



Celebrating the Life of
Sylvia A. Moore

Sunrise
November 15, 1968

Sunset
May 14, 2015

Service

Saturday, May 23, 2015 - 12:00 Noon

Canaan Baptist Church

535 Rev. Dr. Gadson L. Gaham Way
Paterson, New Jersey

Rev. Barry Graham, Officiating

Final Services

in Dillon South Carolina

Reflections of Life

Sylvia A. Moore was born November 15, 1968 in Paterson, New Jersey to James and Carolyn Moore. In 1974 her family moved to the famous big yellow house on 14th Avenue of Paterson, New Jersey. She attended Paterson Public School #13 and received her Elementary Diploma at Paterson Public School #24. She attended Eastside High School of Paterson, New Jersey where she received her High School Diploma in 1986. In 1991 she received a Associate's degree in Applied Science from Passaic County Community College. For the past thirteen years she worked for Sprint Wholesale as an executive administrative assistant.

Sylvia married her high school sweetheart in 1990, to this union was born two beautiful girls. Sylvia taught them to be God fearing women and taught them to be productive citizens along with culture, scholastics and womanhood. Sylvia's girls will always remember her as the "Queen" she was and a driven mother who encouraged them to pursue their goals.

Sylvia Moore was accomplished in giving, which made her creativity stronger. She's well known as being everyone's favorite. A witty, generous, dedicated, beautiful soul who was passionate about others. She was an active member of the Canaan Baptist Church of Paterson, NJ and Women of Choice (book club) of Hackensack, NJ. She volunteered frequently for the city of Paterson through a variety of organizations such as National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Parent-Teacher Organizations, Girl Scouts Of America.

Sylvia "Syvicup" Moore died a peaceful death in Manhattan, New York on May 14, 2015 at the age of forty-six.

She was preceded in death by, her brother, James Earl Moore, her grandmother, Aline McCallum and Millie Moore, her grandfather, William McCallum and William Moore, her uncles, John Wesley McCallum, Leroy McCallum, James Willie McCallum, James Junior McCallum, Clinton Moore and her aunt, Vassie James.

Sylvia Moore is survived by: her daughters, Xenia Jones of Atlanta, GA and Raven Jones of Paterson, NJ; her parents, James and Carolyn Moore of Dillon, SC; her brothers, Mitchell Moore and Ronald Moore of Paterson, NJ; her god children, RJ Jackson of NJ, Mason James of NC and London Boone of NJ; her uncles, Tommy (DeLinda) McCallum of NC, Johnny (Rosemary) McCallum of SC, Earl (Mittie) McCallum, Albert (Barbara) McCallum of SC, David (Katie) Moore of NJ, Thurman (Virginia) Taylor of NC and June MCCallum of SC; her aunts, Everlyn (John Arthur) Thompson of NC, Sarah Rowland of SC, Mary (James) Lighty of SC, Mary Huntley of NC, Barbara (Edward) Bethea of SC, Mary Etta McCallum of SC, Louise Moore of SC and Maggie (Sibon) Anderson of NC; her great-aunt, Louise Watson of NC and the love of her life, Wayne Johnson of East Orange, NJ.

Order Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Reflections of Life

Selection

Words of Comfort

Recessional

Interment

Hazy Grove Baptist Church
Hamer, South Carolina





The Magic Of A Mother's Touch

*There's magic in mother's touch,
And sunshine in her smile
There's love in everything she does
To make our lives worthwhile
We can find both love and courage
Just by looking in her eyes
Her laughter is a source of joy,
Her words are warm and wise
There is a kindness and compassion
To be found in her embrace
And we see the light of Heaven
Shining from a mother's face.*

-Author unknown





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

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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