

Celebrating the Life of Sandra Beverley Skeen

November 12, 1964 - July 21, 2014



*Viewing - 4:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m.
Saturday, July 26, 2014 - 7:00 p.m.*

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES
725 E. Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467
Cannon Calvin C. McIntyre, Officiating

Obituary

Sandra Beverley Skeen, 49, of Tuckahoe, NY, passed away Monday, July 21 from Pneumonia and an asthma attack.

She was born in Kingston, Jamaica on November 12, 1964 to Winston and Sylvia Skeen. Sandra graduated from Monroe College and received her Bachelor's Degree in Business Management.

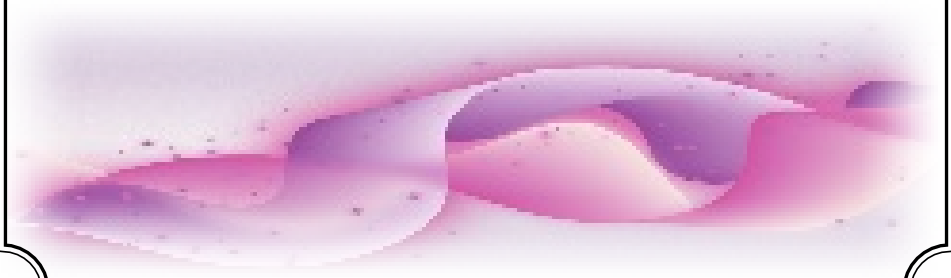
She attained her Master's Degree in three fields of study: Business, Childhood Education and School Building Leadership. For her Master's Degree she attended Iona College and Mercy College.

Sandra was married to Ulric Rickards with whom she had two (2) children, Alrick and Alrica Rickards. She later remarried Machel Rosedom on September 27, 2009.

Sandra took pride in working as an Educator at Leake and Watts Inc., of Yonkers, NY and in her spare time, she loved to travel. She loved to help people and spent a lot of time making others feel special.

Sandra is survived by her husband, Machel; daughter, Alrica; son, Alrick; and their father, Ulric; mother, Sylvia; sister, Grace and her twins: Malook and Nkosi; sister, Viveen and her four children; sister, Nancy and her son, Kevin; brother, Steve and his two children; brother, Kenneth and his sixteen children; brother, Patrick and his two children and her grandchildren, Laila and Lola.

Her wonderful spirit, joy and talents will be forever remembered.



Order of Service

Opening Hymn “You Know He Cares”
Sis. Payne & Sis. Primrose

Prayer of Comfort Suzette Thomas

Poem Sis. Primrose

Musical Selection “His Eye Is On The Sparrow”
Camille Brown

Poem Daneille Williams

Scripture Reading(s).....Suzette Thomas

Obituary Kaylan Rickards

Tributes Family & Friends
short comments (2 min. each)

Sermon Cannon Calvin C. McIntyre

Benediction Cannon Calvin C. McIntyre

Final Viewing..... Eternity Funeral Service Directors

Interment

Kensico Cemetery
Valhalla, New York

His Eye Is On the Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain



A Mother's Love

A Mother's love is something
that no one can explain,
It is made of deep devotion
and of sacrifice and pain,
It is endless and unselfish
and enduring come what may
For nothing can destroy it
or take that love away . . .
It is patient and forgiving
when all others are forsaking,
And it never fails or falters
even though the heart is breaking . . .
It believes beyond believing
when the world around condemns,
And it glows with all the beauty
of the rarest, brightest gems . . .
It is far beyond defining,
it defies all explanation,
And it still remains a secret
like the mysteries of creation . . .
A many splendored miracle
man cannot understand
And another wondrous evidence
of God's tender guiding hand.



She Is Gone

You can shed tears that she is gone
Or you can smile because she has lived

You can close your eyes and pray that she will come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all that she has left

Your heart can be empty because you can't see her
Or you can be full of the love that you shared

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday

You can remember her and only that she is gone
Or you can cherish her memory and let it live on

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back
Or you can do what she would want: smile, open your eyes, love
and go on.



Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the way,
Of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve,
to dry before the sun
of happy memories
that I leave when life is done.



Do Not Stand By My Grave And Weep

By Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.



Acknowledgement

*The family of **Sandra Beverley Skeen** 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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