

A portrait of Hazel M. Burton, a woman with short, wavy brown hair, wearing a light-colored, possibly white or cream, dress with a beaded necklace. The background is a soft, warm gradient of yellow and orange.

*In Loving
Memory
of*

Hazel M. Burton

Sunrise

May 28, 1925

Sunset

December 23, 2012

Saturday, December 29, 2012 -10:00 a.m.

WOODY "HOME FOR SERVICES"

163 Oakwood Avenue

Orange, New Jersey 07050



Obituary

Hazel Marjorie Burton was born on May 28th, 1925 in Bethel Twon, a modest village in the Westmoreland parish of Jamaica. Her parents were John Follett and Anne Reid.

She gave her heart to the Lord at a very young age and grew up in the church singing in the choir. Her faith was a central tenet of her life. As she matured in her walk, she maintained an active prayer life. She prayed often for her children; interceding on their behalf with hope that the Lord would use them mightily.

In the sixties, she courageously pursued a better life for her family and emigrated to the United States. She was joined by her husband, Rev. Dr. Joseph Burton, and eventually brought Howard, Louise, Yvonne, Devon, Joan, Sandra and Carol to Brooklyn, New York.

Hazel didn't suffer fools lightly but combined her sense of humor with a strong value of discipline. She had a passion for helping others. This vocation led her to care for the sick and assist young people. She had a gift for bringing the best out of those in her care. She passed this gift on to her children and taught them to add value to their environment no matter where in the world they are.

Things were no different for the grandchildren and great grandchildren. She was well loved for her sayings and unapologetic way of saying things.

On the 23rd of December, this matriarch waited for her family members to arrive for the holiday. It is as if upon knowing they were all safely at the end of their journey, that she settled down at the end of hers.

She is survived by: her brothers and sisters, sons and daughters-in-law, seven children and fifteen grand and great grandchildren. Undoubtedly, they mourn and will mourn whenever they are reminded of the times they shared. Yet still they rejoice. Her assignment on this side of eternity is finished. Our Master has called her home.

It Is Well With My Soul

*When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*



Refrain

*It is well, with my soul,
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

*Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.*

Refrain

*My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!*

Refrain

*For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.*

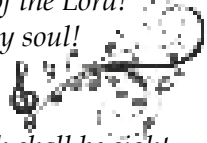
Refrain

*But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!*

Refrain

*And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.*

Refrain



Order of Service

Organ Prelude Prof. Jerry C. Williams

Processional

First Reading - Psalm 27..... Tyler Shirley
Sandra Burton

Song Lorraine Elson
"How Can I Say Thanks"

Second Reading - Romans 10:9-13 ... Andrew Shirley

Selection by Judith Williams

ObituaryChristopher Burton

Song "It Is Well With My Soul"

Eulogy Pastor Johnson

Recessional "I Bid You Good Night"
By Soweto Gospel Choir

Interment

Rosedale Cemetery
Orange, New Jersey

Pallbearers

Grandsons

Andrew Shirley

Tony Cherry

Sean P. Bailey

Robert Mitchell

Michael Burton

Christopher Burton

The Master Called

*I'm sorry I had to leave you.
My loved ones, oh so dear.
But you see, the Master called me,
His voice was very clear!
I had made my reservation
A heaven bound ticket for one,
And I knew that He would call me
When He felt my work was done.
I know that your hearts are heavy
Because I have gone away,
But when the Master called me,
I knew that I could not stay.
Yes, I'm sorry I had to leave you
My loved ones, oh so dear,
But, you see, the Master called me
And, now I'm resting here.
Yes, I've crossed on over to glory
And to you all I say
Just stay in the hands of Jesus
And we'll meet again someday.*

-Author unknown

Acknowledgements

The family would like to take the opportunity to extend sincere appreciation for the many kind expression of sympathy expressed to them during their time of bereavement. May God keep you in his tender loving care.

Professional Services Provided By

Woody "Home For Services"

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