

*In Loving
Memory of*



Helen Ferrell

Sunrise: January 31, 1939

Sunset: November 27, 2016

Obituary

Helen Ferrell, birth name, Betty Lou Stokes, the daughter of the late Samuel Stokes and Annie Pearl Stokes was born on January 31, 1939, in Warrington, Georgia. On November 27, 2016, at Isabella Geriatric Nursing Home, Bronx, New York, our beloved Helen peacefully slipped away to be with the Lord.

As an adolescent, Helen attended Gibson High School in Gibson, Georgia, where she loved playing tomboy sports, but her favorite sport was basketball. Helen enjoyed cooking and dancing, and oh boy could she boogie. In her earlier years, she worked at Townsend Poultry and H & H Poultry in Delaware.

In 1961, Helen moved to Paterson, New Jersey where she lived for five years. In 1966, Helen met and married her husband, the late William Ferrell. They both relocated to Bronx, New York, where she lived for the next fifty years.

Helen was a faithful and dedicated member at Greater Refuse Temple Church in Harlem, New York, where she praised and worshipped the Lord. One of her favorite Bible verses was the Lord's Prayer, Matthew 6:9-13. She loved to travel and play her numbers, and oh how she loved her family. There wasn't anything that she wouldn't do for them. Helen was known by her family and friends as being very comical with jokes and many laughters. She used to have a habit of pulling on the tip of your nose, saying, "dibba, dibba, dibba, dibba, dibba". GREAT TIMES!

For many years, she worked for the Gambino and Lucchese family from Long Island, New York, as a trusted worker and at the same time, found great joy and pleasure in attending classes to obtain her GED until she was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease in 1997.

She was preceded in death by her three sisters, Floria Stiggle, Amy Hitchens and Wyonia Montgomery; two brothers, Mervin B. Stokes and Cornell Stokes.

Helen leaves to cherish her memories: her only baby, Vernessa Moore; three grandchildren, Janaya Monique Sims, Kianna Aaliyah Moore and Howard Andre Moore, III, all from Bronx, New York one sister, Delois Dorsey from Millsboro, DE; two brothers, Harold Stokes from Harbeson, Delaware and Henry Stokes (Ernestine) from Millsboro, Delaware; one aunt, Daisie Terrell from Atlanta, Georgia; one uncle, Elder Terrell from Atlanta, Georgia; two longtime best friends, Mary McCall from Bronx, New York and Carlos Cintron from Bronx, New York; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Service

Saturday, December 3, 2016 - 12:00 Noon

GREATER ZION HILL BAPTIST CHURCH

2365 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Dr. Sidney Hargrave, Officiating
Latasha Jordan, Soloist

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Matthew 6:9-13

Matthew 24:3-13

Prayer

Solo

"His Eye Is On The Sparrow"

Acknowledgements

Gloria "Judy" Wheeler, Niece

Remarks

Words From the Family

Obituary

Gloria "Judy" Wheeler, Niece

Poem

"Now I Know Why The Caged Birds Sings"

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Read by, Margarete Fells, Niece

Solo

"Precious Lord"

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Final Disposition

Oxford Hills Crematory • Chester, New York

The Master Called

I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.

-Author unknown

Do Not Ask Me to Remember

Do not ask me to remember,
Don't try to make me understand,
Let me rest and know you're with me,
Kiss my cheek and hold my hand.
I'm confused beyond your concept,
I am sad and sick and lost.
All I know is that I need you
To be with me at all cost.
Do not lose your patience with me,
Do not scold or curse or cry.
I can't help the way I'm acting,
Can't be different though I try.
Just remember that I need you,
That the best of me is gone,
Please don't fail to stand beside me,
Love me 'til my life is done.
-Owen Darnell

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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