



Flower Bearers

Zsi-Zsi McDonald
Pamela Ferguson
Tonia Rhone
Linda Ferguson



Pallbearers

Tom Ferguson
Tremaine McDonald
Paul Ferguson
Eddie Stutson

Place of Internment

Hillcrest Memory Gardens
12813 NE 50th Street
Spencer, OK 73084

Acknowledgements

We, the loving family of Willa June Woody Nero, would like to take this opportunity to express our sincerest appreciation for all the thoughtfulness, love and support shown to us during our time of bereavement. May God Bless each and every one of you abundantly for whatever you did to console our hearts. Please continue to keep our family in your thoughts and prayers in the days to come as we continue through the grieving process.

Temple Sons

FUNERAL DIRECTORS, INC.

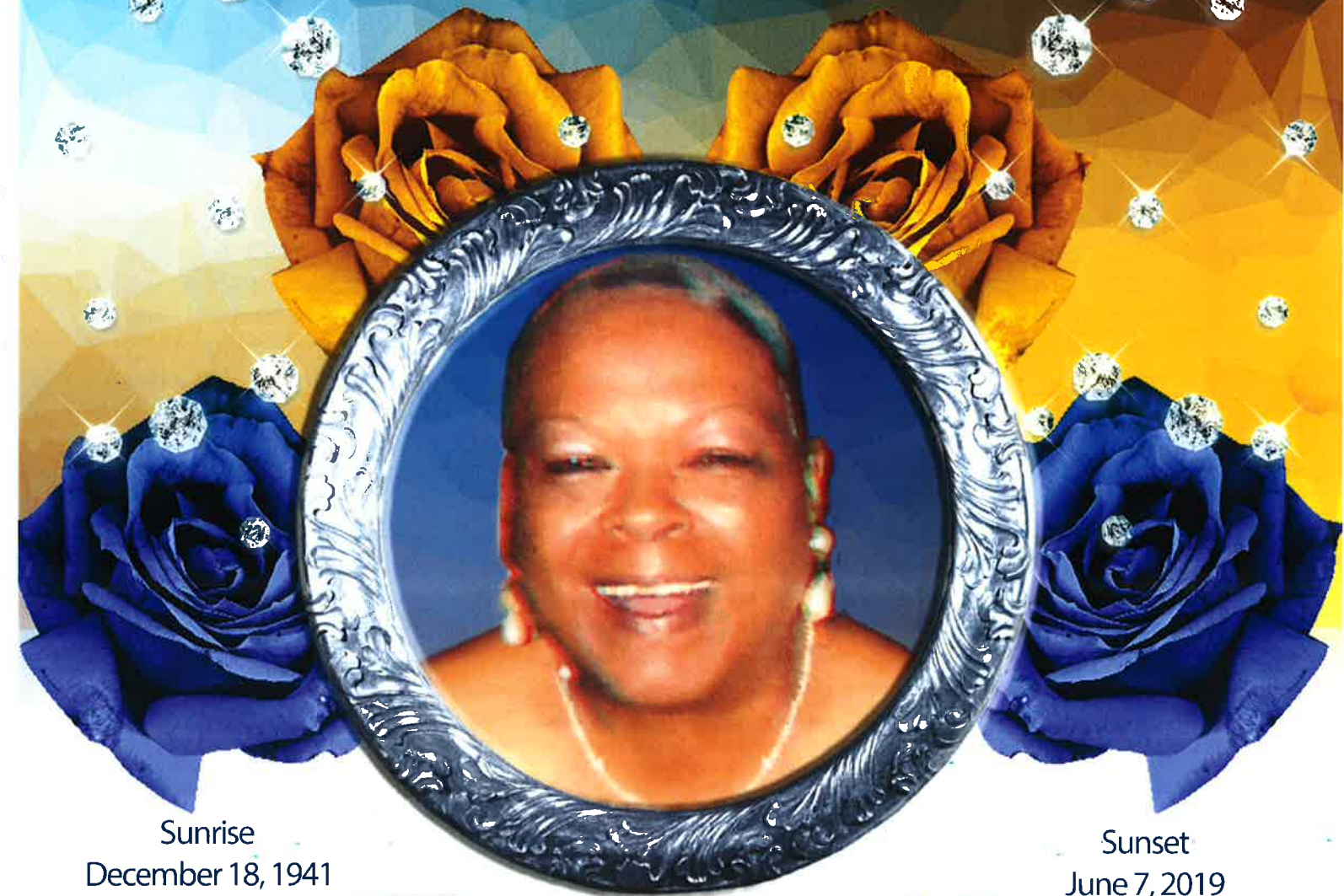
We Care



2801 North Kelley
Oklahoma City, OK 73111
(405) 427-8321



A CELEBRATION OF LIFE FOR



Sunrise
December 18, 1941

Sunset
June 7, 2019

Willa
June Woody-Nero

Saturday, June 15, 2019

Fairview Baptist Church • 1700 NE 7th St, Oklahoma City, OK 73117

Pastor J. A. Reed, Jr. • Officiating





Order of Service

Processional
Funeral Directors, Clergy, Family

Praise & Worship
Sis. Shree Walter

Old Testament Reading
Rev. Derrick E. Walter Sr.
Fairview Baptist Church

New Testament Reading
Pastor Michael M. McDaniel
Northeast Missionary Baptist Church

Prayer
Pastor Raycilius Douglas
Greater Mount Olive Baptist Church

Choir Selection
Fairview Baptist Church JR
Inspirational Choir

Liturgical Dance
Tonia Rhone (Granddaughter)

Resolutions

Remarks
Douglass Class of 1960

Major Carter
Family Member

Solo Selection
Bro. Ronald House

Eulogy
Rev. Dr. John A. Reed Jr.
Fairview Baptist Church

Video Tribute

Recessional
Funeral Directors, Clergy, Family



Go Down Death

by James Weldon Johnson

Weep not, weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.
Heart-broken husband--weep no more;
Grief-stricken son--weep no more;
Left-lonesome daughter --weep no more;
She only just gone home.

Day before yesterday morning,
God was looking down from his great, high heaven,
Looking down on all his children,
And his eye fell on Sister Caroline,
Tossing on her bed of pain.
And God's big heart was touched with pity,
With the everlasting pity.

And God sat back on his throne,
And he commanded that tall, bright angel standing
at his right hand:
Call me Death!
And that tall, bright angel cried in a voice
That broke like a clap of thunder:
Call Death!--Call Death!
And the echo sounded down the streets of heaven
Till it reached away back to that shadowy place,
Where Death waits with his pale, white horses.

And Death heard the summons,
And he leaped on his fastest horse,
Pale as a sheet in the moonlight.
Up the golden street Death galloped,
And the hooves of his horses struck fire from the gold,
But they didn't make no sound.
Up Death rode to the Great White Throne,
And waited for God's command.

And God said: Go down, Death, go down,
Go down to Savannah, Georgia,
Down in Yamacraw,
And find Sister Caroline.
She's borne the burden and heat of the day,
She's labored long in my vineyard,
And she's tired--
She's weary--

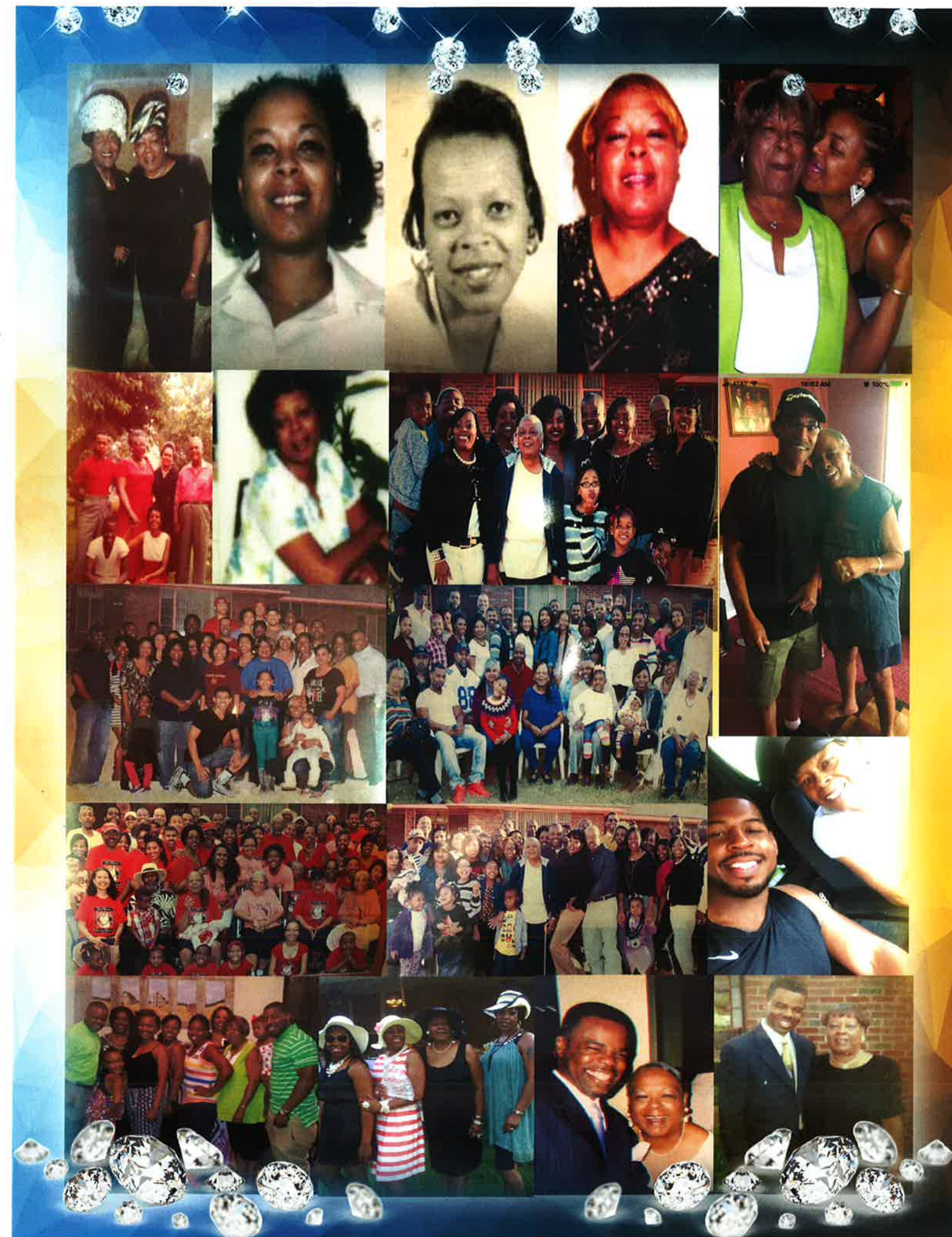
Go down, Death, and bring her to me.
And Death didn't say a word,
But he loosed the reins on his pale, white horse,
And he clamped the spurs to his bloodless sides,
And out and down he rode,
Through heaven's pearly gates,
Past suns and moons and stars;
on Death rode,
Leaving the lightning's flash behind;
Straight down he came.

While we were watching round her bed,
She turned her eyes and looked away,
She saw what we couldn't see;
She saw Old Death. She saw Old Death
Coming like a falling star.
But Death didn't frighten Sister Caroline;
He looked to her like a welcome friend.
And she whispered to us: I'm going home,
And she smiled and closed her eyes.

And Death took her up like a baby,
And she lay in his icy arms,
But she didn't feel no chill.
And death began to ride again--
Up beyond the evening star,
Into the glittering light of glory,
On to the Great White Throne.
And there he laid Sister Caroline
On the loving breast of Jesus.

And Jesus took his own hand and wiped away her
tears,
And he smoothed the furrows from her face,
And the angels sang a little song,
And Jesus rocked her in his arms,
And kept a-saying: Take your rest,
Take your rest.

Weep not--weep not,
She is not dead;
She's resting in the bosom of Jesus.



A Portrait of Life: Our Matriarch *Willa June Woody Nero*

Willa June Woody Nero was born to her loving parents Walter & Willie Woody in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma on December 18, 1941 and was the youngest born of seven children. Growing up right across the street from Fairview Baptist Church, with a mother who served the church faithfully and was a mighty vessel for the kingdom, Willa truly loved God and gave her life to Christ at a young age.

The daughter of an avid promoter of education, Willa attended and graduated as a proud Trojan from Douglass High School with the class of 1960. Her love and support for "the Pride of the Eastside" did not end with her graduation, as she continuously boasted of fond memories made and priceless life lessons learned during her time there. It was no surprise that helping to plan and execute unforgettable class reunions would become the highlight of her later years. Seeing her classmates together again for a weekend of fun, memories, and laughter always filled her with undeniable joy.

Willa was accepted to and pursued higher education for some time at Langston University in Langston, Oklahoma, where she was an excellent student and made many friends. Eventually, she decided to start her journey into true adulthood. No stranger to hard work and dedication, Willa June began her work career at Western Electric then transitioned to the Phife Corporation, where she worked until beginning her job at General Motors. After fourteen years of unwavering service at GM, she retired from the company and began serving full time in the Culinary Ministry at Fairview Baptist Church. Years into her serving she took leadership over the ministry, where she would oversee the culinary matters of hundreds of church conferences, funerals, and many other church related events. Willa served faithfully and passionately up until the decline of her health in December of 2018.

In 1997 and years after her retirement, she opened up her home to host a home daycare with her oldest daughter, Dionne. Dee Junes Daycare was more than just a daycare, and Willa June made sure of that. Her home was a place of warmth for the children who attended as well as a space of learning for parents. From rising early weekday mornings to cook her famous breakfast complete with pancakes and eggs for the kids, to sharing wisdom and comfort to both new and "veteran" parents, she was truly dedicated to nurturing those in her presence. Her house would eventually become the hotspot for all after church and holiday family gatherings, where she loved to cook her famous rolls that were always a hit with everyone in attendance.

She is best known for her ability to perk up on the phone after finding out who is calling, her crazy, yet very witty sayings, her love for all things old western, but most importantly for her service to others.

Willa June Woody Nero was preceded in death by her husband Richard Nero, her parents, and her siblings: Robert Payne, Selma Ferguson, Ida Mae Edwards, Charlene Carter, Lilian Woody, and Johnnie Mae Woody. She leaves to cherish her memory, one son, Anthony Rhone; daughter-in-law, LaShai Rhone; two daughters, Dionne Gillespie and Felicia Nero-Berryhill; four grandchildren: Tremaine McDonald, Zsi-Zsi McDonald, Tonia Rhone, and Reagan Berryhill; three great-grandchildren: Braylon McDonald, Zariah Russell, and Zorielle Hollins; and a host of loved ones and friends.

