



## Obituary

**Hermoine Lois Dorsey**, the eldest of two children of the union between the late Lois and Randoph deChabert, was born on October 19, 1947 in New York City. She was baptized, received her first Holy Communion and Confirmed at St. Catherine of Genoa Catholic Church where she attended elementary school.

As a child, Hermoine was strongly influenced by her immediate family: her mother, Lois, her step-father, Abe Booker, and her brother, Glenn deChabert. It was during these formative years that she developed a love for the arts, particularly music and dance, and an even deeper love for reading and debate that she would carry on throughout her years. Inspired by the love shared within the household, Hermoine learned the importance of leading by example, and was taught the value and power of education. She would continue to embody the lessons she learned from her upbringing throughout her lifetime, culminating her own educational career in May 2006 when she obtained her Masters of Science in Multicultural Education from the college of Mount St. Vincent.

Although she held many jobs, Hermoine was best known for and enjoyed teaching the most. Inspired by her father, Abraham, and the presence of her then infant son, Jonathan, she began a career as an educator in September of 1986 at PS 194 located in Central Harlem. It was at this place and time that she would meet the love of her life, Clyde Bernard Dorsey. They would embark on a journey of marriage a few months later, on December 20, 1986, and continue to uphold their union for over twenty-five years.

As a teacher, Hermoine won many awards as she worked at PS 194 and later Promise Academy, and even here at St. Mark's the Evangelist Church teaching Sunday school. Although she demonstrated numerous talents as a classroom teacher, it was her dedication to her students and community outside of the classroom and school buildings that drew so many students and their families to her. At a time when the community seemed to be at its worst, Hermoine thrived as an educator and was able to provide a haven for many children, which is why so many of her students refer to her as "mom" to this very day.

Hermoine will be sorely missed by her family, and their loss will undoubtedly be felt during the holidays, as they look forward to tasting one of her beloved meals for the last time. Hermoine took pride in providing meals every Thanksgiving and Christmas for her immediate and extended family and they will all surely miss her famous ham and macaroni and cheese.

Although Hermoine was a mother to many, no one can mistake the commitment she had for her own two sons, whom she raised at "Camp 700," Jonathan and Baraka. Hermoine truly "lived" for her children and loved them with all of her heart. She was the full embodiment and personification of the word mother and she worked hard to provide her kids with not just financial support, but the love, mental, and emotional support necessary to raise two strong men.

She leaves to mourn: her loving husband, Clyde; sons, Jonathan, Baraka, Jamik, and Ezra; sisters, Mariel, Shelly, Renee and Meredith; stepmother, Pat; grandchildren, Jonathan, Robert, Chloe, Cydni, Sabrina, Trinity and Ezra Jr.; nephews, Chris, David, Reggie, Kalem and Brandon; nieces, Siedaa, Lexus, Madisen, Kiara, Jasmyn and grace; daughters-in-law, Shari, Lauren, Tameka and Kristie; sisters-in-law, Johnel and Claudia; brothers-in-law, Dennis, Courtney, Radcliffe and Charles; godchildren, Zakiyah, Arnold, Eugene, Kamali, Damaris, Diane, Eva and Antaya; cousin, Chuck; and a host of other relatives, neighbors, friends, colleagues, and students.

## Order of Service

Processional

**Opening Prayer** 

Scripture Reading

Responsorial Psalm

Gospel Reading

Homily Father Phillip Howard

Prayer of the Faithful

Presentation of Gifts

Offertory Song "Amazing Grace"

"Holy, Holy, Holy"

The Lord's Prayer

Sign of Peace

"Lamb of God"

Communion Song "Blessed Assurance"

**Closing Blessing** 

## **Interment**

George Washington Memorial Cemetery Paramus, New Jersey I can confess,
I don't like that you're gone.
It hurts, I miss you.
But in your memory,
I promise to carry on,
to stay at the task,
and to keep on against all odds.
I am your son and
you would expect nothing less.

## <u>Acknowledgement</u>

~ Love Always and Forever, Baraka

The Dorsey family wishes to express their deep appreciation and thanks to the many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy and love shown to them in their time of sorrow.

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