

Celebration of the Life of
Geraldine Gertrude Jefferson

Sunrise
February 18, 1930

Sunset
September 11, 2010



Funeral Mass

Wednesday, September 15, 2010 - 10:30 a.m.

Church of St. Joseph the Carpenter

Corner of E. 3rd Ave. and Walnut St.

Roselle, New Jersey

Father Kris Maslowski

Obituary

Geraldine Jefferson was born **Geraldine Gertrude Guion** in Glenridge, NJ on February 18th, 1930 to the late Thurston Edward and Gertrude Guion. She was called home by our Lord on September 11, 2010 in Easton, PA.

Geradine's (or **Gerry** as friends and family called her) early life was spent in Powhatan, Virginia where she moved to and was raised during her early life. She then resided in Newark, NJ where she received her formal education at Queen of Angels High School. She also met the love of her life in Newark, Thomas Jefferson. **Geraldine** and Thomas were married on November 23, 1952 at St. Josephs Church in Roselle, NJ and their union was blessed with seven children and they resided in Roselle, NJ.

Gerry worked at several jobs including RCA in Rahway, NJ left the work force to devote her time to raising her seven children. **Gerry** found her calling as a full time Mom. She was a Brownie troop leader, Girl Scout troop leader, Cub scout troop leader, Cheerleading team volunteer, Pop Warner Football team volunteer, school studies tutor, Drum and Bugle Corp volunteer, and “another” Mom to many kids on the block on 8th Ave. She was well known for her vegetable garden which she loved to cultivate in her backyard and the beautiful flowers she adorned her home with in her front yard. Her life was devoted to providing a quality life for her children whom she loved so much and spent almost every weekend taking them to beaches, parks, campgrounds, and parties. When she wasn't taking them out she was busy being their biggest cheerleader at football games, basketball games, baseball games, and other competitions. She was a member of St. Joseph the Carpenter Church in Roselle, NJ and remained a member there until her passing.

Gerry was predeceased by her husband, Thomas R. Jefferson, her sister, Lois Thomas, her son, William Jefferson, two daughters, Beverly Jefferson and Melody Jefferson and her granddaughter, Susan Jefferson.

She leaves to cherish fond memories: her children, Elaine Thomas of Pennsylvania, Evelyn Jefferson of New Jersey, Thomas (Chris) Jefferson of Pennsylvania and Thurston Jefferson of New Jersey; sisters, Jean Guion of New Orleans, Joan Guion of New Jersey and Yvonne Crawford of Maryland; her aunt, Vashti White of New Jersey; grandchildren, David Young, Anita, Chris, Miles, Janelle, Janet and Melody Jefferson; great grandchildren, Julian Berni, Lilyan and Dominic Young, Ma'kaylah and Cherish Hall all of New Jersey and Sebastian Griffin of Virginia; in-laws, Carol and Carl Wilson, Doris Goode, Frances Jefferson, Barbara Hebron and June Jefferson; one daughter-in-law, Wanda Jefferson; one son-in-law, Les Thomas; and a host of nieces, nephews, grand nieces and nephews, cousins, other family members and friends.

Lovingly Submitted the Family

Eulogy

Mothers represent life. Just like man means mind to some of us, woman means the the womb of the mind where ideas just like life are born. Our mother represents our life and therefore, the initial conception of any idea, thought, or emotion we have in that life. It may seem cliché to say "My mother meant the world to me" but as the womb of our minds and the womb that brought forth our lives from a mere seed, our mother was indeed our earth. To just give an example of how that works, our mother was one of the few if not the only person in our lives who had license to reel us in and bring us back down to earth when we got too big for our britches and started to float away on delusions of grandeur. Our mother in particular intuitively knew how to handle situations like that when some of our heads got too big for the hats we were supposed to wear. So if you had to ask what did our mother mean to us, collectively, we would answer that our mother was our earth and our very first foundation.

We learned from our mothers life that we cannot be embarrassed by what other people do. We were taught that we had a responsibility to live up to the morals and principles that were instilled in us and if there are other people who come up short with that, we can't let their actions influence how we should conduct ourselves. No matter who they are. In this lesson we also learn that we cannot let other peoples actions shame us into thinking we have to share some, none, or any of their consequence. One of the biggest lessons she taught through her life was that we need to understand that we are powerless over what other people are going to do. But we do have control over how we handle ourselves and it's how we handle ourselves that is going to have the most significance in our lives. We learned from our mother that no matter what happens in our lives to any loved one no matter how close they are to you, we still have to have room in our hearts to love each other and love the ones who are still here and near and dear to us. Unfortunately our mother had to bury not one, not two, but three of her own children. Each time she lost a child we all knew that a huge piece of her life had been ripped out of her soul. If there is anyone who has ever lost a child, we're sure they can identify with that feeling. There is a sound that comes out of our mother when she loses a child. A sorrowful, hurtful, haunting sound that is undoubtedly and unmistakably a sign that the natural order of things has been disrupted. It only makes good and common sense that parents are not supposed to bury their children. Children are supposed to bury their parents. However, even though she had to endure this unspeakable horrific and traumatic experience on several unfortunate occasions, she still had room in her heart of hearts to love the people who were still here and in her life. What made our mother most happy was to see her children happy. She made it so easy to want to give her the world and so gratifying to receive her appreciation. Our mother taught us gratitude. She was so thankful for every little courtesy or convenience we could offer her. Part of it was pride in the values she instilled in us and part of it was just because she had a heart of gold. Through these life lessons that she provided for us we are able to have gratitude for her life and her life's process even as she approached the end of her journey.

The loss of our mother is personal, highly personal for each and every one of us in our own individual way. We all had our own individual personal relationship with her and even though we joked that one of us was her favorite, she managed to somehow make each of her children believe deep down inside each one was her favorite no matter which one they were. Just as each of our relationships with our mom was personal, so was her death. Her death was personal between her and God. Even though her children were by her side as the end of her journey approached, the only ones allowed to participate were her and the Angel who came for her. When the Angel came to escort her to the on the next journey, we somehow found solace in knowing she lived a good life, was a wonderful person, with a loving heart, and if we act right, we will see her again.

Our mother taught us through her life experience that after difficulty comes ease. If we can just hold on and bear through the difficult parts of our life with faith, hope, and trust in God, then surely afterwards will come ease. She taught us this by seeing us through hard times so we can stick around for the good times. Through this we may be able to understand why it was said that "Paradise lies at the feet of the Mother". That's right...God made it real simple for us to see one of his signs for the directions to Paradise. He put it on our Mother's feet! The reason they say that is because we all have been told that if you are good to your mother than God will be good to you. Our mother loved and was loved by people from all walks of life and it's probably not a stretch to say that no matter what good book they read, somewhere in it they were all clearly prescribed to "Honor your Mother and Father". Our Dad always would remind us that he expected us to take care of our mother in case of his demise and he certainly set a quality example of how you should take care of a person when he was alive. Our Dad is without a doubt pleased with how his family took care of his wife. Each of us in our own special way no matter how great or small of a contribution we could make, all participated in taking care of our mother and made her last days comfortable, enjoyable, and stress free. More importantly and definitely most important to her, we all saw fit that she didn't have to bury any more of us. She didn't have to make that sorrowful, hurting, haunting sound any more and we truly thank God for that. We can accept as a most certain fact that if we didn't do anything else besides that, she was more grateful for that than any convenience we could have ever provided. As a matter of fact her passing was quiet and in her sleep. We hope we can offer some consolation to her sisters and the rest of the family who all supported her during her illness in that she passed quietly in her sleep. She was so appreciative for each and every one of you who did so many kind, considerate, and loving things for her in her time of need. On her behalf, we want to thank you and let you know that her final words were thank you, thank you, thank you so much. So if we can just continue to act right, love each other, and live by the moral and spiritual principles that have already be instilled in us then we can be assured when she opens her eyes again, we will be there to love her.
Rest in Peace Mommy. We love you!

*Life is but a stopping place,
A pause in what's to be,
A resting place along the road,
to sweet eternity.
We all have different journeys,
Different paths along the way,
We all were meant to learn some things,
but never meant to stay...
Our destination is a place,
Far greater than we know.
For some the journey's quicker,
For some the journey's slow.
And when the journey finally ends,
We'll claim a great reward,
And find an everlasting peace,
Together with the lord*

Author Unknown

Interment

*Graceland Memorial Park
1900 Galloping Hill Rd., Kenilworth, NJ 07033*

*There will be a Repast at the Kenilworth Inn after the burial at 60 S.
31st St. (Corner of Boulevard and S. 31st St) in Kenilworth, NJ 07033.*

Acknowledgement

*The family of **Geraldine Gertrude Guion Jefferson** acknowledges
with sincere appreciation every thought and act of kindness
expressed to us during this our hour of bereavement. We will always
keep you in our prayers. May God continue to richly bless you.*

Services Entrusted To:

G.G. Woody Funeral Home, LLC
206 East Eighth Avenue • Roselle, NJ 07203
www.ggwoodyfuneralhome.com

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