

<u>Obituary</u> Darlie D. Ellison

April 2nd 1950- May 24th 2016

Darlie Dennis Ellison was born on April 2nd in 1950 to the proud parents Leland Spin Dennis and Mary Lee Harris of Sumter, South Carolina. During Darlie's childhood she and her mother Mary left Sumter and moved to Englewood, NJ, where Mary met and married Walter Eugene Ellison. Darlie attended the Englewood Public School system.

After completing high school, Darlie attended Job Corps where she was stationed in Missouri and received a Certificate of Cosmetology. Darlie then returned to Englewood to be with her sister, Donella and three brothers, Raymond, Eugene and Jerome.

For many years, Darlie served her community an LNA. She loved her job. She cared very much for her clients; she was very capable and dedicated, until her own health started to fail.

Although, Darlie never had any children of her own Darlie's doggies Mugsy, Fifi & Rocky were her babies, she was also blessed with many nieces and nephews that she loved and cared for.

Darlie was a person who stood out in a crowd. She was the life of the party. She could be as sweet as Apple Pie but don't cross her. She would give you the shirt off her back, but tell you off the whole time (and if you knew her you knew you had it coming).

Darlie leaves to cherish her memories with love and laughter: her brothers, Eugene (wife Melonae) and Jerome Ellison; her sister, Donella Angel-Lawson; nephews, Desmond Lawson Sr. (wife Gina), Raymond Lawson Jr. and Phillip Ellison; nieces, Tanya Mooney and Cinnamon Ellison as well as many great nephews and nieces. She also leaves a host of extended family members and cherished friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Opening Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Reading of The Obituary

Selection

Eulogy Rev. Barry Graham

Committal

Viewing

Benediction

Recessional

Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down like teardrops. Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard 'cause I laugh like I've got gold mines diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words, you may cut me with your eyes, you may kill me with your hatefulness, but still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you? does it come as a surprise that I dance like I've got diamonds at the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame, I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain, I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear, I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear, I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise I rise I rise.

Maya Angelou

Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.

God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

Professional Services Entrusted To:

Eternity Funeral Service, LLC

Aree Booker, Executive Director

Licensed Funeral Director in New York & New Jersey

NY Lic. # 00367 NJ Lic. # 4346 129 Engle Street • Englewood, NJ 07631 • ph (201) 568-2671

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