

In Loving Memory of

A portrait of an elderly woman with short, light-colored hair, wearing glasses and a blue necklace. She is smiling slightly. A large yellow rose is positioned in front of her, partially obscuring her chest. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green and white.

Beatrice Connell

Sunrise
June 22, 1928

Sunset
August 27, 2011

Service

Friday, September 2, 2011 - 12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue
New York, NY 10027

Rev. Lee Arrington, Officiating
Marvin Hadley, Organist

Obituary

(TGL) “The Great Lady” The Legend of the Dash

All of us have seen headstones that stated something like “In Loving Memory of Our Beloved Mother”, June 22, 1929 – August 27, 2011. But how many of us recognize that every relationship, every deed done for good or for evil, every well intentioned thought or gesture, every service rendered to God or man, are all represented in the **DASH**.

The **DASH** is simple unassuming and without much fanfare, but included in it is the loving memories that we have all come here to remember, to cherish, and to celebrate. Our celebrant is Beatrice Jones-Thompson-Connell. **TGL** was preceded in death by both parents, and marked many of our conversations with imitations of her beloved mother. She was the widow of two husbands, who preceded her in death. **TGL** was the eldest of eight children and was preceded in death by two of her brothers. **TGL** was the mother of three children; her baby girl preceded her in death and had the pleasure of embracing her on arrival into the presence of the Lord on August 27, 2011. **TGL** was the grandmother of five grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, and was an inspiration to a host of nieces, nephews, grand nieces, and grand nephews, as well as great-grand nieces and nephews. While service in the **DASH**, **TGL** developed a number of enduring and mutually enriching relationships that resulted in a fabric of relationships bonded together by blood, and by emotional bonding; by compassion, as well as, passion; by nurturing, sharing pain, overcoming despair, and transmitting joy to those overwhelmed by sorrow; by bearing burdens with those who needed to have someone come along side, will to share their burden without any expectation of reward or compensation.

In the context of our culture, if you are unrecognized by the media then you are without significant worth; but this lady, though invisible to the media, loomed large in the consciousness of those she loved, and those who loved her. To know her was to love her; to love her was to honor her; and to honor her was like putting an exclamation mark on your own success. What **TGL** lacked in formal education, she more than made up in wisdom. What **TGL** lacked materially she compensated for in service to others, many invested enough to discover the glory of her essence. **TGL** was a hard worker who was loyal, diligent, and above all, caring. If you dug a little deeper you would discover that **TGL** was also stubborn, hard headed and courageous. Yet it was this symphony of characteristics that resulted in such a diverse fabric of people who present or separated share our loss.

The certainty of death’s victory was sure, but the power of the **DASH** affected, and perhaps infected us to a point where her memory will lord over her death, and the **LENGEND OF THE DASH** will echo down through generations of family and friends and replace the sting of death with the vivid recollections of **THE GREAT LADY’S** overcoming challenges in her life and in the lives of those she impacted. **TGL** preached that “freedom ain’t free” and that the cost of freedom in this society begins with a good education. Her lack of education resulted in the legacy of her children being college graduates and college bound. Degrees are platforms to compete and to service independently and that is what motivated her and drove us. **TGL** was always will to share what she had and that act of caring, sharing and serving, are the pillars that support the motivation for every thread of this human quilt that encompasses us all. I know that God loves us because He gifted us with **THE GREAT LADY** during her moments in the **DASH**.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Eulogy Rev. Lee Arrington

Selection

Committal

Viewing

Recessional



Interment

Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York

The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.*

-Author unknown



Acknowledgement

The family wishes to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for your kindness during a time of sorrow.



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