

Celebrating the Life of
Monica Amanda Watt

June 3, 1945 - December 4, 2014



Viewing - 4:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.
Sunday, December 14, 2014 - 6:00 p.m.

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES
725 E. Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467
Pastor Ainsworth K. Morris, Officiating
Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

Obituary

Monica Amanda Williams-Watt was born on June 3, 1945 to parents, Edith and Elkanah Williams in Jointwood, St. Elizabeth Jamaica. She was the eighth of eleven children, the youngest of three girls; one predeceased her.

As a child growing up, Monica was protected by her brothers. She loved and cared for her siblings equally, but the bond with her older sister, Madge (Icy) was unbreakable. This was evident, as they referred to each other as "Mi one sister".

Monica attended the Retirement Primary School and Church. As a young adult, she moved to Kingston where she worked as a childcare provider. Later, she decided to move back home where she met her now husband, Neville Watt and they started their family. Their union produced five children: two boys and three girls. With her family, she moved to the United States and settled in Bronx, New York. She began her career as a certified health care provider because she was flattered to take care of others. Due to Monica's outstanding work, she was awarded employee of the year on several occasions.

A loving soul was Monica, always concerned of the well being and progress of her family. Each and every morning she would read her bible and pray for her family before leaving her home. Being the strong person she was, no matter the obstacles or setbacks she encountered, she always wanted to make certain her family was well. Monica worked hard to be able to help provide for her children, grandchildren and her great-grandchild. She put each and every one of them before herself. If anyone was to ask her the question of how she was doing, she would say "Don't worry about me, worry about the kids."

It was not until two years ago that she was forced into retirement due to her illness and even then she still wanted to provide. During the time of her illness, her children became her primary care providers. Fortunately, being ill did not stop Monica. She still

wanted to do for herself as much as possible even if you told her, "Mama, your weak".

After a short illness, Monica was called home to meet her savior on December 4, 2014 surrounded by loved ones at the Montefiore Medical Center. Monica was a very pleasant and happy person. She was always slow to anger and always trying to make peace. She will be remembered for her grace and warm smiles, along with her loving, caring and hardworking ways.

She leaves behind to cherish her memories her five children, Garfield, Christine, Dionne, Sophia and Everett; husband, Neville Watt; sister, Madge (Icy); brothers, Roy, Nigel, Gladston (Coolie Man), Aston, Joscelyn, Hugh (Bigga) and Guy; grandchildren, Shamara, Alan, Suziana, Faison, Jamar, Jevone, Keyon, Nicole, Serenity and Malcolm; great-grandson, Zyere; daughters-in-law, Annie and Dale; nieces and nephews along with a host of other family members and friends.



Order of Service

ProcessionalMinisters & Family

Opening Hymn “How Cheering Is The Christian’s Hope”

Opening Prayer Elder G. Wallace

1st Scripture Reading.....Psalm 90:1-12
Pauline Brown-Lewis

Selection.....Solo by Karen Gidden

2nd Scripture Reading Revelation 21:1-7
Marcia Williams-Pottinger

Tributes Short comments (2 min. Each)

Obituary Darlene Campbell-Primo

Song.....“Rock Of Ages”

Eulogy..... Pastor Ainsworth K. Morris

Prayer of Comfort Elder K. Joseph

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

Final Viewing.....*Eternity Funeral Services Director*

Benediction

*The family invites you to join them for a repast at J.P Hall Banquet & Conference
Center located at 3428A Boston Road between Fish & Seymour Avenue.*

Interment

Saturday, January 10, 2015

Family Plot

St. Elizabeth, Jamaica

How Cheering Is The Christian's Hope

How cheering is the Christian's hope,
While toiling here below!
It buoys us up while passing through
This wilderness of woe.
It buoys us up while passing through
This wilderness of woe.

It points us to a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign;
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again.
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again.

Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly;
Dear Savior, quickly come!
We long to see Thee as Thou art,
And reach that blissful shore.
We long to see Thee as Thou art,
And reach that blissful shore.

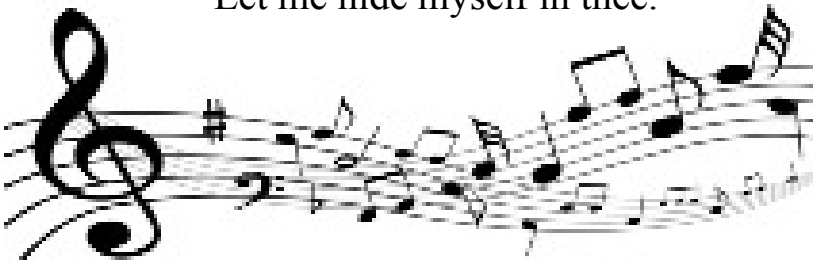


Rock Of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone--
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.



It Is Well With My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Refrain:

*It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.



Acknowledgement

*The family of **Monica Amanda Watt** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*



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