In Loving Memory of Gracie Marie Kee



Sunrise April 10, 1947

Sunset July 17, 2014

Memorial Service: Sunday, July 27, 2014 - 4:00 P.M.

Cotton Funeral Service

1025 Bergen Street Newark, New Jersey

Order of Service

Processional

Selection Michelle Crumety - "Eye Is On Sparrow"

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Sympathy Cards Qlana Taylor

Remarks

Obituary Mary Taylor/Pearl Taylor

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Recessional

Obituary

Gracie Marie Kee was born on April 10, 1947 to the late Vernon and Ella Mae Brown, in Weldon, NC. She was raised and cared for by her late Uncle Frank L. Taylor and Aunt Ethel L. Taylor, when her parents passed on early in her life.

Gracie attended the Ralph A. Bunch Elementary School in Weldon, NC and graduated from Gum Berry High School in Gum Berry, NC.

Gracie loved making clothes. She was a factory worker and seamstress for over thirty years, up until she became disable and unable to work.

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She entered into her second marriage to her long-time partner and friend of thirty years, Herbert Lee Kee on May 27, 2010. They wedded in Newark, NJ at the Municipal Justice Hall.

She is described by her family and friends as stubborn. When she wanted her way she would fight you on it all day and night. She was unable to bare children due to an accident early in her life; however she had a big heart and loved kids. She tried hard to get other people's children or to get someone to have a child for her.

Funny, she could make you laugh and smile even when you didn't want to. Fighter, she was fearless even as a young child, she would not back down from a fight. Happy, she celebrated life every day up until she couldn't do it anymore.

Gracie Marie leaves to cherish in her memories: her husband, Herbert Lee; the children she raised, Dorothy and Rita Taylor; one brother, (Lorenzo Taylor); one brother-in-law, Roy Kee; four first cousins, Mary Taylor, Patricia Taylor, Pearl Taylor and Deidre Taylor; and a host of cousins and friends.



Don't spend too much time in mourning, Tears are for the sad; I left to be with Jesus And this should make you glad. Don't waste your hours in grieving, No need to feel distress; I'm tired of life's frustrations And had to get some rest. Don't puzzle yourself with questions Or try to reason why Life here for me was ended, It came my time to die. Don't lose the love I gave you Feed it with your care; Grow it with devotion And spread it everywhere. Don't fret because my leaving Came in such a way; We'll have another meeting In God's eternal day. -Author unknown

Hcknowledgement

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.
Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.
Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.
Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.
Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By

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