

BOUNDEDLESS #3

A vintage-style photograph of a woman in a white, floor-length dress with a lace collar, standing in front of a window with heavy green curtains. She is looking directly at the camera. The image is framed by a white border.

The  
Commemorative  
Issue

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# BULLETIN



**“Remembering Yolanda”**

6 November 2024



# "The Commemorative Issue"

**Dear Rwebel Reader:**

After a long pause, I'm proud to say we're back. Following recent events, I realized the need for a publication like Rwebel and consequently, Boundless, which you are reading now. There are no bounds to the work we are doing and must do, so please excuse our brief interlude.

In this forthcoming issue, it is dedicated to Yolanda Howell. My grandmother, whom we all called Grandmere, recently made her transition tragically and disturbingly. Following her passing, I felt I had to commemorate her beautiful life. This one is for you, Yolanda Terry Davis Howell.

With Love,

*Javanna*



# YOLANDA HOWELL



## BIO

*Date of Birth:*  
**January 12, 1946**

*Age:*  
**78 Years Old**

*Zodiac Sign:*  
**Capricorn**

*Best Known As:*  
**A Baker**

**ABOUT HER**

Yolanda Howell was born to Theodore. She leaves behind two children, Adrienne Plummer and Claudette Edwards and four grandchildren: Justice Plummer, Josiah Plummer, Javanna Plummer, and Micah Edwards.



## FUN FACTS

*Yolanda has baked since she was 10 and has never stopped baking.*

## FAVORITES

 flower    drink    hobby



## MOTTO

**“ A GREAT SOUL SERVES EVERYONE ALL THE TIME. A GREAT SOUL NEVER DIES. IT BRINGS US TOGETHER AGAIN AND AGAIN. ”**

MAYA ANGELOU



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# EDITOR'S NOTE

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“Don’t become the story,” my professors always advised. Yet, here I am. Still, I think it’s something powerful about being able to craft your own narrative, especially when the stories being told about you are incorrect. When it comes to my grandmother, this was sadly true with her passing. For one, I had to beg for media coverage to begin with and then when it came, some things were misreported. So, allow me to set the record straight.



# SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

JAVANNA PLUMMER

## WHO WAS YOLANDA HOWELL?

Yolanda Howell (nee Terry) was born to Daisy Mitchell and Theodore Terry Sr on January 12, 1946, in Chicago, IL. She was one of five children born to this union. Her brothers Theodore Terry Jr. and Calvin Terry preceded her in death, while she is survived by her sister Yvonne Brown and brother Wendell Terry. She also leaves behind two daughters, Adrienne Plummer and Claudette Edwards, and four grandchildren: Justice Plummer, Josiah Plummer, Javanna Plummer, and Micah Edwards.



### Her Heartbreaking Disappearance

On October 8, 2024, Yolanda was seen for the last time. She left her home in the early evening and was seen talking to a mailman before she headed for the forest preserve. For 11 days, family, friends, and supporters searched for her. The Country Club Hills Police Department and adjacent law enforcement agencies exhausted all resources to find her. Her body was discovered on October 19, 2024.

### Clearing The Air

To be clear, her family has never seen her body because it was decomposed beyond recognition. The only way she was identified was through a DNA swab provided to the Cook County Medical Examiner's office. Before she disappeared, her family was preparing caregiving services for her. Unfortunately, she disappeared before a care plan could be put into place.



In the above image, Yolanda is preparing for her wedding to Harold Davis, who would become her first husband and the father of her two daughters. She is 19 at this time. Throughout her life, she carried herself with grace and poise despite the contentious political climate in which she matriculated. After her marriage, she would go on to have a small cake business, work for Illinois Bell, and serve as a community mother on Green Street. She did not remarry until she turned 50 after her daughters graduated college and three of her grandchildren were born. In 2006, she would welcome her last grandchild. Overall, Yolanda had a creative spirit, as seen in the cakes she decorated. She was big on Thanksgiving and Christmas, preparing meals that left no stomach empty. She was also an avid Black Friday shopper, as this day allowed her to buy her grandkids Christmas gifts. Although she has passed on, her spirit lives through the memories she made.



# The Quad

featuring Mz. Ennedigo and Vanna Tha Martian

You don't need a pen to write a  
poem, but you need a heart to  
write one



“Grandmère”  
Mz. Ennedigo





I am her daughter  
Baking since she was the age of 10  
Each teaspoon, each cup,  
Flour, rolling pin,  
just the right touch  
She could sprinkle  
And decorate  
The most fabulous pie or cake  
Cheesecake can you relate  
She even could thread a needle  
Sew an outfit from a pattern  
she bought from Spiegel  
Having you feel so tall and regal  
Mother/Daughter fashion show  
She, me & sis in our Sunday best flow  
Had to have hose, slip, heels  
and dress like a lady  
Head held high  
Strike a pose  
Hearing applause  
from the banquet tables  
Our hair she would do in the kitchen  
Hold your ear so you don't get burnt  
Pressing comb they now call a Silk press  
She would continue the legacy  
Pressing comb, dress for her Grand girls  
And suit for her Grand boy  
They were always so  
Photogenic  
In their latest Sunday outfit  
Holidays were so rad  
Having a feast on the table spread  
Sweet potato pie, peach cobbler  
And white frosting strawberry cake on the counter  
For Christmas my 3 J's  
and their cousin made long lists  
Each year Grandmere gave them a Christmas Blitz  
She'd decorate her house  
Bows and ribbons  
And sparkling tree  
At the dinner table  
Turkey carved, roast beef,  
Greens and macaroni  
Don't forget the dinner roll  
And the Cranberry sauce so nice and cold  
Seeing their auntie millions of pictures  
Telling stories and jokes laughter filled the rafters  
Me, Grandmere, my sister,  
my 3 J's & their cousin  
felt so safe under Grandmere's loving  
Oh such good times we had with Grandmere

# *“Grandmere”*

*By: Mz. Ennedigo*

TIL COVID brought the drear  
She didn't allow us inside for fear  
Catching the COVID germ myster  
Couple of years before we came inside  
We noticed a change in her eyes  
With love in our heart  
We did her hair, bought her jogging suits; Christmas and Birthday  
cards  
For all she did for us  
We wanted to now do for her  
The day I heard she was missing  
Heart skipped a beat  
No this could not be happening  
Had just seen her earlier in the week  
Took her to a skin doctor she had a biopsy  
My aunt & I bought her home  
She ate a cupcake and a taco  
We started reminiscing  
She started to smile  
Remembering the story  
I noticed she had grown tired  
Encouraged her to lie down we said see you later  
I say that day she was at peace  
Even though now she has her wings  
Let us always remember  
she loved the finer things





# “Yolanda”

Vanna Tha Martian

I 'm barren  
as I 'm  
bearing the  
loss of my  
other  
mother.

You know I  
loved you  
from afar.

I loved  
that car -  
the Black  
one.

Nissan, I  
think.

I loved  
putting my  
head under  
the sink as  
you poured  
from the  
green cup.



Yup, I'm sad.

You were Mom and Dad for two generations.

In our last conversation, you laughed. You have no idea your impact.

Your wisdom  
keeps me intact

-  
I am not whole  
without you.

They forgot  
about you, but  
how could I?

You never saw  
me cry, so I'll  
try to be  
strong in this  
song -

the melody of Yolanda.  
Kinda sounds like Javanna.  
Could it be - our souls are in sync?



No Justin Timberlake 'cause you probably still hate him even beyond.

You were fond of Janet, Michael, Prince, and Luther.

As long as it's not rap.

I never got that.

Maybe I never will.



I'll never heal, but I'll grow.

And I hope you know how proud I am you were created with the courage to unlearn all of their hatred.

I am because of you.

Love you.

~ Vanna



THE PEN  
HOUSE

# From the Family



Yolanda Howell, 1946-2024, was a baker and a caregiver. She was a mother to many - not just her two daughters. She was a community mother. In this section, you will hear from her eldest daughter Adrienne Plummer and her grandkids Justice and Josiah Plummer.

## How do you want her to be remembered?

- Adrienne: I want her to be remembered as the lady who made everything she encountered and touched beautiful.
- Justice: I want Grandmere to be remembered as someone who was a protector and not selfish.
- Josiah: As a loving person who enjoyed baking, spending time with her family and living a structured and prosperous life.

## What is your favorite family memory?

- Adrienne: My favorite memories of Grandmere are sitting around the Thanksgiving and Christmas table.
- Justice: My second favorite memory family memory is of me and my siblings making/collecting ornaments and then helping Grandmere put up the decorations for Christmas.
- Josiah: How she would always say “You driving like you in the Indy 500” whenever I was driving.

## How do you feel now that we have closure?

- Adrienne: I am comforted in knowing she can rest easy. I believe in her mind she knew things had changed.
- Justice: I feel that Grandmere is at peace and in a safe place. I feel that she is watching over each of us to remind us not to be greedy and to always listen to the signs of life.
- Josiah: At peace but still broken because healing is an ongoing, unpredictable process and the smallest thing could remind me of her.

# Photobook: In Loving Memory

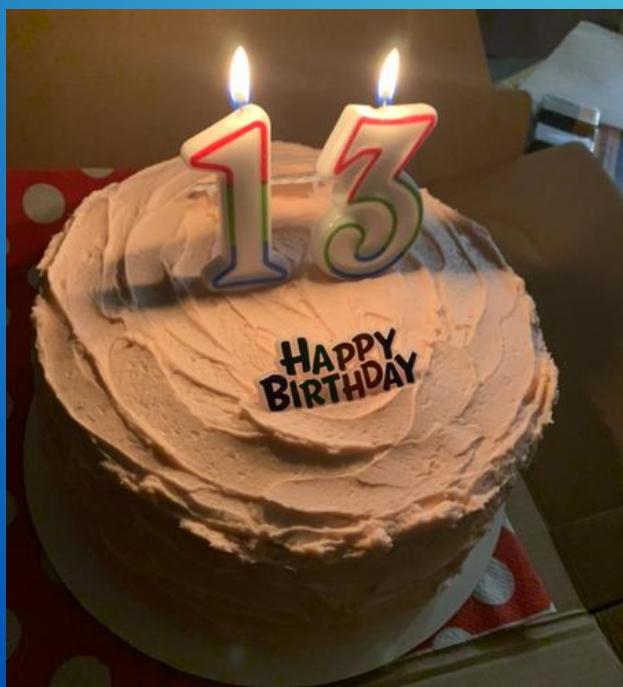


Pictures are worth 1,000 words, and they are still insufficient in capturing Grandmere's life. But they serve as a warm reminder of the woman she was.

# Then and Now: Her Wedding and Her Daughter's Wedding



# Her Cakes



# Grandmere at Graduations



2018



1994



2018



2019

# Her smile and style



Grandmere loved a french roll. It was one of her signature styles. It embodied her elegance and regality to the fullest extent.



• REMEMBERING •  
**YOLANDA HOWELL**  
12 JANUARY 1946 TO 8 OCTOBER 2024