

In Loving Memory of



Tracey Murchison

Sunrise
February 18, 1965

Sunset
April 7, 2020

Service

Friday, April 24, 2020 • 10:00 a.m.

St. John FBH Church of God
1016 Fulton Street • Brooklyn, New York



*My dear beloved daughter
I knew this day would come
yet it's so much harder
Than I thought it would be
To let go of a part of me
I didn't want to leave you all alone
Touch your heart because that's my new home
I will always be here for you in the spirit
Touch your heart so you can feel it
I'm guiding you daily now
Don't cry I'm still around
I'll still kiss your cheek
Pick your head up in moments of defeat
I will still put a smile on your face
Our memories together will never fade.
I will still uplift you in your darkest hours
For you I'll build the highest towers
To keep you from hanging down
To build you up from the ground
I love you and that you should know
It was hard for me when I had to go
Please do me this one favor
This isn't goodbye think of it as a see you later*



Obituary

Tracey Marie Murchison, 55, of Forest Hills, NY, entered into eternal life on Tuesday, April 7, 2020 at Long Island Jewish Medical Center- New Hyde Park.

Tracey was born on February 18, 1965 to the late Bernard Murchison and Margaret Winston at Harlem Hospital in Harlem, NY. She received her formal education through NY public schools and received her high school diploma in 1983 from Julia Richman High school in New York, NY.

Tracey accepted Jesus Christ during her early life and became a member of Amity Baptist Church in Jamaica, NY before moving to Littleton, NC and becoming a member of Enon Missionary Baptist Church.

Tracey was a devoted mother, grandmother, sister, aunt and friend who provided unconditional love to everyone. She is most famous for her fried chicken, drinking her Pepsi, eating her Chip Ahoy cookies, playing cards with friends, sports and reading her bible. She enjoyed working for Days Inn in Weldon, NC and Stonehouse Timberlodge in Littleton, NC until 2011 when she moved back to NY to take care of her mother.

In addition to her mother and father, she was also preceded in death by her brother, Bernard Jr, and a host of uncles and aunts.

Those left to cherish per precious memories are her loving and only daughter Lakecia Murchison of Washington, DC; her granddaughter Arianna Murchison of Washington, DC; her sister Theresa Murchison (Dennis) of Hempstead, NY; her nephew whom she loved like a son Rashawn Murchison (Da'sia) of Queens, NY; 4 great nieces, Destini, Ki-hara, Tamia, Janiyaah; 2 great nephews, Terrell and Tyler; two uncles, Eddie Taylor and Leroy Taylor of New York; 3 aunts, Ester Taylor of New York, Helen Taylor Roanoke Rapids, NC and Lorraine Brown of Raeford, North Carolina; four special friends who were more like her sisters, Elaine Hawkins, Brenda Mayo, Lisa Jefferson, and Lou Weaver; a special friend who never left her side Kevin Williams, and a host of many cousins, friends, and neighbors who turned into family.



Psalm 27

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord. Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies. Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

"I've had the pleasure of being raised by a village! A village of strong and courageous ppl. Ppl that supported me through every accomplishment, every business endeavor... basically everything I've done (both smart and stupid). My momma was always the over protective one, my grandmother (continue to SIP) would tell the world of any good thing I did, my cousin/sister has and will always be my confidant.... AND my aunt Tracey Murchison loves me and treats me like a son! Reminds me ALL THE TIME of how much she loves me, adores me, is proud of me and how she helped raised me. She hand washed my poopy drawers when I was 4 cuz i refused to sit on the toilet with the cracked plastic, never ONCE judged me when i brought home kid after kid, watched me walk down the aisle when i received my degree, would encourage the kids mothers when so many ppl had a negative word, refused to let me give her a free t shirt when I started Obsidian Opulence (yo Lakecia Murchison I want my money) and every time I came to see her she would scream " RASHAWWWWN MY NEPHEW! LOOK everyone it's...." and they would all respond "we know tracey.. the one u helped raise". You fought and fought and fought! You said you were walking out of there... I didn't know your next step would be on the streets of Gold. I rejoice cuz I have 35 yrs of memory with you. I won't say you left us... you just wanted to see your parents! I hope y'all are having a grand Ol' time up there! I love you auntie... I swear I do."

SIP! - Rashawn Murchison

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.*

Woodside Funeral Home

Robert Wilkins, Manager

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