

*In Loving Memory of*



*Bettye Ray Knight*

*Sunrise*  
**July 24, 1943**

*Sunset*  
**March 12, 2011**

*Saturday, March 19, 2011 - 11:30 a.m.*

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

2352 8th Avenue  
New York, New York 10027

*Rev. Sean Gardner, Officiating*  
*Pastor David Jenkins, Organist*

## Obituary

In a small farming community in Ellerbe, North Carolina on a hot summer day, a mid-wife was sent to rural house Route #2. You see God had a blessed event going on for Annie Terry and William Roscoe Davis. On, July 24, 1943, the mid-wife delivered a healthy baby girl named **Bettye Ray Davis**.

At the tender age of two, in 1945, Bettye migrated to New York City. There she was educated in the New York City public school system.

Bettye was the proud mother of three children. Wayne, Eric (affectionately nicknamed “Bubby”) and Donna Davis. In later years she met and married James Knight.

A few facts about Bettye: From Bettye’s welcoming into this world, one very important trait was instilled in her, “stay connected”. Bettye loved family deeply and knew that friendships were precious gifts to be cherished and savored. It was her purpose and mission, in life, to keep family and friends in touch; Bettye would never hesitate to visit with you on the phone; She was excellent at retaining numbers; She loved to cook and eat good food; She was an animal lover; She overcame her fear of flying in her later years and loved to travel; She adored her granddaughter, Qiana and lastly; She loved music. Last summer while standing in her kitchen I watched Bettye close her eyes as a slow smile crept across her face. She gently started swaying to the rhythm of the oldie but goodie that was playing on the AOL internet radio station. The words started to form and a song resonated from her soul and you can see her, at that moment, go back in time. She snapped her fingers to the beat as the sweet harmonies blended together. Bettye was having such a good time, I joined that one woman party and here two women forgot their ages and partied in the kitchen together.

Having a job that would make her family proud was extremely important. Bettye could not have been happier landing a job at Chase Manhattan Bank, where she worked for over 17 years and solidified lifetime friendships. As one chapter in her working life closed, another one briskly opened. Armed with an excellent work ethic, a love of people, and a desire to serve, it was fitting that Bettye was hired to work for the prestigious Yeshiva University Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law as an Executive Secretary for Faculty Service where she received accolades and awards. In addition, she became a Local 1199 Union Delegate. She proudly maintained these positions until her retirement on October 31, 2008 where a retirement party was hosted in her honor.

Bettye Ray, Bettye, Mommy, Ma, Grandma, Gama, Girl, Cousin Bettye, etc. and all the wonderful terms of endearments we have been privileged to call her through the years. Thank You God for this Magnificent Gift!

Bettye leaves to cherish her memories: husband, James Knight; son, Wayne Davis and Rhonda Harvard, fiancé; son, Eric “Bubby” Davis and daughter-in-law, Judy Pace-Davis; daughter, Donna Davis-Sylla; granddaughter, Qiana Davis; brother, Kerry McBride; and a host of loving relatives, friends and dog, Gizmo; grand doggies: Gyzmo and Littleman.

Special thanks to Lenore Harris (Qiana’s mother) and Sarah Jenkins who has our sincere heartfelt gratitude.

# *Order of Service*

Processional

Selection

Scripture

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Eulogy ..... Rev. Sean Gardner

Selection

Committal

Viewing

Recessional



## **Interment**

Maple Grove Cemetery  
Hackensack, New Jersey

## *To Those I Love*

*To those I love and those that love me,  
When I am gone, release me, let me go  
I have so many things to see and do  
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears  
Be happy that we had so many years.  
I gave you my love, you can only guess  
How much you gave me in happiness  
I thank you for the love you each have shown  
But now it's time I travel alone  
So grieve for a while for me if you must  
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.  
It's only for a while that we must part  
So bless the memories within your heart  
I won't be far away, for life goes on  
So if you need me, call and I will come  
Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near  
And if you listen with your heart you'll hear  
All my love around you so soft and clear  
And then, when you must come this way alone  
I'll greet you with a smile and say,  
"Welcome Home."*

*-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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*Clifford V. James, V.P. & Gen. Mgr.*

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