

A portrait of an elderly African American woman with short, dark, curly hair, smiling gently. She is wearing a dark top and a necklace with a circular pendant. The background features a large, light blue rose with green leaves, partially overlapping the portrait.

Celebrating the Life of
Ardella J. Tanks
“Dimple”

Sunrise
July 22, 1940

Sunset
March 12, 2017

Service
Friday, March 24, 2017 - 10:00 a.m.

ST. AUGUSTINE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

838 E. 165 Street
Bronx, New York

Officiating; Reverend Dr. James Morrison
Organist; Minister Kar-reem A. Felder

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional

Scripture
Old Testament
New Testament

Selection

Invocation

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Words of Comfort

Benediction

Final Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Rosedale Cemetery
Linden, New Jersey

Repast

Union Grove Missionary Baptist Church
148 Hoe Avenue, Bronx, NY
347-590-3881

Reflections of Life

Ardella J. (Dimple) Tanks passed away at the of 76 on March 12, 2017 in Bronx Lebanon Hospital.

Adella was born July 22, 1940 in Nashville Tennessee to Willie and Rosetta McKissack-Goodner (both deceased). She grew up with five siblings who babied her all of her life. She spent much of her childhood being protected by her sisters and cousin, when you saw all four of them together someone was about to get checked about bothering the baby (Dimple).

She graduated from Pearl High School in Nashville, Tennessee. She followed her sisters to New York in the sixties and that is where she remained until her death. The majority of her years were spent living in the Webster Houses where she was loved by all. Ardella worked numerous jobs but her passion was working for the New York City Board of Education. Dimple was passionate, caring, strong, loving, understanding, nurturing, and always gave good advice to those who needed it. She always loved being surrounded by children to the very end. Dimple was the go to Mom for any and everything, plus old time remedies that would help the situation that was brought to her attention. When you went to Dimples house she always had company, the love was spread around. If you needed help Dimple was there to do whatever it was to help ease your mind. She was always surrounded by loving family friends, and neighbors. Her granddaughter Myka whom she also raised amongst others talked to her every day, kept her laughing even when she was down. That one call from her made her day brighter. She loved playing cards with daughter Destiny and taking her money which she wouldn't give back caused her to laugh uncontrollably, traveling with her sisters and cousin, watching old black and white TV shows and movies, and loved anything Tyler Perry made. She loved talking to her niece, Deidra who was a pain in her butt, but she loved every minute of it. She loved her son-in-law Stan who would be there when she needed him. He was her go to guy for handy work. What she loved most was watching wrestling with Lola. Do not disturb her during this show or you were bound to get cussed out. But, in life she loved taking care of children that were at risk of any kind. Ardella always said just bring them to me ASAP, she was a Foster Mom to many.

Dimple is preceded in death by her son, Junior (Bronx NY) sisters, Katherine (Delaware) Flora (Bronx NY) brother, Coleman (TN); granddaughter Sammontia (Bronx NY) and her favorite cousin, Beatrice Smith (NJ). She always said spending time with her favorite cousin BB was her Staycions in NJ.

Ardella is survived by her lifelong partner, Christopher Gardner; she was the proud mother of Spankey (Tina) Maxine, Nisey (Stan), daughter-in-law, Carolyn; Al (Karla), Destiny, Teyonnie, Shalane, Nicole and Mookie; loving grandmother to Shamyka, Keyonie Alicia, Shantel, Tasia, Kache, Justin, James, Brendan, Stanley, Victor, Derrick, and Amadeus. A loving great-grandmother to 15 and a great great grandmother to 1, a host of nieces, nephew, cousin's other relatives and friends.

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

Acknowledgement

*The family wishes to express their deepest appreciation
and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to
them in their time of sorrow.*

Professional Services Provided By
HERBERT T. MCCALL FUNERAL HOME

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