

*Celebrating the Life of*  
**Quashawn Kareem Thomas**

*December 22, 1994 - May 11, 2014*



*Saturday, May 31, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.*

**ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES**  
725 E. Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 11203  
*Dr. Gloria McKay, Officiating*

## Obituary

**Quashawn Kareem Thomas** affectionately called “Quaa Rozay” by his friends and peers was born on December 22, 1994 to father, Connie and mother, Ezuma. He attended the St. Mary Catholic School and P.S. 68 and further went on to graduate from the Fannie Lou Hamer Freedom School after which he moved on to Palisades Prep School.

He was very quiet and respectful to adults and was also very loving, generous and kind. His favorite sport was basketball which he played at the Beacon with his friends.

He attended the Faith Pentecostal Church where he was an excellent scholar in Youth Service and Sunday School.

Quashawn was a father figure to his younger sisters, Angel and Star and his cousin, Emani. He was also very close to his uncles, Troy, Sam and Stretch.

Left to cherish his memories are his mother, Ezuma; father, Connie; brothers, Peter, Chevaun and Daunte; sisters, Angel and Star; cousin, Emani; grandparents, Euphene Edwards (also known as Sister), Gloria Walters and Cecil Thomas and last but not least, his loving stepmother, Taniasha. He will also be sadly missed by his aunts, uncles, cousins, other family members and friends.

Quashawn we love you, but Jesus loves you best. We will see you on the other side.

Love Always,  
Mom & Dad

# Order of Service

Processional

Opening Prayer ..... Sister Elaine

Opening Hymn ..... “Blessed Assurance”

First Scripture..... 1 Corinthians 15:50-58  
Sister Mitchell

Hymn..... “What a Friend we have in Jesus”

2nd Scripture ..... Psalm 150  
Breanna Wade

Musical Tribute

Family Tribute ..... Myhia (sister)

Tributes ..... Short comments (2 min. each)

Obituary ..... Angella Nelson

Sermonic Selection ..... “How Great Thou Art”

Eulogy..... Dr. Gloria McKay

Benediction

Recessional Hymn ..... “When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder”

**Interment**

Kensico Cemetery  
Valhalla, New York

# *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.

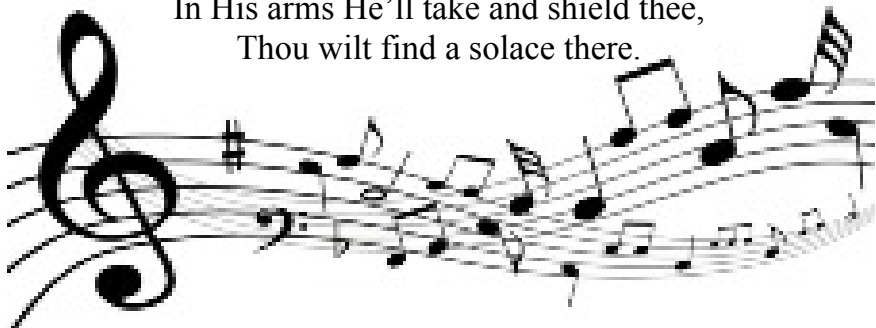


## *What A Friend We Have In Jesus*

What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.



# *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!



## *When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder*

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,  
and time shall be no more,  
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;  
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

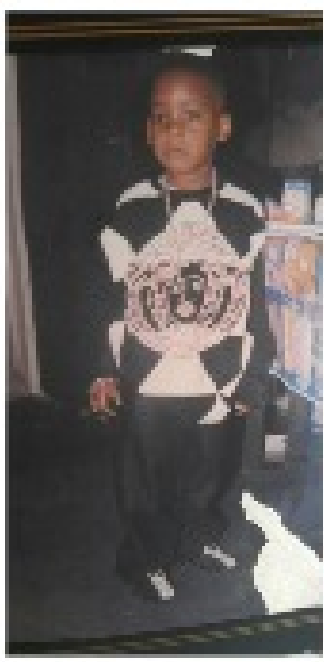
Refrain:

When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and \*cloudless morning when the dead in  
Christ shall rise, [\*sabbath]  
And the glory of His resurrection share;  
When His chosen ones shall gather  
to their home beyond the skies,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,  
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;  
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.





*Feel No Guilt In Laughter,  
He'd Know How Much You Care*

Feel no guilt in laughter,  
he'd know how much you care.  
Feel no sorrow in a smile that  
he is not here to share.  
You cannot grieve forever;  
he would not want you to.  
He'd hope that you could  
carry on the way you always do.  
So, talk about the good times  
and the way you showed you cared,  
The days you spent together,  
all the happiness you shared.  
Let memories surround you,  
a word someone may say  
Will suddenly recapture a time, an hour, a day,  
That brings him back as  
clearly as though he were still here,  
And fills you with the feeling  
that he is always near.  
For if you keep those moments,  
you will never be apart  
And he will live forever locked  
safely within your heart.

*Acknowledgement*

*The family of Quashawn Kareem Thomas acknowledges  
with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and  
love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*

*Eternity*   
*Funeral Services*

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