

## <u>Obituary</u>

**Geraldine Jackson** was born on March 17th 1949 in Newark. NJ to Nettie Bell Jackson and Willie James Jackson.

She was the second of three children. Her older brother James "Jack" Jackson and her younger sister Belinda "Lynn" Jackson-Jefferson have both passed on.

Gerry's mother worked hard and there wasn't much money, so Gerry grew up fast in a way that was common then and almost unthinkable today. She practically raised her sister who was 14 years her junior.

She graduated from Essex County Vocational High School For Girls in 1968, and married Wesley Vaughn Mays. She started working at Clara Mass Hospital as a nurse's aide in 1969.

She and her husband Wes worked, they traveled, they built foundations for lifelong friendships, then in 1974, they welcomed their only son, Robert into the world.

Gerry worked hard as a nurse's aide. She worked every Christmas and whatever overtime she could find. She and Wes vowed to keep their family above the struggles they'd both known, and to give their son every opportunity for success and happiness.

From preschool, they sent their son to private Catholic schools. They dedicated their lives to providing a better life for him.

Gerry wouldn't tell you if you asked but she had a strong sense of community, and her actions spoke louder than her words. In 1985, she proudly earned her Emergency Medical Technician certificate, and volunteered as an EMT. She also volunteered as a Youth Probation Officer for five years, spending time with troubled young people, at times taking them into her home to help them find the right path.

So many people describe Gerry the same way, "the strongest woman I've ever known". If you could get her to speak of herself (which you probably couldn't) she'd say she just did what she had to do. But she didn't have to volunteer as an EMT or a Probation officer, any more than she had to bring a sandwich to her building's security guard every time she came home from the store. But she did.

All who knew Gerry relied on her heavily for most of her life. They all called on her for her strength. So they may not have fully realized that Gerry was a sweet, generous soul beneath a strong, tough exterior.

She retired from Clara mass after 34 years in 2000 after being diagnosed with renal failure, but she still traveled, she still made her AC trips and most of us still had the pleasure of making her laugh.

Gerry is survived by her son Robert Wesley Mays, sisters-in-law Marion Jackson, Brenda Turner, Joyce Moore, Faheem Turner and many nieces and nephews and lifelong friends.

## Order of Service

## **ENTRANCE**

PRELUDE	
put on Christ, so in Christ may GERALDINE be clo	tored our life. Christ will come again in glory. As in baptism <b>GARALDIN</b> , thed with glory. Here and now, dear friends, we are God's children. Whe that when he appears, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he it is pure.
*PROCESSIONAL	Ave Maria - Franz Schuber
WORD OF GRACE	
	te who believe in me, even though they die, yet shall they live, and whoeve and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. I died, an f hell and death. Because I live, you shall live also.
	o witness to our faith as we celebrate the life of GERALDINE JACKSON a loss. May God grant us grace, that in pain we may find comfort, in sorror
* HYMN	Amazing Grace - UMH# 37
PRAYER	
HVMN	
OLD TESTAMENT	
SOLO	Be Still and Know That I Am God - Dee Jackson Fiel
EPISTLE	Philippians 1:20-2
SERMON	
ORITHARY	
ODIT 07 KK1	Everett Burnet
SOLO	The Wind Beneath My Wings - Dee Jackson Field
SOLO	The Wind Beneath My Wings - Dee Jackson Field
SOLO  TRIBUTES  ACKNOWLEDGEMENT	The Wind Beneath My Wings - Dee Jackson Field Courtnee Jackson Marion Jackson for Robert Wesley May
SOLO  FRIBUTES  ACKNOWLEDGEMENT  *HYMN	
SOLOACKNOWLEDGEMENT *HYMN	The Wind Beneath My Wings - Dee Jackson Field Courtnee Jackson Marion Jackson for Robert Wesley May
SOLO  TRIBUTES  ACKNOWLEDGEMENT  *HYMN  CO  PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING	
SOLO  TRIBUTES  ACKNOWLEDGEMENT  *HYMN  CC  PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING  THE LORD'S PRAYER	
SOLO	



God saw she was getting tired And a cure was not to be So He gently closed those loving eyes And whispered "Come to me" The days of toil and nights of pain The weary hours have passed The patient gentle worn out frame Has found sweet rest at last. Day and night we stood by her And saw her in pain, Anxiously awaiting her cure But our waiting was in vain. God who knoweth all things best Eased her suffering, gave her rest She is gone but not forgotten, Never will our memories fade Sweetest thoughts of her will ever linger Round the place where she rests. -Author unknown

Acknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.

Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.

Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.

Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

## **Professional Services Provided By**

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