Acknowledgement

The family of Santia Edwards-Owens is extremely grateful for all the kindness shown during this difficult time. Whether you sent a card, flowers, offered comforting words, lent a shoulder or just kept us in your thoughts, every deed of kindness was sincerely appreciated. We would also like to give sincere thanks to Family Missionary Baptist Church.

Pallbearers

TOMMIE WILKERSON \sim KENNETH EDWARDS \sim DONALD EDWARDS TOMMIE WILKERSON JR \sim TUCKER WILKERSON \sim DEWITT MARTN JR



To offer condolences to The Edwards-Owens Family, visit www.TheChapelofPeace.com





The Obituary

Tia grew up in Columbus, Ohio and attended East High School and graduated in 2000. Tia had a passion for caring for others and received CNA and continued to pursue her love for caring for people as a Home Health Care Aide.

Tia is preceded in death by her maternal grandparents, Donald and Ethel Edwards; paternal, grandfather, Jonny B. Wilkerson; stepfather, Tommie Lee Wilkerson; and cousin, Kendrick Wilkerson.

Tia gave of herself unselfishly and served as the glue for the family even though she spent a lot of time screaming while doing it. It didn't matter if they were 8 or 80 Tia was always there. In her spare time Tia would plan family gatherings, shop and she loved seeing everyone dressed up as she expressed her passion for fashion. Tia also loved traveling and listening to different genres of music like especially Reggae, Country, and African music.

On April 26, 2016, Tia married the love of her life Brandon Owens. Tia swept Brandon, a country boy from Mississippi, off his feet and moved him back to the big city where they were inseparable. Tia was the backbone of their relationship; she was the milk to his cereal and the precious light of his life. They formed a family that no man could put asunder. Her children became his children and together raised a total of 10 children during their life together. These words barely express the love between Tia and Brandon but when God took Tia away, He didn't make a mistake He knew Brandon would continue to be everything they every spoke about.

Tia leaves to cherish her precious memory, husband, Brandon; mother, Vivian; 8 children, Myeairra and Dayqwon Pugh, Nila Edwards, Leondra Durham, Brooklyn, Breille, Brandon Jr. and Brayla Owens; 2 grandchildren, Tamyiah and Tamaj; 2 siblings on maternal side, Tommie Wilkerson and Marketa Edwards; 24 siblings on paternal side; best friend, Sounisa; close friends, Sophia and Zelda Mosley and LD; close cousins, Linda Pittman, Lutoya and Kenneth Wilkerson, Donald Edwards, Gucci; and a host of aunts, uncles, and friends.

Crossing Over

Oh, please don't feel guilty
It was just my time to go.
I see you are still feeling sad,
And the tears just seem to flow.

We all come to earth for our lifetime, And for some it's not many years I don't want you to keep crying You are shedding so many tears.

I haven't really left you
Even though it may seem so.
I have just gone to my heavenly home,
And I'm closer to you than you know.

Just believe that when you say my name, I'm standing next to you, I know you long to see me, But there's nothing I can do.

But I'll still send you messages
And hope you understand,
That when your time comes to cross-over,
I'll be there to take your hand.

-Author Unknown-

Order of Service

ORGAN PRELUDE	Music Ministry
PARTING VIEW	Immediate Family
SCRIPTURE READING Old Testament New Testament	
PRAYER	Clergy
SELECTION	Music Ministry
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS/CONDOLENCES	
REMARKS (2 minutes)	Family and Friends
READING OF OBITUARY	Silently
SELECTION	Nila Edwards

The Eulogy PASTOR FREDERICK V. LAMARR

BENEDICTION	Clerg
RECESSIONAL	Clergy, Family, and Friend

Interment EASTLAWN CEMETERY

I am the resurrection and the life: He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. John 11:25-26

Míss Me, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why cry for a soul set free!

Miss me a little, but not for long, And not with your head bowed low. Remember the love we once shared, Miss me but let me go!

For this a journey we all must take, And each must go alone; It's all a part of the master's plan A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
Miss me, but let me go.







Affe held you in in our arms for a while...















Afe'll hold you in in our hearts forever.









