



*Celebrating
The Life
of*

Zubaidah Haneefah Muhammad

August 30, 1937 - February 5, 2022

Saturday, February 26, 2022 - 11am

Heaven's Touch Funeral Services, Inc.

984 Prospect Avenue.

Bronx, NY 10459

Obituary

Zubaidah Haneefah Muhammad (Queen of the Crop) was born in Tulsa Oklahoma August 30, 1937, to Veatrice Dixon and Eli Curtis. She was named after her grandmother Viola Dixon.

She attended Booker T. Washington High School in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

During her formative years she grew to love poetry and would recite her favorite poems during daily morning announcements in her school. Her favorite poems "Touch of the master's Hand" and "Somebody's Mother".

After finishing High School, she came to New York City at the Age of 17. Ser was hired for her first job at a company called Afram Associates where she worked as a secretary. Afram was a public service agency that provided technical assistance to community groups in the areas of education, economic development, and consumer rights.

During the turbulent times of Jim Crow and racial segregation, Zubaidah was impacted by the teachings of Malcolm X and the Honorable Elijah Muhammad and became a Muslim of Mosque No. 7. During the 1970s Zubaidah worked as a secretary for Minister Luis Farrakhan.

She met her first husband George Whitney in 1961 and gave birth to her first child (Nefertari) in 1962. She became a widow and her married her second husband Rahim Muhammad in 1965 and she then gave birth to her second child (Ayesha) and her third (Saudah) in 1966. She then gave birth to her first son Abdul in 1976 and twins Bilal and Khadijah in 1977. Rahim Muhammad died in 1990.

Zubaidah Muhammad was a strong Black woman who was dedicated in her faith and her love for family. She had a deep-rooted interest in history, art, and music! Zubaidah was a fierce woman, holding fast to her beliefs, defending those that she loved and always seeking to better herself. She was the epitome of what a phenomenal woman, mother and queen embodies.

Zubaidah leaves to cherish her loving ways and precious memories:

Her six children: Nefertari Whitney, Ayesha Muhammad, Saudah Muhammad, Abdul Muhammad, Bilal Muhammad, and Khadijah Solomon; one sister Veatrice LeBlanc, three sister-in laws Cheryl Henny, Arthuree Chapman & Mamie D. Joy, grandchildren: Tariq Whitney, Sakinah Bell and Khadijah S. Muhammad, Saabir Solomon, Daniel Solomon, Senait Solomon & Kayla Muhammad, two great granddaughters Nia McCormick and Samiyah McCormick, Zubaidah leaves a host of relatives, cousins, nieces and nephews and many friends to cherish her memories. Zubaidah had an amazing sense of humor and a beautiful smile.



Order of Service



Welcoming Prayer

Scripture Readings
Old Testament
New Testament

Janazah Prayer

Acknowledgements

Reading of the Obituary

Closing Prayer



Interment

Mount Rest Cemetery
Butler, NJ



The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred,
And the auctioneer thought it
hardly worth his while

To waste his time on the old violin,
but he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bid, good people", he cried,
"Who starts the bidding for me?"

"One dollar, one dollar, Do I hear two?"

"Two dollars, who makes it three?"

"Three dollars once, three dollars twice, going
for three,"

But, No,

From the room far back a gray bearded man
Came forward and picked up the bow,
Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody, pure and sweet
As sweet as the angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said "What now am I bid for this old violin?"
As he held it aloft with its' bow.

"One thousand, one thousand, Do I hear two?"
"Two thousand, Who makes it three?"

"Three thousand once,
three thousand twice,
Going and gone", said he.

The audience cheered,
But some of them cried,
"We just don't understand."
"What changed its' worth?"

Swift came the reply.

"The Touch of the Masters Hand."

"And many a man with life out of tune
All battered and bruised with hardship
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd
Much like that old violin

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game and he travels on.
He is going once, he is going twice,
He is going and almost gone.

But the Master comes,
And the foolish crowd
never can quite understand,
The worth of a soul
and the change that is wrought
By the Touch of the Masters' Hand.

Acknowledgment

The family of the late **Zubaidah Haneefah Muhammad** wishes to thank all of you for your prayers, messages of comfort and the many other acts of kindness shown during our hour of bereavement.
May God continue to bless you in a very special way.

Heaven's Touch Funeral Services, Inc.

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