A portrait of an elderly African American woman with short, curly grey hair, wearing glasses, a white top, and a gold necklace. She is smiling slightly. The background of the entire page is a soft-focus image of yellow tulips with green leaves.

*The
Homegoing
Celebration
for*

Elizabeth Stanley
"Mommy"

Sunrise
March 11, 1936

Sunset
March 30, 2013

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

St. John 14:1-3

Service

Saturday, April 13, 2013 - 9:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY

Pastor Author Anthony Harris, Officiating

Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

Obituary

We pause today to pay tribute and to bid farewell to rare flower that has been plucked from the garden of life; A loving mother, grandmother, great grandmother, friend and cousin.

Elizabeth (Liz) Stanley was born in Charleston, South Carolina to proud parents, Rosa Wilson and Edmond Frasier on March 11, 1936.

Elizabeth attended elementary and high school in South Carolina. She graduated from Burk High School. After graduation she moved to Harlem, New York. Elizabeth was a Homemaker and taking care of her children.

Elizabeth and James (Daddy-O) Stanley were join in marriage this union produced five children.

She was preceded in death by her daughter, Dorothy and granddaughter, Tiffany.

Elizabeth was faithful member at Rescue Baptist Church for years. She was very active. She joined the usher board. Elizabeth was so devoted to Rescue Baptist Church.

Elizabeth was devoted to her family. She touched many lives and will be missed.

She leaves to cherish her memories: her loving children, Elton Maxwell, Jacob Maxwell, Stephan Maxwell and Lori Moon; one granddaughter, Stephanie Perry; son-in-law, Jonathan Moon; one brother, Joseph Wilson; sister-in-law, Catherine Scott; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, relatives, friends and special friends, Margaret Lawson, Phyllis Perkin, Johnny Porch and Wendy Breckenridge.



Order of Service

Processional

“When We All Get To Heaven”

Scripture

By Ms. Shakanna Scott

Invocation

Solo

Ms. Yvonne Thomas

Mr. Timothy Deas

Resolution

Selection

Tributes (2 min)

Acknowledgements

Selection

Obituary

Solo

Eulogy

Pastor Author Anthony Harris

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Maple Grove Cemetery
Hackensack, New Jersey

To My Mother

Hey old girl I love you mommy. Its so hard for your children. Because you left to be with the Lord, that's ok you made your peace with the Lord. You go girl Rest, Rest mommy your children know you're at peace. Mommy you always called the shots. Mommy you was always a mother to us God knows that. A good grandmother and great grandmother. God gave us seventy-seven years, what a blessing. Mommy you was my second baby I was glad to do what you asked me to do. You have your sons doing for you, they love that. They always said mommy is the boss. She use to tell them what she wanted and know what she wanted. I would be sitting in my room laughing at them. Mommy I miss talking late nite with you and laughing. You were always talking about down south. One thing you loved your family. Mommy your children knew you were ready to go with the Lord. Mommy we are so happy to see you at peace. Rest mommy your children will be ok. You always said please take care of yourself and we will.

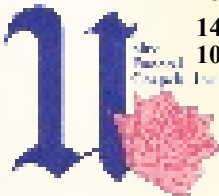
*Love you Mommy Always Your Children
Elton, Jacob, Stephan and Lori*

Acknowledgement

The family wishes to thank their many relatives and friends for their kind expressions of sympathy during this difficult time. Through your support we have received the needed strength and inspiration. May God richly bless each of you. The Maxwell, Moon Family

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1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023
1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

Clifford V. James, President & CEO
www.unityfuneralchapels.com
email: unityfc@aol.com



"Your Loved Ones Deserve The Best - Unity"





Precious Memories



*God saw that you were weary, so
He did what he thought best; He
came and stood beside you And
whispered, "come and rest." You
bid no one a last farewell, not even
a goodbye; you were gone before
we knew it and only God knows
why. They days of pain, the
sleepless nights are past. Sleep on,
dear one take your rest, we all
loved you, but
God loved you best.*

Please don't say that I gave up, just say that I gave in. Don't say I lost the battle, for it was God's to lose or win. Please don't say how good I was, but that I did my best. Just say that I tried to do what's right - to give the most I could, not do less.

Please don't give me wings or halos, that's for God to do. I want no more than I deserve, no extras, just my due. Please don't give me flowers, or talk in harsh tones. Don't be concerned about me now, I'm well with God; I've made it home.

Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and it's done. Just see to all my family's needs. When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a Saint. I have done some good, I've done some wrong, so use all your paint - not just the bright light tones, use some gray and dark. In fact, don't put me down on a canvas, paint me in your heart.

Don't just remember the good times, but remember some bad. For life is full of many things, some happy and some sad. But if you must do something, then I have one last request - forgive me for the wrong I've done, and with the love that's left, thank God for my soul's resting, thank God for I've been blessed. Thank God for those who loved me, praise God who loved me best.

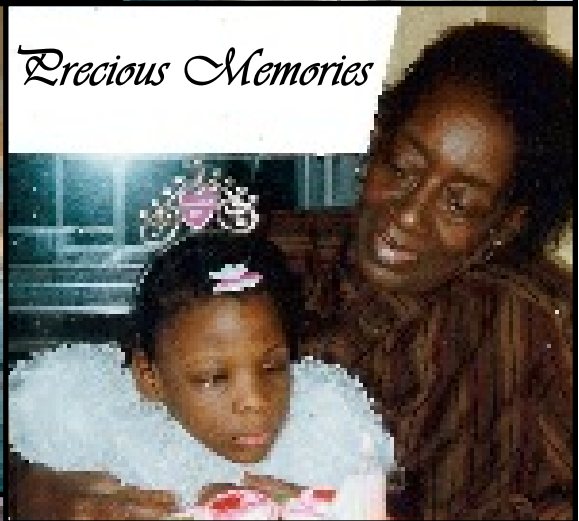
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due. Please don't give flowers, or talk in hushed
tones. Don't be concerned about me now, I'm well
with God; I've made it home.*

*Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and
it's done. Just see to all my family's needs, the battle
has been won. When you draw a picture of me, don't
draw me as a Saint. I've done some good, I've done
some wrong, so use all your paint - not just the bright
and light tones, use some gray and dark. In fact,
don't put me down on canvass,
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Thank God for all who loved me, praise God who
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-Unknown author



Precious Memories



*God saw that you were weary, so
he did what he thought was best;
He came and stood beside you
And whispered, come and rest.
You bid no one a last farewell,
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