

*A Celebration
of Life
for*

*Carolyn
Means*

Sunrise: September 17, 1954

Sunset: December 28, 2014

Reflections of Life

Carolyn Brigitte was born September 17, 1954 in Harlem New York to the late Elsie Mae Harding (Cardwell). She was raised by her great Aunt and Uncle Helen and Irving Watt in Belleville NJ, where she attended Belleville public schools graduating in 1972.

Carol was baptized at an early age and was a member of the First Baptist Church of Nutley, NJ. In 2013 she became a member of St. James church in Newark, NJ where she attended bible study with her son Frank. Carol developed a love of cooking and gardening from her mother and grandmother, which she later put to good use by gathering friends and family at her home to eat and celebrate life.

Carolyn met and later married Frank Will Means in September 1973 and the union was blessed with two sons Frank D'Shaun and Joseph Daniel. Carol was employed by Hoffman- LaRoche Inc. Pharmaceuticals in Clifton NJ for 17 years until their relocation in 2012.

Carol loved to travel and have a good time. She was always planning trips. As she would say "I'm going somewhere to get in some blue water and lay on the white sand". Carol, along with her sons, sister and friends would cruise or fly off to some exotic island. She was in the process of writing her memoirs for the past several years because she felt she had a story to tell. We will try to complete "Just call me Baby" and publish it in her memory.

Carolyn Brigitte's memory will be forever embedded in the hearts and minds of her sons Frank D'Shaun Means of Bloomfield, NJ; Joseph Daniel Means of Phoenix Arizona; Brother Percell Harding Jr. of Murphysboro, Illinois; sisters Hazel and Symantha Harding of Paterson NJ; two cherished nieces; Ashanti Santana and Azhani Jordan and a great nephew Aydenn Dixon; three aunts Lucille (Donald) Lewis of Sacramento, CA; Jane Coley of Maplewood, NJ and Edna Johnson of East Orange, NJ; God daughter Keisha Haskins Thompson (Sean) and her brother and sister in Christ James "Skipper" Gill and Kathy Gill and a host of cousins, relatives and other friends.

To know Carol was to love her.

Monday, March 9, 2015 - 1:00 p.m.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH

108 Stephens Street

Belleville, New Jersey

Rev. Dr. Lee Roy Jefferson, Pastor

Michael Parker, Organist

Order of Service

Prelude

Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Acknowledgements & Remarks

Selection

Reflections of Life

Eulogy

Rev. Janel York

Recessional

Interment

East Ridgelawn Cemetery

Clifton, New Jersey

"Nuney Cakes Is What She Called Me..."

I remember when I was a little girl, I would love trips to "Auntie Carol's" house.

When I first got there, she would fill my belly with everything she knew I'd love to eat. Then, after I got full, I'd run straight into Frank and Joe's room to take over. They spoiled me, so they'd hand me the TV remote or a remote control for a game and sit back and watch me run the show. Of course, later on I'd get sleepy; so I'd mosey on into "Auntie Carol's" room where she'd have to help me climb on to her big bed, and she'd always ask the same question, "Is my Nuney Cakes sleepy?" I'd deny it, but her memory instincts knew the truth. So, she turned on a Lifetime movie (because she knew I was too young to be interested) then she'd rub my hair or rub my feet until I fell asleep. All I could ever remember was waking up in either Frank or Joe's arms because they insisted on carrying me everywhere until I was almost 11 years old (their poor backs).

See, my "Auntie Carol" was like a third mom to me being that "Nee-Nee" (Aunt Hazel) is my second. Not everyone is blessed enough to have someone or something as special. I was like the daughter she never had and she was the best auntie anybody could ever ask for.

See, I grew up watching how close my mom and Aunt Carol were, and I could only pray that Azhani and I are fortunate enough to share a bond as beautiful as theirs. They looked out for each other and held conversation on the phone for hours if ever they were apart.

Since a small child, I was always taught to never question God's work, and mom always says, "You can pick your friends, but you can never pick your family". So I won't question a thing, but I will say; God, thank you for picking My Aunt Carol just for Azhani and I. We'll forever be thankful to you for that!

Man. I'm going to miss cuddling up in your bed, listening to stories about you and mom's crazy adventures while you guys were younger and I'm sure going to miss your famous baked Mac and Cheese that you'd make especially for me... But, I know I'll see you again so I won't fix my lips to say "Good-Bye", I'll just say what I always said, "Hey, Auntie Carol, Where Frank and Joe?"... "I'll see you later Auntie Carol..." "Goodnight Auntie Carol"...

"I Love You Auntie Carol... Forever and Ever"
~"Nuney Cakes"

Acknowledgement

The family of the late **Carolyn Means** wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement.

May God Bless and Keep You!

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