



The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
 My loved ones, oh so dear.
 But you see, the Master called me,
 His voice was very clear!
 I had made my reservation
 A heaven bound ticket for one,
 And I knew that He would call me
 When He felt my work was done.
 I know that your hearts are heavy
 Because I have gone away,
 But when the Master called me,
 I knew that I could not stay.
 Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
 My loved ones, oh so dear,
 But, you see, the Master called me
 And, now I'm resting here.
 Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
 And to you all I say
 Just stay in the hands of Jesus
 And we'll meet again someday.*

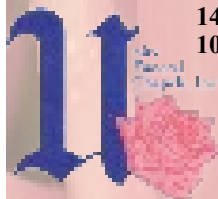


Acknowledgement

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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In Loving Memory of



Virginia Prather

Sunrise
 April 24, 1934

Sunset
 May 23, 2013

Service

Sunday, June 2, 2013 - 5:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY
 Rev. David Jenkins, Officiating
 Marvin Hadley, Organist

Obituary

A song of Living

*Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the
sky. I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the wind to
my breast. My cheeks like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I
have pressed. Because I have loved life,
I shall have no sorrow to die.*

*I have kissed young love on the lips, I have heard his song to the
end, I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.
I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of hell.*

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

*I gave a share of my soul to the world, when and where my course
is run. I know that another shall finish the task I surely must leave
undone. I know that no flower, nor flint was in vain on the path I
trod. As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have
looked on God, Because I have loved life,*

I shall have no sorrow to die.

Amelia Burr, American poet (1878 - 1968)

Virginia Prather-Robinson, a long time resident of the Bronx, entered into eternal peace on Thursday, May 23rd 2013 at Bellevue Hospice Care.

Born April 24, 1934 in Harlem hospital to the proud parents Henry and Anna Ellis Virginia loved life and her many friends, loved to cook and travel. She will be remembered for her ability to encourage others to be the best they can be.

She is survived by: her children, Rubiett Jenkins from Miami, Florida; son, Fred Ogden III; her grandchildren, Rashard Jenkins, Jason Powell and Fred Ogden IV; her several great grandchildren; nieces, Leslie, Robin, Joanne and their spouses; niece, Virginia Brisbane; nephews, Richard Brisbane and Lawrence Ellis; daughter-in-law, Patricia Doll; and a myriad of cousins from New Jersey.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York