

*Funeral Service*

11 o'clock in the morning  
Friday, April 26, 2024  
Northside Baptist Church

*Officiating*

Rev. David McConnell, Rev. Richard Fife  
Mr. Josh Seymour, Mr. Marc Fleming

*Interment*

Forest Hills Memorial Park

*Pallbearers*

Virgil Seymour, Scott Brown, Josh Seymour  
Matt Seymour, Marc Fleming, Adam Gibson



*What a comfort...*  
For us to know that our burden of grief  
was shared by our family & friends.  
*~ Thank You*



*Berry Funeral Home*  
& CREMATORY

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*Celebrating...Honoring...Remembering*

**Amelia Gray Fleming Seymour**  
July 7, 1946 - April 24, 2024



# Memories

The LORD is my *Shepherd*;  
I shall not want.

He maketh me  
lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters,  
He restoreth my  
*soul*:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for His name's sake. Yea though I walk through the  
valley of the shadow of death.

*I will fear no evil:  
for Thou art with me;*  
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies  
Thou anointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over  
Surely goodness & mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house  
of the LORD *forever*.

- Psalm 23

Amelia Gray Fleming Seymour, age 77, passed away peacefully on Wednesday, April 24, 2024, at her residence in Bowman, GA, surrounded by her family.

Along with her twin sister Alberta, Amelia was born in Elberton, GA on July 7, 1946. Her parents, Thomas Albert Fleming, Sr. and Virgie Gertrude Fuller Fleming raised the family of five in the Middleton Community of Elberton. At the age of 16, Amelia married the love of her life, William Randall Seymour. She was a dedicated member of Northside Baptist Church for many years, being a member of the Jolly Elders and enjoying her Sunday school class. Amelia was previously a member of the Red Hat Association.

A hard worker, she worked at Rocky River Mills, Elberton Mills, Georgia Synthetics, and retired from Prestolite. Her greatest job, however, was being Mom and Granny. Her retirement years were spent being the "on call" babysitter, never missing an opportunity to love on and spoil her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Many of their fondest memories were at Papa's and Granny's. Her sweet disposition, words of encouragement, and caring smile will remain with her entire family throughout their lives.

Amelia was a nurturer at heart. When not with her family, she could often be found tending to her flower gardens and nurturing her blooms with the same love and tenderness that she exhibited to her family. She loved canning and making jellies, watching western television shows, and working in her crossword puzzle books. Amelia and Billy were avid campers, spending most of their summer weekends on Clarks Hill Lake, camping at Bobby Brown Park and later at their place at the Elbert County Fish and Game Club. She never missed an opportunity to play a card game with family and friends alike.

Along with Billy, her husband of nearly 61 years, she is survived by her children: Virgil (Terri) Seymour and Tina Edwards (Scott Brown); grandchildren: Josh (McKenzi) Seymour, Myra (Evan) Harris, Matthew (Ashlie) Seymour, Abby (Adam) Gibson, and Emily Edwards; great-grandchildren: Jameson, Kendal, Emersyn, Kamdyn, Oakes, and Hudson; siblings: Aubrey (Dianne) Fleming and Alberta Cox; sisters-in-law: Connie Fleming, Lynn Herndon, and Judy Seigler; and a host of nieces, nephews, and other relatives.

In addition to her parents, she is preceded in death by her brothers: Alton Fleming and Thomas Fleming; parents-in-law, William and Pauline Seymour; and siblings-in-law: Caroleen Ruff, T.C. Seymour, Beth Clinton, Mary Edwards, and Pat Seymour.

Don't think of her as gone away -  
her **JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN**,  
life holds so many facets -  
this earth is only one.

Just think of her as resting  
from the sorrows and the tears  
in a place of *warmth*  
**AND COMFORT**  
where there are no days and years.

Think how she must be wishing  
that we could know today  
how nothing but our sadness  
can really pass away.

In the *Hearts* of those she touched  
And think of her as living  
For nothing loved is ever lost -  
And she was loved so much.  
- Ellen Brenneman

*Loving Memory* Honor