



Going Home Service for

Mrs. Aretha Estick

Sunrise
June 9, 1919

Sunset
August 3, 2012

Service

Friday, August 10, 2012 - 10:00 a.m.

ST. AUGUSTINE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

838 East 165th Street
Bronx, New York 10459

Rev. Albert E. Sutton, Officiating
Prof. Tyrone Patrick, Organist

Order of Service

Organ Prelude Prof. Tyrone Patrick

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Old Testament

New Testament

Invocation

Remarks/Acknowledgement

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy Rev. Albert E. Sutton

Committal/Benediction

Final Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Calverton National Cemetery

Calverton, New York

Reflections of Life

Mrs. Aretha Parker-Estick was born June 9, 1919, daughter of the late Johnnie Garfield Parker and Rosetta Porter, in Murfreesboro, North Carolina. She was called home to be with the Lord on August 3, 2012.

She moved to New York City where she met and married Albert Estick. They lived together in Harlem, NY for over fifty years until he passed away in 1999.

Their home was always full of family and friends all weekend. You could always count on them for a great meal and sound advice.

She is survived by: her two children, Edward Parker and Rosetta Lassiter; one brother, Sherman Vaughn; five sisters, Ruby Mae McKnight, Jessie Mae Holden, Bernice Hardy, Anita Britt and Maggie Marie Vaughn; one son-in-law, Acie Lassiter; five grandsons, Michael Lassiter, Larry Porter, Acie Lassiter, Jr., Charles Lassiter and Edward Parker, Jr.; two granddaughters, Doristine Williams and Sylvia Parker-Jones; eight great grandchildren, Melvyn Kevon Williams, Tasha Porter, Walter Lassiter, Michael Anthony Lassiter, Jr., Brittany Lassiter, Shannon Porter, Alan Jones, III and Taylor Jones; of course there are a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives, adopted grandchildren and friends who will also miss her dearly.

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 and every one of us
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.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss me-but let me go.*

Acknowledgement

*The family wishes to express their deepest appreciation and
sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them in their
time of sorrow.*

Professional Services Provided By
HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME

984 Prospect Ave.
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