

Florence C. Ware

Sunrise June 26, 1926 Sunset April 29, 2015

Service

Wednesday, May 6, 2015 - 12:00 Noon

Hopewell Baptist Church

17 Muhammad Ali Avenue • Newark, NJ

<u>Obiluary</u>

Florence C. Ware was born June 26, 1926 in Newark, NJ to the late, Estelle Walker and Russel Moore, Sr.

Florence was educated in the Montclair Public School system. She graduated from Skillman School for epileptics where she enjoyed playing piano and violin.

She was an active member of Hopewell Baptist Church for years. She was a Directory Assistance Operator for Verizon for over thirty years.

Our Queen Flossy was known for her fashion sense, her presence would light up a room anywhere she went. In her earlier years she enjoyed going to see The Rocketts at Radio City Music Hall, listening to classical music and knitting. In her later years she would be found watching game shows, enjoying a Coca-Cola or speeding in her Lexus. Her loved ones will miss her famous sweet potato pies and her pound cakes around the holidays. She was known for reciting music of all genres in her opera voice. Flossy's amazing qualities will truly be missed by her loved ones.

She is survived by: her children, Keith D. Blanks and his wife, Pamela Blanks; Donna M. Puryear Johnson, Andrea L. Puryear; her grandchildren, Stephen L. Hoffman, Sharif R. Puryear, Stuart T. Puryear, Portia B. Alston, Malik T. Alston, Maya T. Alston, Carey M. Blanks, Shawanda C. Blanks, Aaron A. Blanks; and a host of great-grandchildren.

Ill Fly Away

Some glad morning when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

Chorus
I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

Chorus

Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

Chorus

Order of Service

Processional

Hymn "I'll Fly Away"

Scripture Readings

Old Testament - Rev. James Oates New Testament - Rev. James Oates

Prayer of ComfortJean Cole Baltram PH.D

Solo Keyasha Edwards

Acknowledgements/ Resolutions Joann Lucas

Remarks (2 minutes)

ObituaryPortia B Alston

EulogyPastor Jason Carl Guice PH.D

Recessional

Cremation

Rosedale Crematory Orange, New Jersey

Remain for further instructions for repast.

Come To Me

God saw she was getting tired And a cure was not to be So He gently closed those loving eyes And whispered "Come to me" The days of toil and nights of pain The weary hours have passed The patient gentle worn out frame Has found sweet rest at last. Day and night we stood by her And saw her in pain, Anxiously awaiting her cure But our waiting was in vain. God who knoweth all things best Eased her suffering, gave her rest She is gone but not forgotten, Never will our memories fade Sweetest thoughts of her will ever linger Round the place where she rests.



-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.

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