

This is a tribute to the memory of my Mother,

Barbara H. Crockett

All that I am in life, or hope to be, I owe to her
She taught me so many things, above all, love,
respect, patience, and tolerance for all people.

She remains alive in my heart.

Love forever,
Linda Diane and
Maria Anita

Pallbearers
Family and Friends

Services Entrusted To:



Austin A. Layne Mortuary, Inc.

7239 West Florissant Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri 63136
(314) 381-6900

Celebrating The Life
Of



Barbara H. Crockett

Thursday, March 25, 2010
11:00 A.M.

St. James A.M.E. Church
4301 St. Ferdinand
St. Louis, Missouri 63113

The Reverend Dr. Morris A. Buchanan
Pastor/Officiant

*Do Not Go Gentle
Into That Good Night*

Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Order of Service

Selection

Prayer

Scripture: Psalm 91
Psalm 27

Special Acknowledgment

Solo "My Tribute" Nina Welters

Life Reflections (Read Silently)
Do not go gentle into that good night, Dylan Thomas

Remarks

Eulogy Rev. Dr. Morris A. Buchanan

Solo (CD) "Going Up Yonder" Tramaine Hawkins

Recessional

Interment
National Cemetery
Jefferson Barracks, Missouri