

*In Loving Memory of*



*Frances Brown*

*Sunrise: September 7, 1932*

*Sunset: June 6, 2017*

Service

Thursday, June 15, 2017 - 10:00 a.m.

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Dr. J.G. McCann, Sr., Officiating

Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

## Obituary

**Frances Brown** was born on September 7, 1932 in Savannah, Georgia and later on she moved to New York City and married Rudolph Brown.

She graduated from college and attended nursing school, and became a Registered Nurse. She worked at Isabella Nursing Home until she retired.

Frances was known for raising and nurturing children. She sacrificed so much and worked very hard for her loved ones. She was a passionate loving caregiver. If she was down to her last dollar, the only thing that would make her happy was to give you 50 cent. Frances was a strong woman that taught you to work hard in life for anything you want and lead by example. Everyone in life that she came across, she touched in a very special way.

Frances is preceded in death by her daughter, Priscilla Johnson.

Frances leaves to mourn: her loving children, Steven Brown, Thomas Yeiser, Donna Brown and Nasir Johnson all from New York City; grandchildren, Ebony Brown, Eric Brown, James Smalls, Stephanie Brown, Jacole Kelliehan, Sigourney Brown, Tyrell, Angela Johnson, Raquel Johnson and Crystal Johnson all from New York City; her siblings, Lacey Manor, Pastor Kitty Manor, Diane and Dot Manor of Springfield, MA, Bruce Manor of Road Island, NY and Matme Warren of Rochester, NY; and a host of great grands, nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

# *Order of Service*

*Processional*

*Selection*

*Scripture Readings*

*Prayer*

*Selection*

*Acknowledgements*

*Remarks*

*Obituary*

*Selection*

*Eulogy*

*Committal*

*Viewing*

*Recessional*

*Interment*

*Calverton National Cemetery  
Calverton, New York*

# *When Great Trees Fall*

by Maya Angelou

*When great trees fall,  
rocks on distant hills shudder,  
lions hunker down  
in tall grasses,  
and even elephants  
lumber after safety.*

*When great trees fall  
in forests,  
small things recoil into silence,  
their senses  
eroded beyond fear.*

*When great souls die,  
the air around us becomes  
light, rare, sterile.  
We breathe, briefly.  
Our eyes, briefly,  
see with  
a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,  
examines,  
gnaws on kind words  
unsaid,  
promised walks  
never taken.*

*Great souls die and*

*our reality, bound to  
them, takes leave of us.*

*Our souls,  
dependent upon their  
nurture,  
now shrink, wizened.  
Our minds, formed  
and informed by their  
radiance,  
fall away.*

*We are not so much maddened  
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance  
of dark, cold caves.*

*And when great souls die,  
after a period peace blooms,  
slowly and always  
irregularly. Spaces fill  
with a kind of  
soothing electric vibration.  
Our senses, restored, never  
to be the same, whisper to us.  
They existed. They existed.  
We can be. Be and be  
better. For they existed.*

## *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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*Clifford V. James, President & CEO*

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*"Your Loved Ones Deserve The Best - Unity"*

