

## "More Precious Than Diamonds: A Poem for Mrs. Winnie Louise Pettis"

A good woman is hard to find, and worth far more than diamonds...

—and Lord, did we find a rare one.

A woman whose apron was her cape, who's smile was her shield, whose love was her everlasting recipe.

She was the kind of woman who "was up before dawn, preparing meals for her family and organizing her day," and also the kind who—when a grandchild showed up with a handful of wheat from a school field trip—said without blinking, "Well, sugar, when life gives you wheat... you make bread."

And somehow she did. She always did, Turning the ordinary into blessings, the simple into sacred.

She "shops for the best yarns and cottons," the Proverbs 31 Scripture says—and we saw it in every stitch she sewed, every hem she fixed, every pillow she stitched, elegant and classy as she was.

If your winter coat had a hole, she had it mended, before the weatherman even finished his forecast.

"She rolls up her sleeves, eager to get started"—and yes, she did. Even if "getting started" meant combing your hair with a fork on the way to drop the grandchildren off at school because there was no time to comb it in the house.

(It's just a wide-tooth comb anyway, right?)

"She's quick to assist anyone in need," and that included grandchildren whose cereal bowls were full—but milk jugs were empty. No fear.

Grandma always had evaporated milk, Or that good ol' powdered can milk tucked somewhere in the back cabinet. Breakfast was never defeated in her kitchen. And when life got heavy, when tears were too close to the surface, her love language was simple:

"Well baby... let's go to the grocery store."

And somehow that one simple gesture—that one—favorite thing—that 1 on 1 time with her felt like therapy, comfort, and a hug all rolled into one grocery store run.

Her voice—Lord, her voice—

Majestic like a hummingbird on a sweet sun-kissed morning, soft enough to settle storms, warm enough to hug you without ever lifting her arms.

"Her laugh? Unmatched.

A laugh that made you laugh and smile even when you hadn't heard the joke. A laugh that bubbled up truth, joy, and sometimes a bit of sassy side-eye.

And her knowing—oh, her knowing was supernatural.

"She keeps an eye on everyone in her household," the Scripture says. That woman knew what you did before you did and definitely before the school called. You couldn't switch a story on her—she had already read the director's cut.

She taught us what it meant to be "admired and praised... a woman who lives in the Fear-of-God."

She walked the walk, talked the talk, and sprinkled the Word gracefully over truth, correction, comfort, and cornbread.

Her love for Jesus was fierce and gentle, like everything about her.

She was faith stitched into fabric, class wrapped in kindness, a little sass, and a purse full of butterscotch, strawberry candy, and gum.

Sometimes it tasted like Avon's Rare Pearls—and yes, we chewed it anyway. She was our Avon lady, after all, the same one who taught us early that Skin So Soft wasn't just body oil—it was mosquito armor.

If you had an ailment? She had a remedy. Most of the time it was peroxide and water—and somehow it worked every single time.

And in her later years, when her sight started to fade to darkness she would still light up a room. If she caught even a hint of a beat, she was cutting up and music found her. If she heard a beat, she was busting a move. Didn't matter if she could stand, didn't matter if she was in her wheelchair—Rhythm lit her up. She became a dancing machine, laughing, grooving, living joy out loud, in every sway and air drum beat.

Preparing Sunday meals started early on Saturday mornings—the house filled with aromas that felt like home, like belonging, like legacy rising from cast-iron pots.

Her children respected her. Her grandchildren adored her. Her husband praised her. "Many women have done wonderful things," the Word says, "but you've outclassed them all." And she truly did.

Diamond bright, ruby strong, trustworthy, generous, elegant, industrious, and forever wrapped in grace. Today we give her everything she deserves. We Adorn her 93 years of life with praise. Today, we do just that—for our Proverbs 31 woman, our extraordinary treasure, our role model, Our beloved Mrs. Winnie Louise Pettis. We love you and you definitely will be missed.

~ memories from her loving grandchildren ~

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

With deep gratitude, we wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for your comforting expressions of sympathy during the passing of our loved one.

God bless each of you.

The Family



## ENLOE MORTUARY

"Sympathetic and Efficient Service Since 1922"

231 North Lafayette Street | Shelby, NC 28150

Telephone: 704-487-9598 | Fax 704-487-1504 | [www.enloemortuary.com](http://www.enloemortuary.com)

# Home Going Celebration for Ms. Winnie Louise Lee Pettis



*On Earth*

November 29, 1931

*In Heaven*

November 21, 2025

Saturday, November 29, 2025  
11:30 a.m.

Release Church  
1616 Kings Road, Shelby, North Carolina  
Rev. Gabriel Ramseur, Pastor

*"Praising My Savior, All the Way Home"*

# *Moments of Sharing*

Prelude  
Processional  
Receiving of Friends.....11:00 a.m. – 11:30 a.m.

# Order of Service

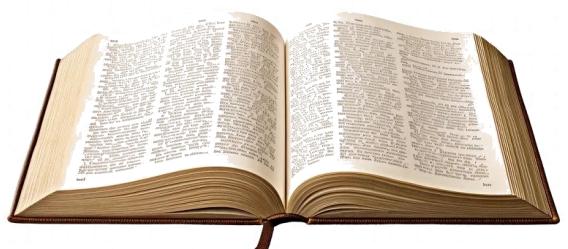
Officiating Minister, Rev. Gabriel Ramseur

Selection .....	Release Church Praise and Worship Team
Scripture Reading	
Old Testament.....	Rev. Isaac Pettis
New Testament.....	Rev. Kenneth Ramseur
Prayer of Comfort.....	Rev. James Smith
Selection .....	Release Church Praise and Worship Team
Acknowledgements and Reading of Obituary.....	Rev. Cynthia Bell
Remarks (Two Minutes).....	Mrs. Sonya Whitworth Mrs. Shana Adams and Mrs. Shondra Pettis Mr. Travis Pettis and Mr. A.J. Parker
Selection .....	Release Church Praise and Worship Team
Words of Comfort.....	Rev. Gabriel Ramseur
Recessional Selection .....	Release Church Praise and Worship Team

## *Interment*

# *Flower Bearers*

# Pall Bearers



# Honoring her Life and Legacy

**Mrs. Winnie Louise Lee Pettis**, 93, of Shelby, NC, passed away on Friday, November 21, 2025, at Atrium Health Cleveland. She was the daughter of the late LC Lee and Lottie Mae Hopper Lee. She was born in Rutherford County, NC, on November 29, 1931.

Ms. Pettis was a 1952 graduate of Green Bethel High School, where she played basketball. She was a woman of great character, taking care of her family-husband, children, grand and great grandchildren.

Acknowledgements and Reading of Obituary.....Rev. Cynthia Bell  
Remarks (Two Minutes).....Mrs. Sonya Whitworth  
Mrs. Shana Adams and Mrs. Shondra Pettis  
Mr. Terrell Pettis and Mr. Al Pettis

Mrs. Pettis was very handy with her hands, sewing for herself and others. She loved cooking, baking, and eating all kinds of cookies. She enjoyed family dinners where she got to serve her famous macaroni and cheese or homemade pizza for her grandchildren. Mrs. Pettis also loved taking family vacations.

She helped to rear and care for her grandchildren and great grandchildren. They will remember her for her saying to them, "Ah shoot, John Brown-it". She would also be looking for her piece of candy from one of them. She loved them all very much. God was the guiding light in her life as He directed her gently through it all. To Him be the glory and the honor!!!!

In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by her husband, Johnny Pettis; son Reginald Pettis; brothers, Charlie Lee, Billy Lee, J. C. Lee, Jeremiah Lee; and sister, Vera Jane McKenzie.

She leaves to cherish her children, Aubrey Pettis, Dennis Pettis (Denise), Gregory Pettis, Sylvia Ellis (James); 9 grandchildren and many great grandchildren; siblings, Jessie Parrish, Samuel Lee; sisters in law, Frances Lee, Carrie Pettis, Mattie Nelson, Estine Pettis, Lou Pettis, Sarah Pettis, and Laura Matthews (William); brothers in law, Matthew Pettis (Debbie) and Isaac Pettis; special friends, Ethel Dawkins and Selma Brewton; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and family friends.

