

Order of Service

Opening Prayer Reverend Stephanie Calhoun
 Video Montage "You Are Not Alone" (Michael Jackson)
 Poetry Reading Angela Carson
 Words from the Family
 Sermon and Altar Call Pastor LeRone Moore
 Nightingale Tribute Alondra Sedano Twitty
 Closing Prayer Pastor LeRone Moore
 Family Exit "It's My Life" Jon Bon Jovi
 Repass following the service in the Life Center

"This is my life, my heart is an open book." It's My Life, Bon Jovi

Remembering Her Life

Mary Jo Twitty was born on December 16, 1975 to Rachel and Joe Runyon in Delbarton, West Virginia. She moved to Polk County, North Carolina in high school where she met some of her best friends and her high school sweetheart. Most of her life was spent living in Polk County, North Carolina, where she worked several years for Community Health Connections and Cooper Riis, before moving to Summerfield, North Carolina in 2023.

Mary Jo never met a stranger. She was the kindest, sweetest person. She always greeted people with a pet name: "Hey baby" or "Hey sweetheart". Even the person at the drive thru got a "Thank you, sweetie!". Mary Jo lit up every room she walked into and had the kindest eyes and the sweetest smile. She loved Reese's Cups and Ferrero Rocher and had to have a little "something sweet" after every meal and sometimes just because. She loved the beach and would lay out all day until she was as red as a lobster. Mary Jo knew the value of a good deal and had shelves put in the garage to hold the overflow pantry and household items. Any time her husband and kids needed something they would head to the garage and shop at "Momma General".

Mary Jo loved medical dramas and reality shows. Her family always joked about her winning "Big Brother" if she applied, but feared they would starve during a summer without her cooking. She even got her husband, Darius hooked on Love Island! It was rare to see her without a cold Diet Coke and her Nike flip flops. She loved Bon Jovi and cried when her husband gifted her front row tickets to a show.

Her laugh was so full and genuine! When she was really tickled she would repeat the thing that made her laugh and keep laughing until she cried. Her husband and kids frequently teased her "country accent" with the way she called mosquitos "Skeeters", Dollar General "Dolla Gent-tral", and Wasps "Waspers". She would say "cool beans" when you told her something fun or interesting. She was so nice that she would call you "precious" when she was annoyed with you.

Mary Jo fiercely loved her family, but she went from the sweetest person to a momma bear if anyone messed with them. Mary Jo was an incredible mother. In addition to her biological & step kids, she had a lot of "bonus babies", who frequently stayed at her house and called her "Mom". Becoming a Mimi was one of her biggest joys. She loved her grandbaby and was so excited to learn that she would get another one. Especially these past few years, Mary Jo had been living the life she dreamed of, with family vacations and lots of time with her family. She had a beautiful house with a front porch swing and spent time with her kids, her beloved dog Bailey, her granddaughter, and the love of her life.

Mary Jo was preceded in death by her father Joe Runyon; brothers Ronnie Joe Runyon, Johnny "Bear" Runyon, Anthony Todd Hatfield, Charlie Runyon; and one great-niece Jasmine Cambron.

Mary Jo will be remembered by the love of her life, Darius Twitty; five children & step children Brittany Twitty (Micah), Darius "DJ" Twitty (Alondra), Donovan Twitty (Kelsey), Breonna Twitty, and Marissa Twitty; one granddaughter, Violet Sofia Twitty; one soon coming grandson. As well as her mother Rachel Runyon; sisters Amy Runyon (Curtis), Dorothy Bell (Dana), Roberta Runyon, Kimberly Dillon, and Nancy Case (Calvin); as well as nieces, nephews, other loving relatives, and friends. Her goodness and love will continue to live on through all of the people she loved.





Our lives are like little bébé crows, carried upon a curious wind. And all we can wish, for our families, for those we love, is that that wind will eventually place us on solid ground. Moira Rose, Schitt's Creek



“Love you bunches”


Ulysses D. Miller
FUNERAL SERVICES

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“We Are The Voice of Comfort In Your Hour of Grief”

