

In Loving Memory of
URSULA BERNICE BERRY MILLET
Wife, Mother, Grandmother, Friend

Sunrise:
May 31, 1916

Sunset:
January 13, 2008



JANUARY 21, 2008—1:00 P.M.
OAKWOOD UNIVERSITY CHURCH OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

DR. CRAIG H. NEWBORN, SR.—OFFICIATING MINISTER
ELDER JOSEPH DENT—EULOGIST

A Brief Life Sketch



Ursula Bernice Berry was born to Charles and Ursula Berry on May 31, 1916, in Oakland, California, and was welcomed by her siblings, Alice, Charles and Richard. As a curious and fun-loving girl, Ursula grew up in Berkeley, CA, surrounded by extended family and friends, including Liz Avelino (who as an adult frequently sent Ursula handmade cards), Melba Kissack, and Walter Kissack, who later composed "City of Light." Ursula's family attended the Market Street SDA Church where Dr. Owen A. Troy, Sr., was the long-time pastor. The family had also lived in San Francisco, where Ursula's mother, Sister Ursula Berry, was a charter member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

In time for the fall term of 1934, Ursula traveled to Huntsville, Alabama, to attend Oakwood Junior College. Ursula's roommate was Eunice Louise Willis, and another good friend and confidant was Hurley Frazier. A beautiful young woman, Ursula caught the attention of Louis B. Reynolds, as well as the watchful eye of a young English instructor named Garland J. Millet (whose long-time family nickname was "Babe"). He has been heard to say that Ursula did particularly well in the "romance languages" section of the curriculum.

Ursula and Garland began to discreetly keep company at the home of Ursula's sister, Alice Dent (and her husband Joseph). Ursula became Garland's bride when they married at Chapel of the Chimes in Oakland, CA on July 22, 1937. Her sister Alice was her matron of honor, and Garland's little sister Ann was their flower girl.

Their first child, Garland, was born in 1938 while the young couple lived in Washington, D.C., and filled teaching appointments at Washington Union Academy (1937-1941). As a young mother, Ursula faced the challenge of taking care of a new baby during the Great Depression, but God is good, and blessed the Millets through those hard financial years. One demonstration of Ursula's creativity was to make undershirts for little Garland out of her silk wedding gown.

One of Ursula's interests was music, and during this time she directed an octet whose members included Gloria Carter, Louise Fitzhugh, Juanita Lockett, Doris Lyndo, Dorothy Malson, Mae Smith and Ethel Washington. Ursula and Garland took young Garland to hear Marion Anderson sing on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in the early 1940s. The recital was held outdoors because of the refusal by the owners of a famous hall nearby to accommodate Marion Anderson because of her race. Ursula remembered Marion's unique voice and the Secretary of the Interior's introductory remark that "Out here in this great auditorium, all of us are free!"

Ursula continued her education at summer institutes at Pacific Union College in Angwin, CA, becoming friends with Irene Wakeham, as well as others. For several years Ursula taught the second grade at Los Angeles Union Academy, where her husband was also a teacher. Of various family friends and Adventist workers, she was frequently heard to say "I had him (or her) in my second grade class."

In the middle 1940s, the Millets moved to Huntsville, where Garland was again a faculty member at Oakwood Junior College. The birth of a daughter Carol blessed the family during this time. Ursula and the children followed Garland to another post in California, that of pastor of the Delaware Avenue and Berean churches in the Southern California Conference. Young Garland and Carol attended Los Angeles Union Academy and made many lifelong friends.

Ursula's next role was that of first lady, when Garland was called to be President of

Oakwood College in 1954. She worked part-time as secretary in her husband's office, but restricted her work hours when their second daughter Debbe was born in 1956. Ursula graciously entertained campus visitors in the President's Home during the nine years of her husband's presidency.

In 1963, the family moved to Nashville where Ursula was employed at Riverside Hospital for several years. Then she held a position at Southern Publishing Association. Following her husband's call to the General Conference Department of Education in 1970, Ursula supported the Regional Department, working closely with Elders H.D. Singleton and W.W. Fordham.


Garland and Ursula retired to Huntsville in 1982, where for years Ursula enjoyed her morning walks through her neighborhood, and fellowshipping with friends for Sabbath dinner. She is remembered for making homemade vegetable soup and carrot juice for family, neighbors and church members. Ursula also loved to read, and subscribed to Reader's Digest for decades.

Ursula's loving, watchful care of her mother, Ursula Berry, who lived with the couple for 22 years, contributed to Sis. Berry's living until the age of 102. Ursula also enjoyed traveling with her husband. One high point was to Europe, for the General Conference Session in 1975. Another favorite trip was to the Hawaiian Islands in 1989.

With her beloved husband "Babe," Ursula outlasted elevator attendants, streetcar conductors, segregation and the days when a real person used to answer the telephone. They were married for 70 years when she passed away on January 13, 2008. Ursula was a life-long Seventh-day Adventist.

Left to cherish Ursula's memory are her husband of 70 years, Garland J. Millet; their son, Garland F. Millet; their daughters, Carol (George) Byars, and Debbe Millet; her sister-in-law, Ann Roberts; their four grandchildren, Roy Byars, Keith Byars, Carmen (Wayne) Bucknor, and Camille Byars; their six great-grandchildren, Ashley, Makayla, Nina, BJ, Cameryn, and Josiah; their five nieces, Gwen (Charles) White, Claudia (Carl) Tibbs, Jeannie (Adrian) Watkins, Robin Roberts, and Melinda Roberts and their families; their three nephews, Sonny (Judy) Dent, Mark Roberts, and Jon (Kim) Roberts and their families; and a multitude of family, friends, and former students.





Service of Celebration

Musical Prelude	Mr. James Wilson, Organist
Processional	Ministers and Family
Scripture and Prayer of Comfort	Elder Lloyd Wilson
Musical Selection	"City of Light"
Acknowledgements	Mrs. Jan Ross Dr. Tim McDonald
Reflections. . .	Elder Fred Crowe Mrs. Inez Booth Mrs. Elaine Gillis Howard Elder Lloyd Wilson
Musical Selection	"A Better Day"
Reflections	Mrs. Alice Brantley Drs. Delbert and Susan Baker Mrs. Jeannie Watkins Dr. James Doggette
Obituary (please read silently)	"Beams of Heaven"
Musical Selection	"Great Is Thy Faithfulness" Dr. Cheryl Galley, Soloist
Eulogy	Elder Joseph Dent
Hymn	"When We All Get to Heaven"
Remarks and Benediction	Dr. Craig Newborn
Postlude	





Her Children Arise Up, and Call Her Blessed



How does one go about writing a few words about one's mother? How do you put into words the feelings you have, the sense of something at once universal, and yet so deeply personal, so utterly beyond words?

Everyone has a mother. We have all heard of someone's mother having died, items on the news, people you know, some close to you. But it is not until it happens to you, until it is your mother, that you come to really understand what it is like. The bond so "take it for granted," sacred throughout your life, becomes intensely precious, and painfully irreplaceable. The burden your mother carries for you is like the one you carry for yourself, from the time you first learned to walk, to ask questions about the world. She is so thoroughly, so essentially a part of you.

My mother was a wonderful, devoted, consistent Christian lady. Both of my parents have always been scrupulous on matters of principle, and in personal and family devotional. She was thoroughly honest, immaculate in her life, compassionate. She loved all of us, her family, her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She loved music, Chinese food, and had a delightful mischievous sense of humor. She played the piano beautifully.



I love you, Mom. I know how difficult it was for you at the end, but still it is so hard to say goodbye, . . . I will always love you, and treasure the many memories I have of you, as long as I live.

Your son, *Garland*

I feel it a GREAT honor to be able to write a tribute to my Mother, Mrs. Ursula Bernice Millet. From as far back as I can remember, she has been behind me to guide me, keep me from harm, keep me clean, comb my hair, see that I ate the right kinds of food and ALL of it, punish and discipline me, take up for me, advise me, wash and iron my clothes to perfection, sew for me, worked hard to finance my education, and come to me when I needed her.

There were many times that we were not in the same town, and very far away from each other, but Mother was just a phone call away and call she would EVERY Sunday. I knew when the phone rang that it was my Mom. Oh how I missed those conversations when she was unable to speak as her illness progressed.

She has been my mentor when it came to just about everything—entertaining, cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing—for I will ALWAYS remember “the way Mom did it.”

Most importantly, she has directed me to the best Friend that I could ever have—Jesus Christ. She has shown me that He is there for me in EVERY situation and will NEVER leave me. And since I have become a wife, mother and grandmother, no matter what the problem, the crisis, the situation, I have found this to be true.

Thanks so much, Mommy! I LOVE YOU! *Carol*



One of my earliest memories is of my Mother reading to me, probably from *Our Little Friend*. For years, I remember her occasionally sharing something she thought was funny from *Reader's Digest*. I will forever miss her inimitable apple cobbler and tofu loaf, apple-sauce, oatmeal cookies, the way she cooked Cream of Wheat. She used to say that if I didn't want an apple, I wasn't really hungry.

Her sense of humor – oh, the laughs we have shared. It is no wonder where I got my sense of independence. If my Mother wanted to do something her way, she did it. For instance, she possibly didn't feel, er, um, that her soul was being fed at the same church my Father attended, so she took herself right on over to 16th Street or Valley Fellowship in San Bernardino. And I remember

her fondness for the energy at Madison Mission. I remember her snacking on popcorn, much to my Father's dismay. I remember her faithfully responding to Granma's calls for "Ursula!" And how she cared for Granma until she died. I tried to learn that kind of caring from her.

I always thought she resembled Lena Horne; her sense of style was very polished, and practical. She was one of the most beautiful people I'll ever know, and I will miss her tremendously. My intention is to live so that I will see her again. And we will share laughter again, and walk the streets of gold – together.

I love you, Ma, *Debbe*

Graveside Committal Service

Scripture
Committal
Prayer

Elder Joseph Dent
Elder Lloyd Wilson
Dr. Craig Newborn

Pallbearers

ACTIVE:

Kenneth Anderson, Keith Byars, Roy Byars, Joel Williams,
Joshua Williams, Charles White, Jr.

HONORARY:

Fred Roberts, Mark Roberts, Jon Roberts

Thank You

The family wishes to express sincere and deep appreciation to: the pastors and staff of the Oakwood University Church of Seventh-day Adventists; and to all who have sent text messages, e-mails, cards, flowers, letters, food, stopped by to visit, and most of all, for the fervent prayers during Ursula's illness and on the occasion of Ursula's passing. These expressions of sympathy from so many have been a source of comfort and strength. Special thanks to Carolyn White and Jerilyn Sanders for their care of Ursula at home; and to the staff of Royal Funeral Home and Oakwood Memorial Gardens. Thank you and may God bless you.

The Millet Family

Special Acknowledgements

Music—Wayne Bucknor, Victoria Miller, Lee Ford, Anthonye Perkins
Programs—Bill Cleveland, Debbe Millet, Oakwood University
Videography—Oakwood University Church Media Department
Organist—James Wilson

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO:



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www.royalfh.com

"When only memories remain, let them be beautiful."