

A Girl's Best Friend is Her Mother

Because she's always there for you, like a beacon shedding love and understanding on every stage of your life. Because she knows you at six, all smiles and giggles, unencumbered by life's trials (except for the boy down the street who pulls your hair). She appreciates the silly as well as the sublime. Because she knows you at thirteen, finding your emerging self in the mirror, awkward and unsure. She remembers the excitement of a first kiss, the gentle sweetness of first love, the devastation of a broken heart. Because she celebrates our strength and independence as we greet the challenges of adulthood, and graciously considers our counsel when we decide it's time that we begin advising her. Because she knows the ineffable joy of bringing forth new life, with all the accompanying anxiety and uncertainty. How grateful we are to have her guidance; how grateful to have had her example. Because she will stand at the kitchen sink with a gallon of ice cream and two spoons, listening into the small hours of the night as we question our own life's decisions and choices. A girl's best friend will always be her mother. Because she understands our doubts; because she shares our secret dreams, and because it is her sustaining love and unfailing belief that inspire us to achieve them.

Flower Girls & Pallbearers
Nieces & Nephews

Acknowledgement

On behalf of the family of Pat English, we thank all of you for the outpouring of love, support and encouragement. It is our desire that we all strive to live a life of service. Allow your work to speak for you as it did for our mother, grandmother, sister, and aunt.

Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength. The second is this: Love your neighbor as yourself. There is no commandment greater than these.

Mark 12:30-31

Services Entrusted to:
Levy's

Celebration of Life

DELORES MARIE ENGLISH

Sunrise
March 22, 1940

Sunset
February 26, 2025

Tuesday, March 4, 2025
Zion Baptist Church
801 Washington St. Columbia, SC 29201

Order of Service

Tuesday, March 4, 2025

11:00 a.m.

Zion Baptist Church

Rev. Quinda Richardson, Presiding

Processional

Opening Hymn

Old Testament~ Minister Golie S. Augustus, Zion Baptist Church

New Testament~ Rev. Ernest Hare, Zion Baptist Church

Prayer~ Pastor Darron Robinson, Spirit and Truth Ministries (Lancaster, SC)

Selection ~ God Will Take Care of You

Remarks ~ Carrigan McCloud (Granddaughter)

Crystal Jackson (Granddaughter)

Wilson (Poppa) Johnson (Nephew)

Dr. Bobby Donaldson, Executive Director; USC Civil Rights History Center

Ms. Kim Goodman, Co-President of Ward One Organization

Proclamation on behalf of Ward One Organization~ Ms. Evelyn Jefferson

Selection~ How Great Thou Art

Words of Comfort ~ Minister Angelo King (Nephew)

Viewing

Recessional

Postlude

Committal & Benediction

Entombment~ Elmwood Cemetery | 501 Elmwood Ave Columbia, SC 29201

Repast~ Zion Baptist Church | 801 Washington Street Columbia, SC 29201



Delores Marie English

Where do we begin?

As we reflect on the life and legacy that Dolores Marie English left behind for all of us, it's impossible to do so without considering the countless number of lives she touched while on this earth. Born on March 22, 1940, in Columbia, South Carolina, to the marital union of John Archie Bell and Dora Lee Hawkins Bell, she was the third of five children. As life would have it, she was a true reflection, a blend of both her mother and father. She had the free spirit of her father and the benevolence of her mother.

Any given day you could find her "in the streets." What was she doing though? She was doing the Lord's work, whether taking someone to an appointment, spending time at the Senior Citizen's Day Camp or going to the zoo. She was always doing something, every day. You had to catch her early in the morning or late at night!

Mama, Grandma Pat, Sister, Aunt Pat, Ms. Pat, the Greenview Grandma... whatever you called her, you knew what she meant to you, how she made you feel. While she had many names, she was the same in every group, always true to herself. Each and every one of us has our own stories to tell and share, take comfort in, allowing her legacy to live on forever! The time she spent with each of us will be cherished.

From her Tuesday and Friday lunches with Ellen to her bi-weekly (sometimes daily) therapy at the Goodwill or Stepping Stone, she continuously spread joy and positivity. As her family, we eventually understood the significance, the necessity of sharing Ms. Pat with the world; it was her life's calling. She belonged to everyone. From taking somebody to the doctor to showing up for a funeral, we could always rely on Pat being there. And just when she thought she may not have been able to make it, she always found a way.

Known to many as Columbia's most knowledgeable tour guide, you would always learn a fun fact or get a history lesson while riding with her through downtown Columbia. Her love of her city was evident whenever she talked about her upbringing. She and her sister, Carrie Jean, shared their wonderful memories and beautiful stories with all who listened. They were instrumental in the formation of the Ward One Organization, a displaced community that existed between present day Pickens, Gervais, Heyward and Huger Streets was once known as the Ward One Community. The historic Neighborhood once included proud, humble and loving people; numerous homes & rentals, churches, schools, banks, and black-owned businesses. Pat's legacy will live on through Ward One, as well through us.



Pat loved her church and her church family. As a little girl, she walked to Zion Baptist Church. She continued to be a faithful servant, a steward of those entrusted to her, until she left this earth. She prioritized attending the weekly day camp. She was a true missionary!

We could go on and on about the life and legacy of our beautiful Pat! She will forever be in our hearts. One thing we know for sure is that she is with the Lord. She completed her assignment. Such should inspire today; may the same be said of us.

We will all miss her smiling face and willing spirit. As we move forward, let us all strive to be like Jesus, to be a servant of the people. Let's allow her legacy to continue through us.

Last Tuesday, she was welcomed home by heavenly hosts, including her son, Archie Jackson, her daughter, Andrea Jamison and granddaughter Jamee Green. And while she's been tipping around heaven, we know she's found her brothers and sisters Rudolph Hammock, Randall Lloyd, Daniel Walker, Julius Bell, John A. Bell Jr., Sallie Mae Hawkins Humphries, Ruth Ellen Anthony, Beverlyn Bell Johnson, Joann Bell Burns and Gwendolyn (Mable) Suber Cayruth.

Left to mourn, Ms. Pat are: Mr. Raymond Richardson, her very dear companion for more than 40 years; her son Anthony Jackson of Atlanta, GA; her daughter Jonetta (Nakia) English-McCloud of Rock Hill, SC; a loving sister and best friend Carrie Jean Bell (Albert) Tucker of Columbia, SC; sisters Queleen Rowland of Newark, NJ and Brenda Wright of Columbia, SC; brothers Thurmond (Rosa) Bell of Columbia, SC and Randy (Bettye) Leagones of Columbia, SC; her grandchildren Crystal Jackson, Ashley Jackson, Jennifer Jackson, Kyaira Jackson, Nicholas McCloud, Nakia McCloud, and Carrigan McCloud; her great-grandchildren James Quattlebaum, Jernee Quattlebaum, Dillon Barnes, Kacen Onwenu and Cherish Jackson and one great-great grandson Andre Quattlebaum; and a MULTITUDE of nieces, nephews, cousins, relatives and friends.





