

HOMEGOING SERVICE FOR
Hattie Mae Ryans

Sunrise
February 2, 1929

Sunset
June 2, 2022



Service
Wednesday, June 29, 2022 • 11:00 a.m.

ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.

191-02 Linden Blvd. • St. Albans, New York 11412

Elder Jay Gooding, Officiating

Eugene Reid, Organist

Reflections On The Life Of Hattie Mae Ryans

In the early morning hours of June 2, 2022, God dispatched an angel to the hospital room of his child **Hattie Mae Ryans**, who he knew was very sick and very, very weary. The angel gazed upon her face and knew that she had suffered enough. So, the angel gently took her hand and said, "my dear child, come with me and rest." Although Hattie loved her family and friends dearly, she did not resist because in her heart she knew that her bag had been packed for some time and she was ready to make her journey.

Hattie Mae Ryans was born on February 2, 1929 to George Andrew Richardson and Frances Louvenia McFarlan Richardson of North, South Carolina. It was there that she spent her childhood years and attended public school. In her late teens, she went to stay with her older sister in Columbia, South Carolina to help care for her sister's child while her sister worked. Later on, she found employment of her own and decided to remain in Columbia.

While living in Columbia, she met Arthur Ryans, whom she later married. Their marriage produced three daughters: Ann, Pearl and Irene. In 1960, Hattie and her three daughters relocated to Jamaica, New York. She found employment with the families of Shirley Leviton and Rosalyn Sloss, both of whom adored her and considered her a part of their respective families. She worked for both families until she retired.

Hattie was exceptionally intelligent and no one - especially her children - was able to put anything over on her. She commanded and received respect and didn't spare the rod if she felt it necessary to keep her children on the right path. She possessed a heart of gold and was quick to extend a helping hand to as many people as she could. She was beloved by her children's friends and many others who were always welcomed into her home with open arms.

Happiest when spending time with her friends and family, Hattie also doted on the cat and four dogs she had throughout the years. One of her other great loves was fishing and she was in her element when she was on a boat fishing the day away. Yet, her greatest love came later in life when she met and fell in love with Jerome Irving Mondesire. Known by all as Irving (and to some as the "Silver Fox" because of his mane of wavy white hair), he was her dearest friend, confidant and constant companion.

Hattie was preceded in death by her mother and father, George and Frances Richardson; brothers: Eugene, Johnny and Hezekiah Richardson; sisters: Hattie Lou James, Gertrude Hook, Annie Bell Colter, Irene Nesbitt, Hannah Furtick, Leatha Mae Richardson, Jessie Lee Fields and Mary Ann Glover; godsons Johnnie and Deannie Nicholson, and her partner and love Jerome Irving Mondesire.

Left to cherish her precious memory are, daughters: Ann Laird, Pearl Smith and Irene Ryans; grandchildren: Letitia Smith, Monetia James-Lewis, Mikki Hamer, Lyonisha Ryans-Holder, Danisha Smith, Ramon Ryans and Jamie Smith; great-grandchildren Dequel Ryans, Maya Holder, Jordyn Hall-Smith and Daniel Gibson; nephew Willie Fields; sons-in-law James Gibson, Jr. and Joe Laird; surrogate daughter Dorothy Nicholson; surrogate niece Gail Waller and innumerable other nieces, nephews, great-grandchildren, cousins and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection.....“A Song for Mama” - Eugene Reid

Scripture Readings..... Elder Jay Gooding

Old Testament: Psalm 23

New Testament: Revelation 21:4

Prayer..... Elder Jay Gooding

Poem Irene Ryans

Reflections (two minutes please) Family & Friends

Obituary Irene Ryans

Selection.....“One Sweet Day” - Eugene Reid

Eulogy..... Lyonisha Ryans-Holder

Benediction..... Elder Jay Gooding

Recessional

Interment
Canaan United Methodist Cemetery

My Last Request

*Please don't say that I gave up, just say that I gave in,
Don't say that I lost the battle, for it was God's war to lose or win.
Please don't say how good I was, but that I did my best,
Just say I tried to do what's right, to give the most I could, not less.
Please don't give me wings or a halo, that's for God to do,
I want no more than I deserve, no extras, just my due.
Please don't give me flowers or talk in real hushed tones,
Don't be concerned with me now; I'm well with God, I've made it home.
Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and it's done,
Just see to all my family's needs, down to every last one.
When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a saint,
I've done some good; I've done some wrong, so use all of your paint...
Not just the bright and light tones, but some dark and gray,
In fact, don't put me down on canvas; paint me in your heart.
Don't just remember the good times, but remember all the bad,
For life is full of many things, some happy and some sad.
But if you must do something, then I have one last request...
Forgive me for the wrong that I've done, with the love that's left;
Thank God for my soul's resting, thank God for I've been blessed,
Thank God for all who loved me; Praise God, Who loved me best!*

Acknowledgements

*The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation
the many expressions of love, concern and kindness
shown to us during our time of bereavement.*

May God Bless and Keep You!

Professional Services Provided By:

Roy L. Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.



Angela Gilmore-Manning, *President*

Ph (718) 529-3030 • (718) 528-7765

Fax (718) 712-2108 • (718) 528-2575

Email: royl.gilmorefuneralhome@verizon.net

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