

# Lorayne Eatman

Sunrise July 7, 1939 Sunset June 3, 2014

Saturday, June 7, 2013 - 5:00 p.m.

**ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC** 129 Engle Street • Englewood, New Jersey 07631

## **Obituary**

Lorayne Eatman, was born on July 7, 1939 in Harlem, New York to the late Robert Ford and Irene Cephas. She is the oldest of two daughters.

Lorayne graduated from George Irving High School in 1957. She worked for New York Housing authority as a rent control specialist and was a teachers aid at Quarels School in Englewood, NJ She was a resident of Englewood, NJ from 1970 to 2011. In 2011, she moved to Willingboro, NJ with her son, Robert Eatman and grandson, Ahmad to whom she affectionately called "Mahdi". She regularly attended the Willingboro Senior Center where she enjoyed daily social activities.

Lorayne loved her family dearly and would keep in contact with them daily. She would always lend an ear and was always there when you needed her. Just shy of her 75th birthday she departed this earthly life on Tuesday June 3, 2014 at home in the company of her grandson, Ahmad. Memories of her will be cherished by her family and friends.

She is survived by: her husband, Alfred A. Eatman, Sr.; her sister, Diane Logan (Nate); her children, Robert A. Eatman, (Selena R. Eatman), Kendall D. Eatman, Saleem Eatman, Ayesha Eatman, Hassan Eatman, Walidah Eatman. Alfred A. Eatman, Jr. (Vanessa), Angie H. Oglesby (Charles), Harold Eatman (Celestine) and Michael Eatman (Deanna); thirty-two grandchildren and twenty-six great grandchildren.

She was a member and pioneer MGT of the Nation of Islam for forty-four years and attended Muhammad Mosque 80 in Plainfield NJ.

Order of Service

Prayer

Scripture Reading Holy Quran Holy Bible

## **Musical Selection**

### **Reading of Expression of Condolences**

**Reflections from the Family** 

**Song Selection** 

**Reading of Obituary** 

**Song Selection** 

**Message of Hope** 



## Still J Rise

You may write me down in history with your bitter, twisted lies, you may tread me in the very dirt but still, like dust, I'll rise. Does my sassiness upset you? Why are you beset with gloom? 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells pumping in my living room. Just like moons and like suns, with the certainty of tides, just like hopes springing high, still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down like teardrops. Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard 'cause I laugh like I've got gold mines diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words, you may cut me with your eyes, you may kill me with your hatefulness, but still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you? does it come as a surprise that I dance like I've got diamonds at the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame, I rise Up from a past that's rooted in pain, I rise I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, Welling and swelling I bear in the tide. Leaving behind nights of terror and fear, I rise Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear, I rise Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

> I rise I rise I rise.

#### Maya Angelou

#### Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour. God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

## Professional Services Entrusted Jo:

*Eternity Funeral Service, LLC Aree Booker, Executive Director Licensed Funeral Director in New York & New Jersey NY Lic. # 00367 NJ Lic. # 4346* 129 Engle Street • Englewood, NJ 07631 • ph (201) 568-2671

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