

Friday, May 3, 2013 - 6:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS INC. 2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY

<u>Obituary</u>

Vanessa C. Scott was born to Eugene Scott and Velma Moore Scott on July 12, 1955 in New York City. She departed this life April 26, 2013.

Vanessa was the middle child of three, older sister, Laval Moore and younger brother, Darryl Scott that she preceded in death. Growing up Vanessa became a dedicated member of New Mount Zion Baptist Church where she was baptized and also a member of their junior, celestial and young adult choirs. She attended Benjamin Franklin High School.

Vanessa studied hard and became a Certified Nurse's Aide. She was a faithful worker of Greater Harlem Nursing Home for six years.

Vanessa didn't marry nor had kids of her own so she claimed her nieces and nephews and all her patients at Greater Harlem as her children.

Vanessa enjoyed life, she loved to dance and sing and had a great sense of humor. She also loved to gamble at Atlantic or Empire City but her biggest love was her love of crabs and pork chops.

Vanessa was a bit eccentric, had a heart of gold and would give anyone her last. Whatever she set out to do she did completely or not at all.

Vanessa leaves to cherish her memory: her loving sister, Laval; brother, Darryl; nieces, Simone (Ellen) and Taquana; nephews, Darryl Jr. and Maurice; grandniece, Sparkle; aunts, Lillian O. Kendall and Simera Pettiford; cousin, Janis; and a host of relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Procession	Clergy and Family
Invocation	
Scriptures Old Testament - Psalm 23 New Testament - John 3:16	Catherine Butler
Prayer of Comfort	
Musical Selection	Gary Samuels
Acknowledgements of Cards and Condolences	Janis Selby
Musical Selection	Troy Weekes
Reflections (2 minutes, please)	Family and Friends
Obituary Reading	Marion Blackman
Musical Selection	Gary Samuels
Eulogy	Rev. Dr. MaryLee Bethea
Final Viewing	
Committal	
Benediction	

Final Disposition
Oxford Hills Crematory Chester, New York

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

-author unknown

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

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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Miss me-but let me go.

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