

Celebrating the Lives of
Nickiecia Rosalee Brown

August 20, 1976 - March, 10, 2014

James Anthony Brown

March, 10, 2014 - March 13, 2014



Viewing: 9:00 - 10:00 a.m.,

Service: Thursday, March 27, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES

725 E. Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

Minister Jan Webster, Officiating

Willie Phipps, Organist



Obituary

Nickiecia Rosalee Brown departed this life on Monday, March 10, 2014 at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, New York. She entered into eternal rest while pregnant with her baby boy, **James Anthony Brown**, whom the angels also took home on March 13, 2014 at Albert Einstein Hospital.

Nickiecia Brown, also known as Kiecia, was born in the Rose Mount district of Montego Bay, St. James, Jamaica, to Cynthia Gordon and Arnold Brown. She received her early education at Corinaldi Avenue Primary School in Montego Bay, until the age of 12. She then migrated to the United States with her mother and brother. Kiecia attended P.S. 11 Richard Green Middle School and graduated from Truman High School. She was baptized at Bronxwood International Church of God, in the Bronx, at age 15.

Kiecia relocated to Dutchess County, and there she started her family. Kiecia leaves three children to cherish her memories: Randy, Kieth, and Naisia. She also leaves behind her mother, Cynthia Newman, brother, Rick, eight aunts, three uncles, and a host of cousins and friends. Her father, Arnold, and brother, Raymond, preceded her in death.

*We all are God's children, from the morning hour of birth,
He lets us live and laugh and love, and have our day on earth.
He guards us through the afternoon, till sunset rays are cast.
Then one by one, with gentle words, He calls us home at last.*

Lovingly Submitted,
Your Family



“Little Angels”

When God calls little children to dwell with Him above, we mortals sometimes question the wisdom of his love. For an heartache compares with the death of one small child who does so much to make our world seem wonderful and mild. Perhaps God tires of calling the aged to His fold, so He picks a rosebud before it can grow old. God knows how much we need them, and so he takes but few to make the land of Heaven more beautiful to view. Believing this is difficult still somehow we must try, the saddest word mankind knows will always be “Goodbye.” So when a little child departs, we who are left behind. Must realize God loves children. Angels are hard to find.





Acknowledgement

With grateful hearts, we the family of **Nickiecia Rosalee Brown & James Anthony Brown** would like to acknowledge all acts of kindness, expressions of love, prayers and sympathy rendered to us during our time of bereavement.

May God richly bless you all
- The Family



Eternity Funeral Services, LLC

Karrie O. Harvey-Edwards
Owner / Licensed Manager

725 East Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467
ph (718) 231-8737 • fax (718) 231-3169

EternityFS@aol.com • www.EternityFuneralServicesNY.com



Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Processional Hymn.....“How Great Thou Art”

Invocation.....Minister Jan Webster

Scripture Readings

Old Testament..... Psalm 90:1-12

New Testament..... Revelations 21:1-7

Prayer of Comfort.....Pastor Dempster

Hymn.....“Blessed Assurance”

Obituary Jennifer Faulknor

Remarks & Words of

Expression Family & Friends (short comments)

Special Selection.....Daphne Waite & Hilary Campbell

Sermon Minister Jan Webster

Benediction.....Minister Jan Webster

Passing Glimpse Eternity Funeral Service Directors

Recessional Hymn.....“It Is Well With My Soul”

Interment

Mount Hope Cemetery Association
Hastings-on-Hudson, New York

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

Refrain

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art! How great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art! How great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

Refrain

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Refrain

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, My God, how great thou art!



Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain:

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels, descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



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, 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.

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!

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.

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!

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.