

Celebration Service for
Velma E. Porter

Sunrise
February 4, 1948

Sunset
March 2, 2011



Wednesday, March 9, 2011 - 7:00 p.m.

NEW MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH

171 West 140th Street
New York, New York

Pastor Carl L. Washington, Jr., Officiating
V. Denise Rhodes, Organist

The Home Going Celebration for Velma E. Porter

If you are present when this is being read, it means that God has called me to come home. Do not be sad because you all know how long I've waited to be reunited with my two favorite boys, Richard and Donnell.

Velma Eileen Porter was born on February 4, 1948 to the late John Henry Porter and Althea Grant at Harlem Hospital in Manhattan. She was educated through the New York City Public School system. She truly enjoyed the streets of Harlem, where she was known so well. There wasn't a street or avenue she would turn or cross where she didn't see at least one person she knew. The true Mother of Harlemhood.

Velma took on the role of Motherhood by having her first born son, Richard, then her only daughter, Pat and then her baby boy, Donnell. She also became the caregiver for her youngest sister, Janice after the passing of their mother. She so loved this role as caregiver that it became the joy of life for her. She cared for and loved so many. Adults and children, children specially. Once she got a hold of your child, it was hard for you to get them back from her.

The children loved her so much that she was given the name early on as MamMa. Each child that came into her life called her just that. She was like a second mother to them all. When you saw Velma coming was to know you were getting ready to have the greatest laugh ever or to be the receiver or witness to a good ole cursing out. "Boy That Mouth". She was given many different nicknames from everybody; Vee, V.P., Velma, Queen of Harlem, Lady H and to know her was to love her.

On May 3, 2009 Velma suffered a heart attack which started her complicated journey of heart disease. What no one really knew was her real first heart attack was on December 5, 1989, the day they took her baby boy Donnell away from her. Then on January 4, 1990 her first born Richard was also murdered. She never recovered from that, yet she lived on twenty-one more years with that damaged heart.

On March 2, 2011 she grew tired and started her journey home to join her sons, Richard and Donnell.

She leaves behind to continue to celebrate her life: daughter, Patricia Porter; sisters, Janice Porter and Mary Baker; brothers, Richard and James Porter; granddaughters, Lorell Faison, Reshonia and Rhea Porter; nephews, Nathaniel Watkins, Tyrone Porter, Corey Scott, Travis Pierce and Kendell Brown; niece, Teshonia Brown; grandson, Donnell Whiten; great grandson, Dailen Whiten; great grandniece, Trakiia Pierce; great grandnephew, Khalil Brown; aunt, Evelyn Porter; cousins, Brenda Taylor, Joseph Franklin, Kim Sudderth and Kavanaugh Taylor; worlds greatest bestfriend, Kevin Heyward; and a host of family and dear friends, (Freddie, Nelly, Shirley, Margaret, J.C., Joyce, Deborah, Pat, Denise and Mary).

Home Going Services

Processional

Hymn

Scripture Readings

Old Testament 41st Psalm

New Testament 1st Corinthians 11:50-58

Selection “My Eyes Are On The Sparrow”
Dietrice Bolden

Expressions Denise Keyes, Friend
Fred - O, Friend of Richard

Prayer Pastor Washington

Selection “Troubles of the World”
Sarah Love

Acknowledgements Lavia Porter

Obituary Kim Porter

Selection Jean Tripplett

Benediction Pastor Washington

Selection “Going Up Yonder”
Charlie Buckner/Voices of Zion

Viewing

Recessional

Interment

Mount Holiness Cemetery

Butler, New Jersey

The repast will be following the funeral services on
Wednesday, March 9, 2011 at PJ’s Lounge on 132nd - 133rd
7th Avenue (closer to 133rd) on the downtown side.

If tears could build a stairway
And memories were a lane,
We would walk right up to heaven
And bring you back again

No farewell words were spoken
No time to say goodbye
You were gone before we knew it
And only God knows why

Our hearts still ache in sadness
And secret tears still flow
What it meant to lose you
No one can ever know

But now we 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
We pledge to you today
A hallowed place within our hearts
Is where you'll always stay.

R.I.P.



Velma Porter

Acknowledgement

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

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