

*Just as Jesus was coming up out of the water,  
he saw heaven being torn open and the  
Spirit descending on him like a dove.*

*Mark 1:10*

*In Loving Memory of*  
*Frank Roosevelt Reed*

*Sunrise: June 9, 1958*

*Sunset: August 17, 2016*

Service

*Saturday, August 27, 2016 - 9:00 a.m.*

**PARKCHESTER BAPTIST CHURCH**

2021 Benedict Avenue • Bronx, NY 10462

Rev. Dr. Felecia M. Smith, Pastor

## *Obituary*

**Frank Roosevelt Reed** was born on June 9, 1958 to Mamie Reed and Bennie Reed of Camden, South Carolina.

He graduated from Camden High School, and worked for many years in an industrial factory.

During his high school years, he ran track and received many medals. He was a great dancer and loved helping others. He was willing to listen to anyone with an understanding and sympathetic heart. He enjoyed studying with Jehovah's Witnesses. He was loyal to his family and friends and always had a sense of humor.

He leaves to mourn: his wife, Millicent Reed of South Carolina; his sisters, Beatrice Wallace of New York and Rosa Adams (Wayne Adams) of Oklahoma; father-in-law, James Woods of South Carolina; one uncle, Hammie Lee (Evelyn Lee) of Florida; a devoted niece, Monisha Hosier of New York; aunts, Rebecca Reed and Elizabeth Walker of South Carolina; and a host of cousins, nieces, nephews and friends.

# *Order of Service*

*Deacon Priscilla Williams, Presiding*

Processional

Congregational Hymn

Scripture Readings.....Lisa Bishop  
Old Testament  
New Testament

Prayer of Comfort.....Deacon Priscilla Williams

Selection....."Precious Memories"

Acknowledgement/Cards

Obituary.....Wayne Adams

Selection....."I'll Fly Away"

Eulogy.....Rev. Dr. Felecia M. Smith

Closing Prayer

Benediction

Recessional

## *Interment*

*Rosehill Cemetery  
Linden, New Jersey*

# *Miss Me, But Let 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.  
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.  
Miss me-but let me go.*

*-author unknown*

## *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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