

*In Loving Memory of*  
*Ms. Abbie E. Watson*



***Sunrise***

November 14, 1954

***Sunset***

February 18, 2012

**Service**

*Friday, February 24, 2012 - 10:00 a.m.*

**MT. NEBOH BAPTIST CHURCH**

1883 Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. Blvd. • New York, NY 10027

***Rev. Dr. Johnnie M. Green, Jr. - Officiating***

## Obituary

**Abbie E. Watson** was born on November 14th, 1954 and was a resident of The Bronx, New York. God called Abbie home after a 4 and a half month toe to toe match with cancer at 10:43 a.m., February 18th, 2012. It was a toe to toe because she *never* backed down or gave up. Her courage and strength are remarkably gestured and inspiring. Abbie was born in Woodruff, South Carolina, before the family moved to Harlem as their New York landing place. It was there where Abbie, also affectionately known as Libby to her family and friends, began to grow and blossom into a little star, singing and dancing every opportunity she got!

It was at Benjamin Franklyn High School where Abbie truly began to explore the world in her own unique hearted way. She began working at a very young age, which prepared her to be the multi-dimensional woman she grew into, keeping and having a wonderful tenure as a Substance Abuse Counselor, before becoming disabled in 2001.

She was one of five children born to the late Eliza and Deroy Watson. Abbie will forever be remembered by her devoted daughters, Shanequa Charles and Nicole Watson, completely in love grand-daughter Miracle Robinson (who's love affair began when she cut the umbilical chord), brothers, Frederick, Stanley and Phillip Watson, sister Helen Hamilton, caring uncle, Ivy and loving aunt, Marie; along with countless other friends and family whom were blessed to know her.

Abbie loved everything about life, especially her ability to adapt to whatever was going on around her at the time. All that knew her, regardless of how, probably share that this one same sentiment-she was a woman with a heart of pure GOLD. Whether it was a place to stay, food, help 'til payday, a shoulder to lean on, caring advice, a funny story or just a warm hug...SHE GAVE IT. She gave until she didn't have and if you needed more, she went and got it for you. Abbie never spoke of how she gave or who she gave to because she was led by God to just give. And that's just what she did. On what was to be her death bed, tired, weak and unable to move or speak, she uttered to her children that she loved them so much that she would continue to go toe to toe with this cancer that ultimately got the last round.

The type of selfless mother she was could and should be a lesson to all. True and unconditional love was the fabric MS. Abbie was created from and that's what she exuded. Now, let's not forget that she *WOULD* also put you in your place if you got out of line and would follow up whatever she was telling you with a sincere, stern but affectionate "...and you can *BET THAT*", but that was out of pure love because she knew you needed that to make it through whatever the situation was. With her trademark sense of humor and sheer magnitude, she touched the lives of all that crossed her path. Single handedly putting two children through college and giving relentlessly to her first and only grand-child, she has truly earned her spot next to our Heavenly Father, where I am completely sure that she is doing His work and having some Haggan Daaz cookies and cream ice cream ;-)

# **Order of Service**

**Processional**

**Hymn of Comfort**

**Scripture Reading**

Old Testament

New Testament

**Prayer of Comfort**

**Remarks**

**Selection**

**Acknowledgements of Cards**

**Reading of the Obituary**

**Selection**

**Eulogy**

Rev. Dr. Johnnie M. Green, Jr.

**Recessional**

Rev. Dr. Johnnie M. Green, Jr.

**Interment**

Maple Grove Cemetery

Hackensack, New Jersey

*If I could Re-Write the story line of her life I would give her all the love she would have needed to stay strong. I would have written in extra's to play the part of the villains that slayed her youth and gave it to the street. I would have asked the director to substitute the part of the street savvy fast talker with a Christian hearted lead that would have grabbed her hands and walked her faithfully towards Him with every decision and care that she had. Her heart is made of pure gold as it is and I know that all that she reaches for comes toward her. It comes towards her so that she can turn it over to all who are in need, from food to shelter to the clothes off her very own back. In these moments that seem to be reaching towards the light, I know that there were no mistakes made in the scripts of her life. The road that she has been lead down has been her own and she will not be turned away from Your gates made of Pearls. These moments that they marked as her last should be duly noted as a truly Miraculous time. Mommy I love you more than you could ever know and as I write these meager words know that I will do your life's tale due justice in the memoirs that may one day comfort the shelves of other families that have been down this same road. You are my heart and soul... I LOVE you!*

### **I Did Not Die**

*Do not stand at my grave and weep:*

*I am not there, I do not sleep.*

*I am a thousand winds that blow:*

*I am the diamond glints on snow.*

*I am the sunlight on ripened grain:*

*I am the gentle autumn's rain.*

*When you awaken in the Morning's hush,*

*I am the swift uplifting rush*

*Of quiet birds in circled flight.*

*I am the soft star that shines at night.*

*Do not stand at my grave and cry.*

*I am not there: I did not die.*

*-Melinda Sue Pacho*



### **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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