



of
Ethel Level Bennett

April 19, 1936 ~ July 16, 2025



August 1
Twenty Twenty-Five
At Ten O'Clock
In The Morning

Greenlawn Funeral Home Southwest
Bakersfield, California

Pastor Donald Allen, Officiating

In loving

MEMORY



ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional.....Musician

Scripture Reading

Old Testament.....Pastor Eddie Andrews

New Testament.....Pastor Donald Allen

Prayer.....Pastor Sean Battle

Selection *I Trust in God* Union Baptist Church

Acknowledgements & Cards.....Jonell Cleveland

Resolutions.....Joann Nunn

Reflections (Family)Alisha Earnest
William Level

Selection.....Pastor Eddie Andrews

Remarks

As a Mentor

Brenda Lemon

As an Aunt

Lois Johnson

As a Friend

Queen Edwards

As a Church Mother

Deacon Alton Gordon

Obituary.....Paula Level Mason

Video Presentation

The Life and Legacy of Ethel Level Bennett

Selection.....Selected Vocalist

Words of Comfort.....Rev. William Cleveland, Pastor
Bellview Baptist Church &
St. John Baptist Church Monroe, Louisiana

Recessional

"I Pray We'll All Be Ready"

TRIBUTES

I will miss Grandma Level so much. In the last several years of her life, we didn't talk as much as I wish we had. Life happened. I kept thinking, "I'll call her next week," and somehow next week became next month... and then more time passed. We always think we have more time. But time—time is so special. So instead of focusing on the time I missed, I want to honor the time we did have.

Almost every summer when I was a kid, I'd visit her. I still remember that bubbling feeling in my stomach when we passed the grapevines—I knew we were close. That feeling of excitement, of joy. It's still one of my favorite memories, because truthfully, I didn't have many good ones growing up. I had to grow up fast. But those summers? They were magic.

Grandma would always make food I loved. I'd ask, "Grandma, is there onions in this?" and she'd say, "No baby, no onions." I'd take a bite and say, "Grandma, there are onions in this!" She'd act shocked every time, and I believed her and thought someone must've snuck onions in this. Now, here I am—hiding vegetables from my own kids the same way. Funny how love repeats itself in our lives.

She used to make me tell the same story over and over—one that most people didn't even find funny—but Grandma? She'd crack up like it was the first time, every single time. That was her love for me.

When I felt unsure of where I fit in—growing up in different cultures trying to understand where I belong, wondering if I belonged—Grandma would say, "You know I'm color blind. I can't even see none of that." It made me feel like I was home, like I belonged right there with her.

And if it was Sunday? We were going to church—no questions asked. I didn't love it then, but now, I see it differently. I'm thankful for those moments, because even if I didn't know it, I was learning about Jesus through her. About faith, grace, and strength.

She was special. And she loved me in ways I still carry with me. I will always hold those memories in my heart—because she helped shape the good in me. I miss her deeply. But I am forever grateful for the summers, the onions, the laughter, and the love.

*Thank you for everything. Rest in Peace, Grandma
Love, Brittany*

Once blessed with a wonderful mother, twice blessed with you Mother Bennett, my mom gave me life, but you gave me your life with open arms, letting me know that I was your daughter, always thanking me for loving your son and being there for him, mother I got this.

Rest on my beautiful mother, Ruby

Childhood memories will always be filled with summers spent at your house, where imaginations ran wild or Sunday afternoons sneaking pieces of the world's best fried chicken before dinner was ready.

No matter what the world outside looked like, your home was a safe haven. That's what you were to so many of us: Home. Comfort. Love. Family. It's how it felt to be near you.

You spent more of your life as a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother than anything else. And any mother can understand the kind of sacrifice that comes with that, but also the kind of gift it truly is.

Thank you for treating us like the treasure you believed we were. A part of you. A piece of your lasting legacy.

You showed us strength. You lived what it means to overcome.

Thank you for your example. And until we meet again, I promise not to take any wooden nickels.

Love you always, Erika



Mother,

I have many fond memories of visiting Mother Bennett's home and spending meaningful time with her, both there and at church events. She consistently provided unwavering support for all my endeavors. I distinctly recall that during my hospital stay, the first faces I saw upon waking were hers and my father's, offering great comfort. In that moment, I even asked her if I was alright, being so reassured was I by her presence.

Mother Bennett has been a significant part of my life for many years. I always addressed her as "Mother" or "Mother Bennett," never "Sister Bennett," as she truly embraced the role of a mother in my life and treated me as one of her own. She extended this care to my children and grandchildren, watching over them, caring for them, and providing support whenever needed—including babysitting my great-grandchild and ensuring their well-being. During my time in the hospital, she would check on me, she supported my family, kept my father informed and at ease even when he was far away.

Her kindness did not end at the hospital—she provided essentials for my return home and regularly visited to check on my recovery. Whenever my father visited California, we made it a point to see Mother Bennett, who welcomed us warmly and maintained a close relationship with our family.

I hold deep affection and respect for Mother Bennett. The moments we shared—whether attending church, enjoying meals together, or simply visiting by phone—our precious memories I will always treasure. Writing these words is bittersweet, as I am reminded of the profound impact she had on my life. Others may not fully understand the bond we shared, but to me, she was—and always will be—a beloved mother figure.

Mother Bennett's family has also been exceptionally kind to me and my loved ones. My children and grandchildren came to regard her as a grandmother, and I am sincerely grateful for the warmth and acceptance extended by her family. Though I am not her biological child, my connection with her is strong and genuine; she stole my heart like a mother, she loved me like a daughter, she always gave me the love I needed especially those times I missed my own mother who lived far away.

To the entire family, thank you for sharing Mother with me. From the bottom of my heart, I extend my deepest gratitude to Mother Bennett. Her memory will remain with me, and I will forever cherish the love and support she generously offered.

Your Daughter and First Lady, Denise Allen

A Tribute to My Grandmother

There are some people in this world whose light is so pure, so generous, that you feel it even when they're no longer physically present. My grandmother was one of those souls. A woman full of grace, compassion, and warmth, she had a heart big enough to hold the whole family—and still had room left to give to anyone in need.

She didn't just speak kindness, she lived it. Whether she was cooking for others, lending a hand, or simply offering a listening ear, she gave of herself without hesitation. Her faith, her strength, and her joy were the quiet glue that held so much together.

To me, she wasn't just Grandma—she was the one who lovingly called me "Deedee." Every time I heard that nickname, it came with a smile, a sense of belonging, and a feeling that I was deeply loved. I will carry that nickname in my heart forever—it was her special way of saying, "I see you, and I love you."

I'm going to miss her hugs, her laughter, and her gentle wisdom. But most of all, I'll miss her voice saying, "Hey Deedee," the way only she could.

Thank you, Grandma, for being a light in this world. Your legacy of love will live on through every life you touched—including mine. Rest well, and know you'll always be with me.

With all my love, Deedee

A Season in Time Through the Life of

Ethel Level-Bennett

Ecclesiastes 3

*To everything there is a season,
A time for every purpose under
heaven.
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to grow, and a time to rest.*

On April 19, 1936, in Delhi, Louisiana, God blessed this world with a precious gift: Ethel Mae Cleveland. Born to Elijah and Betty Lou Cleveland, she was the second of twins, The sixth of sixteen children in a home filled with love and hard work.

As a young girl, Ethel gave her heart to Jesus Christ, and was baptized. She attended school from kindergarten through 12th grade, And continued to work beside her parents and siblings on the family farm.



A Time to Love

In 1951, Ethel stepped into a new season of life when she married her childhood friend, Ennie Lee Level, Sr. Through this sacred union, she became Ethel Level. Together, they were blessed with six precious children.

Later, Ethel and Ennie moved to California, carrying hopes of a brighter future for their family.

In time, life brought new seasons and new blessings.

After many years and life's changes, Ethel found love again—gentle, steady, and kind.

She married Henry Bennett, a devoted partner,
And in this season, she became Ethel Level-Bennett,
Welcoming yet another priceless gift—her daughter, Sophia.





A Time to Serve

Ethel's heart for people led her to the healthcare field, where she began humbly as a Nursing Assistant. But her excellence and compassion lifted her higher, as she became a Lead Assistant and a Trainer of many. Ethel didn't just teach technique; She taught the ministry of care, showing others how to serve with the same compassion that marked her life.

A Time to Enjoy

Ethel loved deeply and lived fully. She was a devoted mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, The heart beat of every family gathering. Holidays and weekends were her treasure, When laughter filled the air and generations gathered around her wisdom.

When the season turned to basketball, Ethel's heart beat in rhythm with the game, Her cheers would rise boldly for the Lakers and then for the Warriors. Her voice carried excitement, and her presence made even a simple game feel like a Celebration.

A Time to Worship

Above all, Ethel loved the Lord.

She served faithfully at Union Baptist Church

Where her prayers moved heaven and her faith inspired many.

She was a spiritual mother,

A warrior who carried others to the throne of grace.

A Time to Rest

On Wednesday, July 16, 2025, at 1:24 in the afternoon,

With her family by her side,

Ethel peacefully answered the call of her Heavenly Father

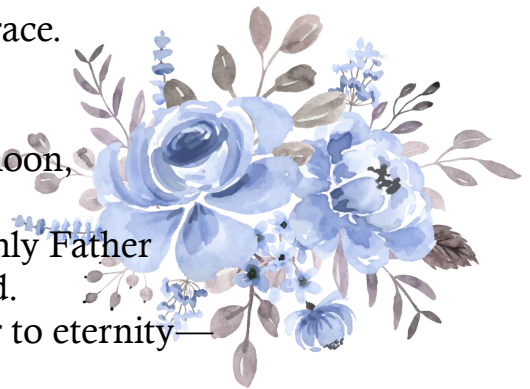
And has gone home to glory to be with her Lord.

She is now reunited with those who welcomed her to eternity—

Her parents, Elijah and Betty Lou,

Her beloved husband, Henry Bennett,

And many brothers and sisters who went before her.



TRIBUTES

Today, we gather in the passing of our beloved Aunt Ethel not to mourn, but to celebrate the incredible light she brought into our lives. Aunt Ethel was a beacon of joy, she was vibrant, full of energy, and always radiating love. Her spunky spirit was something I personally cherished. I can honestly say I never once saw her angry. She had a gift for lifting others with her warmth and presence, and being around her always felt like a breath of fresh air. I left feeling full—spiritually, emotionally, and deeply connected—after spending time with the very roots of my bloodline. There's something sacred about being surrounded by those who carry the same legacy, the same strength, the same history. It fills you in places you didn't even know were empty.

Jeff: I remember when I introduced my wife Edelyn to my Aunt Ethel. My wife said right after we left that she felt welcomed and loved by her into our family. Aunt Ethel's cooking was unbelievable. During the holidays, she would always make sure I had plenty of food as well as leftovers to take home with me. She was a very devout Christian woman who often expressed her love for God and many of our conversation. My heart is deeply broken in her passing, but her joyful spirit will always live on in me.

Laveda: I remember when I first introduced Aunt Ethel to my husband Charles. At the time, we were in the middle of a fast. She didn't ask a single question or raise an eyebrow—she simply smiled and said she understood. She acknowledged that we were putting God first, and she told us how proud she was of us. That was who she was—understanding, supportive, and deeply rooted in faith. I love her for that.

Aunt Ethel was also a passionate fan of basketball, especially when it came to Kobe Bryant. If it was basketball season, you could be sure she was watching. And one thing was for sure—don't interrupt her while Kobe was on the court, and certainly don't speak ill of him unless you wanted a stern talking-to. Her love for Kobe was as fierce as her love for family.

Aunt Ethel will be missed more than words can express. She has now gained her wings, and I can just imagine her smiling as she reunites with loved ones who have gone before—my Dad, Auntie Anna, Auntie Betty, and Aunt Jessie and so on... Aunt Ethel, please give them all a big hug from us. Let them know we carry their memory with us every day.

Now, you are free. No more pain, no more suffering—just peace, light, and love. Rest well, Auntie. We love you deeply, and your spirit will forever remain in our hearts.

Love You Always

Jeff and Laveda Cleveland

To My Wonderful Sister-In-Love and Aunt,

Although I wished for you to stay, our Father in heaven sent for you to come help him pray. I will never be the same without you. I know you whispered, "I finally gained my wings brother!" Only to help you pick at the other cowboys and Indians we used to play. But now we're at the Golden Gates and it's time we pray. Where it all begins heaven and earth. Until the very end I loved you then and I love you now. Please tell my dad and brother that we really miss them even more now. You three are together looking down on us. If you could share with us, you would tell us this place is not that bad. Although we talked on the phone, or by letter the truth of the matter, we could have done better. So, I will forever wait until the day when all our hearts can beat the same way.

Lore Mary and Clara





A Tribute to My Grandmother

* From the Heart of Her Oldest Granddaughter *

There are some people who come into your life
and forever change the course of it—for me, that person was my grandmother.
As her oldest granddaughter, I was blessed to witness firsthand the depth of her love,
the strength of her spirit, and the quiet power of her prayers.
She wasn't just a grandmother to me—she was a guide, a nurturer, and a vessel of God's love on earth.
It was through her that I first met Jesus.
She didn't just talk about Him—she walked with Him.
And by watching her live, serve, and love, I learned what it meant to follow Him too.
I am who I am today because of her example.
She planted seeds of faith in me that have grown into the very foundation of my life.
Her kindness reached far beyond our family, but it was in the everyday moments that I felt her greatest love—her
patience, her laughter, her bold correction, and the way she made you feel like you mattered. She gave without
expecting anything in return, and she loved with a heart wide open. I will carry her lessons with me forever.
I will honor her with how I live. And I will always thank God that I had the privilege of being her granddaughter.
Rest well, Grandma. Until we meet again.

*With Love,
Shannon*

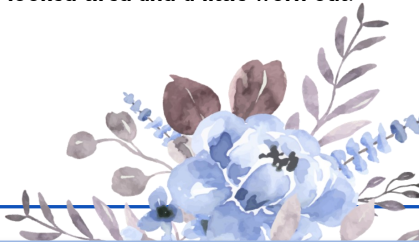
Tribute to My Mother

On July 16, 2025, at approximately 1:15 in the afternoon, our Heavenly Father was out watering flowers in His garden. As He looked around, He noticed that one particular flower had been in His garden for many years. She was always a kind and loving flower. That afternoon, He saw that she looked tired and a little worn out. At that moment, He reached down and picked her up.

"Come With Me, Daughter. Take Your Rest"

That flower was my mother.

Take Your Rest, Mary



"Still Listening"

Grandma—when God introduced you to me, I learned that day
that you alone were force to be reckoned with.
You became one of the most important influences in my life.
If it truly takes a village to raise a child, you were a pillar — a true matriarch.
Your strength, your wisdom, your love—they held so many of us together.
You carried so much on your shoulders, yet your arms were always open.
In the midst of a busy household, you still found time to listen.
Whenever I needed it, you gave me your attention, your care, and your quiet wisdom
—little gems that I still carry with me.
Thank you Grandma for living your testimony; for planting seeds to my salvation.
I love you for life!
Today I still listen to the soulful songs from church that stirs my faith in our Lord.
Songs you loved. Songs that echo your spirit.
As our journey with you here ends and you've gone on to glory, I will miss you deeply,
but I'll still be listening to those songs...and I will think of you every time.

Rest in Paradise Grandma! Love Jennifer

TRIBUTES

The Legacy of Ethel Mae Level-Bennett

LEGACY

Mary Cleveland

Lamar Harrison (Jennifer)

Erika Morrison (Anthony): Autumn Morrison, Anthony Elijah Morrison
Lisa Greene (Larry): Leiana Greene, Londyn Greene
Destiny Harrison

Reginald Oats

Varina Oats
Jaylen Oats
Dontyonna Oats
Zion Oats
Isaiah Oats

Marisa Foreman

Ennie Level, Jr.

DeMon Level (Janette)

DeMon Level, Jr.: Leondre DeShawn Level
Eric Level: Eric Level, Jr., Noah Eli Level, Ryleigh Erica Level
Havyn Level
Shakur Level
Taliyah Level
Alyssa Level

Dimitruis S. Level (Kizzy)

Dimitruis Level, Jr.
Brittany Level
Ashaiana Level
Kianna Level
DaMion Level

Cathy Thomas

Jeremiah Thomas, III

Tyler Thomas
Taylor Thomas

Shanetra Battle (Pastor Sean)

Sanai James, Meya James, Jordan Battle, Chayse Battle, Jayden Battle
Sean Battle, Jr., Korri Battle, Kennedy Battle, Julian Battle

Candace Thomas

Tristan Thomas

William Level

Shannon Level Patterson

Brycen Hammond (Shakila): Braylon Hammond, Nalah Hammond
Destini Hammond: Kaydan Felton, Kyren Hammond, Kallie Felton

Brittany Level

Nichelle Level
Freddie Level
Hulk Level

Paula Mason (Randy)

Angelina Mason

Jared McQuirry, Leila McQuirry

Jasmine Mason Chung (Alex)

Aero Shay Chung

Carol Level

Ashley Smith (Jerry)

Janay Smith

Alisha Earnest (Michael)

Mayson Hanks

Kobe Stancil

Kylie Stancil

Sophia Baker (Charles)

Jordaun Bennett

Collin Baker

PALLBEARERS

Brycen Hammond
Chayse Battle
Collin Baker
DeMon Level
Dimitrius Level
Charles Baker



Jeremiah Thomas
Kobe Stancil
Lamar Harrison
Reginald Oats
Tyler Thomas
Randy Mason

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Antoine Cleveland
Gary Jackson

Edward Cleveland
(Honored Posthumously)
Herman Jackson

Stanley Jamison
Steve Washington

Interment

Greenlawn Memorial Park Southwest
Lakeview Garden
2739 Panama Lane
Bakersfield, California 93313

Repast

(Immediately Following Burial)
People's Missionary Baptist Church
1451 Madison Street
Bakersfield, California 93307

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The family of Ethel Level Bennett would like to express our sincere appreciation to everyone for your kind expression of sympathy.

We are deeply grateful and touched by the tremendous outpouring of love and concern shown to us during this difficult time.

We truly thank and praise God for the strength, peace, and comfort He has showered on us through each of you, our family and friends.

Your support, kindness and thoughtfulness is greatly appreciated and will always be remembered.

The Level Bennett Family

Funeral Entrusted To

Greenlawn Funeral Homes Southwest
2739 Panama Lane
Bakersfield, California 93313



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