

## A NICE THOUGHT

If I knew it would be the last time, I'd see you fall asleep,  
I would tuck you in more tightly and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.  
If I knew it would be the last time that I see you walk out the door,  
I would give you a hug and kiss and call you back for more.  
If I knew it would be the last time, I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise.  
I would video tape each action and word, so I could play them back day after day.  
If I knew it would be the last time, I could spare an extra minute or two to stop and say, "I Love You", instead of assuming you would KNOW I do.  
If I knew it would be the last time, I would be there to share your day.  
Well I'm sure you'll have so many more, so I can let just this one slip away.  
For surely there's always tomorrow to make up for an oversight,  
and we always get a second chance to make everything right.  
There will always be another day to say our "I love you's",  
And certainly, there's another chance to say our "Anything I can do's?"  
But just in case I might be wrong, and today is all I get,  
I'd like to say how much I love you and I hope you never forget.  
Tomorrow is not promised to anyone, young or old alike.  
And today may be the last chance you get to hold your loved one tight.  
So, if you're waiting for tomorrow, why not do it today?  
For if tomorrow never comes, you'll surely regret the day,  
That you didn't take that extra time for a smile, a hug, or a kiss  
and you were too busy to grant someone, what turned out to be their one last wish.  
So, hold your loved ones close today, whisper in their ear,  
Tell them how much you love them and that you'll always hold them dear,  
Take time to say, "I'm sorry," "please forgive me," "thank you" or "it's okay".  
And if tomorrow never comes, you'll have NO regrets about today.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT


To those who reached out to us in love, prayer, and any other generosity of time,  
talent, or resources, we extend our profound appreciation.  
We thank you and may God keep each of you.  
~~ The Cunningham Family ~~

*Childs Funeral Home, Inc.*

"Professional Service with Excellence is Our Commitment"

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IN LOVING MEMORY



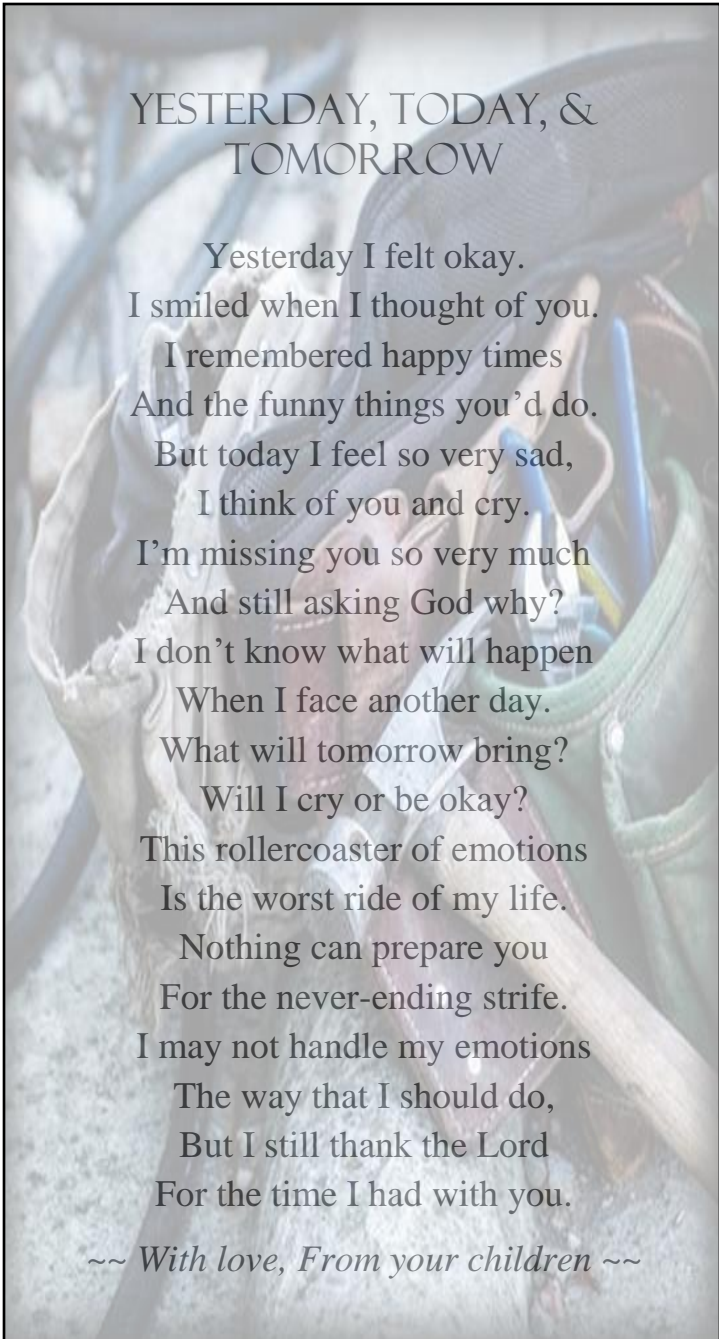
MR. WILBERT CUNNINGHAM  
"CROW"

SUNRISE                      SUNSET  
December 17, 1952      December 1, 2018

SERVICE  
Saturday, December 8, 2018  
2:00 PM

Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church  
Cross Hill, South Carolina

Reverend David Sullivan, *Pastor*



YESTERDAY, TODAY, &  
TOMORROW

Yesterday I felt okay.  
I smiled when I thought of you.  
I remembered happy times  
And the funny things you'd do.  
But today I feel so very sad,  
I think of you and cry.  
I'm missing you so very much  
And still asking God why?  
I don't know what will happen  
When I face another day.  
What will tomorrow bring?  
Will I cry or be okay?  
This rollercoaster of emotions  
Is the worst ride of my life.  
Nothing can prepare you  
For the never-ending strife.  
I may not handle my emotions  
The way that I should do,  
But I still thank the Lord  
For the time I had with you.

~~ With love, From your children ~~

ORDER OF SERVICE  
Reverend David Sullivan, *presiding*

- Praise Service
- Processional
- Selection The Rice Family
- Scripture Reading
  - OLD TESTAMENT Reverend Tony Cunningham
  - NEW TESTAMENT Reverend Tony Cunningham
- Prayer Minister
- Tribute Grandchildren
- Acknowledgement Staff
- Obituary *Please Read Softly*      Soft Music
- Selection The Rice Family
- Words of Comfort Reverend Joe Calwise, *Pastor*  
*Springfield Baptist Church*  
*Calhoun Falls, South Carolina*
- Closing Prayer
- Selection The Rice Family
- Recessional
- Committal Service  
Prayer, Committal, and Benediction

ORDER OF SERVICE

# TREASURED MEMORIES...



YOU  
WILL  
SURELY  
BE MISSED...

## OBITUARY

Mr. Wilbert Cunningham, 65, lovingly known as “Crow”, was born on December 17, 1952 to the late Morden P. and Lenora Valentine Cunningham. On Saturday, December 1, 2018, Wilbert departed this life at his home in Cross Hill, South Carolina.

Wilbert attended Bell Street High School in Clinton, South Carolina. At an early age, he joined Bethel Missionary Baptist Church in Cross Hill, South Carolina.

Crow was a Master Carpenter. He built and remodeled houses for many years.

In addition to his parents, Mr. Cunningham was preceded in death by a son, Wilbert Orlandus Cunningham; one sister, Martha C. Ward; and two brothers, Vincent Leon Cunningham and William Cunningham.

Wilbert leaves to cherish his loving memory, his wife of thirty-one years, Dianne Cunningham of the home; three daughters, Marteebia Cunningham Hill of Mauldin, SC, Sonya (Anthony) Anderson of Waterloo, SC, and Taneshia (Maurice) Schropshire of Michigan; a son, James Hill of the home; fifteen grandchildren; one great grandchild; two sisters, Ethel Mae Greene of NY and Johnella (William) Makins of Laurens, SC; five brothers, Willie C. (Virginia) Cunningham and Walter (Viola) Cunningham both of Raleigh, NC, James (Mae Ella) Cunningham of Clinton, SC, and Sammy (Flossie) Cunningham and Robert (Patricia) Cunningham both of Cross Hill, SC; a mother-in-law, Elizabeth “Nanny” Hill of Cross Hill, SC; two sisters-in-law, Vivian Anderson and Ella Mae Speaks; three brothers-in-law, Willie James (Jackie) Hill, Charlie Lee (Carol) Hill, and Ray L. Hill; one uncle, Gary Wright, and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

# THE MASTER CARPENTER CALLED

I'm sorry I had to leave you, My loved ones, oh so dear.

But you see the Master Carpenter called me,

His voice was very clear!

I had made my reservation A heaven bound ticket for one.

And I knew that He would call me When He felt my work was done.

I know that your hearts are heavy, Because I have gone away.

But when the Master Carpenter called me,

I knew that I could not stay.

Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you, My loved ones, oh so dear.

But you see the Master Carpenter called me and, now,

I'm resting here.

Yes, I've crossed on over to glory and to you all I say,

Just stay in the hands of Jesus and we'll meet again someday.

*Love, Granddaddy*



## OUR GRANDDADDY

Our Granddaddy was a man who had smiles to brighten your days,

Who always made you feel good with his warm words of praise.

And what's more he knew what to do to make wishes come true.

He was our Granddaddy.

Our Granddaddy was someone who always had good stories to tell,

but just as importantly, he knew how to be a good listener as well.

He was patient and kind

And the very best friend you could ever hope to find.

He was no ordinary man.

And I'm proud to tell the world that  
Wilbert Cunningham was our Granddaddy.

*~~ We love you, Granddaddy ~~*

*Your Grandchildren*

