

*In Loving Memory of*

*Dorothy E. Williams*

*Sunrise*  
January 9, 1922

*Sunset*  
September 22, 2012

Service

Saturday, September 29, 2012 - 4:00 p.m.

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

## Obituary

Our Beloved Mother “**Dorothy Elizabeth Adelaide Williams**” was born on the blessed day of Sunday, January 9, 1922 to Walter Henry Williams and Dorothy Phipps Williams. She was the youngest of two children of this union, and shared her childhood with her brother, Walter Williams. Born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, Dorothy graduated high school in 1940 with honors as a professional seamstress and tailor. She was a self-taught carpenter and operator (one who makes and upholsters furniture), and built the furniture and toys in her children’s nursery school. She later returned to school and furthered her education and became a certified bookkeeper, which was her occupation until she retired.

After she was separated from her husband, she was also forced to leave her job because of a serious illness, and with three school age daughters to raise alone, she had no recourse but to go on Welfare to survive. Dorothy was a pioneer with an entrepreneurial spirit and with that spirit she pulled us all “up by the bootstraps” and took a course at the Small Business Administration and opened her own business - “Dorothy’s Record Shop” in 1966 in Harlem, NY. Along with her oldest daughter, Margo, they gutted and remodeled the record shop with their own hands. Her personal experience and success with her own business parlayed into a partnership in a wholesale record distributorship - Hitsville Corporation - that serviced the Harlem community.

Dorothy also made Harlem her home, where she raised her four children, a son and three daughters, Benjamin Franklin Williams, Jr., known to all as Frank; Margo Annette Williams, Lynn Louise Williams (who later became Zakiyyah Sabree Madyun) and LaVerne Jennifer Williams. As a mother she led by example and taught her children to be respectful, compassionate and independent thinkers. She was always there to encourage them and support their every dream and whim. In her humanitarian spirit, she volunteered for many years for the March of Dimes, and took us around with her to collect Dimes for the Cause. She loved and supported all her children’s friends as well, and took other kids in the Projects on trips along with her own children. When we were outside playing dodge-ball and double-dutch, she was either throwing the ball or turning rope for us. When one of us joined a singing group, she made our outfits. She coordinated regular trips to the beach, and grabbed a few kids and took us all.

She taught us to always follow our dreams and to have the tenacity to never give up no matter what life hands you. As the saying goes, “if all you have is lemons then make lemonade!” And she always saw to it that we had us some lemonade. As a Jack of All Trades, she taught us and all our friends various skills and always encouraged us to be better. Her positive and pleasant spirit was unwavering to the very end.

She leaves behind: her beloved daughters, the oldest, Margo Williams, Zakiyyah Madyun, the one in the middle, and the baby, LaVerne Williams; her oldest boy, Benjamin Williams predeceased her some seventeen years ago; six grandchildren, Victoria Williams, Benjamin Williams, Lynnette Taylor (who predeceased her two years ago is waiting to embrace her Beloved Grandmother in Heaven), Tanya White, Alexander White, Donald Richardson and Michael Williams; fourteen great grandchildren, three great great grandchildren; and a host of extended family members, dear friends and associates.

Ma, also affectionately known as Gammy, known that we will always love you. Our Love for You will never wither with time, nor will the lessons you taught us, for WE ARE YOUR LEGACY.

# Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

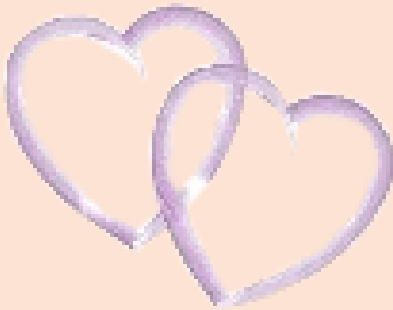
Committal

Viewing

Recessional

## **Final Disposition**

Oxford Hills Crematory  
Chester, New York



## *Don't*

Don't spend too much  
time in mourning,  
Tears are for the sad;  
I left to be with Jesus  
And this should make you glad.  
Don't waste your hours in grieving,  
No need to feel distress;  
I'm tired of life's frustrations  
And had to get some rest.  
Don't puzzle yourself with questions  
Or try to reason why  
Life here for me was ended,  
It came my time to die.  
Don't lose the love I gave you  
Feed it with your care;  
Grow it with devotion  
And spread it everywhere.  
Don't fret because my leaving  
Came in such a way;  
We'll have another meeting  
In God's eternal day.

-Author unknown

## *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.*



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