

FOREVER LOVED...



12 photo limit please

FLORAL BEARERS
NIECES

PALLBEARERS
NEPHEWS



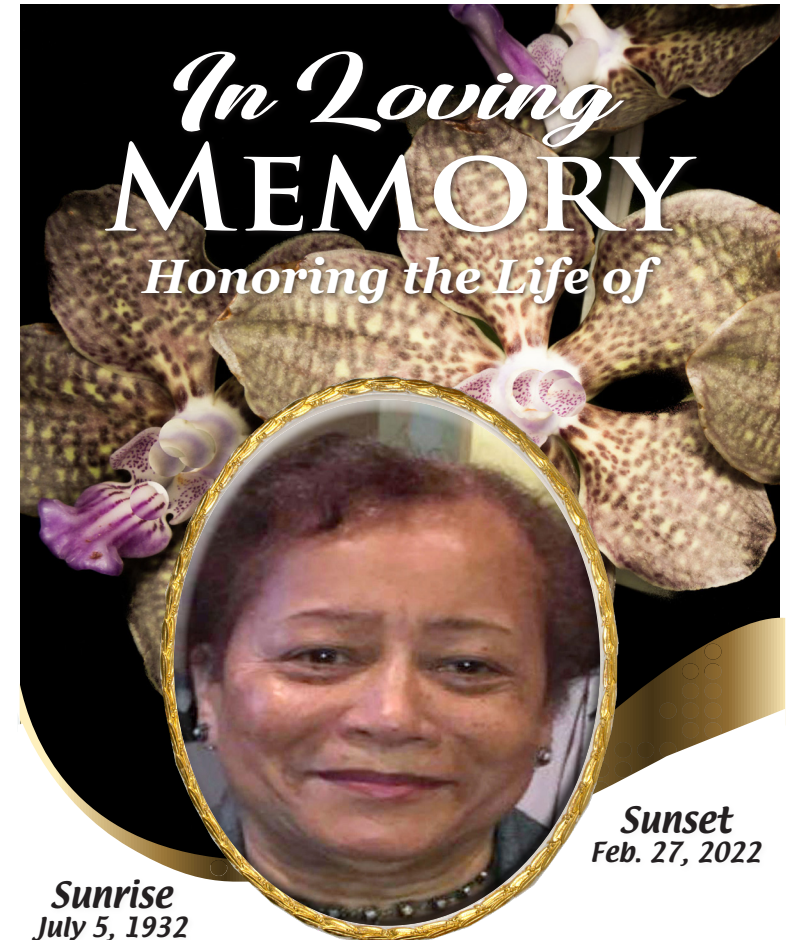
THERE'S AN OPEN GATE

*There's an open gate at the
end of the road,
Through which each one must walk.
And there is a light we cannot see
Where God claims His own.
Beyond that gate our loved one
finds happiness and rest,
And there is comfort in just knowing
That our loving God knows best.*

The Family ♥

SERVICES ENTRUSTED TO
CUNNINGHAM MORTUARY & CREMATIONS, INC.
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Mildred
ALLENE MONK

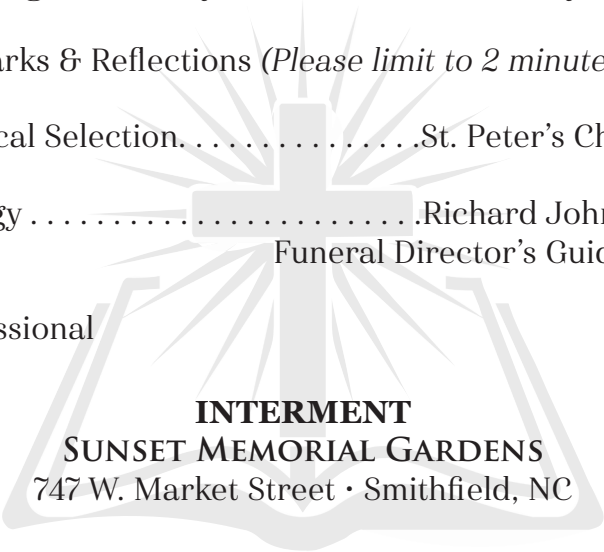
Saturday, March 5, 2022 • 1:00 PM

ST. PETER'S CHURCH OF CHRIST

1011 Massey Street
Smithfield, North Carolina

Order of Service

- Musical Prelude
- Family Processional
- Music SelectionSt. Peter’s Church
- ScriptureJanice Hooks
OLD TESTAMENT / NEW TESTAMENT
- Prayer of ComfortAlonza Lee
- Church ResolutionSt. Peter’s Church Members
- AcknowledgementsLynne Johnson
- Reading of Obituary Silently Please
- Remarks & Reflections (Please limit to 2 minutes)
- Musical Selection.St. Peter’s Church
- EulogyRichard Johnston
Funeral Director’s Guidance
- Recessional



INTERMENT
SUNSET MEMORIAL GARDENS
747 W. Market Street • Smithfield, NC

Acknowledgement

We cannot thank, nor express our appreciation for all the prayers and acts of kindness during this difficult time in our lives. Please continue to keep us in your prayers in the days and weeks to come. To God be the Glory!
THE FAMILY

Mildred’s Life...

MILDRED ALLENE MONK was born in Johnston County, North Carolina on July 5th, 1933 to the late Allie and Milton Monk. She was the second oldest of seven children. Her mother passed while Mildred was a young child. Her grandfather, John “Jack” Monk affectionately known as Papa, assisted in raising her and her siblings. She often mentioned that he was her Mother, Father, and Grandfather. Her formative years of education were earned in the Johnston County public School System. She went on to graduate from North Carolina Central University in 1956; a feat she was very proud of and of course she was the first to do so of John Jack’s offspring.

Her first year after college, she taught high school in Blacksburg, Virginia. One year later she returned to Johnston County where she taught for an additional 38 years. Mildred taught math for many years before she found her niche as a librarian. She attended St. Peter Christian Church for more than 40 years and held several positions to include Church Secretary, Vocational Bible School Director, and Sunday School Teacher. She often would say that she did everything but preach. Mildred loved people and displayed it all her life by serving others. She often would say, “if you love God you have to love people”. This was an important a lesson she learned from her Papa.

MILDRED relocated to Fayetteville, North Carolina in her later years to be closer to family. You could often find her in the early mornings at Fayetteville’s Cross Creek Mall where she walked the circuit. She loved working in her beautiful yard. She would not hesitate to let us (Pernell/Cornell) know how she wanted it cut. She attended Cliffdale Community Church for more than 14 years where she was

adored and loved. She never stopped loving her home church St. Peter’s Church of Christ and often expressed her desire to attend. Mildred was known for her pumpkin bread and her congealed salad. You could always count on having one or the other whenever she was invited over for dinner if not both.

Mildred leaves behind: one brother, Larry Monk (Henrietta) of Clarksville, TN; one sister-in-law, Marilyn Monk of Wilmington, DE; one brother-in-law, Pete Peterson of Columbia, MD; one uncle, Carlene Williams of Newton Grove, NC and an array of nieces and nephews and cousins.

And since we are His children, we are His heirs. In fact, together with Christ we are heirs of God’s glory, we must also share His suffering. Yet what we suffer now is nothing compared to the glory He reveal to us later. For all creation is waiting eagerly for that future day when God will reveal who His children really are. Against its will, all creation was subject to God’s curse. But with eager hope, the creation looks forward to the day when it will join God’s children in glorious freedom from death and decay. For we know that all creation has been groaning as in the pains of childbirth right up to the present time. And we believers also groan, even though we have the Holy Spirit within us as a foretaste of future glory, for we long for our bodies to be released from sin and suffering. We, too, wait with eager hope for the day when God will give us our full rights as His adopted children, including the new bodies He has promised us. We were given this hope when we were saved. (If we already have something, we don’t need to hope for it.

ROMANS 8:17-25