

In Loving Memory of



Deborah Simmons

December 29, 1959 - April 20, 2017

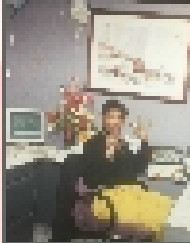
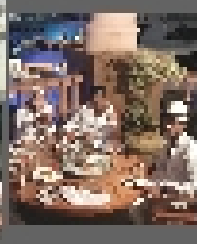
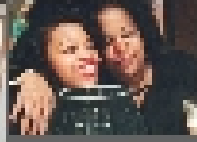
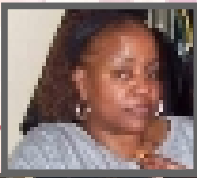
Service

Sunday, April 30, 2017 - 4:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Precious Memories



I would never trade my amazing friends, my wonderful life, my loving family for less gray hair or a flatter belly. As I've aged, I've become kinder to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend. I don't chide myself for eating that extra cookie, or for not making my bed, or for buying that silly cement gecko that I didn't need, but looks so avant-garde on my patio. I am entitled to a treat, to be messy, to be extravagant. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4 AM and sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 60's & 70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love..... I will.

I will walk the beach in a swimsuit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old. I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And I eventually remember the important things.

Sure, over the years my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength and understanding and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face.

So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver. As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong. So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day (if I feel like it).

MAY OUR FRIENDSHIP NEVER COME APART, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S
STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART!

Love,
Deborah "Shootie" Simmons

Obituary

Deborah Simmons was born in New York, New York to the late Franklin Simmons and Minnie Strong on December 29, 1959. She grew as the youngest of three girls: Patricia being the oldest and Cynthia (Tiny) being the middle sister. Patricia called her my baby sister. Those close family and friends lovingly referred to her as "Shootie".

Deborah made her career in Healthcare Administration and Social Services and retired in 2014. She enjoyed her profession, but nothing came before her job as a mother and grandmother. She always put herself second to her children and for that she will always be cherished. She knew the importance of a good education and worked hard so that her boys could attend private schools.

During her leisure time, she enjoyed reading, going to various restaurants and spending time with family and friends. Deborah always had an eye for fashion and enjoyed creating her own dress style and decorating.

Those who came to know Shootie will tell you that she was very generous, compassionate and had a love for people. She loved laughter and lived life to the fullest extent possible. She will be missed dearly.

She is predeceased by her sister, Cynthia Jones.

Deborah passed away peacefully in her home in Suwanee, Georgia on April 20, 2017. She was 57 years old.

Deborah's fond memories will be cherished by: her three sons, Daishon (Dai), George and Ian; five grandchildren, Daisha, Daishon, Kahzier, Brian and Julian; two great-grandchildren, Alani and Olivia; one sister, Patricia Dais; two brothers-in-law, John Dais and Russell Jones; grandmother, Rena Davis; and a host of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

My Nanna was an amazing woman. We as her grandchildren were blessed beyond measures to have her. She was more than our grandmother she was like our superhero. No matter where she was or where she always made sure everyone was taken care of. We're going to miss our Nanna so very much, but we will cherish every single moment we had with her and I just thank God we had so many. We love you Nanna. – Daisha

Revelation 21:4

"And God will wipe out every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more, neither will mourning nor outcry nor pain be anymore. The former things have passed away."

Acknowledgement

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

2352 8th Avenue • Manhattan, NY • (212) 666-8300
1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023
1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

Clifford V. James, President & CEO
www.unityfuneralchapels.com
email: unityfc@aol.com

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