

In Loving Memory of



Pearl R. Evans

Sunrise
January 31, 1927

Sunset
May 26, 2014

Service
Tuesday, June 3, 2014 - 7:00 p.m.

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.

2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027

Obituary

On January 31, 1927, *Pearl Ruth Moore* was born to Stella Mae and King Henry Moore in Birmingham, Alabama. She was the ninth born of ten children. Pearl was raised and educated in Alabama until the death of her father in 1946, at which time she relocated to Harlem, New York. There she met the love of her life, Hansel H. Evans in 1946 and they were married shortly thereafter. Of this union were born three daughters, Vanessa, Dawn and Tracey. Pearl devoted her life to caring for her family both immediate and extended.

She was a very generous woman who possessed a genuine love for people and was always ready to help with a hot meal, a few dollars or a place to sleep. She loved music and many a day she could be found in her kitchen preparing meals while singing and dancing to her radio which was always playing. Her favorite song was “Some Day We’ll Be Together” by Diana Ross and The Supremes. She was a resident of Harlem River Houses for nearly sixty years, where she was well known and well loved.

After a lengthy illness, Pearl departed this life on the morning of May 26, 2014. She leaves to celebrate her life: her daughters, Vanessa, Dawn, and Tracey; goddaughter, Evang. Kathy Singleton; nieces, Beverly Jones, Bridget Scales and Francine Hazell; grandchildren, Desean Pagan-Jackson, Tiffany Lawrence and Jonathan Pagan; four great-grandchildren; and a host of nieces and nephews.

Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional

Final Disposition

Calverton National Cemetery
Calverton, New York

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?*

*Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.*

*Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.*

*For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.*

*It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.*

*When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.*

*Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown

Acknowledgement

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

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