



## Myrtle Jones Latham

September 25, 1938 - April 19, 2026

Myrtle J. Latham, 87, passed away peacefully on Sunday morning at Smithfield Manor.

"God our Father, Your power brings us to birth, Your providence guides our lives, at your command we return to dust. Lord, those who die still live in Your presence, their lives change but do not end. In company with Christ, who died and now lives, may Myrtle rejoice in Your kingdom, where all our tears are wiped away".

We are here today not to mourn as those without hope, but to celebrate a life that pointed us toward hope. For 87 years, Myrtle walked with the Lord, and in doing so she showed us what that walk can look like day by day.

Her Bible was worn and marked in the margins. She believed what it said in Psalm 23: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." And she lived like she believed it. Through joy and through loss, through raising children and burying loved ones, she kept her eyes on Christ.

Her love was her legacy. If you knew Myrtle you were prayed for by name everyday. She loved with the kind of love we read about in 1 Corinthians 13: patient, kind, not keeping a record of wrongs.

She loved Charlotte, Carol, Michael, Jamie, Brandy and Ashley with a fierce, gentle devotion. She worked at Sylvania until their closure and then cared for many elderly, doing home health care until her retirement. She also taught school and cut hair, she rocked babies and made sure no one went hungry. Her lifetime of cooking skills fed more people than we can count. She made sure you didn't go without the word of God if you wanted it or not.

Her joy was her witness for Christ. Myrtle had a laugh that filled the room. She found beauty in simple things: hymns sung off key, poinsettias at Christmas The New York Yankees, Walker Texas Ranger and grandchildren's artwork on the fridge. She lived with gratitude because she knew where her blessings came from. James 1:17 says, "Every good and perfect gift is from above," and she lived like every day was a gift to be opened.

Her hope is now her reality At 87, her eyes grew dim, her hearing distant her mind wandered , and her body grew weak but her spirit never did . She spoke often of being "ready to go home," not with fear, but with the quiet confidence of 2 Timothy 4:7: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." Today, we believe she has heard the words she longed to hear from Jesus her whole life , "Well done, good and faithful servant." She is whole. She is home. She is with her Savior.

For a time we are left behind. Grief and gratitude sit side by side right now. We grieve because we will miss her voice, her prayers, her hugs. We give thanks because 87 years with Myrtle was a gift we didn't deserve but got to keep for a lifetime. The best way we can honor her is to love like she loved, serve like she served, and trust the God she trusted. As she would tell us if she were standing here: "Don't cry too long." "Lord willing and the creek don't rise , I'll see you soon ."

We love you, Myrtle thank you for giving us life, shelter, food, unconditional

love and showing us Jesus. We will meet again.

# Tribute Wall

BB

“ *Myrtle as a baby.*”



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**Brandy Baker** - May 18 at 10:15 AM

BB

“ *A few pictures of Myrtle & her daughter Carol.*”

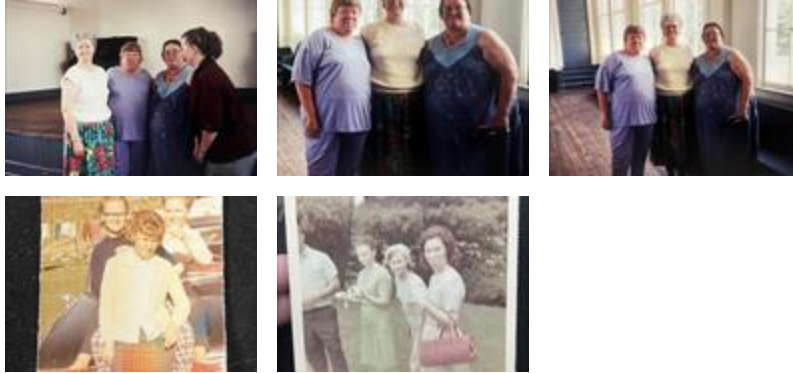


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**Brandy Baker** - April 26 at 11:06 PM

BB

“ Myrtle & her sisters when they were teenagers & then when they were older.



Brandy Baker - April 25 at 11:18 PM

BB

“ Myrtle during both of her graduations:

- high school graduation from Corinth-Holders High School (the black & white pictures)

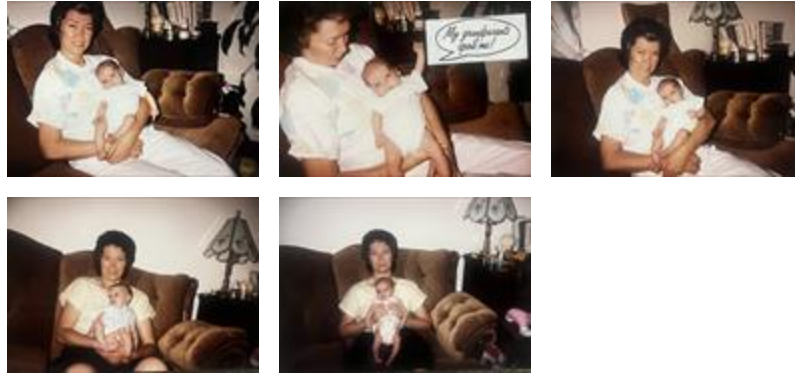
- JCC graduation from when she graduated from Cosmetology School



Brandy Baker - April 23 at 08:15 PM

BB

“ A few pictures of me & Gran-Gran



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Brandy Baker - April 23 at 09:13 AM

BB

“ This is Myrtle's work ID from when she worked at the Sylvania Plant in Smithfield, NC.



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Brandy Baker - April 22 at 11:21 PM

BB

“ My name is Brandy Nicole Baker & I am her granddaughter. It was an honor to be by my grandmother’s side when she passed & moved on into the next phase of her life: the afterlife. I was there for her, just as she was there for me my whole life. For the last 5 hours of her death, I literally held her hands for 5 straight, I literally stared into her eyes for 5 hours straight, & I literally talked to her for 5 hours straight. She was the bravest, toughest, cleanest, neatest, & smartest woman I have ever known in my life. I find it to be a distinguished honor to call Myrtle my “Gran-Gran”. I will always love her, cherish her, and remember her for the great person that she was.

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**Brandy Baker** - April 21 at 11:55 PM