

Celebrating The Life of Verna “June”

January 16, 1956 - April 24, 2022



Service Information

FRIDAY, MAY 6, 2022

Wake Service: 4:00 PM - 8:00 PM

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC

725 East Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 2022

Service: 10:00 AM

CITY OF FAITH CHURCH OF GOD

3453 White Plains Rd • Bronx, NY 10467

Officiating Ministers

Bishop Dr. Courton A. Reid

Min. Gloria English

Rev. Claudette Reid

Interment

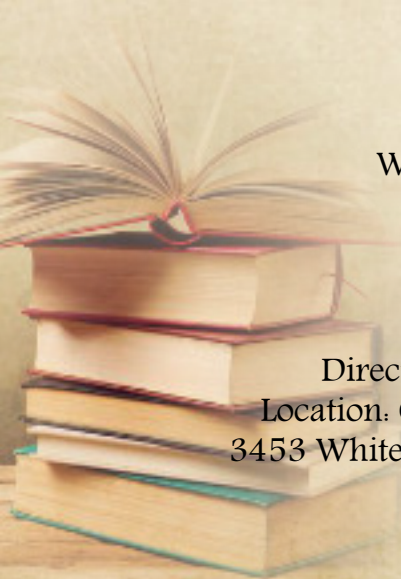
Woodlawn Cemetery

Repast

Directly following Interment

Location: City of Faith Church of God

3453 White Plains Rd, Bronx, N.Y. 10467



Order of Service

A woman wearing a plaid shirt, a hat, and a blue skirt stands on a wooden pier. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background shows a sunset over the ocean with a blue sky and a wooden railing in the foreground.

Organ Prelude	Bro. Caryl Reid
Opening Sentence	Min. Claudette Reid
Processional.....	Family & Ministers
Moderator	Min. Claudette Reid
Song of Faith	The Best Is Yet to Come
Opening Invocation	Deacon Trevor Mattis
1 Scripture Reading	
Psalms 121:1-8.....	Mrs. Jennifer Wynter (Niece)
Selected Song Ministry	O I Want To See Him
2nd Scripture Reading	
1 Thessalonians 4:13-18	Mrs. Nalda McInnis (Sister-in-Law)
Congregational Hymn.....	When The Roll is Called Up Yonder
Prayer of Comfort	Exh. Ellarine Simms-Brown
Tributes	(Please limit to 3 minutes each)
Visiting Ministers	
Selected Song Ministry	Sister Yvonne Depass
City of Faith Ministers & Congregants	
Chorus.....	Hear My Cry, Oh Lord
Eulogy.....	Kevin Forrest (Son)
Acknowledgement	Denise Forrest (Daughter)
Congregational Hymn	When We All Get to Heaven
Donation in Aid of Sunday School Ministry (As requested by the family)	
Selected Song Ministry	Bro. Caraun Reid
Homily.....	Bishop Dr. Courton A. Reid
Final Instructions.....	Eternity Funeral Services Directors
Recessional	

Eulogy



Verna “June” Forrest is known by a variety of titles: mother, wife, aunt, cousin, sister, mentor and great friend. I have the privilege of knowing her as my mother and also, my first best friend.

As I reflected about the uniqueness of my mother, I have chosen as best I know how to stay away from commonplace expressions. Instead, my desire is for you to see through the eyes of a boy, who became a man, who has learned and is still learning to love, appreciate and honor her.

My mother was one of the most encouraging people that you could ever meet. She genuinely wanted everyone to succeed and never believed anything was impossible. She had a way of making you feel that you could accomplish whatever you desired. She was the type of person to sacrifice whatever she could to whoever needed it, in order for them to reach their goals. This is who she was. In her mind it was never a question of whether or not you were capable of achieving something. The only questions she had were, “What do you need to achieve this goal? And how can I help?” My father would say that if she had a belief in an idea, a goal or an individual, that she wouldn’t waste any time before she could figure out how to achieve it or help the individual achieve it. She had a way of transferring her enthusiasm onto you so that you believed it too.

My mother was a caring individual, sometimes to a fault. She would give her last dime or the shirt off her back to help others. It never sat well with her if someone was in trouble and she had the ability to do something about it and elected to do nothing about it. When it came to those she loved, she always had a way of communicating how much she cared in a way that the individual could receive. She had one of those spirits that never made you question whether she loved you; you knew she did. My mother cared deeply for all children, not just her own. She cared for the children of relatives, friends and even strangers. Before she became ill, my mother wanted to create a program for foster children. In her mind, she believed that every child deserves to feel loved or cared for. She didn’t believe that society created a fair opportunity for that to occur, especially for impoverished children. She wanted to create that loving space for them. Sadly she became ill before she got that chance, but she always donated to every children’s charity she could find, no matter how little money she had. Her love was genuine and sincere.

My mother was also a lifelong churchgoer. She was a devout Christian, who read the bible and prayed daily. She rarely missed Sunday church services and was proud to call City Of Faith Church of God her church home and its members her spiritual family. Her positive impact on her church is evident by all the members that prayed and checked on her through phone calls and text messages when her health began to deteriorate. She was deeply respected by the Pastor and City Of Faith members and did whatever she could to help during her membership. As a woman of faith, she instilled strong moral values in us as her children. She taught us to treat others as we would like to be treated and leave everything else to God. She believed in the idea that the job of every human being was to be a good person to one another. And that only through being kind with a genuine heart, would a person's life truly reap the blessings that God had for them. That was one of the many lessons she taught me that left an indelible print on mind and has served me well throughout my life. My mother will always be alive in the hearts of all the people who her life touched positively in some way. I know she will be truly missed by every person that ever had a chance to spend a moment in her presence.



When
the
Roll
is
Called
up
Yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair
When the saved on earth shall gather over on the other shore
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain

When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise
And the morning of His resurrection share
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. [Refrain]

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn 'til setting sun
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care
Then when all of life is over and our work on earth is done
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. [Refrain]

As I journey through the land singing as I go,
Pointing souls to Calvary— to the crimson flow,
Many arrows pierce my soul from without, within;
But my Lord leads me on, through Him I must win.

Refrain.

Oh, I want to see Him, look upon His face,
There to sing forever of His saving grace;
On the streets of Glory let me lift my voice;
Cares all past, home at last, ever to rejoice.

When in service for my Lord dark may be the night,
But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light;
Satan's snares may vex my soul, turn my thoughts aside;
But my Lord goes ahead, leads whate'er betide. [Refrain]

When in valleys low I look toward the mountain height,
And behold my Savior there, leading in the fight,
With a tender hand outstretched toward the valley low,
Guiding me, I can see as I onward go. [Refrain]

When before me billows rise from the mighty deep,
Then my Lord directs my bark; He doth safely keep,
And He leads me gently on through this world below;
He's a real friend to me, oh, I love Him so. [Refrain]

O
I
Want
to
See
Him

Hear
My
Cry
Oh
Lord

Hear my cry oh Lord
Attend unto my prayer
From the end of the earth
Will I cry out to thee

When my heart is overwhelmed
Lead me to the rock
That is higher than I
That is higher than I

For thou hast been
A shelter for me
And a strong tower
From the enemy



When We All Get To Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace;
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.

When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!
While we walk the pilgrim pathway,

Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when traveling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.
Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.

When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open;
We shall tread the streets of gold.

When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!

Acknowledgement

The family would like to thank all the family and friends attending and sharing your kind words. It is clear Sis. Forrest made an impact that resonated with you all. We would like to thank Bishop Reid and the City of Faith members for all their hard work and support. The Forrest family would like to thank you all; your kindness and thoughtfulness will never be forgotten.



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