



*In Loving Memory
of*

Barbara Boone

Sunrise: July 26, 1948

Sunset: March 14, 2012

Wednesday, March 21, 2012 - 4:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue

New York, New York 10027

Interment

Silvermount Cemetery Staten Island, NY

Obituary

Barbara Jean Boone was born July 26, 1948 in Portsmouth, VA to Dora Everett and Horace Deloach. She graduated from Benjamin Franklin High School in Harlem, New York. In 1970, she and Warren Jackman gave birth to her first child Doran Ali Boone (Poppe). She would give birth to her second child Terrel Ivan Boone (Poodie) with Steve Gardner in 1977. Over the years she would work for 8th Ave. Glass & Shade Co., the New York City Housing Authority, the New York City Dept. of Corrections and homeless newspaper Street News. She was co-owner and Administrative Secretary at Street News. She was most proud of her work at Street News as it gave her the chance to help those less fortunate than herself. She loved working on the paper with her life partner John Washington (Indio) who was Co-owner/Editor-in Chief of Street News. Her greatest work however was raising her two sons to be good men. She was very proud of them and loved them both dearly.

Momma,

How do I even begin to go the rest of the way without you? Why do I have to? You are the light that guides me always momma...always. Thank you for giving me life and loving me the only way a mother can. I will think of you everyday and carry you in my heart, as you've carried me in yours, until I breathe no more. I miss you more than I can convey. I Love you ma.

Your son,

Doran (Poppe)

I have a lifetime of memories of you mommy. You taught me so much and I'll never forget how much you loved me. You would always tell me "boy, pull up your pants" and to "make sure you dress warm when you go out so you don't get sick". You always stressed the importance of getting an education and being a responsible individual. Every time we spoke we made sure to end our conversations saying "I love you" to one another. Thank you so much for everything mommy. I'll never forget you and I'll continue to carry you in my heart wherever I go. I'll see you again.

I love you mommy,

Terrel (Poodie)

Barbara Jean had the smile that everyone around the block fell in love with. She was street savvy, witty, and always willing to help as much as she could. She assisted me at 8th ave Glass & Shade Co. and Street News. Together we made our homeless newspaper the oldest, active homeless newspaper in the world with more pages than "any other homeless newspaper in the world" We also shared a few moments together; like forty eight years. I wish it was longer.

*C-Ya soon Barbara Jean 143 4ever,
John*

Good-Bye, Till Morning Comes

Author Unknown

*"Good-bye, till morning comes again,"
We part, if part we must, with pain,
But night is short and hope is sweet,
Faith fills our hearts, and wings our feet,
And so we sing the old refrain,
"Good-bye, till morning comes again,"
"Good-bye, till morning comes again,"
The thought of death brings weight of pain.
But we could know how short the night
That falls and hides them from our sight,
Our hearts would sing the old refrain,
"Good-bye, till morning comes again."*

2352 8th Avenue • Manhattan, NY • (212) 666-8300
1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023
1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833

Clifford V. James, President & CEO

www.unityfuneralchapels.com

[email: unityfc@aol.com](mailto:unityfc@aol.com)

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