



Afterglow

*I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.
 I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles
 when life is done.
 I'd like to leave an echo whispering
 softly down the ways,
 Of happy times and laughing times
 and bright and sunny days.
 I'd like the tears of those who grieve,
 to dry before the sun;
 Of happy memories that I leave
 when life is done.*

~Helen Lowrie Marshall



Acknowledgements

We are thankful for each act of kindness and
 every prayer during our time of bereavement.
 May God bless you as you have blessed us.



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Homegoing

CELEBRATION



MR. MARCUS LAMONT OWENS

December 31, 1977 ~ March 28, 2022



Monday, April 4, 2022

3:00 PM

Greater Destiny Impact Center

406 Northwest Boulevard

Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27105

Apostle-Elect Tommy Lee Moss, Jr. , Officiant

The Obituary

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
John 3:16

Mr. Marcus Lamont Owens was born on December 31, 1977 to Elaine Holland. He completed the earthly assignments God had for him and passed away on Monday, March 28, 2022.

Marcus received his formal education in the Winston-Salem/Forsyth County School System and attended R.J. Reynolds High School. For more than 25 years, he was employed by McDonald's.

He was a member of Greater Destiny Impact Center under Apostle Elect Tommy L. Moss, Jr. Marcus was active in various church ministries and served as the church administrator.

He was preceded in death by his paternal grandmother, Ethel P. Linsey; his uncle, Robert N. Owens; cousins, Danika R. Simpson and James Stephenson.

Marcus leaves to cherish his memories, his mother, Elaine Holland; sister, Jeresa Holland; brothers, Donald Hairston, Marco Owens, and Dwight Lamont (Lissette) Holland, III; aunts, Malvoia (Robert) Tolliver and Alma Lee Owens; uncles, Ray Simon, Henry (Polanda) Owens, and Caswell L. Lindsey, Jr.; "the twinkle of his eye", Zakaria Holland; and a host of nieces and nephews.

The Order of Service

Apostle Elect Tommy Lee Moss, Jr., Officiant

Processional

Pastor & Family

Musical Prelude

Lady Tymasha Moss

Prayer of Comfort

Pastor Henry Owens

Scripture Reading

Old Testament

Elder Sharon Polard

New Testament

Evangelist Lesley Fuller

Musical Selection

Silent Reading of Obituary

Church Resolution

Minister Tymasha Moss

Remarks (1 minute)

Friends

Family

Praise Dance

Minister Cassie Hayes

Selection

Mass/Community Choir

Eulogy

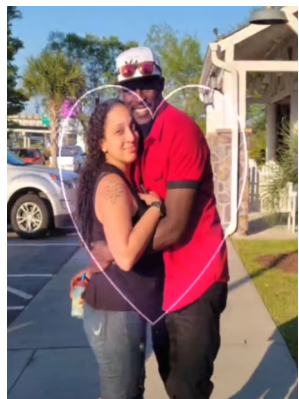
Apostle Elect Tommy Moss, Jr.

Committal

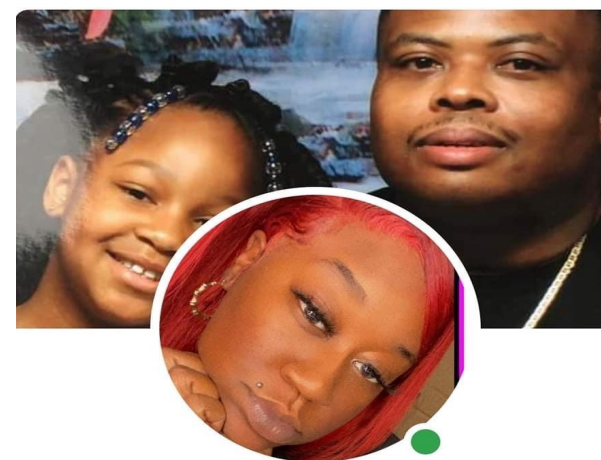
Apostle Elect Tommy Moss, Jr.



Precious



Memories



When We Lose a Loved One

When we lose a loved one
Our world just falls apart
We think that we can't carry on
With this broken heart
Everything is different now
You're upset and you're annoyed
Your world it seems is shattered
There's such an awful void
There's got to be a reason
And we have to understand
God made us and at any time
He'll reach down for our hand
There might not be a warning
We won't know where or when
The only thing we're certain of
Is we'll meet them once again.

- Author Unknown



A Fallen Limb

*A limb has fallen from the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says,*

*“Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times,
the laughter; the song.
The good life I lived
while I was strong.
Continue my heritage,
I’m counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely
the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease,
my soul is at rest.
Remembering all,
how I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions,
no matter how small.
Go on with your life,
don’t worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly,
so keep up your chin.
Until the day comes
we’re together again.”*

— Author Unknown

In His Words



*His last post. Only God knew his soldier
was ready to come home. — Jeresa*

His Journey's Just Begun

By Ellen Brenneman

Don't think of him as gone away
his journey's just begun,
life holds so many facets
this earth is only one.
Just think of him as resting
from the sorrows and the tears
in a place of warmth and comfort
where there are no days and years.
Think how he must be wishing
that we could know today
how nothing but our sadness
can really pass away.
And think of him as living
in the hearts of those he touched...
for nothing loved is ever lost
and he was loved so much.