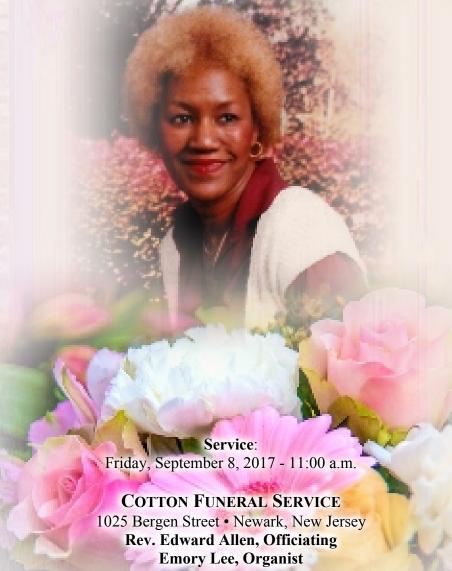
CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF

Amanda Brown

Sunrise: February 5, 1942 - Sunset: August 26, 2017



Obituary

Amanda Brown 'Sista''

Amanda Brown was born on February 5, 1942, in Shellman, Georgia to James and Mary Morgan.

She attended the Randolph and Essex County School Systems. Amanda was employed for over forty years in retail. She was a foster parent and was Baptist.

Amanda Brown departed this life on Monday, August 21, 2017, in St. Petersburg, Florida.

She was preceded in death by her husband, William Brown, parents, James and Mary Morgan and brother, Willie James Morgan.

She leaves to cherish her memories: her daughters, Niyear and Shahida; brother, Jessie Morgan of Newark, NJ; aunts, Annie Kate Everhart of St. Petersburg, FL, Lena Edwards of Orlando, FL, Elizabeth Powell of St. Petersburg, FL and Moley Powell of Shellman, GA; nephew, Marcus Morgan of Newark, NJ, niece, Florence Morgan of Newark, NJ; niece, Florence Morgan of Newark, NJ; longtime friend, Diane Allen and a host of cousins and friends.



"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the five, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

~Isaiah 43:2



Order of Service

Processional

A Parting Glance

Invocation

Scripture Reading
Old Testament - Psalm 23 & Psalm 14:1-10
New Testament

Selection

Recessional

INTERMENT

Graceland Memorial Park Kenilworth, New Jersey

Our father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come they will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom,
And the power, and the glory, for ever.

Matthew 6:9-13

Broken Wings

You came to me with wings that were broken. You said you could not fly. You said your life had no meaning. No one could answer questions. Why? You said that you were tired. And could no longer go on. You needed one to hold you. A word to make your spirit strong. Your eyes were red and drooping. They could not face the light of day, You wanted me to touch you. And take the pains away. I looked as you slowly walked, Dragging wings by your side With open arms. I welcomed you in, into my love to hide. I took those wings so tender Bruised and hurt, filled with pain. I also took your broken spirit, and the aches from memory lane. With my hands, I held you, as a baby in mother's arms, Gently, I whispered my promise to you, "I'll protect you from all harm". My words were strong and loving, I told you, you were mine. I watched, as you grew strong, over the course of time. When you spirit lifted, and broken wings became so strong No longer could I hold you, you had a fly along. Remember when I held you close, on that dark and lonely day. When you think of the pains you had, remember how they went away. On that day, you see one, trying to fly with broken wings, Use your strength, be their guide, speak of precious things. Remember the words I taught you, Love conquers all, it will never die. Your wings are strong, your spirit restored, go on, my beautiful eagle, FLY. Written by Michelle Edwin-Trotman

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.

Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.

Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.

Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

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