

*A Commemoration of the Life
of
Mrs. Mollye Odom Hankerson*



Tuesday, October 30, 2012 • 11:00 a.m.

New Hope Baptist Church • Montezuma, Georgia

Rev. Allen Waters, Officiating

Order of Service

PrayerReverend Hosie Waters

Scripture

Old Testament - Psalm 37:37Minister

New Testament - II Corinthians 12: 8-10Minister

Eulogy.....Reverend Allen Waters

AcknowledgementsStaff of West's Mortuary

Committal

New Hope Baptist Church Cemetery



Acknowledgements

THANK YOU

Our family would like to acknowledge your expressions of love and concern during this difficult time. Your prayers, calls and thoughtfulness during our time of bereavement are deeply appreciated. It is our prayer that God will bless you and keep you.

Obituary



Mollye Rene Odom Hankerson was born February 4, 1925 to the parentage of the late Mr. Curry Odom and Mrs. Kittie Mae Harvey Odom. At an early age, she professed her faith in Jesus Christ and became an active member of New Hope Baptist Church. She transcended from labor to an everlasting life of peace and rest on October 26, 2012.

After graduating from the Macon County School System, she continued her education at Albany State University, and later matriculated at The Fort Valley State College, graduating with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education. Mollye was a passionate, prolific, no nonsense mathematics teacher, devoting her life to the education and edification of the students of Macon County for 41 years.

She was married to Mr. Charles R. Hankerson, Sr., and to this union, two children were born. A daughter, the late Mrs. Zettawee C. H. Byrom, and a son, Mr. Charles R. Hankerson, Jr. An avid gardener, Mollye spent hours cultivating and maintaining an award winning yard. She loved azaleas and lilies especially, and spent hours dotting on the many varieties of flowers and topiar-ies in her care.

Preceding her in death are her brother, Mr. Timothy Odom, Sr., and her sisters Mrs. Amye Odom Marshall, and Mrs. Eria Odom Johnson. She leaves to cherish her memory and uphold her legacy her son, Mr. Charles R. Hankerson, Jr.; her sister, Mrs. Rosetta O. Harmon, Cincinnati, Ohio; her brother, Mr. Willie James (Norma) Odom, Montezuma, Georgia; sister-in-law, Mrs. Alberta Odom, Montezuma, Georgia; brother-in-law, Mr. Marvin Johnson, Montezuma, Georgia; a granddaughter, Nikki R. Byrom, Oglethorpe; grandson, Kelvin M. Byrom, Oglethorpe, Georgia; a great granddaughter, Kennedy M. Byrom, Fort Valley, Georgia; and a host of nieces, nephews, and other loving relatives and friends.

During her illness, she was blessed to have the love and support of several caring individuals, most specifically, Mrs. Iris Ridley, Mrs. Tyechia Hall, Mrs. Sheila Lester, Mrs. Cassandra Rogers, and Ms. Onethia Sloan, in addition to the other nurses and support staff of United Hospice of Cordele, Georgia.



Flowers for Mollye

Originally published in part as flowers for my grandmother January 17, 2011. thebyromblog.com



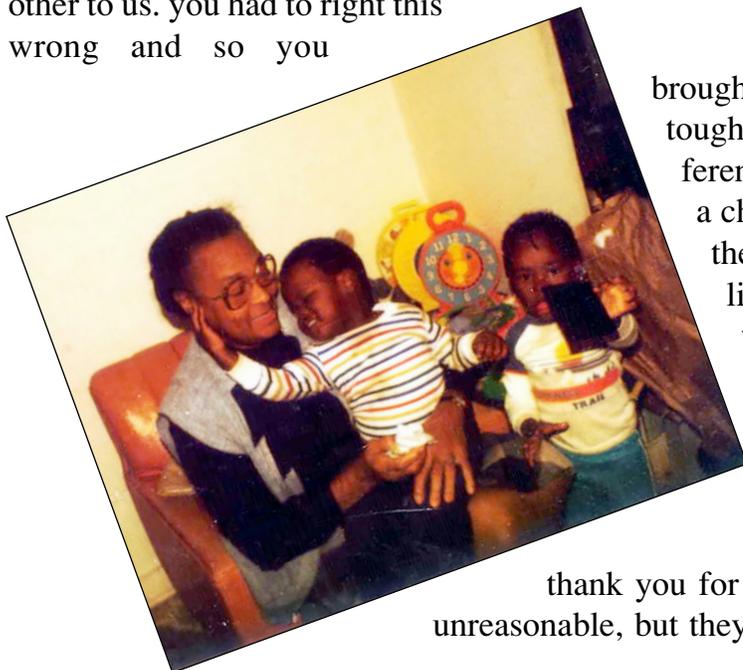
dear mama,

i can't imagine what it must have been like. to lose your daughter. to watch her wither away in that bed. to weep for what not only you were losing, but what we were losing as well. i often wonder what it must have been like for you. and then i can't because i don't ever want to feel that kind of pain. it was hard enough for both, well all of us. such a loss. i guess it's part of the reason i don't want children. i don't want to lose one and i don't want one to lose me.

because both situations, if mishan-

dled, can be disastrous. you've told me before that there's nothing like it, being married and having children. i believe you, but i'll settle for the nothing part.

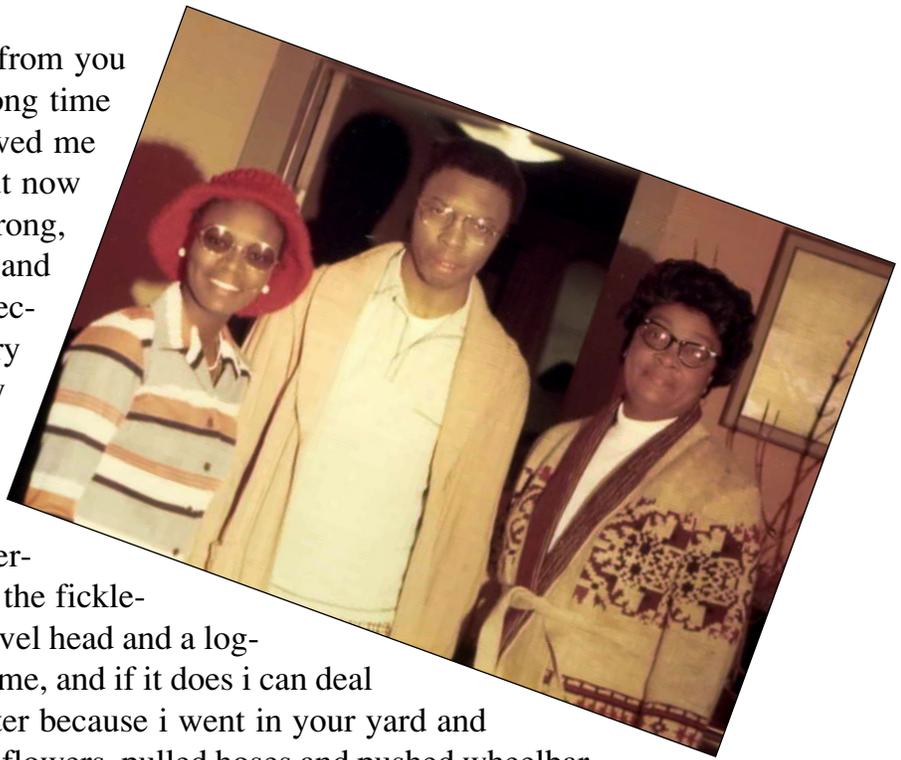
i can't imagine what it must have then been like to have to look at your daughter's children. two little people who reminded you so much of what you'd lost. a girl and a boy who now had to depend on you for their very lives. i know, because i know you, that you felt a sense of duty unlike any other to us. you had to right this wrong and so you



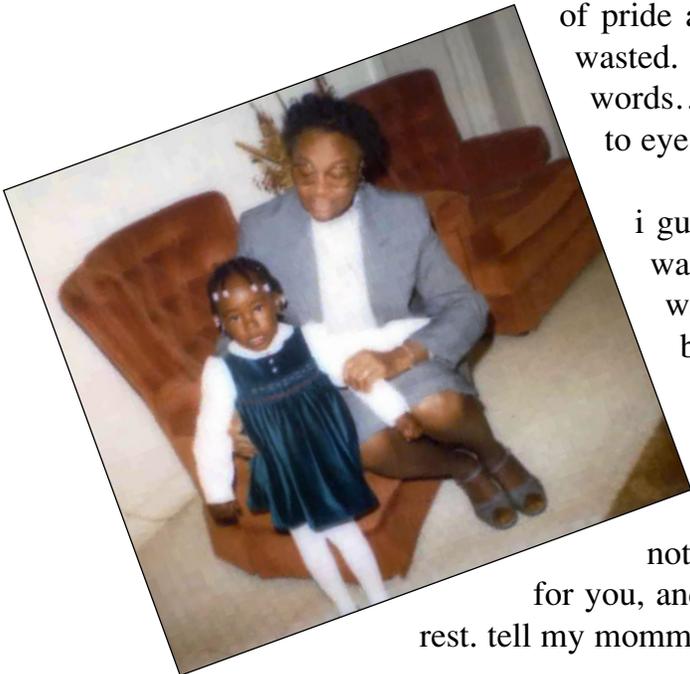
brought us to 408 and did what you knew to do; make us tough, make us resilient. rear us. teach us. make us different from everyone else so that there could never be a chance that we'd fall into the cracks and through to the other side where the mediocre and the goal less live breathe and die. you taught us that we were better. and others didn't understand us, they called us peculiar because they couldn't understand why we were who we were. we had to be exceptional. we were cut from a different cloth and you held the scissors.

thank you for your standards. i always thought they were a bit unreasonable, but they made me see life as it was, not as i wanted it to

be. the self-discipline and focus i learned from you is rivaled only by the military. it took a long time for me to understand why you never allowed me to fight back when i was being bullied, but now i know it wasn't because fighting was wrong, but my fighting back had to be strategic and proactive. being able to exceed every expectation, pushing myself to excellence in every endeavor, setting myself apart, that was my defense. and it still is.



your brand of love wasn't tough. it was impossible. it was different. and the differences made me strong. from you i learned the fickleness of emotion, and the importance of a level head and a logical, honest perspective. very little bothers me, and if it does i can deal with it in a fashion that suits me. i am better because i went in your yard and raked leaves, cut grass and hedges, planted flowers, pulled hoses and pushed wheelbarrows. i am better because i can get up in the morning, cook breakfast, clean my house, go to work, come back, cook dinner, and be ready to do everything i need to do for the next day. i am better because i know exactly who i am. i know what i am capable of, what i will and will not tolerate, and i don't care how others feel about any of it. i learned that from you. you are a woman of great substance and virtue. though that substance is different, it's yours and you own it. right or wrong, you stand your ground and dare anyone to challenge you. i still admire your love for mathematics, your skill at baking (which i never mastered, much to your chagrin), and your passion for gardening. i hope that somehow, in the little i've accomplished, you have been able to have moments of pride and a sense that your time, effort and money were not wasted. i know i got on your nerves. you loved math and hated words... i loved words and hated math. we never really saw eye to eye on much, but that was okay too.



i guess, in the grand scheme of all existence, as much as i want to go off somewhere and get into the fetal position and weep for you i can't. not because i won't miss you, but because you would not want me to. you would admonish me to get up and go do something, even if it's just window shopping. you would implore me to keep my chin up and my back straight. these past three years have been an experience i will never forget, and i would not trade them for anything else in this world. i thank God for you, and am overjoyed that you finally will have the chance to rest. tell my mommy i said hello.

love always,
ms. root.

The Black Mother



Where can I find love that never changes
Smiles that are true and always just the same,
Caring not how the fierce tempest rages,
Willing ever to shield my honored name?

This I find at home, only with Mother,
Who cares for me with patient tenderness;
She from every human pain would rather
Save me, and drink the dregs of bitterness.

If on life's way I happen to flounder,
My true thoughts should be of Mother dear,
She is the rock that ne'er rifts asunder,
The cry of her child, be it far or near.

This is love wonderful beyond compare;
It is God's choicest gift to mortal man;
You, who know Mother, in this thought must
share,
For, she, of all, is Angel of your Clan.

My Mother is black, loveliest of all;
Yes, she is as pure as the new made morn;
Her song of glee is a clear rhythmic call
To these arms of love to which I was born.

I shall never forget you, sweet Mother,
Where'er in life I may happen to roam;
Thou shalt always be the Fairy Charmer
To turn my dearest thoughts to things at home.

Marcus Mosiah Garvey

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