

<u>Rife Reflections</u>

Rasheedah R. Saiah was born on May 13, 1991 in Newark, New Jersey, daughter of Ricky Thomas Clark, Sr. and Lyvette Isaiah. She lived in Linden for the past five years.

Rasheedah was in Job Core in Edison, New Jersey for two years.

She was a member of Morning Star Community Christian Center Church in Linden.

Rasheedah had Sickle Cell Anemia but she never let her illness bring her down. She always lived her life to the fullest. She was a fun person and was the life of the party. Rasheedah will truly be missed by her family and friends.

On Tuesday, May 3, 2016, Rasheedah Isaiah received her angel wings at the tender age of twenty-four.

She leaves to cherish fond memories, her father, Ricky Thomas Clark, Sr. and stepmother, Valerie Woodley-Clark; mother, Lyvette Isaiah; sisters, Quiana Woodley and, Tanaesha Boyce; brother, Carl Isaiah; stepsister, Shirley Tubbs; stepbrothers: Marquis Clark, Alkerbeer Clark, Shaheed Bell, Ricky Thomas Clark, Jr., and Richard Clark; nieces, nephews, best friend, Myiesha Webb; and a host of dear relatives and friends.

A Rrecious One From Us Ss Jone

A precious one from us is gone, A voice we love is stilled, A place is vacant in our heart which never can be filled. But always beautiful memories of one we love so dear.

Lovingly submitted, The Family

Order Of Service

Organ Prelude

Hymn of Comfort

Scripture Readings

Old Testament: 23rd Psalm New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Musical Selection

RemarksRev. Leo Blackshear

Acknowledgement of Condolences

Obituary Faakhira Mc Daniels

> **Solo** Sharita Price

Eulogy Rev. James Walker

Recessional

<u>The Resting Place</u> Rosehill Cemetery Linden, New Jersey

Services Entrusted To:

G.G. Woody Funeral Home, LLC

206 East Eighth Avenue • Roselle, NJ 07203 www.ggwoodyfuneralhome.com

"Where Our Sympathy Expresses Itself Through Sincere Service"

<u>Pallbearers</u> Family and Friends of Rasheedah L. Isaiah

Miss Me But Ret 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

The family of **Rasheedah L. Isaiah** would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation for the many thoughtful acts of kindness, support and concern extended to us during our time of bereavement. Thank you and May God richly bless you.



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