

Order of Service

Prelude	"Best Friend" Brandy
Processional	
Welcome	Bishop Lawrence Williams
Opening Prayer	Patricia Malveaux
Obituary	Lashon Jackson
Poem	Kiondra Brooks
Musical Selection	"Heaven" Jaime Foxx
Testimonials	Limit 2 minutes
Letter to Mother	Moniqwa Craven
Eulogy	Bishop Lawrence Williams
Slide Show	Musical Selection
Acknowledgement	Michelle Roy
Parting View / Recessional	

Honorary Pallbearers

Jeffery Jackson Jr.
Jeffery Turner

Shane Brooks
Avery Wayne

Wayne Dubois

Seldom does a day go by when you aren't in my thoughts. When I get good news you're the first one I want to tell. When I need cheering up you're the only one who really understands how to help. I enjoy the moments we spent together whether reminiscing, just passing time, or making happy new memories. Dione, you have a very special place in my heart



Acknowledgement

The family sincerely acknowledges the many prayers, kind thoughts, words, and deeds that have come from the hearts and hands of so many.
Each expression has been received with love and gratitude. Our hearts abound with love for each of you. We thank you from the very depths of our hearts.

In Loving Memory
of

Dione Jenell Sisemore Craven

January 17, 1973 - April 7, 2006



April 15, 2006

Southwest Mortuary Chapel

9021 Rainier Ave S Seattle, Washington

- Services -

11:00 AM

Obituary

Dione Jenell Sisemore was born in Seattle, WA on January 17, 1973. She was called home on April 7, 2006. Dione was the first child born to Jenice Helen Sisemore and the only child born to Paul Sisemore both from Seattle, WA.

Dione was a beautiful baby whose first years were spent with her sister Frannie. Jenice went on to find Jeffery Jackson Sr. and Dione was given two special gifts, a sister and brother named Andrea and Jeffery. Dione spent her childhood years in the Central District of Seattle and in Kent, WA. She was referred to by her siblings as the "Dispatcher," because she was always in charge. She made many friends throughout her life, all of whom have affected and impacted her life greatly.

On August 5th 1990, Dione met Nathaniel Craven who she later wed. She was a true soldier who always had her family's back. She loved hard and was known to speak her mind about anything and everything. She was the backbone and strongest member of the family. Dione believed that she was here to be a good mother, wife, sister, and friend. People always enjoyed her company. Although she loved many things, her true love was to her family. She had dreams, wishes and aspirations and now she is in a place where they can be carried out. She will be greatly missed.

She leaves behind to cherish her memories, her husband Nathaniel Craven and four beautiful children Moniqwa Shalayah, Rodney and Tyleesha Craven. Her parents Jenice Sisemore and Paul Sisemore, step-father Jeffery Jackson Sr., two sisters Frannie Johnson (*Shane Brooks*) and Andrea Jackson and a brother Jeffery Jackson Jr. (*Lashon*). A grandmother, two aunts, five cousins, six nieces, five nephews and a host of family members and friends, too many of whom to mention.



You will always be missed

When tomorrow starts without me and I'm not there to see
If the sun should rise and find your eyes all filled with tears for me
I wish so much you wouldn't cry the way you did today
While thinking of the many things we didn't get to say.
I know how much you love me, as much as I love you
and each time that you think of me I know you'll miss me too.
But when tomorrow starts without me please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name and took me by the hand
I had so much to live for so much left yet to do
It seemed almost impossible that I was leaving you.
I thought of all the yesterdays the good ones and the bad
I thought of all the love we shared and all the fun we had
If I could re-live yesterday just even for a while
I'd say good-bye and kiss you and maybe see you smile.
So when tomorrow starts without me don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me I'm right here in your heart.



God saw you getting tired when a cure was not to be
So he closed his arms around you and whispered, "Come to me"
You didn't deserve what you went through and so he gave you rest
God's garden must be beautiful. He only takes the best
And when I saw you sleeping, so peaceful and free from pain,
I could not wish you back to suffer that again.