

In Loving Memory of



Ruth Fay

Sunrise: March 15, 1928

Sunset: December 25, 2015

Obituary

Ruth Foy, who was affectionately known as “**Ma Ruthie**” was born March 15, 1928 to the late Marjorie Daniels and William “Buddy” Foy in Brooklyn, New York. She made her transition into the arms of the Lord Friday, December 25, 2015 at Isabella Nursing Home.

Ma Ruthie was raised by her grandmother, Annie “Ruth” Foy, in the Bronx where she was also educated through the New York City Public School system, until she later attended and graduated from the City College of New York. Her degree from City College and her strong passion for education led her to a 40 year career in education with the New York City Board of Education. She was such a believer in the importance of learning that she always maintained an active role in her own children’s education. In fact, on report card day, she would go to her children’s school and wait outside their classrooms to have the first look at their grades and ensure that the grades they earned were acceptable.

In addition to being an educator, she enjoyed showing her creative side. She was known for making decorative favors and accessories for special occasions such as baby shower umbrellas and wishing wells, capias, chairs, and personalized souvenirs. She also had an affinity for elephants, which she collected along with salt and pepper shakers.

More than her collections, Ma Ruthie was known for having a heart of gold and unconditional love for her children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and others around her. She raised her six children as well as her nieces and nephews after her sister’s untimely passing. In between showing her creativity and collecting her novelty items, she always made time to create lasting memories with her grandchildren in a variety of ways including doing homework after school, turning off the television on Saturday mornings to teach them how to read maps of the bus and subway systems, and taking them on annual summer trips.

The love she poured into her family was not reserved just for them. Ma Ruthie was very affectionate towards anyone she encountered and believed in showing love to everyone. Her sweet spirit will remain with us all and we will forever have lasting memories of the kind, loving, unselfish, helpful, supportive, and giving woman she was. She loved the Lord and was a member of Chambers Memorial Baptist Church.

Ma Ruthie was preceded in death by her sister, Evelyn Sheppard and leaves to grow in grace: her children, Gerald Weeks, Linda Weeks (who preceded her in death), Pamela Ford, Viola Bolden, Terri Bolden, and Derrick (Barbara) Bolden; her grandchildren, Cass Weeks, Bobby Boyer, Nichelle “Ching” Bolden, Nicole Canty, Moet Bolden, Derrick Bolden, Jr., Shaniqua Taylor, Ebony Mitchell, Tearra Airall, Unique Airall, and Donyel Bolden; fourteen great grandchildren; nieces and nephews who she loved and raised as her own, Valerie, Crystal (who preceded her in death), Danny, Alphonso, and Steven; another niece, Sharon; two cousins, Joan Keyes and Crystal Barbee; godchildren, Marcia Johnson-Percell, Shontay Tyson, and Jamal Owens; dear friend, Johnnie Mae “Partner” Johnson; and a host of cousins, co-workers, friends and loved ones.

For the sacrifices she made, all of the love that she gave, the work she has done, and the acceptance of her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, we know Ma Ruthie would say I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. ~ II Timothy 4:7

Service

Saturday, January 2, 2016 - 10:00 a.m.

CHAMBERS MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH

219 E. 123rd Street • New York, NY

Bishop Lawrence Edgerton, Officiating

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Special Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Mt. Rest Cemetery • Butler, New Jersey

My First Christmas In Heaven

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below,
With tiny lights, like Heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow.
The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away that tear,
For I am spending Christmas with Jesus this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear,
But the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas choir up here.
I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring,
For it is beyond description, to hear the angels sing.

I know how much you miss me. I see the pain inside your heart,
But I am not so far away. We really aren't apart.
So be happy for me dear ones. You know I hold you dear,
And be glad I'm spending Christmas, with Jesus Christ this year.

I send you each a special gift, from my heavenly home above.
I send you each a memory of, my undying love.
After all "love" is a gift, more precious than pure gold.
It was always most important in the stories Jesus told.

Please love and keep each other, as my Father said to do,
For I can't count the blessing or love He has for each of you.
So have a merry Christmas and wipe away that tear,

Remember, I'm spending Christmas, with Jesus Christ this year.

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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