

*Homegoing Service for*  
*Annie Bell McBurrows*

A composite image of two photographs of Annie Bell McBurrows. The top photograph shows her from the chest up, wearing a light-colored top and a dark jacket, with a neutral expression. The bottom photograph shows her from the chest up, wearing a white lace top and glasses, smiling broadly. The background is a solid light blue color.

**Sunrise**  
September 10, 1942

**Sunset**  
May 18, 2015

**Service**  
Saturday, May 23, 2015 – 11:00 a.m.

**Mt. Vernon Baptist Church**  
709 Clinton Avenue • Newark, NJ  
*Rev. Milton Biggham, Pastor*  
*Rev. Allen Potts, Officiating*  
*Emory Lee, Organist*



# Obituary

**Annie Bell Watkins** was born on September 10, 1942 to the late Willie Watkins and Thomasina Moore in Winnesboro, South Carolina.

Annie attended Morgan State University in Baltimore, Maryland and New Jersey State Teachers College in Union, New Jersey where she received an Associates of Arts in Education. Later she met and married, Mr. Ellis McBurrows in 1963. They gave birth to four daughters and planted roots in Hillside, New Jersey where they both served on countless committees and boards. Annie was extremely active in the education, activities and molding the futures of her children, as well as, her students. She used that same vigor with the rearing of her beloved grandchildren. Annie left this earthly world on Monday, May 18, 2015 at 3:45 p.m.

She leaves behind: husband, Mr. Ellis McBurrows; daughters, Mrs. CaSandra Benjamin-Smith (Ron), Mrs. Sonya McBurrows-Moore (Gary), Ms. Shanta McBurrows, Ms. Sherri McBurrows and Ms. Shakera McBurrows; grandchildren, TaKescha Caulhoun, Zachary Smith, JaiShaun McBurrows, Jade Smith, Marquis Jackson, Samarr McBurrows, Murad Moore and Mekhi Moore; siblings, Monica Moore, Christina Moore, Willie Moore, Tasha Moore, Tanya Moore, Haneefa Moore and LaKisha Moore; a devoted uncle, Flemon Byrd (Lata); aunt, Doretha Burch; and God sent son, Marshall Clyburn; six great-grandchildren; one great-great grandchild, nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Annie B. McBurrows will be painfully missed. She was a lady full of spunk, class and determination. She always lent a helping hand and offered assistance along the way. An effortless leader that whole-heartedly contributed time to community events and always successful. She gave without expectation of receiving. Built with a mother's touch and guided with a gentle force.

Her children admire the woman that molded their character. Her husband continues to hold the highest regard for the woman he shared in life with for fifty-one years.

We love her without end and will miss her equally.....



# Order of Service

*Reverend Allen Potts, officiating*

**Processional**  
Minister and Family

**Solo**  
Ms. Tanana Tobe

**Prayer of Comfort**  
Reverend Allen Potts

**Reading of the Holy Scripture**  
Mrs. Jasonlyn Hill-Christmas

**Reading of Obituary**  
Lisa McBurrows

**Reading of Poem**  
Ms. Sherri McBurrows

**Eulogy**  
Reverend Allen Potts

**Recessional**

**Pall Bearers**  
Family of Annie McBurrows

**Interment**  
Graceland Memorial Park  
Kenilworth, New Jersey



# Phenomenal Woman

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.

I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size

That's me.

But when I start to tell them,  
They thing I'm telling lies.

Men themselves have wondered

What they see in me.

I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms,  
The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.

They try so much

But they can't touch

My inner mystery.

When I try to show them

They say they can't see.

I'm a woman

I say,

Phenomenally,  
Phenomenal woman,

It's in the arch of my back,

The sun of my smile,

The ride of my breasts,

The grace of my style.

That's me.

I walk into a room

Just as cool as you please,

And to a man,

The fellows stand or

Fall down on their knees.

Then they swarm around me,

A hive of honey bees.

I say,

It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth,

The swing in my waist,

And the joy in my feet.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.

Now you understand

Just why my head's not bowed.

I don't shout or jump about

Or have to talk real loud.

When you see me passing

It ought to make you proud.

I say,

It's in the click of my heels,

The bend of my hair,

The palm of my hand,

The need for my care.

'Cause I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.

## Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair. Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there. Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say. Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day. Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

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