

PRAISE AND WORSHIP SERVICE
IN HONOR OF
MRS. BERTHA B. KOHLHEIM

Sunday, April 11, 1999
4:00 p.m.



GREATER PLEASANT HILL MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH
3077 Johnson Avenue
Memphis, Tennessee 38112
Reverend Willie H. Lester, Pastor

Sponsored By
Pastor Oscar Bailey
Dancyville Christian Methodist Episcopal Church





April 1, 1999

Mrs. Kohlheim:

I am sorry to say I will be unable to attend this worthy affair for one that I know is very deserving of all things good unto her.

So with regrets, I love you and am praying that the Lord will continue to bless you and yours.

Enclosed with a token of Love,

Dora Cousins



March 15, 1999

Dear Pastor Luster, Members of the Congregation at Pleasant Hill Baptist Church,
and Family and Friends of Bertha Kolheim:

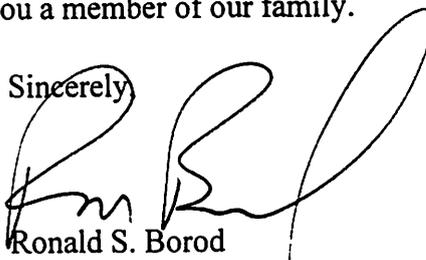
Fourteen hundred miles and the demands of my practice prevent me from being at the Pleasant Hill Baptist Church on April 11 to celebrate the life of Bertha Kolheim and the theme of faithfulness which her life has so far exemplified. Other than being there in spirit, which I certainly am, I would like to offer these words to the many eloquent tributes to Bertha Kolheim which will be offered on April 11.

First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton made famous the concept that "it takes a village" to raise a child. When I first heard these words, they resonated within me, because I knew, intuitively and on the basis of my own early childhood experience, that I am who I am not only because of the genetic and environmental influences of my parents, but also because of those people who had such a major influence on me during my tender years. I would now like to offer a sequel to this concept: It also takes a village to care for an adult at the end of his or her life. Caring for the elderly is one of the most pressing issues of the day, and will become even more pressing as the baby boomers (of which I assume I am part) reach their 70s and 80s. For various unavoidable reasons relating primarily to my career, I moved from Memphis to Boston in 1988. In doing so, I left my father behind, who at that time was almost 80 years old, and with whom I had until that time practiced law. This was a very painful separation for me, but he encouraged me to do it because of the opportunities that awaited me in New England. Within a few years of my departure he lost his second wife, my stepmother, to an aneurysm. This left him twice widowed and alone, but for his devoted grandchild and my dear niece, Debbie Jackson, who still lived then and still lives now in Memphis. Debbie had her own family responsibilities, however, and could not be expected to be a full-time companion or caretaker for her grandfather. Enter Bertha Kolheim! Bertha had known my family for many years and became not only my father's primary caregiver but also, in many respects, helped fill the void that the loss of two spouses had left. For the next ten years until my father's death on the day before New Year's Eve of last year, Bertha was there for him. She not only administered to his needs and provided him physical comfort and care five days a week and some time on weekends, week in and week out, but she also helped him fight the never ending and often futile battle against loneliness and depression, which he waged day in and day out, and also, as the price of proximity, was the frequent recipient of his complaints, his anger, and, yes, his abuse.

I too became close to Bertha during these years, because we would have frequent telephone conferences about my father as he traveled from valley to peak to valley to peak, emotionally and physically. Whenever he was down and was therefore down on her, I instinctively would try to lift Bertha's spirits with words of support and encouragement. Each time I would try to do this, however, she would remind me that she knew that it was just his illness speaking, she did not take it personally, and she was doing "no more than what I am supposed to do." Bertha never wavered in this course, despite the fact that she was subjected to many tough moments which became more and more frequent as age and illness overcame my father. She never complained and never seemed to really need the support which I was trying to offer to her. I think she would agree, if asked, that she hung in there not just because it was her sense of duty to do so, although this was a major motivator; but I think she also hung in there because she had a genuine love for my father and for the other members of his family. She was, in my view, and still is, a member of his family--an integral and, frankly, indispensable part of that village which was so necessary to sustain and support my father during the last years of his life.

After spending three days and three nights sitting with Bertha during the lonely vigil at the end of December in the waiting room of the intensive care unit of the Baptist Hospital, and after attending the burial of my father on the following day, it was time for me to come back to Boston. My niece, Debbie, my daughter, Gail, my significant other, Doris, and I were telling Bertha good-bye in my father's apartment. She was going to stay back to straighten things up. As we were telling her good-bye, all of us were overcome with emotion at the fact that that tableau made so starkly clear to all of us: that as much as my father's death was a loss for his son, his daughter, and his grandchildren, it was also a tremendous loss for the one person who had always been there for him at the end of his life--Bertha Kolheim. For this, Bertha, I salute you, I love you, and I will always consider you a member of our family.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ronald S. Borod". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop at the end.

Ronald S. Borod

WORSHIP OF GOD AND PRAISE

PROGRAM

Leader.....*Brother Marius Scott*
Church of the Word, Worship and Praise

Prelude

Processional.....**Escorts, Jonathan W. Jeans and*
**Pastor Tommy A. Sullivan*

Congregational Hymn.....*"Think Of His Goodness To You" -- #218*

Prayer.....*Pastor Myron S. Armstrong*
Agape Christian Faith Ministries

Scripture.....*Dr. Ernest Motley*
Pastor, Springhill Baptist Church

Introduction of Mistress of Ceremonies.....*Mrs. Aivis A. Bond*
Dancyville C.M.E. Church

Mistress of Ceremonies, Ms. Jacqueline I. Scott, Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church

Selection.....*Senior Choir, Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church*
Mrs. Naomi O. Jones, Director

The Occasion.....*Mrs. Thelma P. White*
Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church

Expressions.....*Family and Friends*

Minister Velma Young, True Liberty M.B. Church
Mr. Ronnie Jackson, Hope Presbyterian, Cordova, TN
Mrs. Inez Taylor, Greater Pleasant Hill M.B. Church
Mrs. Willie Evelyn Woods, Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church
Attorney Gwendolyn Rooks, Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church
Mr. Grant L. Parham, Sr., Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church
Elder Tommy A. Sullivan, Church of the Word, Worship and Praise

Selections.....*A. McEwen Williams Memorial Choir, St. John Baptist Church*
Mrs. Rosetta H. Peterson, Director

OFFERING.....

Introduction of Speaker.....*Reverend Louis T. Purham, Pastor
Temple of Love C.M.E. Church*

Duet.....*Miss Marva E. Johnson-Miss Juliet Waddell
Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church*

Sermon.....*Reverend L. L. Barnes
Martin Temple C.M.E. Church*

Solo.....**Mrs. Wilda J. Jeans
Church of the Word, Worship and Praise*

Presentation.....

Special Thanks.....*Pastor Oscar Bailey
Mrs. Bertha B. Kohlheim*

Remarks.....*Pastor Willie H. Lester
Greater Pleasant Hill M.B. Church*

Benediction.....

***RELATIVES**

USHERS

*Youth and Young Adults, Mt. Pisgah C.M.E. Church
Mr. & Mrs. Gregory A. Cofield, Sr., Chiefs*

REFRESHMENTS

Thank You

Think Of His Goodness To You

R. C. W.

R. C. WARD

1. When waves of af-flic-tion sweep o-ver the soul, And sun-light is
 2. The world may for-sake you, and those whom you trust May prove to be
 3. Mis- for-tune's dark cloud may hang o-ver the way, De-spite your best
 4. When dear ones are tak-en a-way from you here, You loved with af-

hid-den from view, If ev-er you're tempted to fret or complain, Just
 false and un-true; There's One you can trust e-ven un-to the end; Just
 ef-forts to do; The Sav-ior is guard-ing your treas-ures up there; Just
 fec-tion so true, Look un-to the Sav-ior for strength to en-dure, And

CHORUS
 think of His good-ness to you. Just think of His good-ness to
 His

you; ———— Yes, think of His good-ness to you; ———— Tho'
 good-ness to you; His good-ness to you;

storms o'er thee sweep, He is a-ble to keep; O think of His good-ness to you.

*You never said a lot, not sought to be well known.
But when you had a job to do,
You could be counted on.*

*You never tried to lead, or boast that you were smart
But every thing you did was from your heart*

*You never sought man's praise, like many of the rest.
But in all things you did,
You tried to do your best.*

Author Unknown

