

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Bernice Roberts

Sunrise
May 21, 1936

Sunset
July 9, 2022



Graveside Service

Thursday, July 14, 2022 • 1:00 p.m.

Mt. Moriah Cemetery

685 Fairview Avenue • Fairview, New Jersey 07022

Order of Service

Rabbi Levi of Congregation Mount Horeb

Shema Yisrael (Procession of the Seven Steps)

Yoshev b' Sefer (Seven Times)

Psalm 23

Psalm 121

Tzidduk Ha Din

Mourner's Kaddish

Eulogy

El May Rachamin Payer

**“Go in Peace Repose in Peace and Arise to your
Ultimate destiny at the end of days”**

Closing Prayer

Obituary

Bernice Roberts was born on May 21, 1936 to the late James Conrad Roberts and Vivian C. Jordan Roberts immigrants from St. Thomas. Bernice graduated from Julia Richmond High School and later went to Nursing School graduating as a licensed Practical Nurse. She played the piano, and her father played the saxophone. She and her siblings played instruments or sang. A talent inherited from their father. Bernice was a family person always believing family came first as a unit. Being the third child of four, she held the family together when her older sister passed away. Always embracing the lesson learnt from Rabbi W. Matthews, Rabbi Smalls and our dear friend Rabbi Hailu Paris. Keeping the tradition of our ancestors. She became the rock of the family until she became sick and entered the nursing home. We as a family give tribute.

Bernice was the proud parent of Gabrielle Leah and George Van Rockman (Jason). Blessed with granddaughters – Carmel, Sharita, Jazmyne; grandsons – Jahmani and Tahshawn; great grandchildren – Celieste and Coraline and her sister Vivian (Cookie) Roberts Salley.

She is preceded by James Roberts, Vivian Roberts, Estella Benners (TaTa), Sylvia Higgs, Elaine Clarkson, Benjamin Salley, Benjamin Higgs, Yochanah Higgs (Candy), Sora Higgs, George Marks, Shirley Marks, Aunt Thelma, Aunt Maude, Darell Lambertis (PeeWee) and many other ancestors.

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

Acknowledgements

*The family appreciates every act of kindness and all the
comforting prayers. We express our gratitude to the
Israelite Community. May her memory be a blessing.*

Professional Services Provided By:

Roy L. Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.



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