



In Loving Memory of

*Barbara
Ann
Adger*

*Sunrise
May 31, 1945*

*Sunset
October 25, 2010*

*Friday, October 29, 2010
10:00 a.m.*

MOUNT MORRIS ASCENSION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
15 Mount Morris Park West
New York, NY 10027

Obituary

Our lives are unfinished books, which we are writing day by day. What this book contains is ours alone to say. However, when one has given her life for a good cause, bestowing freely her influence and time for the betterment of those around her. Touching all phases of her people, death is momentous.

Barbara Ann Adger, affectionately called “Frenchie” closed this book on Monday morning, October 25, 2010 at home in New York City. Barbara was born on May 31, 1945 in Willimington, North Carolina to the late Bettye Elizabeth Burns McDuffie and James A. Lee. She moved to New York at the age of four. Where she was educated in the Public School system. Barbara served in the U.S. Army for four in a half years. She worked at the Foot Center of New York (an affiliate of the New York College of Podiatric Medicine) for eight years in Security. For the past

twenty-seven years she served as a State Officer in the New York State Department of Mental Health in the Bronx and Manhattan. She enjoyed her work, loved her co-workers but was very firm in her beliefs of keeping a tight orderly shift. She retired in October 2010 as Sergeant Adger a.k.a to her co-workers as “The Colonel”.

On May 29, 1994, she met her partner, Olga Ambert. Their love story began and lasted uniting Olga’s children whom she loved dearly.

Someone died today. Someone who walked the common road, lifted many a load, lightened many a task and brightened the day for others. She stood strong and faced the challenges of each day. Barbara was a very happy and fun loving person. She loved listening to music, dancing, being with family and friends and most of all traveling. She took wings and left us. She went off to the heights never dreamed. She is off now to a place where she will remain.

Barbara leaves: her cherished partner of sixteen years...Olga Ambert and her children whom she thought of as her own, Sandy Ambert, Rafael Ambert and Juan Carlos Ambert; three brothers, David A. Brown, William “Mickey” Jones and James A. Lee; two sisters, Barbara A. McRae and Diana Alexander; adopted sister, Dorothy Jones; devoted nephews a.k.a “Son”, Clyde “CJ” McRae; nephews, Derek Brown, Mark Jones and Kent Brewer; nieces, Michelle Reynolds, Diana Reynolds-Knox, Shirley M. Jordan, Retha M. Threatt, Natalie Reynolds, Tasha Nhliziyo, Tracey Howard and Keisha Brewer; aunt (mother), Mary L. Howard; God children, Curtis, Tommy and Precious; and a host of great nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Dear Family,

I would like to thank you for making my last days comfortable, because you were there throughout my ordeal. In order for me to remember your smiling faces I had to slip away and go to the last mile alone. At times I was not aware that you were there. And other times I was unable to share your laughter, smiles or tears. My not being able to talk hurt deep down within, but I was thankful that you were able to understand and translate my eyes or read my thoughts. But then, had you been there when I was taking my last breath, would you had held my hand and let me slip away or would you have asked the doctor to try and hold on to me a little longer? When all I was doing was going home to meet my savior! So on the anniversary of my death, Christmas or my birthday comes around, think of me, but wipe your eyes and cry not, because I could not have asked for a better caring family.

*Love Forever,
Barbara Ann Adger
“Frenchie”*

The Order of Service

Organ Prelude Clergy, Family, Friends

The Opening Sentences

Musical Selection/Hymn

Lesson From The Scriptures

Ecclesiastes 12:1-7, 13-14

Psalm 23

Revelation 7:9-17

The Gospel John 14:1-6

Musical Selection

Reflections The Family

Musical Selection

The Obituary

Acknowledgements

Eulogistic Solo Alicia Tavares Santiago

The Eulogistic Expression Rev. Anita Burson, Pastor
Elpida Community Church of Christ Baptist

The Mortician's Instructions

The Benediction

The Recessional

Interment

Mt. Hope Cemetery

Hastings on Hudson, New York

If Tears Could Build A Stairway

If tears could build a stairway
And thoughts a memory lane.
I'd walk right up to heaven
And bring you home again
No farewell words were spoken
No time to say good-bye
You were gone before I knew it
And only God knows why

My heart's still active in sadness
And secret tears still flow
What it meant to lose you
No one can ever know.
But now I know you want us
To mourn for you no more
To remember all the happy times
Life still has much in store

Since you'll never be forgotten
I pledge to you today
A hallowed place within my heart
Is where you'll always stay.

God knows why, with chilling touch,
Death gathers those we love so much,
And what now seems so strange and dim,
Will all be clear, when we meet Him.
I knew you for a Moment.

-Author unknown

The Liturgy for the dead is an Easter liturgy. It finds all meaning in the resurrection. Because Jesus was raised from the dead, we too, shall be raised. The liturgy, therefore, is characterized by joy, in the certainty that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord". This joy, however, does not make human grief unchristian. The very love we have for each other in Christ brings deep sorrow when we are parted by death. Jesus himself wept at the grave of his friend. So, while we rejoice that one we love has entered into the nearer presence of our Lord, we sorrow in sympathy with those who mourn and our prayer is that with God's help we shall move from mourning today into joy on the morrow.

Acknowledgement

Our Creator has given us a wealth of family and friends who have been generous in support and kindness. We deeply and humbly appreciate your sincere and warm generosity in our behalf during this period of illness and bereavement. Your calls, cards, flowers, presence and comforting words, shall always linger in our hearts. For one is surely blessed to have friends like you. May God shower upon each of you his abundant blessings.

The Family

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