



Eloise Guyton Parker

July 24, 1921 - March 7, 2007

Eloise Guyton Parker, 85, went to be with the Lord on March 7, 2007. She was a native of South Carolina and a member of Churchland Assembly of God.

Mrs. Parker was predeceased by her husband, Amos Dan Parker. She is survived by her 4 daughters, Peggy P. Lindsay, Betty Ann Phillips both of Chesapeake, Linda Mitchell of Jacksonville, FL and Joyce Dempsey of Portsmouth; a son Dan Parker, Jr. of Richmond; 8 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren.

A funeral service will be held at 11:00 a.m. Saturday in Churchland Assembly of God by Pastor Larry O? Brien and Rev. Denny Hollowell. Burial will be private. Loving Funeral Home, Churchland Chapel is handling the arrangements.

Tribute Wall



“ I don't know if any of you older four remember me or not, but my Prayers & Love go to all of you! Our back yard met with the Roundtree`s back yard,we played together back in the good old days,before you moved to Churchland.after Joyce came along.I think of you all often & the old neighborhood. I just wanted you to know my Prayers & Love are with you @ this time and always.
Love, Betty Jean##imported-begin##Betty Forrester McCutcheon##imported-end##

March 12, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ Dear Linda, Joyce, Peggy, Betty Ann, Danny and Family,

I am very sorry to hear about your mom. It's been so long since I've seen all of you, but you're all embedded in my memory banks!

Linda and I used to spend hours sitting in your parents dining room/kitchen talking with your Mom. She used to laugh and laugh at all of our stories and antics! Those were the days!!!

Linda, you and I had just spoken on Weds. about your Mom and how courageous she was and lucky enough to have been at home for the majority of her illness. I know it's difficult when you're out of town and not able to spend the time you'd like helping and caring--but how lucky to have had Joyce, Peggy, and Betty Ann nearby as caregivers!

You're all in my thoughts and prayers.

*Love,
Daphne Bulluck Behrmann##imported-begin##Daphne Behrmann##imported-end##*

March 10, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ To Peggy, Danny, Betty Ann, Linda, and Joyce, and families,

I know that you all must find comfort in knowing that your dear Mama is now with the Lord and once again reunited with your dear Dad and with Grandma and Granddaddy Guyton and your aunts and uncles-- Caulder, Bonnie Mae, WM, Mary Lou, and Juanita. She will also meet her two brothers who passed as young boys, Winton, and Alton. You know it is a glorious reunion with great rejoicing and lots of laughter. Aunt Eloise was such a loving person. I hope you all can find peace in this knowledge. I am including a writing that someone sent to me in an email. I hope it will give you as much comfort as it did me. Take care.

Love and hugs,

Betty Lou and Family--Bobby, and Kristen

THE JOURNEY OF A MOTHER

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is this the long way?" she asked. And the guide said "Yes, and the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years.

So she played with her children, she fed them and bathed them, and taught them how to tie their shoes and ride a bike and reminded them to feed the dog, and do their homework and brush their teeth. The sun shone on them, and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

*Then the nights came, and the storms, and the path was sometimes dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her arms, and the children said,
"Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come."*

And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary. But at all times she said to the children, "A little patience and we are there." So the children climbed, and as they climbed they learned to weather the storms. And with this, she gave them strength to face the world.

Year after year, she showed them compassion, understanding, hope, but most of all...unconditional love. And when they reached the top they said, "Mother, we would not have done it without you."

The days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old and she became little and bent. But her children were tall and strong,

and walked with courage. And the mother, when she lay down at night, looked up at the stars and said, "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned so much and are now passing these traits on to their children."

And when the way became rough for her, they lifted her, and gave her their strength, just as she had given them hers.

One day they came to a hill, and beyond the hill, they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And mother said: "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk with dignity and pride, with their heads held high, and so can their children after them." And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said: "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence."

Your Mother is always with you.

She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street, she's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick and perfume that she wore, she's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well, she's your breath in the air on a cold winter's day. She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow, she is Christmas morning.

Your Mother lives inside your laughter.

*And she's crystallized in every teardrop. A mother shows every emotion...happiness, sadness, fear, jealousy, love, hate, anger, helplessness, excitement, joy, sorrow... and all the while, hoping and praying you will only
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March 09, 2007 at 12:00 AM