

To God Be The Glory

We thought of you today,
but that is nothing new.
We thought of you yesterday,
and will tomorrow, too.

We think of you in silence,
and make no outward show,
for what it meant to lose you
only those who love you know.

Remembering you is easy,
we do it everyday,
It's the heartache of losing you,
that will never go away.
The Family

Acknowledgments

The Orton family would like to sincerely thank everyone for their prayers, love, and support. We are especially grateful for Audrey's caretakers, Marya Greene, Lillie Jones, and the Sentara Hospice staff.

Repass immediately following interment at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Orton.
404 Blue Heron Point
Suffolk, Virginia

Professional Services Entrusted to:
Walton Funeral Home
2701 Holland Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Memorial Keepsake Programs
Sandra Chandler Moore
chndlr4@cox.net
3124 Hunters Glen Court
Chesapeake, Virginia



Glory Bound

Mrs. Frances Audrey Dunton Orton

October 26, 1915 – October 1, 2012

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Saturday, October 15, 2012 ~ 10:00 a.m.

Mount Hermon Baptist Temple
2901 London Boulevard
Portsmouth, Virginia 23707

Elder Larry Humphrey, Officiating

Order of Service

Musical Prelude	Rev. Ronn Harris and Sis. Novella Harris	
Processional	Clergy, Family & Friends	
Hymn of Praise	“Blessed Assurance”.....No. 508	
Holy Scriptures of Comfort		
Old Testament.....	Psalm 23	Rev. Dr. Lilton Marks
New Testament	John 14:1-14	Dea. Bessie Stanback
Prayer of Consolation	Elder Thelma E. Humphrey	
Hymn of Comfort.....	“Great is Thy Faithfulness”	
Reading of Selected Poems.....	Dea. Evelyn D. Sawyer	
A Prayer for Gapoo	Master Kole Alexander Jones Great-Grandson	
Acknowledgements and Church Resolution.....	Elder Thelma E. Humphrey	
Solo	“We Shall Behold Him”	Sis. Genevieve Swinton
Eulogist Expression	Elder Larry J. Humphrey	
The Fellowship	Medley of Audrey’s Favorite Hymns	



Mrs. Frances Audrey Dunton Orton

October 26, 1915 – October 1, 2012

Frances Audrey Dunton Orton, 96, peacefully departed this life Monday, October 1, 2012. Audrey was born October 26, 1915 in Accomack County to the late Thomas and Maggie Fatherly Dunton. The eldest of three children, Audrey was a loving daughter and a caring sister to her siblings, Purvis and Edith. Audrey's educational journey began in Accomack County at Tidewater Institute. Her love for reading and quest for knowledge continued after she graduated in May 1932. She enrolled at Hampton Institute (now Hampton University) and after graduating from Hampton in 1936, she returned to the Eastern Shore, began teaching at Mary N. Smith High School, and reconnected with a wonderful man she met while in college, Vernon Alexander Orton. Audrey also had a Master of Arts degree from New York University. She and Vernon married June 9, 1940 and to this union was one daughter, Myrna Lee and one son, Vernon Wayne.

Audrey's love for life poured out in everything that she did. After teaching ten years on the Eastern Shore, she and her family moved to Portsmouth in July 1947. Once in Portsmouth, she began teaching English at I. C. Norcom High School. She touched countless lives during her twenty-seven years in the Portsmouth Public School System and in 1976; the legendary educator retired to give service to her community by serving on various boards and commissions.

Audrey loved people and was active in various social and public service organizations. She was a member of the Portsmouth Chapter of Epicureans and was an active member of the Portsmouth Alumnae Chapter of *Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Incorporated*. An active member from 1951 – 2004, she served as Chapter President 1968 – 1971 and also served as the Chapter's Treasurer, Historian, Recording Secretary, and Parliamentarian.

Audrey had an undeniable passion for poetry, writing about her love for God, nature, and her family. Always willing to share a fleeting thought or a requested verse, "Gapoo" will be forever remembered for her Thanksgiving dinner prayers and mnemonics she created for just about all of her family members.

She was a devoted member of Mount Hermon Baptist Temple and worked fervently in several ministries. Audrey loved her God, her church, and especially her family. She was more than just a wonderful spirit, Audrey was a precious gem and will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved her.

Although the love of her life, Vernon Alexander Orton, left her entirely too soon, those who remain to cherish her glorious memory are her son, V. Wayne Orton (Evelyn); five grandchildren, James L. Robinson, III (Kia), Kimberly O. Jones (Rodney), Louis R. Dabney (Unwanna), Vernon A. Orton III (Robin), and Ashlee K. Orton; ten great-grandchildren, Jay, Cori, Jaymi, Jacob, Raven, Rodney, Jr., Kole, Germaine; Darrius, and Chase; her brother, Purvis Dunton (Leona); one sister, Edith D. Brown; one niece, Toni Dunton-Butler; one great-niece, Nia I. Butler and many other relatives and friends.



From the Pen of Audrey . . .

The Doctor's Office

Have you ever sat in the doctor's office
And waited for a spell?
Let me tell you,
(If you're a novice)
It's pur-dee hell!

You come at eleven to get in a line
For his appearance at twelve o'clock
You sit and read and pine
Thinking he'll never reach the dock.

Some nod, some sleep, some stare
Waiting for their turn.
Some act as if they don't care
For they have a cigarette to burn.

Just when you think all hope is o'er
You hear the buzzer ring;
It makes you jump to the floor
And makes your heart strings sing.

You sit in a chair facing his desk,
And lots of questions he'll ask,
With an instrument he examines your
chest,
And other things that are a task.

From his desk top, he draws a slip,
And writes a word or two
He scratches his head, and bites his lip,
And passes that slip right to you.

"Go to the druggist," he says,
"And have this prescription filled.
You'll soon be well again," he says,
"For these are very good pills."

"How much is it," ask I?
"Oh just \$4.00," says he.
I pull out the money with a sigh,
And he accepts it with glee.

"Good day," says he with a smile,
"Come back for a check again."
"Goodbye," I reply with beguile
And a very, very, broad grin.

I know full well
That I'll not return
To wait a long spell
To twist and to squirm.

Too Much To Do

I'm not talking -- just writing.
How many were absent this term?
What were your absentees today,
this week?
Oh, pass in record cards, Feb. 5th.
Now don't forget to send all evaluatory
summaries!
All "K" forms are due January thirty-one,
remember?
Be sure you plan well.
See that these students learn, understand?
How many F's did you give?
Why did you give them?
Send them in the report by period 2.
Did you forget the committee meeting?
Oh, yes, pass out pictures; collect money.
Don't forget Air Force results!
Pant! Pant! Pant! Too much to do.

Audrey

Your Winter Years

God has granted you grace
To reach the golden years
To be alert and active
To maintain your faith
To exude love and happiness
To continue your prayerful attitude.

God has granted you love
That sustains you when troubles come
That enriches each of your days
That spreads from one to another
That has not been wasted
That brings in big returns.

God has granted you wisdom
That spans many years
That lets you speak of the past
That makes you a sage today
That gives you insight into futurity
That you share, gladly, with us.

Sometimes you are misunderstood
By those younger than you
Some call you senile and cranky
And criticize your faltering steps
But all should love and cherish you
And listen when you want to be heard.

May the heavenly Father
Bless your remaining years
May they be filled with joy
Keep your faith; continue to pray
Spread your love and wisdom
Strive to walk uprightly till the end.

A Window View*Over the Wing**

Crystal blue sky overhead
Scattered white puffy clouds below
That reveal ribbons of highways
And white dots as houses
As smoke grey clouds float above
The white fluffy heaps.

A sinking sensation is felt
As the plane dips, gradually
To the earth far below.
The smooth hum of the motor
Deafens the ears
And causes them to roar.

As the destination is approached,
White clouds become mountains
Of varying shapes
Like mounds of whip cream
Or egg whites beaten to a peak,
Or heaps of snowdrifts on the highway.

Some resemble a proud tiger;
One looks like a gray bear,
Or a fluffy poodle leaping high.
Beyond stands a great polar bear
Looking down on a giant dinosaur
From out of the past.

The view changes; the plane drops
Beneath the feathery clouds
The landscape glides swiftly by
The wheels drop with a thud
A slight bump and braking is heard.
The scenic view is at an end.

God is Wonderful

*(Written November 11, 1966 while
crossing Bay Bridge)*

God is wonderful,
Of this I'm aware,
As I look at water peaceful,
And as I breathe the air.
As I look at sun rays,
Beaming on the ocean,
As I look at the bay,
Spanned by man's creation.
As I look at the trees,
Turning brown and gold.
As I observe bees
Eating from the mold.
As I kneel and pray at night,
And wake each morn so bright.
As I watch pretty flowers
That die in the fall,
Return with April shower
Standing green and tall.

The Virginian - Pilot

Sunday, September 26, 1993

CURRENT SECTION

On the waterfront: Boats' names tell an interesting tale

Audrey Orton has lived on the Portsmouth waterfront for 10 years. An avid walker, this summer this retired schoolteacher started walking along the plants at the Tidewater Yacht Marina, where she found that the names of the boats told an interesting story.

The Journal of Frances Audrey, a boat in the Tidewater yacht Marina, Inc. Through the eyes of another, she writes her story about the boats:

It has been fun sitting here in my slip watching the various and interesting activities – people walking by, chatting, carrying trash, riding bikes or just strolling as they carry newspapers, bags and other items to their boats that have such fascinating names.

It's About Time you learn some of the names in an interesting manner.

I haven't seen the **Senator** for quite awhile so I think he may be spending some **Island Time** with **Trekka** in **Linhaven**. Or maybe he is with Honey J II and they are having **A Lotta Fun**.

Aha, **I Gotcha** because he is in North Carolina with **Carolina Girl** doing some **Smooth Croonin** with **Nellie Mildred**, **Calvin V**, and **Luck VII**.

Oh, maybe **I Talk(s) Too Much**. It seems that I am trying to make him a **Scoundrel** when he is only fishing with **Roberts(s) Jewel**, boiling the **Teakettle** and eating a **Big Mac** and reading **The Daily Break**.

He has the **Freedom** to do **Absolut-ly** what he desires, even if it is going on an **Escapade** on the **Colonial Lady** to have some **Playtime** on the **Admiral** who has so much **Karizma** that he can charm a **Rusty Nail**.

Now that I have attended to their business, let's **Dial Mi Tye** and see if she **Talks, Too**, or is she playing **Hard to Get?**

Cool Spring Too, Ship



Shank I, Mar Jo's Folly and **My High** seem so lonely that I hope that they can find some **Rapture** on **Excalibur**.

This little tour is the **Perfect Prescription** for the start of a new day.

Chapter Two, of **Frances Audrey's Journal** Sometimes, docked here in my clip, things get boring. But occasionally, passersby drop tidbits of interesting information.

Pandora and **Barbie Doll** from Dade County let the **Secret** out about **Big John** being docked

on Dock B for a night or two. I got a chance to see him as I moved out of the slip one evening. He really was beautiful yacht. Too bad he could not stay long. Some said that he was **Rollin In Dough** and his leaving was a **Smart Move**.

At Last, the **Ace of Hearts** made **Night Move** and went on a **Week-End Getaway**. Knowing that he had a good **Summer Wind**, there was no need for **Procrastination**.

The things you hear as you go in and out of the slip. I like it here because I learn so much. It's a **Good Life** here, and sometimes one observes such lovely things, like a Court-Ship developing. The **Insatiable** appetites of those who come and go at **Amory's**, the seafood restaurant; lovely young ladies in **Pursuit** of **Big Red** and **Jimar**.

Well, it's time to sign off to play some **Solitaire** in the quiet of the evening. After all, my **Primary Care** is to remain quiet and alert and ready and be ready to sail when **Times are Good**.

Just as I was about to close out, I learned that **Rollin in Dough** and **Solitaire** had made a **Compromise**, and sailed away. Was it their own doing, or was it the **Captain's Choice?**

And now, good night. The sun has set, leaving a rosy glow in the western sky and I can rest and relax and await the dawn.

**Mount Hermon Baptist Temple
2901 London Boulevard
Portsmouth, Virginia 23707**

Resolution

WHEREAS, Francis Audrey Dunton Orton, has served as an effective and unselfish member of Mount Hermon Baptist Temple for over 50 years where she attended and supported the Church up to the time of her sickness; and

WHEREAS, in the seventies she served as the first female Trustee at Mount Hermon Baptist Temple. During this time the Orton-Royster Award Foundation was established in 1973, in memory of Vernon A. Orton and C. Daniel Royster to recognize graduating high school students of Mount Hermon Baptist Temple, and

WHEREAS, she was an active member of the Church Sunday School, the Widow's Ministry, Temple Guild, Youth Advisory Board, and the Flower Ministry, and esteem poet sharing her expressive poems whenever the opportunity would present itself, and

WHEREAS, she was a loving mother, grandmother, great grandmother, kind hearted and sweet spirited soul , and

Now, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, by the Elders, Officers, and members of Mount Hermon Baptist Temple that the grateful appreciation be hereby expressed for the valuable service rendered by the deceased of this Commendation.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy of this resolution be placed in the archives of this church, and that a copy be presented to the family as a token of the esteem in which is held by the members of Mount Hermon Baptist Temple.

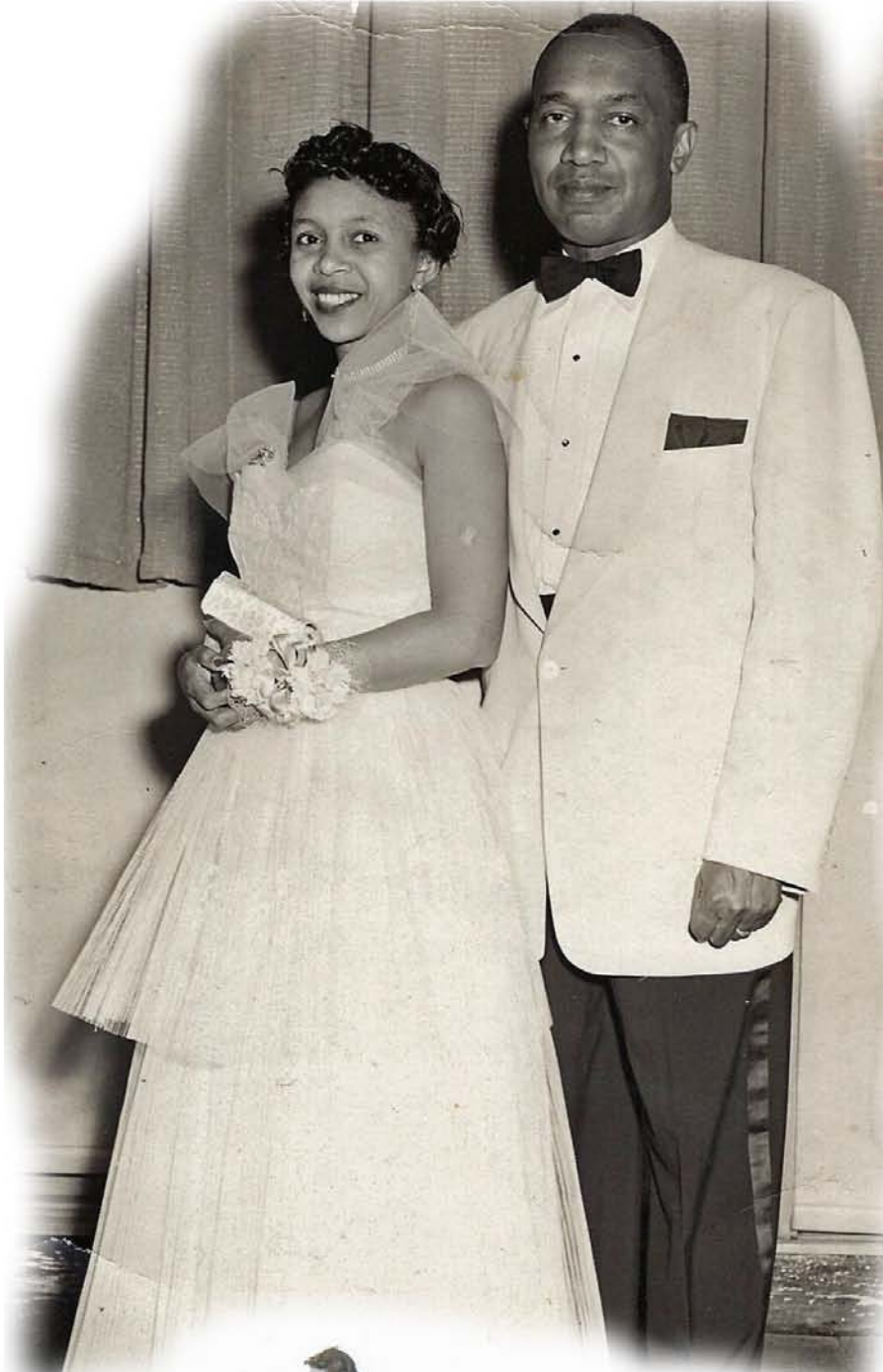
Submitted by the Elders, Officers, and members of Mount Hermon Baptist Temple on this thirteenth day of October 2012.

**\Elders Larry and Thelma Humphrey,
On behalf of the Officers and Members**

Her Life



The Love of Her Life



Her Sorority

I was first inspired to write poetry in the early 1950's. My chapter of the Beta Pi Sigma of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority asked me to give the history of Delta for a special sorority celebration. History can be boring so I decided to change it a bit by writing it in the form of a poem. I'm sorry I did not keep it, but from then on I tried to keep copies of my writings. Regretfully, I have not compiled them, but I hope that it is not too late. I found that if I was disturbed, bored, or touched by some deep emotion, writing about it helped. Things of beauty in nature, the death of a friend, humor or special occasions inspired me to write. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, I called myself an occasional poet – writing for special occasions. At one time I used the pen name "J" Fatherly (for my grandson Jay and my mother's maiden name). Later I decided to use my own name – Audrey D. Orton.

Writing has brought me much contentment and joy.

Climb 'Til Your Dream Comes True

*As you embark on your new way of life
So often filled with ups and downs,
Accept the hardships and the strife,
Wear pleasant smiles and seldom frowns.*

*Because you are Black,
The task will arduous seem.
For the road will be stony, rough and wide
That deters not the ones who dream;
They plod onward and upward to stem the tide*

*Your challenge: Be strong and assume your role
As into this new world you step,
Never give up hope; you'll reach your goal
Your tenacity you will not regret.*

*Trust One who is higher than you,
To guide you on your way,
No matter what you try to do
It will be perfected someday.*

By Audrey Orton



Her Children

Two Precious Gifts

Myrna

Wayne

*Did I ever tell you, dears,
How much I love you two?
How much joy and happiness
I receive from both of you?*

*Life hasn't always been easy
For many of your tasks
But we have each other
And with God and prayer will last*

*Your achievements have been many
Of that I'm very proud
I've not always voiced it
At least not out loud.*

*Your father would've been elated
To know how well you've done
He'd smile and say to you
"Well done my daughter, my son.*

*You've done so much for me
To make my life worthwhile
I thank the Father for you
Thoughts of you bring smiles*

*May God continue to guide you
In all your future plans
If you continue to trust Him
You'll always be in good hands.*

Audrey Orton