Acknowledgement

The family of Dorothy Spencer wishes to thank you most sincerely for your comforting words and kind expressions of sympathy during our time of bereavement. Special thanks to Amber Brisco, Bishop Stanley Woods, and the Marlan Gary funeral home for your caring service. We thank GOD for blessing us with such a wonderful woman. Her memory will forever live in us.

Pallbearers

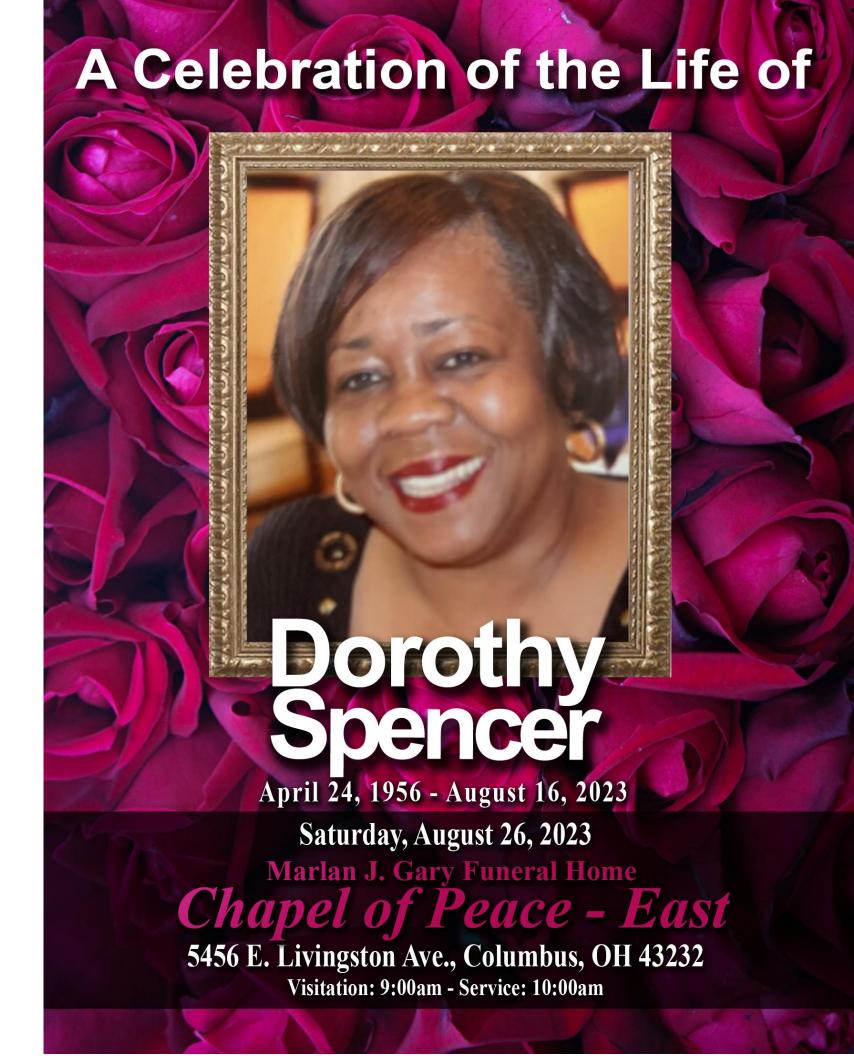
Mike Harris - Jeffrey Reynolds II - Jamar Dunlap Markus Dunlap - Chaz Brisco - Jeff Reynolds Billy Johnson - Victor Brisco



To offer condolences to The Spencer Family, visit www.TheChapelofPeace.com









Dorothy Jean Spencer affectionally known as "Dot", served faithfully and tirelessly to help others. Now her work on Earth is done. She is safe in God's arms. She came into this life on April 24, 1956, in Rayville, Louisiana. She was called home to be with the Lord on August 16, 2023. She is preceded in death by her father Richard Brisco; mother Doris Brisco; brothers Fred Spencer, Anthony Brisco, Brian Brisco and Victor Brisco.

Dorothy loving and dedicated mother to her two children LaDonna "Boo" Spencer and Mike Harris, for who she constantly sacrificed. As a 1973 graduated of Linden McKinley High School, Dorothy went on to Columbus Technical Institute which prepared her for a long career in the insurance industry.

Dorothy climbed the ranks in the insurance industry becoming a Senior Subrogation Recovery Specialist. After more than 30 successful years, she retired from The Motorist Insurance Group. Her strong will and entrepreneurial spirit led her to open one of the first mobile food trucks in the Columbus area. With huge success on the food truck, she able to open DJ's Home Cooking, a brick-and-mortar take-out Soul Food in the Linden area. Dot or "Ms. DJ" as many of her customer called her, was known for her love of cooking and found satisfaction in watching people enjoy meals she prepared.

When she was not cooking, she enjoyed camping, fishing, dancing, gardening, and just having fun. Dorothy never met a stranger. She showed kindness to all people. Her infectious spirit and warm heart sparked joy in all who she met. When she smiled you could see her cheekbones a mile away and she would not be caught without her signature burgundy lipstick.

Her memory will live on in the hearts of her children LaDonna "Boo" Spencer and Mike Harris (Meagan Alexander); Sisters, Pamela Harper, Yolanda (Mark) Dunlap, Tammy (Aaron)Phillips and Shelia (John) Stroud, 5 grandchildren Taelor Reese, Brooke Reese, Ari Harris, Jeffrey Reynolds II, and Brody Harris whom she adored and they affectionately called Whoa Whoa and Grandmother...and a host of aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, nephews, and friends.

How is it that I never saw your wings when you were here with me? When you closed your eyes and soared to the Heavens I could hear the faint flutter of you wings as you left. Your body no longer on this side your spirit here eternally I see your halo shine. I close my eyes and see the multi-colored wings surround me in my saddest moments and my happiest times. Mother my angel God has given you your assignment always my mother forever my angel. You fly into my dreams and when I am asleep I feel your wings brush against my face wiping away the tears I shed since I can no longer hold you in my arms but in my heart. You earned those wings dear mother and you will always be me angel eternal.

Order of Celebration

ORGAN PRELUDE	Bishop Stanley Woods / Chapel of Peace Music Ministry
PARTING VIEW	Immediate Family
Old Testament	Brooke Reese – Corinthians 5:1Mary LilleyBillie Johnson
PRAYER	Yolanda Dunlap
SELECTION	Amber Brisco and Family
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	Sandra Taylor
REMARKS	Mike Harris
READING OF OBITUARY	Read Silently
Eulogy	
В	ishop Stanely Woods
BENEDICTION	Bishop Stanely Woods

Interment

Clergy, Family, and Friends

RECESSIONAL

Eastlawn Cemetery
1340 Woodland Avenue
Columbus, Ohio 43219

Repass

Luxe Event Center
7821 Taylor Road SW Suite D.
Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep By Mary Elizabeth Frye

I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.



