

*A Celebration of the Life of*  
*Violette Marie Dorval*

*Sunrise*  
*December 5, 1936*

*Sunset*  
*February 23, 2011*



*Saturday, February 26, 2011 - 9:30 a.m.*

**UNITED HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR ALL PEOPLE**

2320 8th Avenue • New York, New York

*Apostle T. Perry, Officiating*  
*Rev. David Jenkins, Organist*

## Obituary

**Violette Marie Dorval** was born in Haiti in the Province of Cabaret in December 5, 1936 to Goliath Gervais and Vesta Belford. She attended Elementary, high School and college in the Capital City of Port-Au-Prince. She received a College Degree and became a French and Math Teacher.

She was loved and appreciated by everyone who knew her.

She married her sweetheart, lover, and the dream of her life, Joseph Dorval in the Summer of 1962 at the age of twenty- six and from that sacred union, Almighty God blessed them with four wonderful children: Marie Josie, Tracey, Steven and Joseph Jr.

Mrs. Dorval dedicated her life to her home, to her children and to her extended family.

She became ill for a long period of time but she held stronger to her faith in Jesus Christ and made it through the rough times. Tough times don't last but tough people do.

She knew that Jesus had the last word. She had never given up hope. She knew that God was her refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear; though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Be still, and know that I Am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. She fought a good fight of faith. She ran the race with patience and she had finished the course. She was very unique.

In the morning of February 23, 2011, Our Lord had upgraded our beloved's home from labor to eternal rest. Jesus is the only way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by Him.

Mrs. Violette Marie Dorval leaves behind to cherish her memory and to celebrate her life: four biological children, Marie Josie, Tracey, Steven and Joseph Jr.; two grandchildren, Cameron and Isaiah; two great grandchildren, Hope and Darius; her husband, Joseph; four biological brothers, Joel, Enoch, Rodrigue and Berland; three biological sisters, Lucienne, Denise and Memene; one step daughter, Leslie; two sisters-in-law, Lamercie and Martha; and a host of friends and neighbors.

She lived up to see her fourth generation. She will be greatly missed. To God be all the glory for the many blessings and grace He had bestowed upon Violette Marie Dorval and loved ones.

# Order of Service

Prelude

Processional ..... Clergy and family

Prayer of Comfort ..... Minister Martha Laforest

Scripture Readings

Old Testament: Psalm 71:15-24 ..... Leslie Baptist

New Testament: Revelation 3:20-22 ..... Marie Dozil

Tribute ..... Cameron Taylor

Poetic Selection ..... Joseph Dorval Jr.

Solo Dedicated To Her Mother ..... Tracey Dorval

French Selection ..... Minister Martha Laforest

Obituary ..... Josue Laforest

Acknowledgements ..... Anyone

Eulogy

Benediction

Viewing

Interment ..... *Rosehill Cemetery • Linden, New Jersey*

## **REPAST**

2320 Frederick Douglas Boulevard  
New York, NY 10027

### **In The Garden**

I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses;  
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear; The Son of God discloses.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;  
And the melody that He gave to me within my heart is ringing.

I's stay in the garden with Him Tho the night around me be falling;  
but He bids me go- thro the voice of woe, His voice to me is calling.

### *REFRAIN*

*And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own,  
And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.*

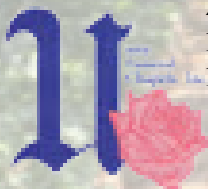
# *Miss Me, But Let Me Go*

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.

-author unknown

## *Acknowledgement*

The family wishes to express their deep appreciation  
and sincere thanks for your kindness during a time of sorrow.



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