



In Loving Memory of



Irma "Faye" Austin

Sunrise
December 8, 1951

Sunset
October 2, 2013

Service

Friday, October 11, 2013 - 6:00 p.m.

GREATER PASTURE BAPTIST CHURCH

1115 Ward Avenue • Bronx, New York

Rev. Roger Hambric, Officiating



Obituary

Irma Faye Hambric was born on December 8, 1951 in Elbert West, Virginia to the late Mary and Claude Hambric, Sr.

On July 19, 1971, she married Rodney Taylor, Sr., and in that union they had four children, Rodney Taylor, Jr., David, Aisha, and Simone. She later met the late Grover Austin, Sr., they was married October 10, 1982 for thirty-one years and from that union they had four children, Aver Austin, April Austin, Grover Austin, Jr., and Grover Austin, II.

Irma Austin was a devoted wife, mother, grandmother, sister, daughter and friend. She had five brothers, Robert Joe, Daniel, Claude Jr., Robert Matthew, Eugene and she had one sister, Ida Marie. She spoke softly and showed great hospitality. She was a good cook. She opened her door and arms to any child in need.

Her zest for life touched the hearts of all who knew her which is why her memory will be deeply cherished. We love you Irma , but Jesus loved you the best, so sleep on and take your rest.

Your golden heart has stopped beating and we can no longer see you, but you will forever and a day live in our heart. We will always love you. We love you Irma, but god loved you, best. You are gone from our sight, but never ever from our heart. Irma Austin leave behind to cherish twenty-one grandchildren and one great grandchild, and a host of relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Final Disposition

Woodlawn Crematory
Bronx, New York

My Mother's Face

*So many days have passed away
Since my mother's voice was stilled,
And yet, I seem to hear her pray
Her voice my soul has filled.
Each morn as I walked to her door
Her pleading voice I'd hear,
In joy, and oft in anguish sore,
She'd speak as if someone was near:
Her little room was filled with praise,
As she softly spoke His name.
And Oh, the light upon her face
As He assured her, "You're coming home with me one day!"
Her smile, warm smile, lasted all day through,
Knowing soon, her pain will be over
And body will become anew.
My precious Mother's face,
Never shall I forget, at this hour,
Because the light on Mother's face,
Revealed God's wondrous power.*

Acknowledgement

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

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