

OBITUARY

Angela Marie Cunningham Bateman was born on September 8, 1962, in Americus, Georgia, where she was also raised. She was the devoted daughter of Mary Cunningham, who survives her, and the late James Frederick.

Angela transitioned from this life on March 18, 2026, at Emory University Hospital in Decatur, Georgia, surrounded by love. In her final moments, she was not alone. She was surrounded by her daughter Lauren Bateman, her sister Celena Watson, her brother Donald Cunningham, her sister-in-law Nanette Cunningham, and her nieces Melanie Cunningham and Kamil Francis. Her transition was also witnessed with love and honor by her daughter Johnna Bateman Logan and her loving niece, Latoya Lee.

Angela was preceded in death by her husband, John Davis Bateman, with whom she shared 23 years of marriage, as well as her brothers Tony Cunningham and Daryl Frederick. She leaves to cherish her memory her loving daughters, Lauren Bateman and Johnna Bateman Logan. Her beloved grandchildren – Marcellus Porter, Nathan Porter, Luke Porter, Bently Logan, Blake Logan, and Brody Logan; and her son-in-law, James Logan. a large and loving family of siblings, including her sisters Vernetta Barber, Celena Watson, and Renee Marshall, Ella Wakefield, Tammy Walker, Catherine Roberson, Jane Zene and her brothers Donald Cunningham, Michael Cunningham, James “*Zip*” Cunningham, David Frederick, and Timothy Cunningham, along with a host of nieces, nephews, extended family members, and loved ones.

Angela Marie Cunningham Bateman was a woman full of life; vibrant, bold, and unforgettable. She was truly the life of the party, always doing something, always involved, always moving, and always connected to people in a meaningful way. She had a natural ability to bring others together and create moments that people would remember. Creative, organized, and resourceful, Angela had a way of making things come together. If something was needed, she either already had it or found a way to make it happen. She was known for thinking ahead, bringing what others forgot, and making sure everything came together beautifully. Through her passion for creating and celebrating others, she founded *Events, Etc.*, not for profit, but simply out of a love for people and a desire to serve.

Her life reflected a true servant’s heart. Angela did not wait to be asked; she simply showed up. Whether visiting someone in the hospital, helping plan an event, designing programs, or supporting others in meaningful ways, she gave of herself freely. She honored people through her actions, her time, and her presence.

Angela was highly educated and deeply committed to her personal and professional growth. She graduated from **Americus High School in Sumter County**, and went on to earn her **Bachelor’s degree from Georgia Southwestern State University**. She later obtained a **Master’s degree from the University of West Georgia**, and continued her academic journey at **Columbus State University**, where she earned her **Specialist degree**. Angela also pursued advanced studies in counseling, further reflecting her passion for guiding and supporting others.

For over 20 years, she dedicated herself as an educator, pouring into the lives of young people, especially middle and high school students. Later, she transitioned into counseling, continuing her passion for guiding others, giving advice, and speaking into people's lives with wisdom, courage, and truth.

Angela was known for her bold personality. She asked questions, spoke her mind, and carried a presence that could not be ignored. She was loving, generous, kind, and thoughtful, yet strong, direct, and unapologetically herself. She had a way of making people think, laugh, and sometimes even feel uncomfortable, but always in a way that left an impact. She loved life deeply. She loved people, she loved to laugh, and she found joy in playing games and spending time connecting with others. She especially loved playing cards and could spend hours doing so. Angela had many friends, truly many, and maintained relationships that reflected the love and connection she carried throughout her life.

Angela was also deeply devoted to her family. Not only did she constantly pour into her children and grandchildren; but she thoroughly poured into her nieces and nephews in ways that were memorable and meaningful. Making sure they always felt loved, seen, and supported.

Her life was rooted in her faith in Jesus Christ. She was not a perfect woman, but she was a believing woman who never gave up on her faith. No matter what she faced, she continued to trust God. She was a longtime member of New Birth Missionary Baptist Church, later a member of Berean Christian Church, and in her later years attended Living Way World Church in Covington, Georgia alongside her daughter, where she experienced the presence of the Holy Spirit in a personal and transformative way.

Angela's faith was not just something she spoke; it was something she lived. She was a forgiver. She believed in reconciliation, in keeping her heart open, and in working things out. She did not allow unforgiveness to take root but instead chose to walk in love. She did not need a title or position to serve God, because she lived *as the church* throughout her life, serving people, showing up for others, and using her gifts to bless those around her.

She taught her daughters foundational truths that would shape their lives. She taught us to not seek validation from people, to walk in purpose, and to honor others. Though those lessons were not always fully understood at the time, they became anchors later in life.

Her greatest spiritual legacy, as I can personally testify as her daughter, Johnna Bateman Logan, is the garden of faith she planted, watered, and nurtured. My mother did not just speak faith. She sowed it. She sowed it in her words, in her correction, in her love, in her prayers, and in the way she lived her life before me. She planted seeds in me when I did not even understand what she was doing, and she watered those seeds over the years, consistently, intentionally, and faithfully.

And those seeds took root. They grew. They became something real.

In seasons when she needed something; encouragement, hope, strength, or faith – she was able to come back and draw from what she had already sown. She came back to the garden she had planted, to the place where she had poured, where she had watered, and where she had spoken life. What she had sown was still there. It was alive and it was producing.

I am that garden. I am a witness of what she planted. I am a witness that what she poured did not fall to the ground. It grew. And when she needed it, she was able to receive from it. What she planted in me continues to live, continues to speak, and continues to grow. I can only speak for myself *that even now*, her faith is still producing fruit through my life.

In her final months, Angela entered a special and tender season. She became gentle, childlike, and deeply precious. A reflection of spiritual transformation. Though the journey was not easy, it was an honor for her family to care for her during this time. Even in her pain, Angela never stopped trusting God.

One of the deepest desires of her heart in her final days was to see her mother. Her longing reflected the depth of her love, a love that remained constant regardless of circumstances.

Angela was a woman of faith, a woman of love, and a woman who endured. She was a champion. one who overcame, who continued to believe, and who left a legacy that will continue to live on.