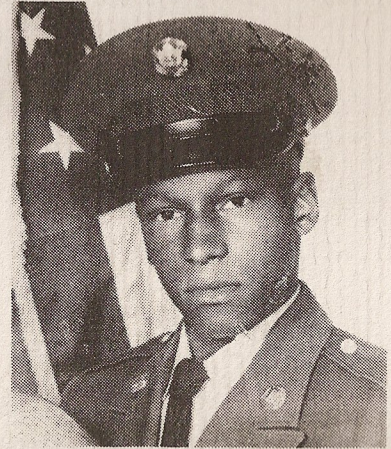


Memorial

Service



for
Mr. Stephen G. Golder

February 5, 1950 - July 6, 1991

*"A wish may not come true.
A dream may not survive.
But all it takes is love.
To keep one's hopes alive.
True friendship is like sound health.
The value of it is seldom known,
Until it is lost."*



*Arrangements Entrusted To
Grundy Memorial Chapel, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana
317-925-2323
Oscar O. Grundy, Director*



Eleven O'Clock A.M.
Thursday, July 11, 1991

Grundy Memorial Chapel
Indianapolis, Indiana

Reverend Walter Ezell, *Officiating*

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional.....Organ Prelude
Mr. Donny L. Phillips

Solo*Mrs. Hanna Poindexter*

Scripture

Prayer

Acknowledgements

The family of Mr. Stephen G. Golder wishes to express their sincere appreciation for any expression of concern and act of kindness shown at their time of sorrow. May God bless each of you.

Obituary (*read silently*) Soft Music

Solo*Mrs. Hannah Poindexter*

Words of Comfort and Strength

Reverend Walter Ezell

Benediction

Recessional.....Organ Postlude

Committal and Interment

Crown Hill Cemetery



OBITUARY

Stephen G. Golder was born on February 5, 1950, to the late Julius B. Golder and Anna Edwards Meadows.

He was a mannerly young man and had a way with young people. He would take time to listen to them and advise them when he could.

After he graduated from high school, Stephen entered the United States Army and served in the Vietnam War. At an early age, he professed a hope in Christ.

He united in matrimony to Donna Conrad. To this union, was born one son, William Conrad.

Mr. Golder departed this life on July 6, 1991 at the age of 41 years. He leaves to cherish his memory, a loving mother, Anna E. Meadows; brother, Robert D. Meadows, Jr.; son, William Conrad; wife, Donna Golder; two half brothers, Barry and Michael Golder; sister, Marcia Golder; and a host of aunts and uncles and a devoted friend, Cristy Teetus.



Don't Quit

*When things go wrong as thy sometimes will,
When the road your trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low, and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit--
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far.
So, stick to the fight when you're hardest hit--
It's when things go wrong that you mustn't quit.*