

In Loving Memory of
Beatrice Anderson

Sunrise
March 17, 1931

Sunset
March 24, 2015



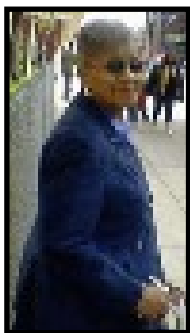
Service

Tuesday, March 31, 2015 - 12:00 Noon

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary



Beatrice was born to Roy Garlin and Azalee Walker on March 17, 1931. In that year, Easter was also in March and she was nicknamed, “Bunny”. She had three siblings and grew up in Harlem. She attended Wadley High School and graduated. She met Harold Anderson an aspiring boxer they dated and were married two years later. From their union they had one child, Patricia.

Beatrice was a strong woman, she did whatever she needed to do to help and protect her family. Over the years she had her own struggles to overcome and she handled them with strength and courage. Most women would have folded under the pressure, but not Beatrice. It was just another hurdle in life that she had to jump over. Her last battle proved to be too much for her and she was called home on March 24, 2015.

Words from her daughter, Pat:

She was much more than a wife and mother, she was my friend and my hero. I only hope to be as strong as she was and she will always be forever in my heart.

I Am Resting

*I've parted this life my loved one,
But worry not for I am not gone,
I am merely resting. Don't cry or mourn
For God is with you and in your hearts. Carry on.
We will miss each other,
But remember God is with us all.
Be strong my loved one,
For I am not gone, but merely resting.*

-Author unknown

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Woodlawn Cemetery
Bronx, New York

Lonely Is The Home Without You

*Lonely is the home without you,
Life to us is not the same;
All the world would be like Heaven,
If we could have you back again.
A light from our household gone,
A voice we loved is still,
A place is vacant in our home
That never can be filled.
May the God of Love and Mercy,
Care our loved one who is gone,
And bless with consolation,
Those left to carry on.
The happy hours we once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still
But death has left a vacant place,
This world can never fill.
How dearly we loved you,
And prayed you might live,
But Jesus just beckoned,
And we had to give.
God gave us strength to bear it,
And courage to fight the blow,
What it has meant to lose you,
God alone will ever know.*

-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.

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