

In Loving Memory of
Alice Marie McCarney

Sunrise: Sunday, December 9, 1928 - Sunset: Thursday, March 17, 2016



Funeral Mass

Wednesday, March 23, 2016 - 10:00 a.m.

ST. CASSIAN'S CHURCH

187 Bellevue Avenue • Upper Montclair, New Jersey 07043

Funeral Mass

Opening Hymn.....“How Great Thou Art”

Opening Prayer

1st Reading (Old Testament 2)

*From the Book of Wisdom 3:1-9.....*by Miles McClearn

Responsorial Psalm

2nd Reading (New Testament 13)

*A Reading from the Letter of Saint Paul to the
Thessalonians 4:13-18.....*by Alison McClearn

Gospel Acclamation and Sermon.....by Father Kelly

Prayer of the Faithful

Presentation of the Gifts.....Kathy and Sly McClearn

Communion Hymn.....“Ava Maria”

Blessing

Recessional Song.....“Amazing Grace”

Interment

*Gate of Heaven Cemetery
East Hanover, New Jersey*

Obituary

Alice Marie McCarney, 87, of West Caldwell, New Jersey, formerly of New York City, New York, passed away on Thursday, March 17, 2016. She was born on Sunday, December 9, 1928 in Newark, New Jersey, to the late James and Elizabeth McCarney.

Alice attended Our Lady of Good Counsel High School and went on to study at Seton Hall University. Living through the WWII era and vividly remembering the attack on Pearl Harbor and inspired by her patriotic father, Alice enlisted in the U.S. Woman's Army Corp. during the Korean War. She graduated from Officer's Candidate School and made it to the ranks of 1st Lieutenant being honorably discharged in December of 1956.

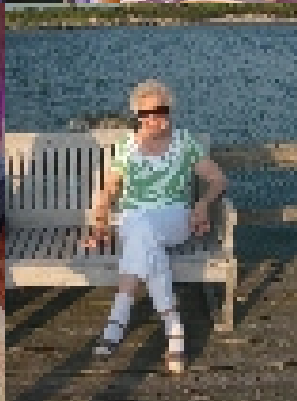
Once she discovered New York City, her love affair with the greatest city in the world began and she lived there for over forty years settling in the eclectic neighborhood of Greenwich Village. She enjoyed art, theater, restaurants and her trail blazing successful career on Wall Street which began at Dupont Glore Forgan and moving on to E. F. Hutton where she worked for over twenty years in a variety of senior roles. Never afraid to follow her heart, she fell in love with Norman Powell and entered into an interracial relationship long before it was popular and raised a daughter primarily as a single parent in a world that was not always kind to them.

Alice retired to West Caldwell, NJ after a career spanning thirty-seven years where she was often the first woman to break through the boundaries of "the good old boys" network. She and her daughter, Kathy and son-in-law, Sylvester, were a close unit and in her retirement she became a doting grandmother to her two grandchildren, Alison and Miles, attending their dance recitals and soccer games. She became a volunteer in the Montclair School system and attended St. Cassian's Roman Catholic Church. Alice also enjoyed travel and spent time with her family abroad when her son-in-law was transferred to London. She was a people person and loved life, living it to the fullest. Ever proud of her Irish heritage, it was touching that she passed away on St. Patrick's Day.

Alice is predeceased by her parents and sisters, Rose Callanan and Margaret Roche in addition to Kathy's beloved father, Norman Powell.

She is survived by: her cherished daughter, Kathy Powell McClearn, and her admired husband, Sylvester McClearn; loving grandchildren, Alison Marie McClearn and Miles Christopher McClearn; dear nieces and nephews, Kathy and Ron Muscle, Peggy and Al Farah, Patricia and John Custer, Elizabeth McCarthy, Noreen and Jerry Dalton, John and Marianne Callanan, and James Callanan; in addition to dozens of adored grandnieces and nephews and eight loving godchildren, especially, Noreen Dalton, Kathy Muscle, David Rondeau, Gerard Bryant and Lenora Hazell Walton.







When Great Trees Fall

*When great trees fall, rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down in tall grasses,
and even elephants lumber after safety.*

*When great trees fall in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses eroded beyond fear.*

*When great souls die, the air around us becomes
light, rare, sterile. We breathe, briefly. Our eyes, briefly,
see with a hurtful clarity. Our memory, suddenly
sharpened, examines, gnaws on kind words unsaid,
promised walks never taken.*

*Great souls die and our reality, bound to
them, takes leave of us. Our souls,
dependent upon their nurture,
now shrink, wizened. Our minds, formed
and informed by their radiance,
fall away. We are not so much maddened
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance
of dark, cold caves.*

*And when great souls die, after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of soothing electric vibration.
Our senses, restored, never to be the same, whisper to us.
They existed. They existed. We can be.
Be and be better. For they existed.*

Maya Angelou

In Memory Of My Mother

*I do not think of you lying in the wet clay
Of a Monaghan graveyard; I see
You walking down a lane among the poplars
On your way to the station, or happily*

*Going to second Mass on a summer Sunday -
You meet me and you say:
'Don't forget to see about the cattle - '
Among your earthiest words the angels stray.*

*And I think of you walking along a headland
Of green oats in June,
So full of repose, so rich with life -
And I see us meeting at the end of a town*

*On a fair day by accident, after
The bargains are all made and we can walk
Together through the shops and stalls and markets
Free in the oriental streets of thought.*

*O you are not lying in the wet clay,
For it is a harvest evening now and we
Are piling up the ricks against the moonlight
And you smile up at us - eternally.*

Patrick Kavanagh

Acknowledgements

Our family wishes to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to everyone who has given their sympathy, love, prayers and support during our time of bereavement.

*Full
Honor You*

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