

In Loving Memory of



Lumisha Hart

Sunrise: February 28, 1921

Sunset: July 26, 2016

Service

Tuesday, August 2, 2016 - 10:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Dr. Sidney Hargrave, Officiating

Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

Obituary

Lumisha Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nella and Sallie Grant, was born February 28, 1921 in Orangeburg, South Carolina. She departed this life Tuesday, July 26, 2016 at home amongst her loving family. She graduated from Wilkinson High School and at age 18, left Orangeburg for the Big City. She worked as a housekeeper until she met and married the love of her life, Edgar Hart. They were married for 44 years until he passed away in 1991.

As my mother's relatives and friends started to pass away, she would always say, "you have to turn the page". Life is for the living. You mourn the people who have gone before you then move on. My mother's life was filled with joy. She loved to socialize, she loved going on bus trips to different places and she loved traveling back to Orangeburg with her sister to spend the summer at their family's home.

Her memory will be cherished by: her three loving daughters, Rhonda, Phoebe and Paula of New York; one son, Melvin and wife, Laura of Missouri; two grandchildren, Gregory and Ariel; four great-grandchildren, Chantel, Tajah, Gregory, Jr. and Elijah; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection....."You'll Never Walk Alone"

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection....."Jesus Keep Me Near The Cross"

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection....."Jesus Is Love"

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

*Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York*

When I Must Leave You

Please don't say that I gave up, just say that I gave in. Don't say I lost the battle, for it was God's war to lose or win. Please don't say how good I was, but I did my best. Just say that I tried to do what's right - to give the most I could, not do less.

Please don't give me wings or halos, that's for God to do. I want no more than I deserve, no extras, just my due. Please don't give flowers, or talk in hushed tones. Don't be concerned about me now, I'm well with God; I've made my home.

Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and it's done. Just see to all my family's needs, the battle has been won. When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a Saint. I've done some good, I've done some wrong, so use all your paint - not just the bright and light tones, use some gray and dark. In fact, don't put me down on canvass, paint me in your heart.

Don't just remember good times, but remember all the bad. For life is full of many things, some happy and some sad. But if you must do something, then I have one last request - forgive for the wrongs I've done, and with the love that's left, thank God for my soul's resting, thank God for I've been blessed. Thank God for all who loved me, praise God who loved me best.

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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