

Celebration of a Beautiful Life...



Mary Helen Wilson Wiseman, M.ED.

Sunrise: January 25, 1929 • Sunset: November 8, 2014

Mary Helen Wilson Wiseman, M.Ed.,

A child of Huntsville Texas and direct descendant of General Sam Houston, Mary Wiseman, was honored as Rosalie Easter Elementary School's Teacher of the Month five times and Teacher of the Year three times in 47 years with HISD. The Mary Helen Wiseman Library at Easter School was named after her.

HOMEGOING SERVICES:

Visitations:

Friday, November 21, 2014 • 6-8pm

Saturday, November 22, 2014 • 10-11am

Celebration:

Saturday November 22, 2014 • 11am

Place: St. Luke Baptist Church

4200 Lockwood Dr (near Cavalcade), 77026

Rev. Stanley T. Hilliard, Presiding

Arrangements by Lockwood Funeral Home,

9402 Lockwood, Houston TX 77016

Interment: Paradise North Cemetary

10401 West Montgomery Rd., Houston TX 77088



***Thank God for 85 amazing years
of hugs, love, prayers, stories
and laughter shared with this
most blessed soul who
was called "Mother"
by so many!***

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Kijana'.

***Kijana Wiseman-Fusilier, M.Ed.
and Family***

Bio, photos, videos, family tree and contact information...

www.MaryHWiseman.com

mary@wisemancompany.com

Program design by www.WisemanCompany.com • 713-521-0900

Prelude & Visitation...10-11am

Order of Service

Processional.....Clergy & Family

SelectionChoir
"Holy, Holy, Holy"

Holy Scriptures

Old TestamentPsalms 121:1-8

New Testament.....1 Corinthians 15:50-52

Prayer.....The Clergy

SelectionChoir & Congregation
"The Lord's Prayer"

ObituaryRead Silently

Selection.....Choir & Congregation
"Lead Me, Guide Me"

Resolutions & AcknowledgementLunita Martin

Expressions (2 minutes please)

Selection.....Choir & Congregation
"I Come to the Garden Alone"

Eulogy.....Rev. Stanley T. Hillard

Recessional
"This Little Light of Mine"

Pallbearers

Active Pallbearers:

Raymond Addison
Aundra Fusilier
Decon Johnnie Shelton

DeAndre Barnes
Raymond Wiseman
Deacon Jeremiah Adams

Honorary Pallbearers:

Andre E. Banes
Bradley Wiseman
Charles Hightower, Jr
Russell Wilson

El'Ray D. Wiseman
ONeal Bob Wilson, Jr.
Clarence Wiseman
Wendell Wilson

Acknowledgement

Please accept our sincere appreciation for your prayers, cards, flowers and other acts of kindness during Mother's gradual transition from this time into eternity. She loved everyone ...and showed it every day of her life. We have all been blessed by her gentle touch on our hearts, her timely advice and succinct words of wisdom that will stay with us forever.

-The Family

* * *

*After the graveside service at Paradise North,
Family and Visitors are invited to return to
St. Luke Church for repast.*

The Life of an Award-winning Educator...

MARY HELEN WISEMAN, M.Ed.



Widow of El'Ray Wiseman, Sr.; Mother of Kijana Gwen, Lynda Joy and El'Ray Jr. Grandmother of Andre, LaTanya, El'Ray Darian, Bradley and Joy.

*Great-Grandmother of Andre II, Aaron, Mary Ashley, DeAndre, Andre III, Kaitlyn, Dreston, Cristopher, Cameron, LeDarian, Kierra, Natashia and Pearl.
Great-Great Grandmother of Ashton.*

MARY HELEN WILSON was born January 25, 1929, in Walker County, Texas, in a small community six miles north of Huntsville, Texas. The fourth child of a family of eight children, Mary's parents, Charlie and Pearl Spivey Wilson, were farmers by occupation with an average third and fifth grade education. She attended Rosenwald Grade School, a multilevel school that was built on two and one half acres of land that was donated to the county by her grandfather, John Wesley Wilson, the maternal grandson of General Sam Houston who was a professor at Sam Houston State Teacher's College. "Education is the most important asset you can have," he once told young Mary. "Every family needs a teacher."

Mary Helen always wanted to be an instructor. Her decision to become a school teacher came early in life. Mary Helen joined church at an early age. She served as Sunday School Teacher of small children during her years as a teenager. Her grandfather, a educator himself, believed that "every family should have at least one teacher. " He chose Mary to be the teacher to succeed him in the Wilson family.

"In our family, we all had specific jobs." Mary reminisced, "Along with my several other tasks, I had to help the younger sisters and brothers with their homework each night." As a child, she became involved in teaching and often imitated the Head Teacher (which was also the principal) at Rosenwald School. Mrs. Ester Bridges was her idol.

Her primary goal was to attend college and become a teacher, so upon completion of the 8th grade at Rosenwald School, Mary entered Sam Houston High School where she graduated as valedictorian of her class at the age of 16. Though her grand father taught there, Jim Crow Laws society would not let her attend Sam Houston College, She was, however, awarded a scholarship to Tillotson College in Austin, Texas. This scholarship paid her tuition and paved the way for her to achieve her dream.

Mary Helen's opportunity to become a working educator teacher came in the spring of 1947, while she was still at Tillotson College. When her mother became seriously ill, financial help from home was no longer available for her to continue her education. But, since she had attained enough semester hours and grade points to become temporarily certified as a teacher by the Texas Education Agency; she applied and received emergency certification. This marked the beginning of her teaching career.

In the fall of 1947, she was hired as the Intermediate Teacher at Rosenwald School under the guidance of Mrs. Bridges--the same principal who had been her inspiration as a child. Mary continued and completed her education at Texas Southern University for Negroes on weekends and Saturdays.

In 1952, Mary received her Bachelor's degree from Mary Allen College and her Master's of Education degree from Texas Southern University, in 1964.



Mary's teaching career was interrupted for a brief eight years while she took time for marriage and family matters.



October 20, 1950, Mary married El'Ray Wiseman, Sr., a robust, happy navy veteran with lots of ambition. They became one of Houston's first African-American franchise owners of a Sinclair service station located at Cavalcade and Hirsch, and, in 1955, purchased a home across the street from 2nd Cavalcade Baptist Church.

El'Ray, Lynda & Kijana



This church became a place where they raised three children: Kijana Gwen and Lynda Joy and one son, El'Ray, Jr. Mary returned to teaching with the Houston Independent School District in 1958, but 47 years of educating young children were darkened on two separate occasions: the untimely death of her beloved

husband in 1960, and of her second daughter, Lynda, in 1974 at the tender age of 21. Her only son, El'Ray Jr., preceeded her in death in 2009. She is survived by her oldest child, Kijana ...and lots of grandchildren.

Mrs. Wiseman taught in the Houston Independent School District for 47 years. She has been Rosalie Easter Elementary School's Teacher of the Month five times and Teacher of the Year three times. In April of 1992, she was named HISD's Employee of the Month and in 2001, Easter Elementary dedicated the new school library in her name. Though retired after 47 years with the Houston Independent School District, she is still active in her community and church as a Harris County election site volunteer, active member of the Randon-White Sunshine Club, and as a Sunday School Teacher, Mission Sister and member of St. Luke's Missionary Baptist Church in Houston Texas.

The last of her family's generation, This mother of three, grandmother of five, great-grandmother of thirteen and great-great-grandmother of one, always found time to take care of invalid friends & family, serve her church, share her expertise as a counselor and motivational speaker at a variety of events.

Despite her busy schedule, "Lady Wiseman" was never too tired to share a winning smile--and anyone who comes within arms length, one of her famous hugs!!

Mary Wiseman's advice on raising children:
***"Be sure to give them more love
than they deserve!"***



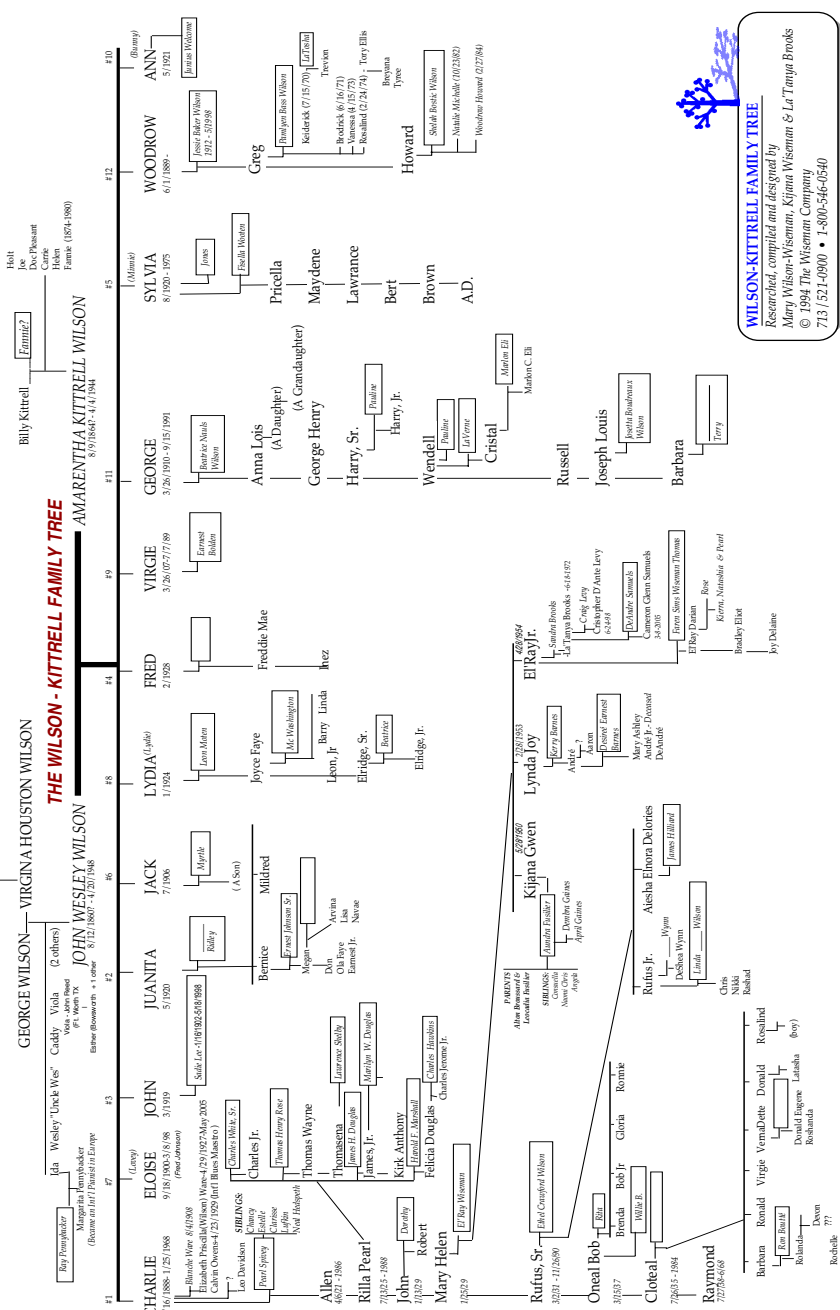
GENERAL SAM HOUSTON

GEORGE WILSON - VIRGINIA HOUSTON WILSON

THE WILSON - KITTRELL FAMILY TREE

JOHN WESLEY WILSON

AMARENTHA KITTRELL WILSON



WILSON-KITTRELL FAMILY TREE
 Researched, compiled and designed by
 Mary Wilson-Wiseman, Kijana Wiseman & La'Tanja Brooks
 © 1994 The Wiseman Company
 713 / 521-0900 • 1-800-546-0540



A collection of memorable stories, conversations & quotes of Mrs Wiseman

Chronicled and compiled by Kijana

GOD IS A GOOD GOD...

*Last fall, my mother started singing
this old song over and over again:*

***God is a good God,
He don't ever change...
My God is an awesome God.
Always stays the same.***

*After a while, she began making up her
own verses even answering in rhyme when
the Doctor asked her to stop for an exam:*

I see you Dr. Kirmani
I know you are my friend
But I can't stop my song, you see,
Until I comes to an end.

My God is a good God...
He don't take no mess
You better not go and make him
mad...he'll put you to the test.

Jesus, I want to come to you
But my daughter says I can't go
I guess I'll have to run away to you
Tell me when, cause I don' know

God is a good God.
The neighbors told me true;
I needed to just shut my mouth
and walk away with you.

I want to go back to my house...
and be a child again
No I don't need to be a child...
and I can't be a man
It's just time to go home again.

I had no time to get up
I had no time to get down
I have no money Jesus
since the world was round.

If you got something to say
If you got something to do..
I hope you keep it to yourself
Until I can talk to you.

Give me my food in the morning
give my food at night
I don't care how or when you make
it ...just be sure to make it right

This is a good time...
We'll see just what you do
Take a moment and look around
'Cause God is watching you

If you ain't got no money
And not enough to live
Put your faith in my god
Just pray for him to give

God is a good God,
how good you just don't know
But if you look, you'll see him now,
a'tipping down the road

God is perfect man,
He tells me what to do
and He will always hold my hand...
When I get through with you

I'm saying to you "Good morning,
come and get your pay..
You can have it anytime,
anytime you say."

God is a super being,
tells me what to do
He'll tell me when I need to go
Then I'll know what to do

God'll be there when you come,
God will be there when you go
God'll be there at the very end--
it's coming...
when, you just don't know

*"I come to the garden alone...while the dew is still on the roses...
and the voice I hear falling on my ear...the Son of God discloses....
And He walks with me and He talks with me...and He tells me I am his own.
And the joy we share... as we tarry there...none other has ever known."*



HEARING IS REALITY...

I play the calming sounds of an app called "Naturescape" on the 5 speaker sound system in Mother's room when she is asleep. It has calming versions of true holographic sound: birds singing; water running down stream, rainwater on a river; wind softly blowing through tall grass; a lake at night with crickets; and one with the sound of waves crashing to the shore as the tide comes in. As a result, mother no longer requires doctor prescribed sleep meds at night, but being the musical creature that she is, her little active mind loses itself easily in the hypnotic surround sound and she's getting natural, rem-level rest.

Some of Mary Wiseman's most memorable comments inspired by those sounds:

"I was in heaven just now! Don't wake me up... Go away!"

"You've got an ocean in your bedroom that's the funniest thing I ever heard."

"I don't have to worry about those kind of people anymore..." she said after hearing about some murders on the northside of town, (where her home still stands)...
"I live down by the seashore."

"Those crickets are very happy. Very happy....Only God knows what they're singing about though."

"Your birds sound real pretty. God loves them. I don't know why they're hiding from me though.... I think they're just scared of you.That's right.... You. They can't be scared of me... I'm a vegetarian."

My Mother...The Foot Nazi:

Helping my mother walk to the car in the attached garage. I do this by supporting her by walking backwards in front of her.

I am barefoot and, somehow, no matter where I put my left foot, she manages to step on my naked toes. All my life-- and still today-- Mother has been telling me to put my shoes on. So I immediately suspect Mary Helen Wiseman is stepping on my left foot as a not-so-subtle way of reminding me of the purpose of shoes. Our conversation...

"Mother! you keep stepping on my foot."

"Oh, I'm sorry, my child."

"Are you doing it on purpose?"

"No..... I'm not doing it on purpose."

"Are you sure? So far your aim is impeccable."

"I'm NOT doing it on purpose."

"Ok." I repented, feeling I was being mean to an invalid. "I'm sorry Mommie...I know you're not."

She was silent until I had her safely buckled in the passenger seat. (Wait for it... Wait for it...!)

Then she slowly turned her head and looked me in the eyes:

"...'Cause, If I did it on purpose... I'd step on your head."

* * *

UnStupidify...

"I am stupid today Mother."

"Stupid?"

"Yep.....OK, you know I was looking for my phone for the past 20 minutes. Calling it and running upstairs and downstairs trying to figure out why it seem to ring where I'd just come from..."

"Uh, Huh.... So...."

"So look!..." I turned around to show her. "It was in my back pocket all the time!"

"God knew where it was."

"Well, God may have known... but I was just stupid."

"She looked up at me from her wheelchair. "No. Don't call yourself stupid Just put it in your front pocket next time."



Best friends, Freddy Watson, Millie Brashear and Reneva Sanders with Mary

* * *

Marital Advice...

"Do You need a husband?"

"No, Mother, I have a husband."

"So, where is he?"

"At work."

"Does he fuss about going? No. Does he throw away his money?"

"No ma'am."

"Then you don't have a husband..."

You've got a GOOOOD

MAN!...Nobody wants to play with a man that's broke."

* * *

"You got the perfect time, I got the perfect mind."

* * *

I was feeding Mother when I reminisced over the irony of it all....

"Remember when you used to do this with me when I was your little girl Mother?"

"You're still my little girl. You're a good little girl. You do good every day. You do good all the time.

...You just don't know it sometimes."

* * *

Driving errands with Mother in the front seat. I lost my way...

"What's wrong child?"

"I don't know where I'm going Mother."

"You **DON'T?** ...Well, then you're worse off than me." (Pause.) "that's bad.... That's reeeal bad."



SAY WHAT?:

Feeding Mother my special, nutrient packed oatmeal, (pecan, banana, raisin, apples, turmeric and cinnamon. Needless to say, she loves it and was munching away when she calmly decided to enlighten me...

"My mother is better than yours."

"What do you mean?"

"What I said. My mother is better."

"But..." I uncrossed my eyes. "YOU are my mother."

"See what I mean?"

"Huh? I don't understand..."

"Then you need to pay attention. Think about it. You're just not thinking, child."

She looked away. "... I'm going to pray for your head in heaven."

* * *

"Mother, how do you feel?"

"I feel excellent!"

"Excellent?"

"Excellent!"

"Wow. That's really something... Why?"

"Because I don't have anything to think about. ... I have food in my hand and love in my heart... I'm aaallllright!"

* * *

It was raining when I got home. so my husband, an ex-football player, came to get her. He picked Mother up so effortlessly, o she let out an involuntary "Whooh!"

"Mother!" I said, "Are you alright?"

She looked only up at Aundra. "Hold me tight...and I'll let you know tonight."

* * *

"Can I give you a few goodnight kisses?"

"How many?"

"Just a few."

"You can count can't you?"

"Uh...Yes ma'am."

"Well here." She offered her cheek.

"Take half. Don't be greedy. Leave some for somebody else."

. . .

"That man over there's got four eyes.That's two more eyes than he needs! ...Come on girl!... Let's get outta here!"



SAYING VS DOING..

Driving Mother home one chilly afternoon...

"Ms. Wiseman, are you cold?"

"No ma'am!"

"Are you too warm?"

"No ma'am!"

"So are you okay?"

"No ma'am!"

"So do you need something?"

"Yes ma'am!"

"What?"

"I need a hug!"

"I have a hug for you Mother.. A real good one.

....I just can't do it while I'm driving. I'll give you a real good one when we get home, OK?"

"Don't be lyin' now.....Words don't make a hug."

Wow. I had to think about that.... Because a lot of people talk about something they're going to do ...but that doesn't make it a reality.

. . .

At a very stressful doctor's visit...

"I love you Mother, they're almost done."

"Well, thank you for your love...Now get your hairy hands off of me!"



* * *

Jingle Bells with a twist...

We play Christmas music in Mother's room all year long. (She says "It's always Christmas in my room.") suddenly held up her hand to stop me and surprised me with a totally new ending lyrics for "Jingle Bells"....

"Jingle Bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,...Mama's dead and Papa's fled --so nobody can play today!"

My mouth dropped to the floor
"Mother!"

She then broke into the loudest guffaws, slapping her thighs and pointing at me and saying "I got you! ...I got you! ...Didn't I? ...Yep! You didn't see that coming! I got you!"

* * *

"Those boys are just in a happy mess. Somebody needs to tell them that they'll be better after a dream than after a drug."

* * *

Mother would you like to dry the dog with me?"

"Do what?"

"Dry the dog."

"Dry the dog?"

I held up her buddy, Sweetie, a 9 lb toy poodle she plays with in her lap in the car.

"Yep!"

"The puppy cat?"

I nodded.

"...Is he wet?"

I nodded.

She turned her head away. "Who do you take me for?"

* * *

"I think I know what I'm doing...." Mother paused and put her hand to her head as if to clear away the fog... "I've just got to think about it earlier....maybe that'll help me out." She looked at me.

"Now, your job is to keep me focused on what I want me to do."

* * *

I walked in her room. She was sitting up listening to a Mahalia Jackson station on Pandora:

"Stop it!"

I looked around. There was no one there.

"Who're you talking to Mother?"

"You!"

"But I just walked in here!"

"That's my point...Now you're going to start messing with me!...So stop it!"

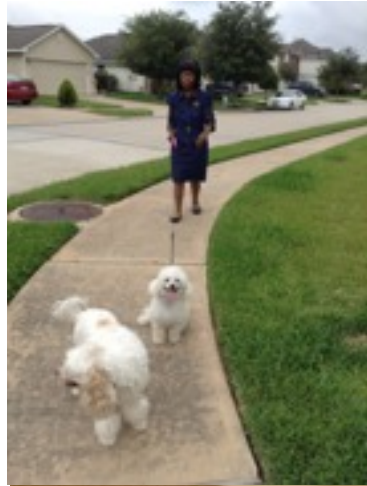
* * *

"Mother, do you do you remember Aunt Rilla?"

"Of course I do! That's my sister! My big sister! She took care of all of us!"

"Yes she did...That was a big job!.. She was something else wasn't she?"

"I don't know about that, Child... She never told me she was that... She was a lady."



It's 4am and Mother was providing a continuous stream of chatter from her side of the bedroom.

"Mother!"

"What?"

"You need to go to sleep!"

"Go to WHAT???"

"Go to Sleep!"

"That's What I'm doing!"

"Well then...please stop talking!"

"Stop listening and I will!"

* * *

TATTLING ON RUDOLPH...

I play a Christmas radio station in mothers room during the day. Whenever she comes home from daycare she brightens and says "it's always Christmas in my room!" She likes to sing along with the songs and it acts as a memory exercise stimulator for her. Just now,"Rudolph the red nose reindeer" was playing. When it came to the line that said, "they wouldn't let poor Rudolph play in any reindeer games." Mother turned and looked at me and said, "That's what he deserved! I heard he ate up ALL their food. They shouldn't let him play ...he's been a bad boy!" Spoken like a true teacher. :-}

* * *

Breakfast Order...

"What would you like for breakfast this morning?"

"I don't know..." she said looking at me with a small frown, "Why are you asking me? ...That's your job!"

"Ohhhh..." (I mean, what else could I say?)



Mother sitting and talking to herself.

"There comes a time when you need to stop taking care of other people's problems and begin to take care of your own. I had half of my life taking care of people. ...You can be a fool anytime you want to... I'm a smart fool."

"Little things in life make a big difference. We just have to take those things and keep on following through."

"Who are you talking to mother?"

"You!"

"I mean before I asked you who you were talking to."

"Oh... Nobody."

"So what did he say?"

"Nothing... There's nobody there."

"So why are you talking to Mr. Nobody?"

"Because that's the only one who listens to me anymore."

"I listen to you all the time mother."

"Yes, but I tell you what I want and you give me what I need."

"Okay....So what do you want mother?"

"That's okay, I'm holding my peace... I just don't know what I did with my pickle."

"Mother, you can't have pickles. Too much salt."

"Go away child, let me finish talking to Nobody."

* * *

Talking to the doctor's nurse...

"Are you taking my pressure?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Are you taking my sugar?"

"Yes ma'am. We need to look at it."

"Well, take it good. Look at it.."

"Yes ma'am."

"...And make sure you put it back when you're finished."

* * *

Mother talking in her sleep:

"Listen carefully Boy...I'll tell you what you need...You need somebody who will do something for you... Somebody who cares if you are happy. Or if you are sad. Somebody who can help you with your problem...."

I am not that person."

I tried not to wake her with my laughter.



Kijana Wiseman-Fusillier & Mary Wilson Wiseman

Mother was an amazingly clear one night while I was getting her ready for bed -- precious moments are getting fewer and farther between. I have to pick her up now and put her in the bed. She likes stuffed "PuppyCats" so I use one little stuffed animal for her pillow --it supports her little neck better than a pillow. Then, went once she is settled, we do the Lord's prayer in unison. I use that as a memory exercise. But last night when we got to the part about "...the kingdom and the power and the glory foreeeever and eeeever." She stopped and just looked off into space.

I finished the prayer alone, then asked her if anything was wrong. She said very quietly, "I don't think I'm going to last that long."

"Why do you say that Mother? Nobody lasts forever."

"I know that. I'm just saying for right now... My time is getting short. Real short ... Because I'm not that strong."

"Yes you are. You're the strongest person I know. Look how well you've done so far. You're stronger than you were last fall when you almost died."

"I know, child. But I'm not as strong as I used to be." She looked away. "I don't like this. I think I'm about to take my rest. Go see Jesus... ..maybe tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow, Mother. We have things to do tomorrow."

"Well I'll tell him that tonight when I'm sleeping. But I don't know if he's going to listen to you anymore. He's been listening so far. I just don't think he can listen to you much longer....Time is running out..."

She then said words I will remember the rest of my life...

"...All you can do is take a piece of time, Child... but the whole thing does not belong to you."

She took a very deep deep breath and let out a long sigh. "Now go away and let me discuss this with Jesus. It'll take some time. ...But I can't take too long,because the mind is going down."

Corollary:

I guess Mother must have had that talk with Jesus--and he must've talked with his Boss about her, because her first words the next morning were accented by a big smile and **"Good morning my precious child!... I love you so much... God is good to Everybody!"**