



*"My Lord, He met me at the gate"*

*Celebration of Triumph*

*Reverend Odell Bass*

**May 27, 1951 - September 7, 2022**

**Thursday, September 15, 2022  
11:00 AM**

**Heavenly Temple Church of God in Christ  
15 Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Drive  
Jersey City, New Jersey 07305  
Bishop Kevin E. Knight, Sr. Pastor  
Apostle Teresa Speaks, Eulogist**

# *Obituary*

**Pastor Odell Bass** was born in Coosawhatchie, SC on May 27<sup>th</sup>, 1951 to her loving parents Otto Bass Jr. and Laura May Fields-Bass. She spent her childhood in South Carolina until the unfortunate passing of her mother when she was only 12 years old. She would spend her teenage years and adult life in Jersey City, NJ.

Even before she was a Pastor, she was known to have a huge heart. She helped to raise her younger siblings, nieces and nephews. Auntie Dell was known to pierce her nieces' ears, buy everyone jewelry and fashionable clothes. In her early twenties when her friend fell ill, she decided that she would take full custody of all seven of her children. She was determined to not see children separated like her siblings were. We joke today that technically they are still her children because she never relinquished custody.

Before entering the ministry, she worked in a few New Jersey bars, one being the 68 Club owned by her dear friends. She also spent some time as a secretary and was proud of her ability to precisely type over 100 words per minute. She later opened her own daycare center and would volunteer for the PTA at her children's school advocating for all children, even those that she did not know. She valued education and would complete many certificates over her lifetime and encouraged her children to go further.

In August 1989 she walked into Unto Full Stature Holiness Church on Ocean Avenue and gave her life to Christ. Immediately dropping drugs, alcohol and nicotine from her life without spending one day in rehab, she would say she went to "kenee-hab". From that moment until her last breath, she lived each day to serve and praise God. Those who heard her testimony was always inspired and if you met her once you were a part of her life.

She was called into the Ministry pretty soon after and would receive requests to preach in and out of New Jersey. At one of her services, a saint in the audience testified how Odell would bring people together in the world and is now bringing people together in church. The New Testament House of Prayer was birthed almost 30 years ago as a small prayer group. It continued to grow and get strong as ministers, deacons and missionaries were ordained. She preached and taught up until the Sunday before her passing.

Pastor Bass departed this life on Wednesday, September 7<sup>th</sup>, 2022 surrounded by her children. She is preceded in death by her Mother, Laura May Fields-Bass; her Father Otto Bass Jr.; three brothers, Earl Bass, Eddie D. Bass, Phillip Bass; and four sisters Patsy Bass, Joann Saviour, Lovette Roach, and Ida Mae Major.

She leaves to cherish her precious memory, her church family at the New Testament House of Prayer, three children by birth Monteria, Ottoya and Kendall; one precious granddaughter Jahdell and two children God gave her, Teshon and Naheema. Her siblings Delores Lester, Sandra Bass-Arnold, Louvenia Voyd and Aurelius DeVeaux. One aunt, Beatrice Graham of South Carolina; a son in love, Philbert Alvarez, a grandson in love, Andrew Duncan, and a host of nieces, nephews, great-nieces and great-nephews, Godchildren and other loving relatives and friends.

# *Order of Service*

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**Processional**

**Selection**

**Scripture Readings**

**Testimony Prayer**

Shamir, Kysir, Anylah, and Faith

**Selections**

Liam Barredo & Andrew Darling

**Presentation of Proclamation**

Sis. Maggie Nesbitt

**Acknowledgements**

**Remarks**

**Obituary**

**Selection**

**Eulogy**

Pastor Speaks

**Final Viewing**

**Recessional**

**Final Repose**

Bayview Cemetery  
Jersey City, New Jersey

**Repass**

VFW

98 Oak Street, Jersey City, New Jersey  
at 1pm



## *Words from her Children*

From Monteria (Teri)

Dear Mommy,

Thank you for being my best friend, my confidant and my pit-bull. I know I am only making it through life right now because of the strength you instilled in me. Everyday since your passing, when I find myself feeling down, a song comes on that I know you love. So basically I have been inundated with DMX, Big Pun, Nas and oddly enough Lupe Fiasco. I know for sure you are working for the Lord and that brings me a peace that I don't understand.

There was never a promise you made me that you did not keep, even with this tough time you made sure we knew what to do. Recently I asked a friend how was he not a total mess after his mom's passing. He told me, "Teri, there is nothing left unsaid between my mom & I. She know I loved her and I know she loved me. We fought and made up, our time on earth was what it was supposed to be. I have no regrets."

Here in this moment, I know there are no regrets and there was nothing left unsaid.

I love you Mommy!

## From Ottoya

If flowers grow in heaven,  
Lord, then pick a bunch for me.  
Then place them in my Mother's arms  
and tell her they're from me.

Tell her that I love and miss her,  
and when she turns to smile,  
place a kiss upon her cheek  
and hold her for awhile.

Because remembering her is easy,  
I do it every day,  
but there's an ache within my heart  
that will never go away.



## From Kendell

Thank You

Thank you for loving me with all your heart.

Thank you for providing me with knowledge, even though I wasn't willing to accept it.

Thank you for truly showing me what "love" is, because through you, I can be a light to the world that you were for me.

Thank you for teaching me that who you are now is better than who you were yesterday, so the best is yet to come.

Thank you for teaching me that a "Should've killed bird don't make no soup."

Thank you for telling me that my outfit choices were not good, I think I can make better choices now.....no promises.

Thank you for providing all of us your undivided attention. Even when everyone needed you to guide them, you made it your business to guide us. I promise that it will pay off.

Thank you for instilling in us that we must strive for perfection, but know that if we're "perfect," we'd be dead. You will always be "perfect" in my eyes.

Thank you so much for believing in and praying me, even when I wasn't at my best. You were the one person that I would share my all with, because you never judged, nor forsaken me. If anything, you taught me to fall on my back, because if I can look up, I can get up!

Will all of my heart and being, all I can say is THANK YOU....for all that you've done, and all that you've yet to do for us. I will take care of myself, and I will be there for my sisters. Your light shines within us all.

## From Jahdell

God saw her getting tired,  
When a cure was not to be.  
So He wrapped His arms around her,  
And whispered, "Come to me."  
She didn't deserve what she went through,  
So he gave her a rest.  
God's garden must be BEAUTIFUL,  
For he only takes the best.  
And when I saw her sleeping,  
So peaceful and free from pain,  
I could not wish her back,  
To suffer that again.  
My grandma gave us the world  
Put it right at our feet  
And with her at our side  
There is nothing we cant beat  
My grandma was a WOMAN  
Who taught us to never lose sight  
Though times may seem helpless  
She taught us how to fight  
She has shown us how  
Through times of much sorrow  
To look to the future  
And new days of tomorrow  
Even though times may be hard  
And all we feel is pain  
Remember, this too shall pass  
Even the clouds and the rain  
So it is with heavy hearts  
And tears in our eyes  
That we lay her down to rest  
And say our last goodbyes  
So this is in memory of Grandma,  
the trunk of my tree, I live my life as her legacy.

# *When Great Trees Fall*

(Revised) by Maya Angelou

When great trees fall,  
rocks on distant hills shudder,  
lions hunker down  
in tall grasses,  
and even elephants  
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall  
in forests,  
small things recoil into silence,  
their senses  
eroded beyond fear.

When great bodies die,  
the air around us becomes  
light, rare, sterile.  
We breathe, briefly.  
Our eyes, briefly,  
see with  
a hurtful clarity.  
Our memory, suddenly sharpened,  
examines,  
gnaws on kind words  
unsaid,  
promised walks  
never taken.

Great bodies die and  
our reality, bound to  
them, takes leave of us.  
Our souls,  
dependent upon their  
nurture,  
now shrink, wizened.  
Our minds, formed  
and informed by their  
radiance, fall away.  
We are not so much maddened  
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance of  
dark, cold caves.

And when great bodies die,  
after a period peace blooms,  
slowly and always  
irregularly. Spaces fill  
with a kind of  
soothing electric vibration.  
Our senses, restored, never  
to be the same, whisper to us.  
They existed. They existed.  
We can be. Be and be  
better. For they existed.



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