

March 13, 1945 - January 17, 2015

Saturday, January 31, 2015 - 10:00 a.m.

## **NEW LIFE FAMILY BIBLE CHURCH**

302 Chancellor Avenue • Newark, New Jersey

Pastor Tyrone Sharp, Sr., Officiating Linden Jones, Organist



## When Tomorrow Starts Without Me

When tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not there to see if the sun should rise and find your eyes, all filled with tears for me. I wish so much you wouldn't cry, the way you did today, while thinking of the many things, we didn't get to say. I know how much you love me, as much as I love you, and each time that you think of me, I know vou'll miss me too. But when tomorrow starts without me. please try to understand that an angel came and called my name, and took me by the hand and said, "my place was ready, in heaven far above and that I'd have to leave behind, all those I dearly love." But when I walked through heaven's gates, I felt so much at home. When God looked down and smiled at me, from His great golden throne. He said "This is eternity, and all I've promised you." Today for life on earth is past, but here it starts anew. I promise no tomorrow, for today will always last. And since each day's the same way, there's no longing for the past. So when tomorrow starts without me, don't think we're far apart. For every time you think of me, I'm right here in your heart.

-Author unknown

Viewing 9:00 AM - 10:00 AM	0
Processional Clergy and Family	R
Prayer of ComfortMin. Jeffrey Brown, Sr.	D
Choir Selection "Walk Around Heaven All Day"	E
Scripture Reading Old Testament - Ecclesiastes 3:1-8Min. Kelvin Reed New Testament - 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18Min. Tyrone Sharpe, Jr.	R
Reflections	
Video Clip	O
Acknowledgement and Obituary Sis. Dawn Gist	F
Choir Selection "Sweeping Through The City"	
Eulogy	C
Recessional	E
	L
	E
	В
INTERMENT	R
Evergreen Cemetery Hillside, New Jersey	A

### **Pallbearers**

Tristan Barr Frank Little
Joseph Finney Mikel Little
Eric Jones Lynwood Little, Jr.

#### "WHAT CANCER CANNOT DO"

Cancer is so limited.
It cannot corrode Faith.
It cannot shatter Hope.
It cannot cripple Love.
It cannot destroy Peace.
It cannot kill friendship.
It cannot suppress Memories.
It cannot silence Courage.
It cannot conquer the Spirit.
It cannot invade the Soul.
It cannot steal Eternal Life.



#### IF ROSES GROW IN HEAVEN

God, please pick a bunch for me and place them in my Aunt Margaret's arms Tell her they are from me Tell her I love her and miss her very much when she turns to smile, place a kiss upon her cheek And hold her for a while Because remembering her is very easy, I do it everyday, But there is an ache in my heart, that will never go away. I will never forget you. Your loving niece, Joycelin

We became friends over 35 years ago and as everyone knows true friendship never really ends. Our bond of friendship was thicker than glue. There was nothing that we would not do for each other. Margaret you were my friend, my confidant, my big sister, and so much more. You were caring with a heart of gold and your love for others always showed. But, I wasn't the only one who loved, cared, honored, and respected you because to my entire family you were "Aunty Margaret". You came to me 10 years ago and said you had cancer. It was devastating because cancer has no cure. The doctor said you would only have 5 years and God gave you 10 and for that I am glad. I loved you when you were up but even more when you were down. You didn't even have to call because you knew that I would always be around. You regained new strength in the Lord day by day. You would say "the Lord is my Shepherd, this is my fate and he wanted it this way." Your body became frail and weak. There were times you couldn't breathe, walk, or speak. On that blessed day when you received your calling we laughed and we joked. There was a glow about you that day. I can remember so clear a little smile on your face and your eyes showed no fear. As I was leaving your hospital room I gave you a hug and a kiss and you whispered in my ear "Ms. G, I'm tired." It was that very day that God came to you and said Margaret I'm taking you with me your time here on earth has expired. Your journey was rough and no one can deny it but Margaret "my love" I never saw you cry. Now you're gone and my head is pounding, my heart is heavy, my eyes are full of tears. But I can only stay strong and be thankful for all the good times, laughs, trips, parties, cookouts, and all other events that we shared together as time well spent. Margaret my dear friend you will always remain in my heart. You are gone but never forgotten.

**Margaret L. Clark** was born on March 13, 1945 in Okahumpka, Florida to Altharee and Lynwood Little.

After graduating from Carver Heights High School, she relocated to Newark, New Jersey. She married William (Bill) Clark and was the loving and devoted mother of one son, Derek A. Clark.

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Margaret achieved her life long dream of becoming a registered nurse in 1975 when she graduated with "honors" from Essex County College. She was employed at Greystone Park Psychiatric Hospital for several years and later transferred to University of Medicine and Dentistry. She had a deep passion for taking care of her patients and because of her outstanding nursing skills, during her employment at UMDNJ, Margaret held positions as Head Nurse, and Assistant/Nurse Manager in both the Medical Surgical Trauma Intensive Care Unit and the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit. The Assistant Vice President of Patient Care Services often sent her memos stating that they received weekly letters or comments about how her Stellar Performance was causing repeated outbursts of praise and that she repeatedly exceeded expectations. Margaret retired from UMDNJ after thirty-five years.

However, she soon realized that retirement was not for her and she returned to her profession as a nurse at the Horizon Lower School for Cerebral Palsy of North Jersey in Livingston, NJ. She stayed there for five years and finally did retire in December of 2013.

Margaret was the epitome of a true "Nurturer" as well as the "Matriarch" of the Little Family. In addition to raising her own son, she helped to support her siblings, and also played a very supportive role in the lives of her grandchildren and great grandchildren. She derived real joy from putting the needs of others before her own, helping to ease their burdens and assisting them along their life's journey was a legacy she leaves behind. She enjoyed collecting dolls, traveling abroad, going on cruises with her family and friends, and orchestrating the annual family picnic.

In 1985, Margaret became a member of New Life Family Bible Church and loved singing on the choir, fellowshipping with her biological and spiritual family and assisting where ever she was needed. She remained a faithful, dedicated servant here for twenty-nine (29) years until the Lord called her home.

Margaret was preceded in death by her mother, (Altharee Little), sister, (Celestine Jones) and step-mother (Nora Little). Margaret leaves to celebrate her life: son, Derek A. Clark; grandchildren, Derek Antuane Puryear-Coleman; great granddaughters, Anaiya and Nikailya Puryear; father, Rev. Lynwood L. Little; siblings, Lelia (Ted) Green, Lynwood L. (Doris) Little, Jr., Altharee (Vincent) Speights, Mikel (Victoria) Little, Delphena Little, Frank (Denise) Little and Stephanie Little; brother-in-law, Reginald Jones; best friends, Gwendolyn Scott and Minnie Smith; nieces, nephews; and a host of other family members, friends, and the NLFBC Congregation.





P R E C I O U S

M E M O R I E S



I've closed my eyes and fallen asleep, So there's no reason for you to weep; This is a debt we all must pay, You will see me again someday. I've endured pain and sometimes sorrow, Now I don't have to worry about tomorrow. But life for you must go on, You must not worry because I'm gone. You stood beside me all the way, When I was down, you knew what to say ... You always told me, "get some rest," Let me sleep now, I've done my best. So please let me rest in peace, The tears you're shedding soon will cease. You'll soon realize this was meant to be, I thank God because He came for me.

-Author unknown

# 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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