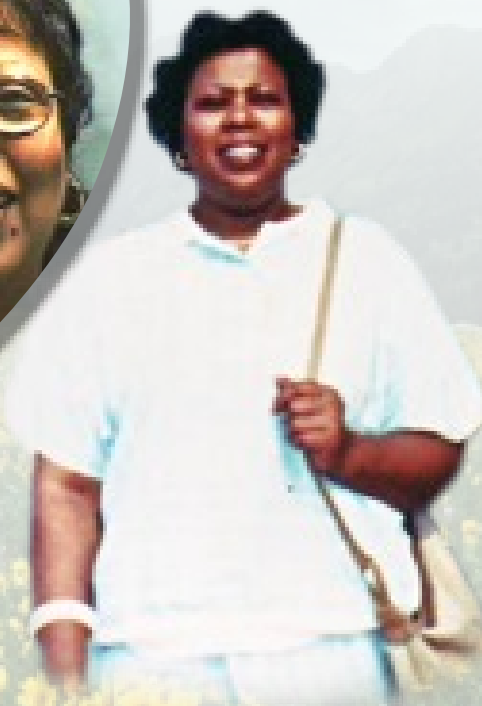


*In Loving Memory  
of*



*Geraldine Womack*

**Sunrise**

*January 22, 1947*

**Sunset**

*July 15, 2011*

Friday July 22, 2011 - 11:00 a.m.

**GREATER FRIENDSHIP BAPTIST CHURCH**

84 Custer Ave. • Newark, New Jersey

*Rev. John T. Teabout, Officiating*

# Mother To Son

-by Langston Hughes-

Well, son, I'll tell you:  
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.  
It's had tacks in it,  
And splinters,  
And boards torn up,  
And places with no carpet on the floor --  
Bare.  
But all the time  
I've been a-climbin' on,  
And reachin' landin's,  
And turnin' corners,  
And sometimes goin' in the dark  
Where there ain't been no light.  
So boy, don't you turn back.  
Don't you set down on the steps  
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.  
Don't you fall now --  
For I've still goin', honey,  
I've still climbin',  
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.



## *Reflections of Life*

*Geraldine Womack was born on January 22, 1947 and departed this life on July 15, 2011.*

*Geraldine was the third child of the late Thelma and Clarence Wright. She was educated in the NPS System, Monmouth Street School and South Side High School (MX Shabazz) and studied at Bloomfield College. She was noted for her academics in Language Arts and literacy and was an avid reader. She volunteered to teach literacy to adults in her spare time which she adored.*

*In the late sixties, Geraldine met and married Herbert Womack and from this union two children were born. She was a devoted mother, valued her family and took her roles in life very seriously. She was known for her seafood gumbo and believed after eating her gumbo things would be better.*

*Geraldine was a devoted member of Greater Friendship Baptist Church and an active member of the Usher Board. She was also a member of the "Go On Girl" Book Club, Chapter #4. She served on these committees with dignity and grace. She exemplified great leadership and dedication to inspire others. To know her was to love her because of her winning smile and her way with all people.*

*Geraldine was a dutiful employee at PSE&G, Orange Memorial Hospital and at the time of her demise she was employed at Merck.*

*Geraldine was preceded in death by her parents, Thelma and Clarence Wright, her sisters, Sandra Muhammad, Barbara Wright, Carolyn Thompson and her brother, Clarence Wright, Jr.*

*A loving daughter, sister, auntie, mother, grandmother, great grandmother and friend to all. Geraldine Womack leaves to cherish her son, Ras-Omar Kush; her daughter, Toi Womack; daughter-in-law, Nzilani Terry Kush; five grandchildren, Tai Clark, Tanisha Womack, Makonnen, Maryam and Meru Kush; one great granddaughter, Meagan Johnson; three sisters, Adelaide Gatewood, Stacie Wright and Eileen Hatcher; and a long host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.*



# *Order of Service*

## **Prelude**

*Clergy & Family*

## **Processional**

*Clergy & Family*

## **Prayer of Comfort**

## **Scripture Reading**

*Old Testament*

*New Testament*

## **A Poem Selection**

*"Mother to Son" - Rosalind Chambers*

*(by Langston Hughes)*

## **Selection**

*Tanya Rouse*

## **Acknowledgments/Obituary**

*Rosalind Chambers*

## **Special Remarks**

*(2 minutes each please)*

## **A Poem Selection**

*"Phenomenal Woman" - Rosalind Chambers*

*(by Maya Angelou)*

## **Eulogy**

*Rev. John T. Teabout*

## **Recessional**

### **Interment**

*Rosedale Cemetery*

*Linden, New Jersey*

# Phenomenal Woman

*Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.*

*I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size  
But when I start to tell them,  
They think I'm telling lies. I say, It's in the reach of my arms  
The span of my hips, The stride of my step, The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman Phenomenally. Phenomenal woman, That's me.*

*I walk into a room Just as cool as you please, And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees. Then they swarm around me,  
A hive of honey bees. I say, It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth, The swing in my waist, And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman Phenomenally. Phenomenal woman, That's me.*

*Men themselves have wondered What they see in me.  
They try so much But they can't touch  
My inner mystery. When I try to show them  
They say they still can't see. I say,  
It's in the arch of my back, The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts, The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman Phenomenally. Phenomenal woman, That's me.*

*Now you understand Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing It ought to make you proud.  
I say, It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair, the palm of my hand, The need of my care,  
'Cause I'm a woman Phenomenally. Phenomenal woman, That's me.*

*By Maya Angelou*

## Acknowledgement

*Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.  
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.  
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.  
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.  
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.*

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