

## <u>Obituary</u>

**Swetta Weston** was born in Brooklyn, New York on October 29, 1927 to the late George Artis, Sr. and Matilda Artis, and was the fourth of six children.

She married Robert Weston (deceased) and they had seven children. Suretta was a dedicated mother and housewife. After raising her children, she entered the workforce and held various positions in the secretarial field. Her last position was working for the New York City Department of Homeless Services as an administrative assistant.

Suretta loved and enjoyed caring for her family. She was known to take in and care for close and extended family members and others, providing a second home to those in need. She showed her love not only by providing shelter but also through her love of cooking. Everyone loved her hot dinner rolls for which she was well known; they were one among many signature favorites that she made as often as she could. She was also an avid card player and especially loved to play "Pokeno" with her family. Suretta also enjoyed spending her time studying the Bible and attending meetings at the Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Suretta passed away on August 1, 2015 after a long and courageous battle with Alzheimer's disease. She was preceded in death by her siblings, William Payne, George Artis, Robert Artis, Shirley Dail and Geraldine Moore and by her children, Robert (Bobby) Weston, George Pierre Weston and Sheila Nelson.

She is survived by and leaves to cherish her memory: her children, Irene Yvonne Loeffler (husband, Victor), Arlene Washington (late husband, Elbert), Eric Weston, Colette Brown (husband, Warren), Steven Weston; fifteen grandchildren, twenty-nine great-grandchildren and many nieces, nephews and close friends.

## Order of Service

Processional

Selection

Scripture Readings

Prayer

Selection

Acknowledgements

Remarks

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

Committal

Viewing

Recessional



Maple Grove Cemetery Hackensack, New Jersey

## To Those I Love

To those I love and those that love me. When I am gone, release me, let me go I have so many things to see and do You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears Be happy that we had so many years. I gave you my love, you can only guess How much you gave me in happiness I thank you for the love you each have shown But now it's time I travel alone So grieve for a while for me if you must Then let your grief be comforted by trust. It's only for a while that we must part So bless the memories within your heart I won't be far away, for life goes on So if you need me, call and I will come Though you can't see me or touch me, I'll be near And if you listen with your heart you'll hear All my love around you so soft and clear And then, when you must come this way alone I'll greet you with a smile and say, "Welcome Home."

-Author unknown

## <u>Acknowledgement</u>

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour. May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

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