

Pallbearers

Ken Barber

Takia Oglesby

Brandon Daniels

Bell Vinson

Paul Holt

Bob Henry Vinson

Flower Attendants

Nieces and Nephews

Special Thanks

Our family extends its heartfelt appreciation for the prayers, phone calls, visits and many acts of kindness shown. We would also like to thank Pastor Morris Hillsman, Sr. and the Shiloh Baptist Church for your kindness and the use of your facility. You will never know how much you have helped us during our time of bereavement. The greatest comfort during our sorrow was the expression of sympathy conveyed to us by so many. We ask that you continue to lift us up in your prayers.

The Family

Arrangements Entrusted to



Edwards Small Mortuary

"Committed to Excellence"

1011 Martin Luther King, Jr. Drive

(478) 825-8700

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Fort Valley, Georgia 31030
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CELEBRATING THE LIFE

OF

Bell Vinson



May 30, 1920

July 31, 2022

Saturday, August 6, 2022
1:00 PM

Shiloh Baptist Church
1101 E Church Street
Fort Valley, Georgia 31030

Pastor Jimmie Parker, Officiating
Pastor Gus Oglesby, III, Eulogist

Obituary

Bell Vinson was the eleventh child of twelve and the youngest son born to William and Adeline Vinson on May 30, 1920, in Macon County, Georgia. The following is a chronological order of all the children born to this couple during their marriage: Willie Lee, Annie Bell, John, Richard, Lillie Bell, Daisy Mae, Estella, Emma Mae, Pauline, Bob Henry, Bell and Susie. As a young child, he loved playing with his older brothers and sisters, but more than this he loved being next to the baby in the family because so much attention was given to him. Once "Bell" reached a suitable age and size, his mother took him along with her to work in the peach field. She taught him the size and color of the peach that he would be paid to pick. This was Bell's first paid job. It was laborious, but at this young age he didn't care, he was happy to earn \$0.50 per day in the late 1920's because he had his own money.

When Uncle Bell became old enough, his parents enrolled him at the Flint River Trade School in Montezuma, Georgia where he studied carpentry through the sixth grade. He remembered having a pleasant, yet strict and disciplined childhood. In retrospect, the intact family structure obviously, positively influenced his basic character development. Judging by his accomplishments, we can conclude that his 102 years culminated as a beautiful, fruitful and industrious life well lived.

During WWII Uncle Sam called for his service in 1940 by means of the draft. Uncle Bell left home for the first time to serve our country by being inducted into the United States Army for four years with tours in England and France. Uncle Bell used these experiences to improve his skills in carpentry. Following his honorable discharge, he returned home. When he returned home, he noticed that very little had changed and it conflicted with his expanded view of the world and his broaden concept of life. Therefore, Uncle Bell decided to leave Macon County, but before leaving he purchased a tractor for the family farm which at that time was operated by his father. He used the money his mother had saved that he sent home during the years he was in the army to purchase a "Farm All Tractor" the top of the line brand at that time.

Uncle Bell moved to Akron, Ohio and landed a good job with B.F. Goodrich Rubber Company where he eventually retired in 1979. When he arrived in Akron, he immediately enrolled in school and completed grades seven through ten.

During his tenure in Akron, he attended the First- Born Church of Akron where he met Joe Ella Mendoza in late 1945 and married her in September 1946. Uncle Bell and Joe Ella were married for over 50 years.

Elder Bell Vinson was called into the ministry in 1955 and began his pastorate in Canton, Ohio. Following his retirement in Akron, he and Joe Ella moved to Fort Valley, Georgia and built a beautiful home here.

faith  family



Our Family Tree

There is love within our family tree
And happiness abounds.
It's roots are deeply planted
in rich and fertile ground,

We enjoy the rays of sunlight,
and endure the winds and rain,
and when a leaf falls from our tree,
together we share the pain.

God gave us earthly families
and never did intend,
that bonds of love built on earth,
upon our death would end.

For when our life is over
and from earth our souls will flee,
one by one, leaf by leaf
he'll rejoin our family tree

Elder Vinson was asked to pastor two churches in Georgia: Holy Temple Gospel of Peace in Dublin, Georgia where he used his carpentry skills to build this church from the ground up and he was also called to serve as pastor of Holy House of God in Montezuma, Georgia.

The following description of a bell also describes our Uncle Bell: "A bell is: a hollow object typically made of metal and having the shape of a deep inverted cup widening at the lip, that sounds a musical note when struck, typically by means of a clapper inside.

- (A) The sounding of a bell as a signal
- (B) A bell rung to tell the hour

Uncle Bell was sent into the Vinson Family by the Ancestors as an Alarm, a Ringing Bell. He used his Century of Life to Ring the Bell loudly and fiercely. He showed us what is possible if we stir up the Gift within. His life in retrospect, is one that exhibits the best that the Vinson Family can offer; a life that is an illustration of purpose, perseverance, endurance and success. Uncle Bell exhibited during this "death life" evidence and proof of a person who has Truly Awakened. As we reflect on his character, we are challenged to seek God's consciousness.

In the words of the great American poet, Ernest Hemingway, in his classic book, "For Whom the Bell Tolls", each member of this Vinson Family must seek the Kingdom of God for themselves, to find that Bell that tolls!

Uncle Bell was preceded in death by his beautiful, loving and devoted wife, Joe Ella (Mendoza) Vinson. He leaves to cherish fond memories a brother-in-law, Phillip (Mildred) Mendoza of Akron, Ohio and a host of nieces, nephews, relatives and friends.



Order of Service

Pastor Jimmie Parker, Officiating
Loyal Temple Missionary Baptist Church, Detroit Michigan

The Prelude..... Dr. Donnie Nicholson
& Mr. Morris Hillsman, Jr.

Processional.....Vinson Family Choir
Mrs. Eveta Kyles, Kissimmee, Florida

Final Glance

Prayer.....Rev. Brian A. Tillman
Director of Inclusion and Advocacy
United Methodist Church of North Georgia

Selection.....Elect Lady Evelyn Oglesby
(Bishop Ramon R. Oglesby)

The Holy Word

Old Testament.....Bishop Ramon R. Oglesby, Sr.
Great Faith Christian Center, Kokomo, Indiana

New Testament.....Evangelist Jackie Beverly
First Lady Harper Avenue COGIC, Detroit, Michigan

Selection.....Vinson Family Choir

Reading of the Obituary.....Dr. Takia M. Oglesby

Reflections

Family & Friends

Selection.....Vinson Family Choir

Eulogy.....Pastor Gus Oglesby III
Welcome Home Outreach Ministry, Fort Valley, GA

Acknowledgements.....Edwards Small Mortuary Staff

Recessional.....Vinson Family Choir

Repast

Welcome Home Outreach Ministry, Inc.
404 M. L. King, Jr. Drive Fort Valley, GA

Interment

Willow Lake Memorial Gardens
Willow Lake Rd. Fort Valley, GA



To My Family

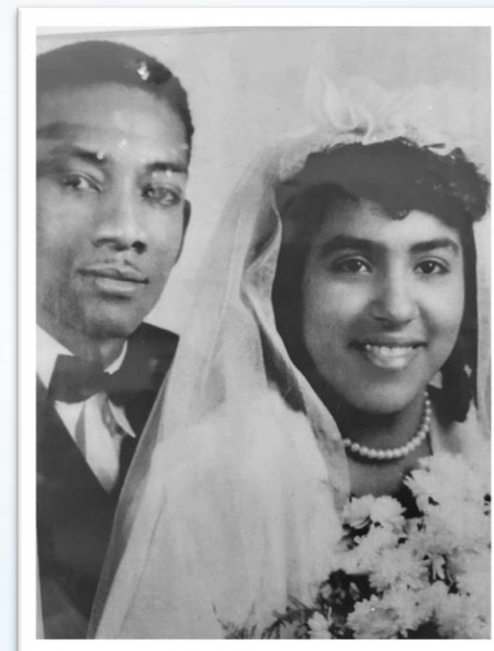
A family is like a circle.
The connection never ends,
and even if at times it breaks,
in time it always mends.



Other things may change us,
but we start and end with

FAMILY

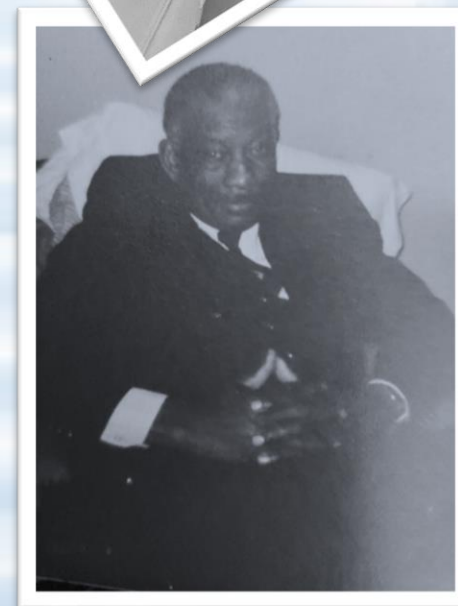
Family Over Everything



FAMILY
WHERE
life **BEGINS**
and
love
NEVER ENDS



Our Family
Is a Circle of Strength;
Founded on Faith, Joined in Love
Kept by God, Together
forever



Family
A LINK TO THE PAST
A BRIDGE TO OUR FUTURE



Miss Me

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 too long
 And not with your head bowed low
 Remember the love that we once shared
 Miss me... but let me go.

For this is a journey that 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 at heart
 Go to the friends we know
 And bury your sorrow in doing good deeds
 Miss me... but let me go

