

*Home Going Celebration for
Joyce E. Bryan*



Sunrise
April 8, 1927



Sunset
October 4, 2011

Saturday, October 15, 2011 - 9:00 a.m.

TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH
218 Passaic Street • Hackensack, NJ 07601

Bishop Leslie E. Fougha, Officiating

Grace Pentecostal Tabernacle of New Jersey
427 11th Ave • Paterson, NJ 07514

Obituary

Joyce Elizabeth Epsilyn Bryan Nee Brown eighty-four years of age, died in the Preakness Health Center in Wayne, New Jersey on Tuesday, October 4, 2011.

Joyce was born on April 8, 1927 in the Parish of St. Mary in Jamaica, W.I. to the late Eththy Burton. Her father having migrated to Cuba was never heard from again. Her mother took her home to St. Elizabeth where she grew and attended school. At the age of thirteen, her mother died and the struggles of her life began, when one of her aunts decided to raise her.

Joyce was unable to cope with what was life for her in St. Elizabeth, at the age of fourteen she moved to Kingston. Not knowing anyone in Kingston, life was not much better only that was now making the decision, she seek and gained employment as a domestic helper. Somewhere during this period she gave birth to four boys, Rupert, George, Herman and Errol but for her the struggles only intensified. Once again she decided it was time to move on, by now she was in her 20's. She got a break when she met and subsequently married the late Lacelue Bryan and got yet another son, Leroy. Over the years, they moved to various sections of the Grater Kingston area, East, West, North and South, constantly following the jobs she could find until she landed a job at the (J.P.I) Jamaica Packing Industries as a Machine Operator standing all day making cardboard boxes, then coming home to cook, wash, iron and clean, making sure her family was cared for, and never complaining. So for some time we settled in Treng Town.

Joyce had a pleasant personality, quiet by nature, caring and giving to all, making life long friends along her travel. One of her passions was to bring home (for want of a better word) strays, where ever she went and saw someone without a home she would bring them home, sometimes even paying them for chores they may do. She would cook and either send or take food to people she thought was unable to or did not have the means to do it themselves. She yearned for and one could say was constantly searching for the daughter she never had, so when I took home my daughter, Susan at four months old to her, I did not have to ask her to care for her, because from that moment on Susan was no longer my daughter but hers. When my brother, George took his wife to be Yvonne to meet her it was the beginning of yet another mother daughter relationship. Yvonne introduced her mother to her Verginia Tyrill and another life long friendship was forged. The Tyrills migrated to the U.S.A. and not long after she came on a visit and never looked back but once again she found unhappiness because she had left her baby Susan behind. She worked tirelessly to find the means to get her here, she finally did and only then did she begin to work to bring the rest of her family here.

I cannot say I knew when she found Jesus but once again she thought He needed a home so she gave Him one in her heart. She lost her husband in 1988 but life continued for her. Sickness began to plague her, it was one or another, Diabetes, Glcoma, Thyroid, Hearth, the list goes on. She finally lost the fight or one could say won the battle as she for once was taken home by her Lord.

Joyce, Nanna, Nannie, Brownie, Miss Epsy, Sister Bryan, Grandma, the many names by which she was known will be long remembered and sadly missed. She left behind: three sons, George, Herman and Leroy; twenty-two grandchildren; nineteen known great grandchildren; nieces, nephews, uncles; and a host of other families, friends and other relatives.

May Her Soul Rest In Peace.

Order of Service

Processional	Ministers & Family
Opening Sentence	
Opening Hymn	‘No Tears In Heaven’
Invocation	Minister Douglas Myrie
Scripture Readings	
Ecclesiastes 3:1-8	Susan Clair (granddaughter)
Psalm 90:1-12	Christopher Clair (grandson)
1 Corinthians 15:50-58	Melissa Clare (great granddaughter)
Selection	CTM
Special Tribute	Bishop Asa Hall Bishop Dell Foster Deacon Byron Myrie Rev. Randolph Scott
Congregational Song	“The Last Mile Of The Way”
Selection	Cheldon Clare (grandson)
Poem	Susan Clair
Obituary	Herman Clare (son)
Remembrance	Leroy Bryan (son) George Clare (son)
Congregational Song	“This Is Like Heaven To Me”
Message	Bishop Leslie Fougha
Prayer of Comfort	Evadne Ruddock
	Graveside
Song	“Shall We Gather At The River”
Committal	Bishop Leslie Fougha
Prayer & Benediction	

Interment

*Hackensack Cemetery
Hackensack, New Jersey*

Psalm 23

The Lord is My Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Acknowledgement

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

Professional Services Entrusted To:

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