

Celebrating

the Life

of

Rosa Lee Callaway

Sunrise
July 20, 1922

Sunset
October 25, 2014



Obituary

Rosa Lee Smalls-Callaway, daughter of Harry and Bessie Smalls, was born on July 20, 1922, in Charleston, SC.

She was educated in the South Carolina Public School system, where she graduated from Burke High School in 1940. She relocated to the city of New York in 1943, at the age of twenty-one years old, where she began a rewarding career as a Public Servant in the health and hospitals corporation. In 1957, she transferred to the Department of Social Services as an Investigator, where she eventually retired after several decades of meritorious service.

Rosa Lee affectionately called “Snooks” by her family, was active in her community. She was chairman of Esplanade Gardens, Building 3 for over a decade. She served and was a member of several charitable and non profit organizations (Catholic Women of Harlem, Women of Prayer, Father Craven’s Soup Kitchen and Pantry giving food to those in need) and was politically active with the Tioga Democratic Club.

Rosa Lee joins her late husband, Horton Howard, and leaves to cherish her memories: a sister, Mabel C. Laws; niece, Yvonne A. Laws; nephew, Wilbur H. Laws; two grandnieces, Maya C. Laws and Janelle A. Laws; and a host of relatives and friends.

Service

Thursday, October 30, 2014 - 10:30 a.m.

THE CHAPEL OF THE RESURRECTION

282 West 151st Street • New York, NY 10039

Funeral Mass

Gathering Hymn “Shall We Gather At The River”

Processional Hymn..... “In The Garden”

First Reading

Old Testament - Wisdom 3:1-6.9.....Deacon Radcliffe

Second Reading

New Testament - 214 Roman 6:3-9.....Deacon Radcliffe

General Intercessions - Prepared by the Church....Deacon Radcliffe

Offertory Hymn..... “Precious Lord Take My Hand”

Communion Hymn..... “Let Us Break Bread Together”

Communion Meditation Song.....Ave Maria

Obituary Read By.....Deacon Radcliffe

Recessional Hymn..... “It Is Well With My Soul”

Interment

St. Raymonds Cemetery
Bronx, New York

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 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 of heart,

Go to the friends we know

And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.

Miss me, but let me go.

Acknowledgement

The family wishes to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all the kindness shown to them in their time of sorrow.

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