

*Thanksgiving Service for
The Life of*



Beverly A. Francis-Rowe
"Miss Beverly" "Big Bev"

Sunrise
September 22 1947

Sunset
December 13, 2014

Friday, December 26, 2014 - 8:00 P.M.

House of Tabernacle
352 Marcus Garvey Blvd.
Brooklyn, New York
Pastor Sylvester, Officiating

Order of Service

Opening Sentence:

Opening Hymn:
It Is Well With My Soul

First Lesson:
1 Corinthian 15: 50-58
ShanToya Rowe – Granddaughter

Tributes:

Song:

Second Lesson:
Ecclesiastes 3: 1-5
Jada Hall – Granddaughter

Tributes:

Song:

Remembrance:
Kelice Gordon – Granddaughter

Offertory Hymn:

Sermon:

Prayer For The Family

Interment

Rosedale Cemetery
Orange, New Jersey

The repast will be held at the church.

Obituary

On December 13, 2014, our beloved family matriarch **Beverly A. Francis Rowe** otherwise know as “Big Bev” was called home.

Beverly Adella Francis Rowe was born September 22, 1947 to Ivy Pearce and Clanford Francis in St. Thomas Jamaica.

She was a sweet child who was well behaved at home and looked upon with admiration and affection at school. She attended Yallahs Primary School where she was loved by all her teachers, especially Mrs. Harvey. Upon completion of her schooling, Beverly took up the profession of selling merchandise otherwise know as Higglering. She sold a variety of things that range from eggs to different sorts of fruits. Throughout her line of work she met Mr. Miller and conceived her first child Carl Miller. She later went on to have Jean Smith, Renford Smith, Florence Smith, Paulette Rowe, Glenmore Rowe, Ainsley Rowe, Shawn Sproul and Maranda Sproul.

Beverly move shortly from Heartease, St. Thomas to go and reside with her beloved brother Glennville Francis in Kingston. Being the dedicated and determine women that she was, Beverly prospered in the Higglering Business. Her children were one of the most precious gifts bestowed to her. She worked hard to nourish, grow, protect and administrate knowledge to them. Often times trying to provide for them and being in the line of work she was in, that sometimes required early morning and late hours conflicted. However that did not stop her from being the best mom she could be. It didn't matter what time she came home from market, it could be 10 pm. She always came home with meat in her basket and would cook dinner for her children. She worked vigorously over the years and save her money by throwing numerous partners. The end result of saving, she was able to build a home for her children and her. In 1986, Beverly was given the opportunity to migrate to the United States through her then Husband Samuel Sproul, father of her two youngest children. Her trip was almost halted when money save in aide of paying for documentation's, kept in a pants pocket under her bed, was mistaken by one of her daughter as trash. It was tossed out and burned in a fire outside with the other rubbish. Amazingly only the legs of the pants were burned. The pocket of the pants where the money was kept was completely intact. I guess it's true when they say “whatever will be, will be, the future's not ours to see.” In October of 1987 Beverly migrated to the United States, where she continued to work hard to provide for her family and later made it possible for most of her children to move to the USA. She took on the job of a home health aide. After years of being in America she was reunited with her one true love Herman Rowe whom she later married and remained with until her calling home. Beverly was a generous, loving person, whom helped in the furthering of some of her family members life. Her home in New York was welcome to all her love ones that came to visit the USA. She love being around her family, enjoyed watching horse racing and the casino.

She's survived by her 9 children, 26 grandchildren, 14 great grand, husband, mother, brothers, sister, nieces, nephew, and cousin who misses her dearly. She filled our home and our hearts with laughter. In our hearts your memory lingers sweetly tender, fond and true. There is not a day we will not think of you. May your precious soul rest in peace.

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Gods Garden

God looked around His garden and found
An empty place
He then looked down upon the earth
And saw your tired face
He put His arms around you and lifted you to rest,
Gods garden must be beautiful
He always takes the best.
He saw the road was getting rough
And the hills were hard to climb, so
He closed your weary eyelids and
Whispered "peace be thine"
It broke our hearts to lose you but you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you the day
God called you home.

Expression of Gratitude:

With grateful hearts, the family would like to express sincere appreciation for every act of kindness and love during Beverly's illness. Your prayers and expression of love have helped to comfort and sustain us during this difficult time. May God Bless You All.

Professional Services Provided By

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Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

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