



*In Loving Memory of*

*Betty Irene Grice*

*December 5, 1923 - August 9, 2014*

**Service**

Wednesday, August 13, 2014 - 12:00 Noon

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

*Rev. Sala Chrispin, Officiating*

*Marvin Hadley, Organist*

## *Obituary*

**Betty Irene Grice**, 90, died on August 9, 2014 at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in Manhattan, with her daughter by her side.

She was born December 5, 1923 in Englewood, New Jersey to Thorton and Daisy Sears. The second eldest of six children, she had four sisters and one brother. The family split up during the Depression, and Betty moved in with her aunt in Fairfield, Connecticut.

She moved to Harlem as a young adult, and was active in the burgeoning jazz scene. She married Raymond Grice in 1949. Betty was an assistant teacher in the New York City Public School system for over twenty years. Upon retiring, she traveled the world – concentrating on places with warm climates and white sand beaches.

In her later years, she was both an active member of the Abyssinian Baptist Church and a fitness instructor for the elderly at the Harlem YMCA.

She is survived by: her daughter, Audré; son, Sadik; grandchildren, Adila, Adjua, Alexander and Arielle; great-grandchildren, Asia, Tai and Noah; and nieces, nephews and their children.

### *The Beauty of Death Part 2, The Ascending*

by Khalil Gibran

*I have passed a mountain peak and my soul is soaring in the firmament of complete and unbound freedom; I am far, far away, my companions and the clouds are hiding the hills from my eyes. The valleys are becoming flooded with an ocean of silence, and the hands of oblivion are engulfing the road and the houses; The prairies are disappearing behind a white specter that looks like the spring cloud, yellow as the candlelight and red as the twilight. The songs of the waves and the humans of the streams are scattered, and the voices of the throngs reduced to silence; And I can hear naught but the music of eternity in exact harmony with the spirit's desires. I am cloaked in full whiteness; I am in comfort; I am in peace.*

## Order of Service

**Prelude** .....Jazz Medley

**Prayer** .....Reverend Sala Chrispin

**Song** .....“Unforgettable” by Nat King Cole  
(played & sung by organist)

**Acknowledgements**

**Obituary Reading**

**The Beauty of Death Part 2, The Ascending**..... Khalil Gibran

**Hymn** .....“Amazing Grace”  
(played & sung by organist)

**Eulogy** .....Family and Friends

**The Next Place**.....Warren Hanson

**Recessional Song** .....“Straighten Up and Fly Right” by Nat King Cole  
(played & sung by organist)

**Postlude** .....Jazz Medley



**Repast** - Please join us after the service at Alhambra Ballroom,  
2116 Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. Blvd,  
on the corner of 126<sup>th</sup> Street 5<sup>th</sup> Floor, the Crystal Room.

## *The Next Place*

by Warren Hanson



*The next place that I go  
Will be as peaceful and familiar  
As a sleepy summer Sunday  
And a sweet, untroubled mind.  
And yet . . .  
It won't be anything like any place I've ever been. . .  
Or seen. . . or even dreamed of  
In the place I leave behind.  
I won't know where I'm going,  
And I won't know where I've been  
As I tumble through the always  
And look back toward the when.  
I'll glide beyond the rainbows.  
I'll drift above the sky.  
I'll fly into the wonder, without ever wondering why.  
I won't remember getting there.  
Somehow I'll just arrive.  
But I'll know that I belong there  
And will feel much more alive  
Than I have ever felt before.  
I will be absolutely free of the things that I held onto  
That were holding onto me.  
The next place that I go  
Will be so quiet and so still  
That the whispered song of sweet belonging will rise up to fill  
The listening sky with joyful silence,  
And with unheard harmonies  
Of music made by no one playing,  
Like a hush upon breeze.  
There will be no room for darkness in that place of living light,  
Where an ever-dawning morning pushes back the dying night.  
The very air will fill with brilliance, as the brightly shining sun  
And the moon and half a million stars are married into one.  
The next place that I go Won't really be a place at all.  
There won't be any seasons --*

*Winter, summer, spring or fall --  
Nor a Monday, Nor a Friday,  
Nor December, Nor July.  
And the seconds will be standing still. . .  
While hours hurry by:  
I will not be a boy or girl,  
A woman or man.  
I'll simply be just, simply, me.  
No worse or better than.  
My skin will not be dark or light.  
I won't be fat or tall.  
The body I once lived in  
Won't be part of me at all.  
I will finally be perfect.  
I will be without a flaw.  
I will never make one more mistake,  
Or break the smallest law.  
And the me that was impatient,  
Or was angry, or unkind,  
Will simply be a memory.  
The me I left behind.  
I will travel empty-handed.  
There is not a single thing  
I have collected in my life  
That I would ever want to bring Except. . .  
The love of those who loved me,  
And the warmth of those who cared.  
The happiness and memories  
And magic that we shared.  
Though I will know the joy of solitude. . .  
I'll never be alone. I'll be embraced  
By all the family and friends I've ever known.  
Although I might not see their faces,  
All our hearts will beat as one,  
And the circle of our spirits  
Will shine brighter than the sun.  
I will cherish all the friendship I was fortunate to find,  
All love and all the laughter in the place I leave behind.  
All these good things will go with me.  
They will make my spirit glow.  
And that light will shine forever In the next place that I go.*

## *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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*Clifford V. James, President & CEO*

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*"Your Loved Ones Deserve The Best - Unity"*

