

Order of Service

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Processional

Remarks

Amir Bateman

Other Family and Friends

Words of Comfort

Muqkadeen Poole

Recessional



Life Reflections

Shaunnika Keetora Lateefa Bateman-Poole, a multifaceted individual whose talents extended across creative pursuits and family roles, passed away peacefully in Gaston County, North Carolina, on March 31, 2026. Born in Newark, New Jersey at Saint Michael's Hospital on July 7, 1977, she was the cherished daughter of Phyllis Bateman and Elijah Gibbs.

She is survived by her parents, Phyllis Bateman and Elijah Gibbs; her children, Amir Johnson, Muqkadeen Poole, Sanaa Poole, Hosni Poole, Ocean Lewis, and King James Lewis; her grandchildren, Alana Bateman-Johnson, Amaya Bateman Johnson, Amai Poole-Brice, Anya Poole, and Ava Poole; her fiancé, James Lewis; siblings Malik Bateman, Tashalia Issah, Ali Bateman, Ashley Iannacone, Nevell Bateman, Antwan Mcadoo, Karan Mcadoo, Elijah M. Gibbs 3rd, Isaiah M. Gibbs, Joshua M. Gibbs, Israel M. Gibbs, Afia Gibbs, Aalijah Gibbs, and Destiny Johnson Gibbs. Her memory will also be honored by numerous nieces, nephews, extended family members, and friends who were impacted by her warmth, generosity, and positive spirit.

Shaunnika was recognized for her remarkable ability to perceive potential in all situations. Whether capturing moments through photography or orchestrating memorable events, she demonstrated an innate appreciation for beauty and creativity. As a patient mentor and effective communicator, she derived joy from sharing her knowledge and supporting others' achievements. Her vibrant presence brightened every gathering. Shaunnika's legacy will continue to inspire kindness, love, courage, and unity among those who knew her. As we say our final farewells and lay her to rest, her memory will remain with us and guide us until we meet again.

Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness shown them during the passing of their beloved.

May you continually be blessed.

Arrangements Were Entrusted to:

Gregory Funeral Service, Inc.
601 North York Street
Gastonia, North Carolina 28052
704-867-4364
www.gregoryfuneralservice.com

Celebrating the Life Of *Ms. Shaunnika Keetora Lateefa Bateman Poole*



SUNRISE; JULY 7, 1977 – SUNSET; MARCH 31, 2026

Gregory Funeral Service Chapel
601 N. York Street
Gastonia, North Carolina

Saturday; April 11, 2026 @ 1:00 p.m.

Dreaming

(Words in bold can be recited in unison by collective)

Reading facilitated by Family:

God who knows,

We come before you with an ache we can't articulate. A void has appeared in our midst. This passing has altered so much of what we know and remember family mornings and birthday parties, goodnight stories and school pickups, car rides and kitchen talks. As we grieve the departure of one we loved, help us to feel what we feel, be it sadness or anger or nothing at all. Remind us that grief has many faces and no timeline. Grant us both patience and honesty. Keep us from idealizing or demonizing them in death, but protect our memory that we would recall them for who they truly were to us, and honor them in all of their complexities. And as we honor their passing, and the tragic mystery of mortality, show us that this void is not a void, but a portal. Grant us solemn imagination for new forms of being after death, and comfort us as we give thanks for their life, offering up gratitude with these shared words:

We honor who they were to us: partner, parent, sibling, child, aunt, niece, grandparent or grandchild, auntie, friend, co-worker, neighbor. We hold space for them in particularity, knowing that each of us knew and loved a distinct part of them. Some of us cried with them, some of us danced with them, some of us learned from them, some of us formed them.

Comfort us in the particularity of each bond.

Dust to dust-

May rest welcome them home.

We honor their humor-every joke, however corny. Every wordless smirk and side eye. The way they teased us and still loved us. The moments we rocked back with a laughter so fierce, no sound could escape. May the joy that found them in life be magnified in death.

Dust to dust

May rest welcome them home.

We honor the full contents of their lives, including the pain. The people they grieved. Every insecurity or fragment of self-hatred.

Their suffering, spoken and unspoken, those secret heartaches that we will never know. And we ask that any injustice they endured that was not righted in life would be made right in death. That any honor withheld from them in life would be met with an unabated affirmation of dignity in death.

Dust to dust

May rest welcome them home.

As we acknowledge their full humanity, so too do we hold memory for their flaws. For apologies never spoken, may they find remorse. For wrongs not forgiven, may they find self-compassion.

Dust to dust

May rest welcome them home.

We honor their labor. Years given to work, in contribution to a world that didn't always provide for them. We thank you for their service, for the things they elected to do out of care for the vulnerable, unconcerned for how it might profit them. We honor every choice made that honored the dignity of others.

Dust to dust

May rest welcome them home.

God our maker, may the one we grieve find peace at last, Comfort us as we seek peace ourselves. May we learn how to continue living in their absence; may we uncover new forms for their presence. Let their death remind us of our own mortality, that we would live and love with awareness of the gift of each unpromised day. And as we stare into the portal of this passing, may we find beauty in our ending, however solemn that beauty may be. **Ase.**

