

Flower Bearers

Family & Friends

Pallbearers

JaJuan Crawford JaKoury Reynolds Jimmy Hall
Juatavia "Tae" Harp William Thomas Zhalen Campbell

Acknowledgements

As Our hearts are so full of love and gratitude to each of you. Your presence, prayers, words of consolation, flowers and the many kind acts have sustained us these days since the passing of our loved one. Our prayer is that God's blessing will continue with all of you.

~The Family~

Interment: Sardis Cemetery
Dawson, GA

Professional Services are Entrusted to



JOHNSON & SON
FUNERAL SERVICE

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184 Crawford Street NE,
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Programs By: Dr. Tabiyes Williams, Ed.D

229-376-1642

Tabiyes87@gmail.com

A Celebration of Life



*Mrs. Beulah
Faldon*

FEBRUARY 10, 1931 – AUGUST 20, 2024

FUNERAL SERVICE

SUNDAY, AUGUST 25, 2024

3:30 P.M.

THIRD KIOKEE BAPTIST CHURCH

521 CARVER AVENUE
ALBANY, GEORGIA

PASTOR THEODUS DRAKE, PRESIDING
PASTOR RUSSELL GRAVES, OFFICIATING

Reflections of Life

To everything there is a season, a time to every purpose under the heaven
Ecclesiastes 3:1

A TIME TO BE BORN

Beulah Faldon was born February 10, 1931, to the late Johnny and Ella Belle Parente in Terrell County, Georgia.

A TIME TO PLANT

The vines of her life were rooted in Terrell County. Beulah accepted Christ at an early age and joined Zion Hill Baptist Church in Dawson Georgia. Upon moving to Albany, she joined Third Kiokee Baptist Church where she served in the Senior Choir, Kitchen Ministry, Sunday School Ministry, General Mission Ministry, Senior Service Ministry, Mother Board Ministry, and 90 Plus Club until her health began to fail.

A TIME TO LOVE

Wherefore Beulah left her mother and father to cleave unto Herman Tommy Faldon as her husband, they became one flesh.

A TIME TO BUILD

As a woman does good in her life, she also rejoiced and enjoyed the fruits of her labor. Beulah was a wise-hearted and prayerful woman in whom God put wisdom and understanding to know how to work for the good of mankind. Beulah was educated in the public schools of Dougherty County and attended Albany Tech in Drapery Slip Covering.

A TIME TO LAUGH

The joys and pleasure of her life were her children, her grandchildren, her great grandchildren, her great great grandchildren, cousins, other relatives, and church members whom God had given her.

A TIME OF PEACE

The final call of God to come to live eternally in his kingdom was received by her on Tuesday, August 20, 2024, at her residence in Albany Georgia. The legacy of her season included her daughter, Barbarette Whitfield (Robert) and son Ronald Parente who proceeded her in death. She left four loving and faithful daughters, Alegra Jenkins (Melvin), Wyjohnia Reynolds, Valrita Faldon and Tamara Jones (Jimel); loving God daughters, Kathy Randall O'Neal (Robert) and Symone Rhymes; seventeen grandchildren, great grandchildren, great great grandchildren, a host of cousins, other relatives and friends who mourn her passing.

Order of Service

Processional / Final Viewing.....Family
Selection.....Johnson & Son Funeral Service
Prayer..... Minister
Scriptures:
Old Testament.....Minister
New TestamentMinister

Tribute from Family.....Trashundra Peters
Solo “Alabaster Box”Zyan Campbell

Reflections.....(Limited to 5 People)Two Minutes Please
Solo..... “May the Works I’ve Done”Rutha Harris

EulogyPastor Dr. Theodus Drake
Acknowledgements..... Johnson & Son Funeral Service
Committal
Recessional

Interment

Sardis Cemetery
Dawson, GA

The House by The Side Of The Road

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn In the place of their self-content; There are souls like stars, that dwell apart, In a fellowless firmament; There are pioneer souls that blaze the paths Where highways never ran- But let me live by the side of the road And be a friend to man. Let me live in a house by the side of the road Where the race of men go by- The men who are good and the men who are bad, As good and as bad as I. I would not sit in the scorner's seat nor hurl the cynic's ban- Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man. I see from my house by the side of the road By the side of the highway of life, The men who press with the ardor of hope, The men who are faint with the strife, But I turn not away from their smiles and tears, Both parts of an infinite plan- Let me live in a house by the side of the road And be a friend to man. I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead, and mountains of wearisome height; That the road passes on through the long afternoon and stretches away to the night. And still, I rejoice when the travelers rejoice and weep with the strangers that moan, nor live in my house by the side of the road Like a man who dwells alone. Let me live in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by- They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, Wise, foolish - so am I. Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban? Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man.

1931

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