



*A Celebration of Life*

*Marcella N. Laboo-Walker*

*Heaven Sent: November 10, 1962 - Called Home: March 16, 2017*



**Service**

*Thursday, March 23, 2017 - 11:00 a.m.*

**St. John's Community Baptist Church**

1066 Bergen Street • Newark, New Jersey

***Pastor Phillip Gilmore, Officiating***

***Eddie Saunders, Organist***

**Order of Celebration**

Viewing and Family Hour

Processional ..... Song Hosanna

Prayer of Comfort ..... Minister Sharnee Brown

Old Testament Reading ..... Perthea Saunders  
Proverbs 3:5-6

New Testament Reading ..... Barbara Little  
1 Corinthians 4:14-5:1

Poetry Tribute ..... Marcus Curry

Musical Selection ..... Choir

Acknowledgment of Condolences ..... Latasha Onugha

Reading of Obituary ..... Laura Hendricks-Jackson

Musical Selection ..... Choir

Reflections ..... Family and Friends  
& Message to family (Paulette Thomas)  
(2mins please)

Praise Dance (Battle is Not Yours) ..... Sis. Jasmine Hardesty

Musical Selection (I Can Only Imagine) ..... Felicia Mitchell

Eulogy ..... Pastor Phillip Gilmore

Recessional ..... ( How Great is Our God)

**Interment**

Heavenly Rest Memorial Park • East Hanover, NJ

Repast

After the burial, please join the family in the fellowship hall located on the lower level of St. John's Community Baptist Church.



## *Nieces and Nephews Tribute*

Where do we find the words when life as we know it has changed and only the afterthought of you remains?

You were the sane for our sanity, the quiet to our storm, the fertilizer of our family tree and the Aunty who always had the family tea!

Although we are all happy that you can no longer feel pain, the truth of the matter still remains—our loss cannot go on without saying, Aunt Marcella you will be forever missed. For you were the tree that kept all our branches together, no matter the troubled weather.

We knew we could always count on you, and so as your nieces and nephews, here's what we'll do to say we love and appreciate you. We promise that we will carry on with your familial ways, and carry on your legacy.

Aunt-Marcella-Evans-Laboo-Walker ....  
 "gone but never will you be forgotten "

## *More Relatives and Friends*

We shared so many memories. We laughed until we cried. We will always cherish the moments you gave us. Deep inside, your body was weak, but your soul is now at ease and our love for you will never die. It's as deep as God's blue seas. Sisters never say goodbye. It's always see you later. We can cry until we laugh because you've landed somewhere greater.

"Golden Girls"

-Barbara and Mickey





**Pallbearers**

Nafis Laboo  
Jameel Laboo  
Davonne Laboo  
Yusef Laboo  
AL-Malik Laboo  
T. Jamaal Walker  
T. Wayne Shannon

***Acknowledgement***

*The family wishes to express their sincere thanks and appreciation for all acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy that was shown to them during this time of bereavement.*

Professional Services by:  
**Whigham Funeral Home**

580 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd.  
Newark, New Jersey 07102  
973-622-6872

*Carolyn Whigham, Director*



# Obituary



**Marcella N. Laboo-Walker** departed on March 16, 2017 after a courageous battle with lung cancer. She was born in Jersey City, NJ to the late Katherine Evans and Elijah Laboo, and she spent a significant part of her life in East Orange on Norwood Street. She attended East Orange High School. Marcella obtained her first job at Pathmark Stores Inc. where she served as head cashier and stock clerk, devoting 34 years to the company. She had a strong work ethic. It was apparent that Marcella loved that job and the people she worked with, and that's why she barely missed a day and would not be caught missing a pay. It was there that she met her best friend and the love of her life, Thomas D. Walker in 1990 and they later married. Her tenure at Pathmark speaks volumes about one of Marcella's character traits: devotion. She was devoted to her family and friends. She never half committed; she was always fully invested in whatever belonged to her.

Marcella was a giving person. She gave tirelessly to those who came to her for financial help, emotional counseling, encouragement, and inspiration. She was a member of St. John's Community Baptist Church in Newark, NJ where she was a part of the Growing in Christ class, in which she enrolled to deepen her knowledge and relationship with her Lord and Savior. She served on the Beyond the Walls Ministry, which is a church ministry committed to feeding the homeless. She naturally gravitated to a giving ministry because it reflected who she was and what was important to her. She emptied herself for the cause of others.

Marcella was a peacemaker—the glue that held her family together. She was a woman who invested in people. She encouraged reconciliation and worked hard to always see the good in each person she encountered. She brought people together, even when it wasn't easy to do.

Marcella was witty. She had a way with people. She had the ability to put a room at ease while throwing in a couple of verbal jabs here and there to liven up the environment. She had an infectious laugh and saw the comic relief in the simplest things. She laughed with her whole being and could make a whole room laugh without a reason.

Marcella was strong. She carried many burdens with the grace of a stallion. Her strength was magnified in the face of the disease that eventually overcame her. However, her strength remains in the legacy she leaves behind. Her strength was in the way she lived, the way she spoke-- it was in her faith in God and her family pride. Although she was preceded in death by her mother, Katherine Evans, her father, Elijah Laboo; her sister, Clara Hendricks, and brother, Marion Murphy, they too would have been proud of her. She leaves as her legacy her daughter, Nafisah Laboo-Curry; son-in-law, Marcus Curry; son, Nafis Laboo; son, T. Jamaal Walker, and son, T. Wayne Shannon; sisters, Dorothy Brooks, Lillie Mae (Pat) Thomas, Kay Kenney; brothers, Henry Murphy, Elijah Murphy, and Robert (Malik) Laboo; grandchildren, Tyler, Nazir, Chloe, and Nauri; and a host of nieces, nephews, and cousins.



## *Husband Tribute*

*I describe Marcella as a person who impacted me in so many ways. She was my love, and really, she was my best friend. She was a woman who loved her children, her family, and adored her grandchildren. She was my strength, my help mate—she was my “Stella”. If I could do my relationship all over again, I would. I would be there with her again, living every moment until the end, because she was my “road dog” and that’s what road dogs do. They hang in there with each other, through the beautiful and the painful. I am honored to have shared life so closely with her. I will miss her deeply.*

*-Thomas*



## Children Tribute

I remember my 3rd grade graduation. All parents were instructed to purchase black and white outfits for their children for the ceremony. You bought me a bright red, leather outfit with frills dangling from the vest. I was so embarrassed, but you were so proud. You said you wanted me to stand out from the others. When I saw your smile that day, at the tender age of 8, I made up in my mind that I would do whatever I could to see that smile as often as possible. Whether it was working hard to always do well in school to chores around the house or taking care of my little brother, I always strived to make you smile. As I got older, this goal wasn't as easily accomplished for a sassy mouth teenage girl, always borrowing and never returning your things, nor for a young woman who just swore she knew more about life than you. However, what I learned is that above all my degrees and formal education, and more than experiences gained from traveling around the world, my most valuable life lessons I learned from your smile. Your smile symbolized joy in a sad world. Your smile reflected strength in the most difficult situations. Your tough – “I don't take no stuff”—love was still sealed with a smile. Your smile was infectious and touched the lives of anyone you encountered.

Even in your last days as I cared for you, you reassured me that I was the strong one because I was able to look at you straight in the eyes, see past the suffering, and just smile. And then, when it became too difficult for you to say many words, I would say “Ma,” and you would look up at me and give me that beautiful smile. Smiling was our secret language that spoke volumes all without words. So, through this unimaginable pain Ma, I point my face toward heaven, and I smile.

-Nafisah

I remember the first time I truly broke your heart.

Your love never changed; in fact, your love grew stronger.

I remember watching you cry, asking me, “Why are you doing this to me?”

I remember the fury in your voice when you would say, “these streets can't have my baby.”

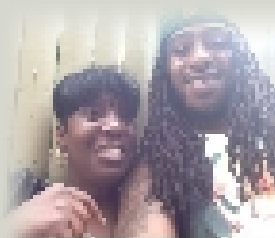
I remember during all my times of breaking your heart, you pulled me closer & loved me stronger.

“Baby you just don't understand,” you said after kissing my son and me repeatedly.

And you're absolutely right. I will never truly understand your love in totality for me,

but I will always truly remember and honor who you were and what you have been to me.

- Nafis



## Grandchildren



Gigi loved her grandkids, and we love her too. She would always say I would be her little Tyler. She would tell me to stop growing and be 10 again. It would be funny when she would say that. She would get me anything I needed. When we went places, she always made sure that I was taken care of. We had

good memories. She was too cool to let anyone call her Grand-ma. That's how I will remember her as a cool, great, funny and happy Gigi to me.

-Tyler on behalf of grandchildren

## Siblings

There are so many memories of Marcella. Memories of us going to our brother Henry's house for spring break. There are memories of us going up to Hartford, Connecticut to visit my oldest sister Clara. We were a few generations of children. My mother used to split up the youngest from the oldest, and she would often send the younger generation to our older sibling's homes. Marcella loved us—her brothers and sisters. My mother entrusted my sister with the tremendous responsibility of keeping my family together; so, she started the tradition of having Thanksgiving on Friday, so that everyone could be with their immediate family on Thursday, and so we could all convene the day after. Our sister was a fighter. She had spunk and charisma. We love her and will miss her, but we have hope in John 5:28-29 and Revelation 21:3-4. The grave will hold us no more and God will wipe the tears from our eyes. Love you big sister. Thank you for being such a good sister to us all and my best friend.

-Kay on behalf of siblings.

