

A Celebration of Life



Quintella Harris

Sunrise: June 6, 1953

Sunset: December 23, 2017

Memorial Service

Friday, December 29, 2017 - 6:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Rev. Lee Arrington, Officiating

Bobby Arrington, Organist

Obituary

Today we are gathered to honor the memory of a person who is without question one of God's greatest creations and one of the kindest souls any of us has ever or will ever have had the honor to know; **Quintella Lavern Harris**, affectionately known to us as "**Tee-Tee**".

Quintella was born in the summer of 1953 to Ethel M. Gorham and Charles Woodley at Beaufort County Hospital in Little Washington, North Carolina. She would be the eldest of six children and the glue which would bind the family for over six decades.

In search of broader opportunities, Ethel moved north with Quintella and settled in New York City, where she would give birth to five more children: Brenda, Eric, Leslie, Frank, Jr. and Darryl. Over the years, Quintella would not only help to raise all of her siblings, but she would play a major role in the development of their children as well.

Both beautiful and smart, Quintella thrived academically and socially, winning the Miss Douglass pageant in 1969 and receiving high accolades throughout school. In 1970, Quintella's life took a defining turn when she met a budding young actor named O.L. (Uggie) Duke. Shortly after, she gave birth to her first and only child, Rashae L. Gorham. Balancing being a new mother, as well as helping to raise her five siblings, Quintella still managed to complete her education and graduated from Washington Irving all girl's school with honors in 1971.

In 1972, Quintella entered the medical field and went to work for St. Luke's Hospital's West Side Rehabilitation; where she would spend the next twenty-two years giving of herself for the well-being of others, which was what she did best. Around 1987, while still at St. Luke's, she took a step towards advancing her career and further helping her family by studying Radiologic Technology. She would eventually go on to work for a time as a Tech in the field of Radiology. In 2000, she moved into yet another branch of medicine and took a position at the then new I.C.S (Independence Care Services) where she would remain for the next seventeen years until her passing, enriching the lives of all those around her.

To celebrate her life and honor her sacrifices Quintella leaves: her mother, **Ethel M. Foye**; her daughter, **Rashae L. Gorham - Robbins**; her grandchildren, **Jahlon (Loni) Wilder**, **Jihan (Lena) Wider**, **Jourdan (Goose) Wilder**, and **Jahari (String bean) Robbins**; and her great grandson, **Jayce Coleman**. She also leaves the last of her surviving siblings: **Leslie Foye**, **Eric Foye** and **Darryl Foye**; as well as a host of nephews and nieces who are too many in number to name.

Without a doubt, Quintella's legacy will be her selflessness when it came to helping any and everyone who needed it, without question or expectation in return. Those who knew her or ever met her passing can attest to the fact that she had a spirit which burned so bright that from the highest of the high to the lowest of the low, no one could help but to be attracted to it. And once standing in that light you became one of the fortunate whom she swathed in love that came without end, question or judgement. God has created many miracles, but none quite like Quintella... my auntie, my second mother, and my reason. Sleep well Tee-Tee.

- Love K'wan

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Recessional

Final Disposition

*Oxford Hills Crematory
Chester, New York*

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

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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