

*Home Going
Celebration
for*



Diane V. Brown Stith

Sunrise
April 2, 1959

Sunset
July 24, 2012

Service

Monday, July 30, 2012 - 12:00 Noon

ST. MARK'S FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH

669 South 11th Street • Newark, NJ

Pastor Raimeir H. Clay, Officiating

Obituary



Diane Valerie Brown Stith was born on April 2, 1959 in Newark, New Jersey. She was the daughter of the late Jimmie Simms and Corrine Brown.

She at a very early age attended St. Mark's Freewill Baptist Church. Diane (Val) sang in the youth choir.

She received her formal education in Newark Public School system, graduating from West Side High in 1979.

She was employed at Newark Board of Education and Partnership for People for twenty-five years. Diane was a hard working person and truly loved the children she worked with. She was not just our mom, but a mom to many others.

Diane was a very independent woman. She raised her four children to adulthood and they all became contributing members of society. She was a serious minded mother who believed in discipline. Even though she was firm her children knew that she loved them unconditionally. Diane was a very strong woman that held our family together. She was our rock. She was a very funny and generous person that will truly be missed.

She leaves to cherish her memory: her three daughters, Germani Brown, Tamika Brown-Wesley (Michael) and Shante Brown; one son, Alshahiem Brown; her grandchildren, Marquise Brown, Sabriya, Milan, and Skylar Wesley all of Newark; a loving sister, Linda Walden (Robert) of Durham, North Carolina; brother, Kevin Brown of Newark, NJ; her nephew, Andre Walden of Durham, North Carolina; two sisters-in-law, Debbie, and Thelma Stith; one brother-in-law, Ricky Stith; one father-in-law, William Stith; and a dedicated cousin, Lisa of Newark, NJ; and a host of other relatives and friends.

Diane V. Brown Stith joins in eternity her husband, Glenn L. Stith.

Mean Moms

We had the meanest mother in the world!

While other kids ate candy for breakfast, we had to have cereal, eggs and toast. When others had a Pepsi and a Twinkie for lunch, we had to eat sandwiches. And you can guess our mother fixed us a dinner that was different from what other kids had, too.

Mother insisted on knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were convicts in a prison. She had to know who our friends were and what we were doing with them. She insisted that if we said we would be gone for an hour, we would be gone for an hour or less.

We were ashamed to admit it, but she had the nerve to break the Child Labor Laws by making us work. We had to wash the dishes, make the beds, learn to cook, vacuum the floor, do the laundry and all sorts of cruel jobs. I think she would lie awake at night thinking of more things for us to do.

She always insisted on us telling the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth. By the time we were teenagers, she could read our minds.

Then life was really tough! Mother wouldn't let our friend just honk the horn when they drove up. They had to come up to the door so she could meet them.

While everyone else could date when they were twelve or thirteen, we had to wait until we were sixteen.

Because of our mother we missed out on lots of things other kids experienced. None of us have ever been caught shoplifting, vandalizing other's property, or ever arrested for any crime. It was all her fault.

Now that we have left home, we are all God fearing, educated, honest adults. We are doing our best to be mean parents just like Mom was, I think that's what's wrong with the world today.

It just doesn't have enough mean moms anymore.

Order of Service

Musical Prelude Organist

Processional Clergy and Family

Opening Hymn “Eye’s On The Sparrow”

Scripture Reading Rev. Rahsshard Dwight
Old Testament
New Testament

Prayer of Comfort Pastor Lester Wormley

Solo Sandra Noel

Acknowledgements

Reflections

Special Tribute Sabriya Wesley

Obituary Angela Treadwell

Eulogy Pastor Raimeir H. Clay

Recessional

Interment

Fairmount Cemetery
Newark, New Jersey

Miss Me But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown

Love You

We smile because you're our mother
We laugh because there is nothing you can do about it

Love,
Germani, Tamika, Shante & Al

You will always hold a special part in my heart.
You was there when I thought my world had ended. I
know Ann is smiling as she stands in the doorsteps of
Heaven. You will truly be missed Auntie.

Love,
Paula Leak-Jones
& Family

To My Other Mother

In the time that I have known you,
You've earned a splendid place in my heart
As if we were together
Right from the start
So I'm proud to say
To my other mother,
I'm glad we're together because
We're meant for each other

I love you Mommy
Candy

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.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
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