



Celebrating The Life of

Sunrise
November 14, 1975

Sunset
January 17, 2012

Lakeisha Jennifer Plowden

Mass of the Resurrection

Monday, January 23, 2012 - 10:00 a.m.

ST. MARK EPISCOPAL CHURCH

1417 Union Street • Brooklyn, New York

CLERGY

THE REV. PETER W.D. BRAMBLE, Ph.D., RECTOR

THE REV. DENZIL I.G. HINDS, B.A., ASSOCIATE

THE REV. KINO VITET, M.DIV., DEACON

THE REV. OVERTON W. GILKES, D.D., RESIDENT PRIEST

THE RT. REV. RICHARD E. MARTIN, D.D., BISHOP-IN-RESIDENCE

ORGANIST

ARTHUR E. CLARKE, Ph.D.

CARLOS D. PRESCOD

Obituary

Lakeisha Jennifer Plowden was born on November 14th, 1975 in Brooklyn, New York to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Keith Plowden. At age three, she moved to Trinidad and lived with her grandparents, Henry and Elvira Collins. She returned to New York at age five and remained here until age twenty-six.

During those years, she attended P.S. 198, Huddy Junior High School, F.D.R. High School, Hunter, Long Island University, and St. Francis Colleges. She was on the Dean's list and graduated from St. Francis College of New York in 2000.

She played several sports for each college. She especially loved softball and in 1998, while attending and playing softball for Long Island University, Keisha led the entire NCAA Division 1 in stolen bases. After graduating in 2002, Keisha moved to Navasota, Texas to pursue her teaching career at Brenham Intermediate School. She taught there for five years and decided to broaden her horizons by moving to Tampa, Florida to teach at Blake High School. She most recently taught at King High School. Keisha coached volleyball, softball, basketball and dabbled in coaching football. She was very well respected and loved by her peers and students. The dedication and care that Keisha exhibited, some would say, was unmatched.

On January 17, 2012, the Lord call Keisha home. Her memory, love, dedication and commitment will be cherished by her parents Marilyn and Horace Plowden; grandparents, Ulger Plowden and Elvira Collins; brother, Kevin Plowden; aunts, Carole, Lenora, Cynthia and Charmaine; uncles, Selwyn Collins, Stanley Plowden, Kenrick Plowden and Michael Plowden; nieces and nephews, James, Shatavia, Khamari, Jenna, Khasim and Quincy; many cousins and a host of friends she held near and dear to her kind and loving heart.

The footprints of Keisha's love and passion to achieve will forever remain in the hearts of so many.

May Her Soul Rest In Peace.
~ Lovingly submitted by her family ~

Order of Service

Officiant	The Rev. Denzil I.G. Hinds
Organ Prelude	
Reception of the Body	BCP p. 466
Processional .. The Burial Sentences	BCP p. 491
Hymn ... “Oh Let Him Who Sorrow”	(insert)
Collect for the Departed	BCP p. 493
First Lesson ... Lamentations 3:22-26, 31-33	Paul Corbin
Psalms 23	Crimmond
Second Lesson Revelation 7:9-17	Lori Devivio
Sequence Hymn ... “How Great Thou Art”	LEVAS 60
The Gospel ... John 14:1-6	The Rev. Denzil I.G. Hinds
Solo	
Obituary	Kevin Plowden / Carole O’Connor Edwards
Reflections	Shatavia Plowden / James Auglade Plowden
Hymn ... “There Is A Balm In Gilead”	LEVAS 203
Homily	The Rev. Denzil I.G. Hinds
Apostles’ Creed	BCP p. 496
The Intercession	BCP p. 497
Offertory Hymn ... “Lead Kindly Light”	(insert)
Offertory Sentences	

THE GREAT THANKSGIVING

Eucharistic Prayer “B”	BCP p. 367
Sursum Corda	BCP p. 367
Preface of the Commemoration of the Dead	BCP p. 367
Sanctus & Benedictus	BCP p. 367
The Canon of the Mass	BCP p. 368
The Lord’s Prayer	
The Breaking of the Bread	BCP p. 369
Communion Hymn ... “Blessed Assurance”	LEVAS 184
Post Communion Prayer	BCP p. 498
The Commendation	BCP p. 499
The Dismissal	
Recessional Hymn ... “All I Ask Of You”	(insert)
Organ Postlude	

Interment

Cypress Hills Cemetery
Brooklyn, New York

I Corinthians 13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.



Acknowledgement

The Clergy, Wardens, Vestry, Staff and congregation wish to express their condolences to the family and friends in their bereavement.

The family expresses their sincere appreciation and gratitude for your heartfelt sympathy and all acts of kindness shown to them during their bereavement.



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