

*In Loving Memory of*  
**Elizabeth Bailey**



*Sunrise*  
*January 2, 1923*

*Sunset*  
*July 22, 2015*

**Service**

Wednesday, July 29, 2015 - 7:00 p.m.

**FOUNTAIN SPRING BAPTIST CHURCH**

2011 Grand Concourse • Bronx, NY

*Reverend Nelson C. Dukes, Jr., Pastor*

*Reverend Marshall Morton, Organist*

## Obituary

**Ms. Elizabeth Bailey (Daisy)** of St. James, Jamaica was born January 2, 1923 to the late James Bailey and Susie Hoarde.

Ms. Bailey migrated to the Bahamas in the 70's and resided there for several years before moving to Canada. While in Canada she got bit again by the traveling bug, where upon she set up permanent residence in America.

Her love for people took her into the healthcare field where she dedicated over 30 years of service caring for others before retirement.

Elizabeth Bailey (Daisy) as she was lovingly called by her loved ones, was an active missionary member of the Fountain Spring Baptist Church for many years up to the date of her demise. She was an avid lover of home decorating and spent her retirement years knitting, crocheting, needle work and reading her Bible.

Ms. Elizabeth Bailey departed from this earth, July 22, 2015 to be with the Lord and her loved ones who have gone on before her.

Ms. Elizabeth Bailey (Daisy) leaves behind: nephew, Heron Steling and wife, Geraldine (New York); nephew, Quincy Sterling (Florida); daughter, Raquel Moore; granddaughter, Ashley March (Georgia); dear friend, Betty Daise (New York); and a host of family and friends whose life she touched.



# Order of Service

Processional

Hymn .....“Blessed Assurance”

Prayer of Comfort .....Minister Leonard Robinson

Scripture Readings

Old Testament: Psalm 23.....Minister Henry Jennings

New Testament: John 14:1-6.....Rev. Ronald Wilcox

Selection

Acknowledgement of Cards

and Condolences.....Sister Lurene Prioleau

Remarks

Obituary Reading

Solo

Eulogy

Benediction

Interment

*Rosehill Cemetery*

*Linden, New Jersey*

# 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*

*I will pass this way but once, if there is any good I can do, let me do it now, "Oh Lord" for I may never pass this way again. Tomorrow may be too late my friend to do all the good you can. Reach out lend a helping hand to everyone you can. --Geraldine Sterling*

## Acknowledgement

The family of the late **Elizabeth Bailey** wishes to acknowledge the many kind expressions of love and concerns shown during our time of bereavement.

The Family

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