

In Loving Memory of

A portrait of Mildred Watson, a woman with short dark hair, wearing a grey patterned jacket and a dark necklace. She is smiling slightly. The background is a solid blue color. To the left of the portrait are several pink roses on green stems, some in focus and some blurred.

Mildred Watson

Sunrise: April 7, 1934

Sunset: August 30, 2017

Service

Thursday, September 7, 2017 - 10:00 a.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary

On April 7th 1934, **Mildred Watson** was born to Viola Watson and Lenox Smith in Beaufort, South Carolina. At the age of seven, she relocated with her mother to Harlem, New York.

Mildred attended the New York City public schools. Upon graduating from Washington Irving High School as a Pre-Nursing student, she entered the Harlem Hospital School of Nursing and received her Nursing certification. She furthered her education by obtaining a Bachelor's Degree in Nursing from Hunter College, a Master's Degree in Nursing from New York University and a Master's Degree in Public Health Administration from The New School of Social Research.

Mildred was very dedicated to community health and served as a Charge Nurse and Private Duty Nurse at Harlem Hospital and Metropolitan Hospital. She later became a New York City Public Health Nurse and serviced the Harlem and Bronx Health Departments and schools. In 1992, she retired as an Assistant Clinical Director.

During all of the listed accomplishments, "Millie" gave birth to a son, Lenord Burwell and experienced an unexpected tragedy when his father, Samuel Burwell met an untimely death. Years later, she would meet the love of her life, Herbert Franklyn. That union would produce a daughter, Gabriela Franklyn.

Always a "Go - getter", "Millie" became active in many organization: The Harlem Hospital Alumni Association, D.C. 37 Retirees, Castle Hill Senior Center, N.Y.C. Civil Service Retirement and Employment Association, AARP, Alliance of Retired Americans, JAPAC, and Mount Olivet Baptist Church.

She was very much into family, hence, her home was a place of fellowship and congregation during the holidays or "just because". She loved Afro-Caribbean history and would often share information at family gatherings or at community events. Her hobbies included cooking, sewing, restoring furniture, dancing, watching baseball or basketball games and traveling.

Mildred leaves a wonderful family who will cherish her memory and proudly carry the torch which she ignited: her husband, Herbert Franklyn; her children, Lenord Burwell and Gabriela Franklyn; grandchildren, Dr. Lenord Troy Burwell, Robert Davis, Tiffany Shipman, Telegre Shipman, Tanisha Shipman and Javan Morris; great-grandchildren, Caliente, Robert, Jr., Avant, Tanasia, and William; nephews/sons, Darrell, Gregory and Jeffrey; cousin/brother, Charles Coaxum; cousin/sister, Ophelia Gross; and a host of relatives and friends.

Submitted with love, the family of Mildred Watson.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude.....Tanya Willoughby

Processional

Hymn of Praise

Prayer of ComfortReverend Donald Adams

Scripture Readings

Old Testament.....Torian Clarke

New Testament.....Telegre Shipman

Solo.....Tiffany Godette

Reflections

Obituary ReadingNajieb Isaac

Solo.....Tiffany Godette

Eulogy.....Pastor Albert Sutton, Jr.

Solo..... Tiffany Godette

Words of Comfort

Final Viewing

Benediction

Recessional

Interment

Woodlawn Cemetery
Bronx, New York

To Those I Love

*To those I love and those that love me,
When I am gone, release me, let me go
I have so many things to see and do
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears
Be happy that we had so many years.
I gave you my love, you can only guess
How much you gave me in happiness
I thank you for the love you each have shown
But now it's time I travel alone
So grieve for a while for me if you must
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It's only for a while that we must part
So bless the memories within your heart
I won't be far away, for life goes on
So if you need me, call and I will come
Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear
All my love around you so soft and clear
And then, when you must come this way alone
I'll greet you with a smile and say,
"Welcome Home."*

-Author unknown

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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