

Remembering ...



Deborah Gertrude Cranfield

Sunrise

November 7, 1949

Sunset

October 24, 2014

Service

Monday, November 3, 2014 - 12:00 Noon

CHAPELS OF EDEN FUNERAL HOME

110 South Munn Avenue • East Orange, New Jersey

Rev. Dr. Mark Carter-Pierce, Officiating

Obituary



Deborah Gertrude Cranfield was born on November 7, 1949 to Lavenia Cranfield (deceased) and Maurice Johnson in Newark, N.J. She was always a smart child full of insight and questions, always asking why. Because of that spirit and sense of adventure in her youth she met the likes of Stevie Wonder, the Temptations and more. Deborah received her formal education from Newark public schools, where she excelled in her studies. She graduated from East

Side High School in Newark in 1967, with honors.

Deborah went on to Tennessee State University where she pledged the Delta Sigma Theta sorority and had a fulfilling college experience. After receiving her degree in 1971 in Political Science from TSU she returned home to Newark and had a daughter Maisha Peart Johnson. Deborah became a counselor, a truant officer, and a court representative, to the city of Newark. She retired from Newark Board of education after 37 years of service. Deborah and her family are tribal members of the Anasalgi -Onasalagi North Eastern Band / Cherokees of NJ under the leadership of Chief Darius Two -Bears Ross.

Throughout all her years Deborah was a spirited lady, She loved to travel and experience the world. You'd always catch her nose in a book, or in an antique shop, or an art gallery. She was and is still a cultured and educated woman of the world. Anyone who knew her, knew that she had a passion for history, especially African American studies and encouraged all the youth she mentored to research their roots. Her other passion was children especially her grandchildren who she loved to no bounds, from the oldest to the youngest. She lived a full life and for that we are grateful.

Deborah Gertrude Cranfield departed this life on October 24, 2014 at 6pm. She is preceded in death by her loving Mother Lavenia Cranfield, and her beloved sisters Barbara Jean Taver and Lisa Sullivan. She leaves to cherish her memory, her father Maurice Johnson (Diana), siblings, Willette Cruz (Gabrielle), Maurice K. Johnson, Scott Martin, and Sean Johnson. Her only daughter Maisha Peart Johnson (Terrence) and her devoted grandchildren Keimai Colon, Ashanti Colon, Quamarl Boykins, Ayannah Boykins, Keith Damien Velez, and Terrence Johnson, along with God Daughter Dwakiah St. Victor and a host of nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends.

Order of Service

Scripture..... Chaplain Mark Carter-Pierce
Invocation.....Chaplain Mark Carter-Pierce
Selection.....“Don’t Cry for Me” by CeCe Winans
Native Prayer.....Chief Darius “ Two Bears” Ross
Personal Reflection.....Family Member
Obituary Reading.....Gwendolyn G. Sifford
Reflections (2 minutes please.....Friends and Family
Selection..... “One Sweet Day” by Mariah Carey
Eulogy Chaplain Mark Carter-Pierce
Recessional

Interment
Heavenly Rest Cemetery
East Hanover, New Jersey

You're Free
God saw you getting tired
And a cure was not to be
So He put His arms around you
And whispered, "Come with me."
With tearful eyes we watched you
And saw you pass away
Although we loved you dearly
We could not make you stay
Your lonely heart stopped beating,
Hard working hands at rest
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.

Last Request

*Please don't say that I gave up,
just say that I gave in.*

*Don't say I lost the battle, for it was
God's war to lose or win.*

Please don't say how good I was, but I did my best.

*Just say I tried to do what's right -
to give the most I could, not less.*

*Please don't give me wings or halos,
that's for God to do.*

*I want no more than I deserve,
no extras, just my due.*

Please don't give flowers, or talk in hushed tones.

Don't be concerned about me now, I'm well with God; I've made it home.

Don't talk about what could have been, it's over and it's done.

Just see to all my family's needs, especially the little ones.

When you draw a picture of me, don't draw me as a saint.

*I've done some good, I've done some wrong, so use all your paint
not just the bright and light tones, use some gray and dark.*

In fact, don't put me down on canvass, paint me in your heart.

Don't just remember good times, but remember all the bad.

For life is full of many things, some happy and some sad.

*But if you must do something, then I have one last request
Forgive for the wrong I've done, and with the love that's left,*

Thank God for my soul's resting,

Thank God for I've been blessed.

Thank God for all who loved me,

Praise God who loved me best.



Acknowledgements

*The family wishes to express their deepest and most sincere
thanks to all who shared with them in this time of sorrow.*

May God bless and keep you in a most gracious way.

Professional Services Provided By

CHAPELS OF EDEN FUNERAL HOME

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