. Forty-one grand children, ninety-five great grand children. A host of great, great, and great, great, great grand children and also a host of nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends.

Ecclesiastes 3: 1, 2

*To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up
that which is planted.*

Prosessional

Selection.....St. Mark Choir

Scripture.....Rev. A. Green

Prayer.....Dec. Eligah Townsend

Selection.....Choir

Obituary.....(Read Silently)

Acknowledgements.....Bro. Jessie Horton

Tribute.....Rev. James Moore

Selection.....Choir

Eulogy.....Rev. Willie Booker

Solo.....Dec. Authur Jordon

Closing Prayer.....Rev. Jerry Crutcher

Recessional

*If death should beckon me with outstretched hand
And whisper softly of "an unknown land"
I shall not be afraid to go,
For though the path I do not know,
I take death's hand without a fear,
For He who safely brought me here
Will also take me safely back,
And though in many things I lack,
He will not let me go alone
Into the "Valley that's Unknown"...
So I reach out and take Death's hand
and journey to the "Promise Land"!*