In Losing Memory of

I Con-

Helen 1.

Dorch

Sunrise

September 10, 1927

Sunset

July 22, 2014

**Memorial Service** 

Monday, July 28, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

St. Antinitous RC Church

337 South Orange Avenue Newark, New Jersey Order of Service

#### **Introductory Rites**

Greeting
Sprinkling with Holy Water
Entrance Procession
Opening Prayer

#### Liturgy of the Word

Readings Homily General Intercessions

### Liturgy of the Eucharist

#### **Final Commendation**

Invitation to Prayer
Silence
[Song of Farwell]
Prayer of Commendation

### **Procession to the Place of Committal**

## **Interment**

Rosedale Cemetery Linden, New Jersey

# Obituary

**Helen Irene Dorch**, born Helen Irene Harrison on September 10, 1927 to Alan Harrison and Elenora Cheatum went home to be with the Lord on Tuesday, July 22, 2014. Helen was born and

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raised in Jersey City, NJ where she was educated and lived until

E

adulthood. In 1958, Helen met William Dorch, they later formed a union and

had three children, William, Marilouise and Jonathan.

Helen worked for NJ Bell Telephone Company, where she retired in 1988 after twenty-five years of service.

Helen loved to crochet, watch her "Stories" and game shows, and loved her Bingo and Atlantic City bus rides with sister-in-law and

best friend, Gloria Harrison. Helen is survived by and is the grandmother to Khaleef, Lauryn, Jennifer, Ashley, DJ, Naimah, Alikah and Rahmel; the great

Nahdir.

Shawn

grandmother to Bailei, Jaylen, Nia, Ali,

(Moodah) and Caleb, who were her world.

Ι.

She was predeceased by her husband, William, children, Alan and

Steven (from a previous marriage) and her parents and siblings.

Helen will be missed dearly by her family and friends.



# I'm Free

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

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

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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