

Celebrating The Life of



Wellie Spivey

Sunrise
September 18, 1949

Sunset
August 11, 2016

Service

Friday, August 19, 2016 - 9:00 a.m.

Community Baptist Church

224 First Street
Englewood, New Jersey

Acknowledgements

The best part of me was always that I came through her. The epitome of beauty, style, grace, intelligence and general fierceness, I knew from early on I had some pretty large heels to fill. What my mother did was instill in me and nurture not a clone but all the talents and gifts that were my own. I once asked her how she was able to be so patient with such an outspoken and strong willed child. She simply said, "It was important for me to guide you without breaking your spirit". This was her way, always allowing you to blossom into your individuality and quietly and fiercely loving you and cheering you on. My mother was an incredible individual and I feel blessed to have been raised by and friends with her. She has left an indelible impression on my life.

Your daughter, Alkania

The most valuable treasure that God blessed me with was my Mother. There is nothing on this earth that was more treasured. Her quiet strength and leadership have always guided me throughout my life as a child and an adult. There were few words exchanged over the years but her actions were very clear. Her devotion to her kids and family was unlimited. As a child, she was relentless in resolving my speech/hearing challenges against the obstacles of doctors who told her that she may need to accept her child may be mentally disabled. As a result of her persistence and 500 miles away from her home, the problem was revealed and resolved. This was the type of mother that she was. Great work ethic and letting no challenge stand in her way. This was true leadership. I love you Mother with all my heart for eternity and I will carry these qualities forward as you have done.

Your son, Raheem.

Classy, Elegant, Stylish, Stunning, Firm Disciplinarian, Thoughtful, Loving, Quiet Cool, Warm. These are just a few of the words we would use to describe our aunt; but the list is endless. She had a way of making each one of us feel special to her, a skill she no doubt, honed from our grandmother. She offered sound advice in troubled times and it was always coupled with just enough support – emotionally and financially, to help you pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and make it on your own. And when we did she would be the first to say how proud she was of you. Her absence will leave a hole within our hearts but the lessons she taught have made us who we are today. We are everything we are, because she loved us.

With Sorrow, her nieces and nephews.

On Thursday, August 11, 2016 heaven welcomed my special angel. She was a beautiful and caring sister and although I am her senior by more than a decade, she was the one that spoiled me rotten. She always looked out for me; even as a child she would warn me when daddy was mad and looking for me. I take comfort in the knowledge that she has transitioned from my special angel to my guardian angel. I will miss you so much.

Your sister, Vivian.

Obituary

Wellie Mae Spivey was born on September 18, 1949, in Beulaville, North Carolina, to the late Wellie Moore (father) and Artnie Bryant (mother). She was the youngest of four children: James Cornelius Williams Jr. (deceased), Vivian Annette Williams Moore Waters and Addie Mae Moore (deceased).

Her family moved to Brooklyn, NY where she graduated from Prospect Heights High School. Furthering her education, Wellie attended Pace University. She began her career at Consolidated Edison, Inc. (Con Ed) where she met and married Rufus Spivey on April 22, 1972. This union produced what Wellie would say was her greatest accomplishment, two children. Wellie went on to pursue a career at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, as a budget analyst, from 1973 until the time of her death.

Wellie developed her business acumen very early. Standing on a stool, at the age of five, she ran the cash register at her family's dry cleaning business. In one instance, a customer accused her of giving the wrong change; her father promptly intervened saying: "she doesn't make mistakes." This was the consummate example of Wellie's attention to detail. Once tasked with a project you could be sure that not only would it be executed, every detail and possible consequence would be meticulously considered, planned and prepared for.

Wellie had style. She was poised. All that encountered her remarked on her beauty, posture, manners and keen fashion sense. She was a lady. Wellie's classic stylishness and impeccable taste in attire was even evident in the way she dressed her children, much to their chagrin, resulting in zero "hood points."

Her nephew, Derrick gave her the nickname, Smiley, because of the brilliance of her smile. Smiley was the matriarch and bedrock of her family. She was always ready to give advice, often unsolicited that let others know what it would or would not behoove them to do. Smiley served as the family nucleus often holding all the information and disseminating it as she saw fit. Her children started lovingly referring to her as CNN. Smiley was so beloved, she could always just waive her finger and one of her many minions (children, nephews, nieces and friends) would be at her beck and call. This was a testament to how much the family wanted to give her a smidgen of the support she so readily dispensed to them. Wellie "Smiley" Spivey's life was rich with love, experience and an inordinate amount of laughter.

She is survived by two children, Alkania and Raheem; a future daughter-in-law, Kimberly; one sister, Vivian and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and dear friends.

Wellie's light shined brightly. It was extinguished painfully early, but her radiance continues in or through all the lives she touched.

Precious



Memories



Order of Service

Processional

Prayer Rev. Dr. Alexander G. Houston

Musical Selection Julian Moore

Scripture Reading Kimberly Houston

Remarks Reverend Jose Vazquez

Obituary Rev. Dr. Alexander G. Houston

Musical Selection Louise Bethune

Eulogy Reverend Verneda Cheshire

Final Viewing

Committal

Recessional

*Repast will be served immediately
after in the fellowship hall.*

Letter From Heaven

When tomorrow starts without me,
And I'm not here to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes,
Filled with tears for me.

I wish so much you wouldn't cry,
The way you did today,
While thinking of the many things,
We didn't get to say.

I know how much you loved me,
As much as I loved you,
And each time you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.

When tomorrow starts without me,
Don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here in your heart.

Acknowledgements

*The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation
the many expressions of love, concern, and
kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.*

Professional Services by:
Whigham Funeral Home

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Carolyn Whigham, Director

