



In Loving Memory of
Patricia Elaine McGhee

Sunrise
September 10, 1942

Sunset
September 25, 2014

Serenity Prayer

*GOD, grant me the Serenity to accept the things I cannot change,
Courage to change the things I can, and the Wisdom to know the difference.*

Living one day at a time; Enjoying one moment at a time;

Accepting hardship as the pathway to peace.

Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it.

Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His Will;

*That I may be reasonably happy in this life, and
supremely happy with Him forever in the next.*

Amen

-Author unknown

Wednesday, October 1, 2014 - 11:00 A.M.

Cotton Funeral Service
130 Main Street
Orange, New Jersey

Obituary

Patricia Elaine Edwards McGhee was born September 10, 1942, in Rich Square, North Carolina, to the late Maude Harding and the late Rufus Edwards. She had one brother, the late Billy Jake Edwards, whom she adored. When their parents moved to Newark, NJ, in 1944, “Pat” and “Jake” remained in North Carolina with their grandmother, Sissy Harding. They lived in North Carolina until about 1952, when they were reunited with their parents in Newark.

While in North Carolina, Pat attended W. S. Creecy Elementary School. Once relocated to Newark, Pat attended the Newark Public Schools (Avon Avenue Elementary School and Madison Junior High School), graduating from Weequahic High School in 1960.

After graduating high school, Pat initially went to work at a local supermarket. She was, however, an extremely inquisitive person with an insatiable thirst for knowledge and an affinity for the arts and sciences. Those traits eventually led her to go on to study microbiology at the University of New Haven in Connecticut.

After graduating from UNH, Pat worked as a lab technician at a hospital in Jersey City. She subsequently transferred to Martland Medical Center (now University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey) in Newark. In 1973, Patricia married Leonard McGhee. From that union, two children, Nia and Khari, a set of twins, were born.

Pat had a passion for education – both her own education and the education of others. After working as a microbiologist for almost 20 years, her deep appreciation of the importance of education inspired her to seek a new career in which she would be able to foster a similar love of learning in others. She completed the state’s alternate route program and became an elementary school teacher at Louise A. Spencer Elementary School in Newark. Pat was a wonderful, caring teacher, who delighted in introducing her students to new things. She often reflected, though, on how she’d learned as much from her students as they learned from her.

After teaching for about 12 years, Pat developed several disabling illnesses that forced her to retire. She juggled doctors and treatments, but she refused to allow her sickness to keep her down. Instead, she sought out opportunities that would allow her to continue to teach and give back to the community that had embraced her as a child, while also allowing her to assuage her own curiosity and meet new people. She regularly taught reading to adults through Literacy Volunteers of America and was a volunteer with the Newark Museum.

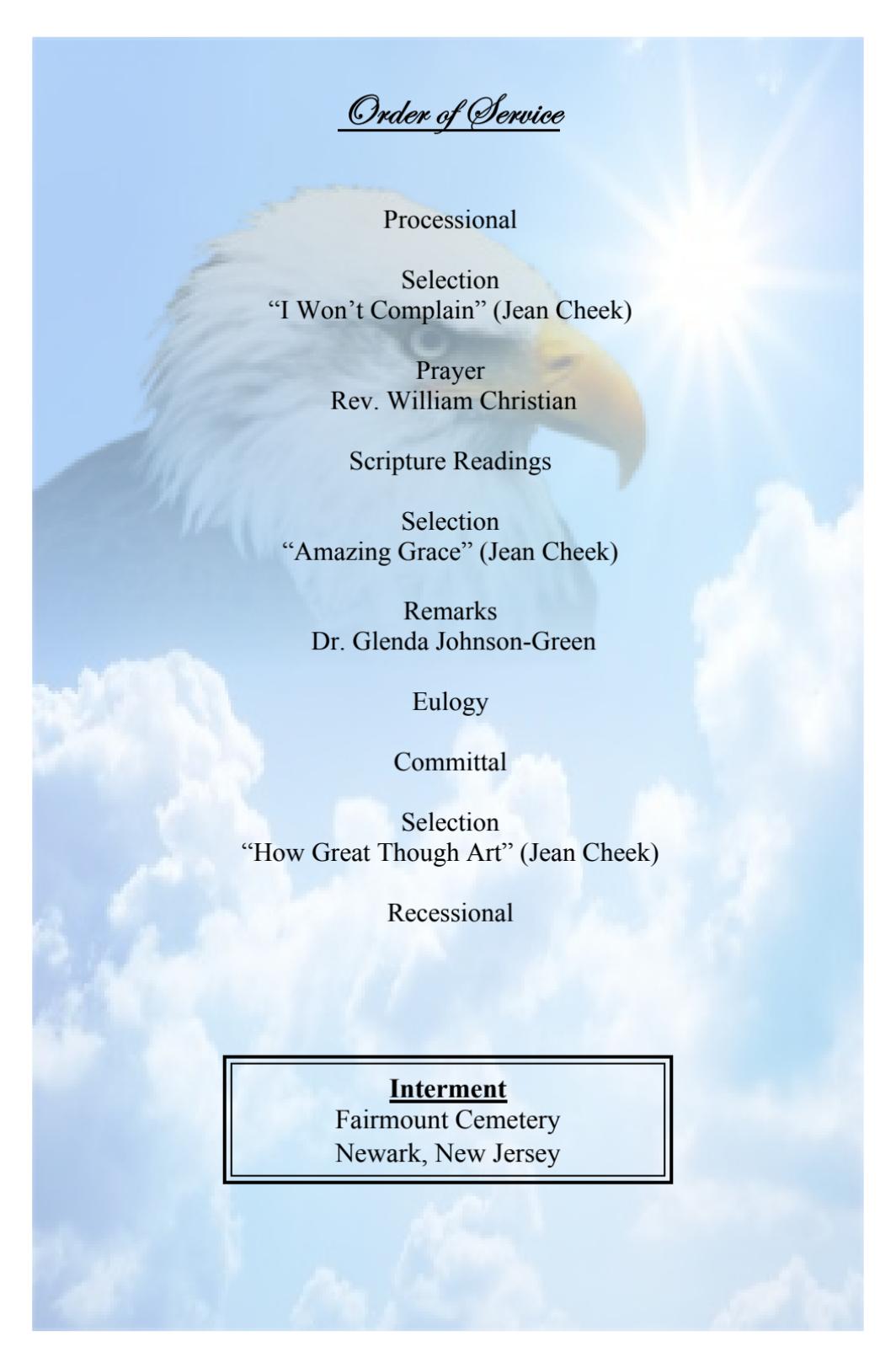
Pat thrived on social interaction and intellectual conversations. Through her membership and work with the Newark Museum, she also cultivated her love of travel. In addition to trips that she took with her friends, Pat also traveled with tours organized by the Newark Museum. Her travels took her to many exotic places, such as Morocco, Peru and Thailand, where she was able to explore the history and art of other cultures.

Even when she wasn’t physically able to keep herself moving, Pat continued to try to keep her mind stimulated. She was a voracious reader (though she found herself unable to read long books as she got older). She was also fascinated by movies and television shows about history and science; and she loved puzzles, especially word games, like crosswords, sudoku and cryptograms, and almost always had a jigsaw puzzle on her dining room table.

Her most treasured pastime, though, was spending time, especially over a good meal, with friends and family. She cherished the time she spent with her life-long friends, Jeanette Davis, Glenda Johnson-Green, Carolyn Ryan-Reed and Patricia “Patsy” Stewart. She was adopted into their families and lovingly known as “Aunt Pat” by their children and grandchildren.

Pat suffered for many years with her maladies, but rarely complained about them. She finally succumbed to them and was called home on Thursday, September 25, 2014. She was a devoted friend who was adored, admired and respected by many and she will be sorely missed.

Pat was preceded in death by her mother, Maude, father, Rufus, and dearest brother, Jake. Among those left to cherish her memory are her two children, Nia and Khari McGhee; an aunt, Novella Harding; first cousin Glenda Grant and her children, Gregory Grant, Darryl Grant, Keith Grant, Victoria Lane and Sharon Gabriel; cousins Mabel Blair, George Allen (Marianne) and Calvin Young; and a host of other cousins and many dear friends.



Order of Service

Processional

Selection

“I Won’t Complain” (Jean Cheek)

Prayer

Rev. William Christian

Scripture Readings

Selection

“Amazing Grace” (Jean Cheek)

Remarks

Dr. Glenda Johnson-Green

Eulogy

Committal

Selection

“How Great Though Art” (Jean Cheek)

Recessional

Interment

Fairmount Cemetery

Newark, New Jersey

Footprints

One night a woman had a dream. She dreamed she was walking along the beach with the LORD. Across the sky flashed scenes from her life. For each scene, she noticed two sets of footprints in the sand; one belonged to her, and the other to the LORD.

When the last scene of her life flashed before her, she looked back at the footprints in the sand. She noticed that many times along the path of her life there was only one set of footprints. She also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times in her life.

This really bothered her and she questioned the LORD about it. "LORD, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you most you would leave me."

The LORD replied, "My precious, precious child, I love you and I would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I carried you."

Acknowledgement

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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130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
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973-926-6400

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37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000

www.honoryou.com

