



Flower Attendants

Friends of the Family

Pall Bearers

Friends of the Family

Acknowledgement

The family would like to thank everyone who called, sent cards, brought food and other items, and kept us in prayer during this most difficult time. We will extend individual thanks at a later date.



Please be advised that the Greenville County Sheriff's Department and the City of Greenville Police Department no longer provide escort services for funeral processions. Therefore, all drivers should obey traffic signals. Persons who are not riding in the funeral home limousines should meet the family at the cemetery.

Services Entrusted to
Watkins, Garrett & Woods Mortuary
1011 Augusta Street
Greenville, SC 29605
(864) 242-1144



A Celebration of Life for Mrs. Jeanette C. Brown



Friday, June 30, 2017 - 11:00am
Watkins, Garrett & Woods Mortuary
1011 Augusta Street
Greenville, South Carolina 29605
Rev. Herbert A. Edwards, Jr. - Officiating
Pastor, Shady Grove Baptist Church

Order of Service

Opening Selection

If I Can Help Somebody
Trena Brown-McCullough

Scripture Reading

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8
Herman Johnson (Cousin)

Prayer

Reverend Winston George (Cousin)
Brooklyn, New York

Selection

"Lay Down My Life"
Minister Grace Winestock (Family Member)

Remarks

Migdalia Rogers (Cousin) Brooklyn, New York
Cobham Family Representative
Beverly Cooley (Family Friend)

Poem

"When Great Trees Fall"
Stephan Harris (Son-in-law)

Words of Comfort

Reverend Herbert A. Edwards, Jr.

Recessional... *I Look To You* (CD)

Interment

M.J. "Dolly" Cooper Veterans Cemetery
140 Inway Drive
Anderson, South Carolina 29621

Obituary

On Friday, June 23, 2017, Jeanette Claire Cobham Brown passed away. Born in the Republic of Panama on September, 20, 1944, she attended the prestigious, private 'Panama School'. Jeanette was the eldest of five children born to Irvine Uriel Cobham, and the late Iscilda Adelaide George Cobham.

Jeanette married Grady Brown, Jr., of Greenville, South Carolina, in 1963, while he was stationed in her home country. Jeanette's primary role was that of homemaker, although she used her many talents to help support her family. She owned her own cleaning company and worked in a salon as a nail designer after obtaining her degree from Chris Logan Beauty College. Her hobbies were sewing/fashion design, painting, and thrift shopping. One of her favorite sayings was "the best revenge is to look good". She, along, with her husband Grady and children traveled the world: Spain, Paris, and Hawaii to name a few.

She was preceded in death by her mother and two brothers, Uriel Cobham, Jr. "Goldie" and Frederick "Rico" Cobham.

She is lovingly survived by her father as well as her husband, Grady Brown, Jr., and her four adored children, Bernard Brown, of the home, daughters, Maxine (Mitch) Hunt, Piedmont, SC, Ivette (Perry) Bowens, Greenville, SC, and Miranda (Stephan) Harris, Greenville, SC, grandchildren, Stefan Melvin, II, Bradford Melvin, Mikayla Hunt, Maxwell Hunt, Hannah Bowens, and a great-grandchild Stefan Melvin, III "Tre", a sister, Silvia Cobham Scantlebury, of Charlotte, NC, a brother Antonio Cobham, of Raleigh, NC.

Jeanette loved life but relied on God's promise of everlasting life through his son Jesus Christ.

"When Great Trees Fall"

by Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down in tall grasses,
and even elephants lumber after safety.

When great trees fall in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die, the air around
us becomes light, rare, sterile.
We breathe, briefly. Our eyes, briefly,
see with a hurtful clarity.
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
examines, gnaws on kind words unsaid,
promised walks never taken.

Great souls die and our reality,
bound to them, takes leave of us.
Our souls, dependent upon their
nurture, now shrink, wizened.
Our minds, formed and informed
by their radiance, fall away.
We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance
of dark, cold caves.

And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For they existed.