

*Celebrating the Life of*  
*Helen Branche Newkirk*

*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept  
the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of  
righteousness. 2 Timothy 4:7-8*

*Sunrise*  
*June 7, 1920*

*Sunset*  
*December 8, 2017*

Wednesday, December 13, 2017 11:00 A.M.

**St. Aloysius RC Church**

210 W. 132 Street  
New York, NY 10027

**Officiating; Reverend Victor Emumwen**  
**Organist; Gary Mitchell**

*Order of Service*

PRELUDE

*Gary Mitchell*

INVOCATION

MUSICAL SELECTION

*"I Won't Complain"*

SCRIPTURE READING

*Old Testament – Ecclesiastes 3:1-8*

*New Testament – Matthew 5:3-10*

PRAYER OF COMFORT

MUSICAL SELECTION

*"Amazing Grace" – Eunice Newkirk*

READING OF OBITUARY

TRIBUTE SENTIMENTS

*Barbara Newkirk*

MUSICAL SELECTION

*"Going Up Yonder" – Eunice Newkirk*

EULOGY

BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL

*"When We All Get To Heaven"*

**Interment**

*Mount Holiness Memorial Park*

*Butler, New Jersey*

## Reflections of Life

**Helen Elizabeth Branche Newkirk** was born June 7, 1920 in Richmond, Virginia to Elnora and Richard Branche. She was called home to the Lord on December 8, 2017.

Helen and her mother Elnora relocated from Virginia to Harlem, New York when she was 5 years old. She attended the public school system and graduated from Wadleigh High School. However, Helen along with her best friends Eva, Phoebe and Phyliss worked and socialized with the staff at St. Aloysius Church. Soon after she converted to Catholicism. She met Clarence James Newkirk Sr. and they married on September 25, 1940. From this union was born Ruth (Pat), Clarence Jr. (Paul), Sheila, Cheryl and Barbara.

Although she was an only child she acquired eight sisters and five brothers when she married Clarence. Her in-laws never considered her as an in-law but as a true sister.

As a dedicated patriot during WWII Helen drove the street trollies and tractor-trailers to assist the armed services. Helen later worked as a key-punch operator with NYC Housing Preservation and Development and won an award for the fastest key-punch operator. She retired after twenty-five years of service. In 1986 Helen relocated to Port Richey, Florida.

Helen was always an avid reader. She always had a book in her hand, reading about metaphysics, or a magazine to read about the movie stars. If she wasn't reading she was doing cross-word puzzles or other word games. Once she got turned onto computers she spent her time playing scrabble, solitaire, mahjong, candy crush, soda crush and other puzzles and word games on her I-Pad. She always played games that exercised her mind, and at 97 years of age her mind remained as sharp as a 20-year-old.

She leaves behind her gift of Unconditional Love and teaching her children the true meaning of family.

Helen was preceded in death by her husband Clarence, daughter Pat and grandsons Tony, Tahlík and Omari. She leaves behind her children, Clarence Jr. [Paul] (Selina), Sheila, Cheryl and Barbara (Rondell); Grandchildren, Tonya (Cecil), Laureen (Tracy), Todd (Sheniqua), Chris, Kenya (Beanie), Sharied [Sony] (Sonia), Elena (Warren), Shahida (Jerome), Aisha, Gerald, Thomas [TJ] and Sekayi, Carmen, Miguel, Jermaine, Sofiya, and Jenaire; Great-grandchildren, Tymeek, Shavar, Kiara, Aaminah, Vastavia, Marquise, Bryce, Solil, Jordan, Kaila, Alex, Reagan, Riley, Julian, Jaden, Taj, Zachary, Trey, Teja, Kristen, Lailah, Todd Jr., Jade, and Jaylen, Christian and one great-great grandchild, Damari. Daughter-in-law, Jackie; Brother-in-law Thomas and sisters-in-law Laura, Lee and Eunice and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

# Memories



*My Great Grand twins*



*My children Paul, Barbara, Cheryl,  
Pat and Sheila*

## *Miss Me, But Let Me Go*

When I come to the end of the  
road and the sun has set for me,  
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,  
Why cry for a soul set free?  
Miss me a little-but not too long,  
and not with your head bowed low.  
Remember the love that we once shared,  
Miss me-but let me go.  
For this is a journey that we all must take,  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the Master's plan,  
A step on the road to home.  
When you are lonely and sick at heart,  
Go to the friends we know.  
Laugh at the things we use to do  
Miss me-but let me go.  
-author unknown



*Me and my husband*

## *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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