

<u>Obituary</u>

Consuella Greene was born at Mountainside Hospital on May 17th, 1935 to loving parents, Connie Micken and Fleming Fischer.

Connie, which she was affectionately known as, spent most of her life in Montclair. She was educated in the Montclair school system, lived on New Street and also Hawthorne Place. Connie went on to become a Certified Home Health Aide. Diligently working for the Chr-ill Agency for twentynine years she was promoted to the personnel department.

Connie met and later married her devoted husband, Bobbie (Robert C. Greene) on February 4, 1957. From this union, Connie bore two children, Stacy and Tracy Greene, and adopted Everette Neal and Deborah Martin. Connie devoted her adult years to caring for children. She always made time to care for her children, her grandchildren, her great grandchildren, and even other people's children. For this, among other things, she will truly be missed.

Connie was predeceased by her brother Fleming Murdock Fisher.

Connie leaves to mourn and cherish her memory: husband, Bobbie (Robert C. Greene); two daughters, Stacy Harriot of West Orange, NJ and Tracy Greene of Morristown, NJ; adopted son, Everette Neal of Montclair, NJ; and adopted daughter, Deborah Martin of Montclair, NJ; four grandchildren, Tarif and Amir Harriot, Tramar Howell and Everette Neal (Scotty); two great grandchildren, Saniyah and Alanna Harriot; godson, Alton Crooks; daughter-in-law, Ashlene Harriot; special friend, Dorothy Brown and Karen Crooks; and a host of nieces nephews, cousins, other relatives and caring friends.

Order of Service

ProcessionalBro. Eric Watkins
Opening HymnCongregation
Scripture Reading Old TestamentPsalm 23 New TestamentJohn 14:1-4
Prayer of Comfort
Poem
Tributes / Remarks
Acknowledgement & Resolution Matthew Johnson
ObituaryDeborah Martin
Musical Selection Bro. Eric Watkins
EulogyPastor Robert C. Coles
Hymn
Benediction
Recessional

<u>Interment</u> Rosedale Cemetery Orange, New Jersey

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

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

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