

*In Loving Memory of*



*Rebecca L. Hopwood*

**Sunrise**  
**April 19, 1933**

**Sunset**  
**May 22, 2020**

**Service:**  
**Thursday, June 11, 2020 - 10:00 am**

**MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME**  
4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

## *Eulogy for Our Mother: Rebecca L. Hopwood*

*To everything there is a season, a time for every matter under heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted; a time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to keep, and a time to cast away.*  
-Ecclesiastes

We are gathered here today in the memory of our mother, Rebecca Lovena Hopwood (Ms. Becca) so that together we may acknowledge and share both our joy in the gift that her life was to us, and the pain that her passing brings. In sharing the joy and the pain together today, may we lessen the pain and remember more clearly the joy.

Rebecca was only 87, she was born April 19, 1933 in Rock Spring, Hanover Jamaica to Alfred and Christina Hopwood. She passed away peacefully on Friday, May 22nd in Bronx, New York where she lived since migrating from Jamaica 1987. It's hard to say goodbye. We wish that we had more time and perhaps that during the time we had we had spent more of it together. While we know that she is at peace and that her struggles are at an end, there is pain and sadness. But even though she is gone, she has left the legacy of her love and perseverance. The ways she touched our lives will remain, and I ask you to keep those memories alive by sharing them with us and with one another.

One of the most important things in our Mom's life was God first, followed by her deep love and affection for her family. Momma accepted Jesus as Lord and Savior shortly after arriving in the United States and never looked back. She was a strong woman before becoming a Christian and a Christian Warrior after surrendering to God. There is a peacefulness that came over me as I reflected on the welcome that she will receive from our father as she enters the pearly gates, "well done, my good and faithful servant".

Momma is survived by the six of us and her seventeen grand and eight great grandchildren, one sister as well as other relatives and friends. This family and her role as mother, grandmother and great grandmother was the most important thing to Momma. This is where she drew her strength and left her legacy. Being with her family was what Rebecca enjoyed most of all. Her life had many obstacles, and has a single parent raising six children had its challenges. But she got by with the little she had. As we say in Jamaica "she tek her hand and mek fashion". As a parent ourselves now, I cannot imagine how she managed to do what she did for us. But we were always fed, well dressed and properly groomed. She made sure we had things for Christmas and we were always properly attired for our independence celebration which called for a particular outfit every year. Her love and caring for her family remained her focus, and in so many, many ways, she was able to show that love to us. This perseverance through adversity is a powerful lesson for us, and I believe it is her legacy. What a wonderful lesson she gave us. Keep your priorities straight. Keep that which is most important in focus. Love and care for your family. Let them know in all the ways you can show them that you love them. Don't let adversities or setbacks or any of the distractions of the world keep you from this most important aspect of life.

So many people in this world have it so much easier than our mom did. How many never had to face half the trouble she faced, and yet lose sight so easily of what is truly important. Many of us get distracted by insignificant things in life, many of us brood and focus on our little problems, and forget that which is most important.

As momma's health deteriorated she was placed in hospice care. And as the onset of dementia ravaged her mind she still held onto her faith. Her hospice nurse was amazed with her faith in God, she shared an occasion with the family where momma wanted to go to church, and unable to take her she read the Bible to her. She loved all her children the same, even during her dementia she was asked who is her favorite child, and her reply was always "mi love all a dem". From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks. But through everything Momma went through, she managed to keep her priorities straight. What can be more important than loving God and showing your love for your family? How can some of us who are blessed with so much forget to be thankful to God, while somehow Momma kept her faith throughout all of her trials.

This is a wonderful legacy. This is a wonderful example to follow. Keep focused on what is truly important, not only when your life is easy, but when it is difficult too.

We'll close today with the 23rd Psalm 'The Lord is my shepherd', but before we do, on behalf of myself and the rest of the family, I'd like to thank you all for coming here today.



## *The Twenty-Third Psalm*

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.



## *Acknowledgments*

**The family would like to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.**

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