

In Loving Memory of



Rebecca L. Strickland

Sunrise
July 11, 1940

Sunset
September 25, 2013

Service

Saturday, October 12, 2013 - 2:00 p.m.

FIRST CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH

1781 Amsterdam Avenue (148th Street) • New York, New York
Rev. Keith Bolden, Officiating

Life Reflections

“Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let it be afraid, these are the words of assurance that the Lord has said. Let Him be your comfort, let Him be your friend, let Him walk beside you from the beginning until the end.”

Rebecca Strickland was born in Columbus County, North Carolina on July 11, 1940 to the late great Leroy Strickland and Jewel Smith. She was the third of twelve.

Rebecca attended high school in Chablin, North Carolina before moving to New York in 1953. Settling in Manhattan, New York she began working as a waitress, and a secretary for Mt. Zion Baptist Church.

On June 3, 1960, Rebecca gave birth to her first and only child Donato Strickland who preceded her in death in 2001. Despite her trials Rebecca stood close to God and continued to be a faithful member of First Calvary Baptist Church for many years. Rebecca found time to volunteer for the senior division and sing with the choir.

Rebecca also known as “Becky” to many, touched many lives. She was known for being the epitome of a dignified woman. She enjoyed talking with friends and family, taking slow walks and having gatherings with loved ones. Becky was also known for always looking fashionably sharp.

She leaves to mourn: her loving siblings, Randolph Strickland, Barbara Strickland, Catherine Strickland, Ronnie Strickland, Ada Strickland and Anthony Strickland; one grandchild, William Jones; and a host of nieces, nephews and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Life Reflections

Selection

Eulogy

Rev. Keith Bolden

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Final Disposition

Rosemount Memorial Park Crematory
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Miss Me But Let Me Go

*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
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown



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.

Gates of Heaven Funeral Home

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