

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Sylvia WILSON

Sunrise: December 20, 1939

Sunset: August 31, 2026

— WEDNESDAY —

September 16th, 2026



VIEWING

10:00 AM



FUNERAL SERVICE

11:00 AM

LIVE-STREAM INFORMATION

Facebook: Trinity Baptist Church-Bronx, NY

YouTube: @Trinity Baptist Church-Bronx, NY

Zoom Video & Audio:

Meeting ID: 828 9591 1396#

Passcode: 808224

Dial-in: (929) 205-6099

WE SINCERELY APPRECIATE ALL OF THE
LOVE, PRAYERS, AND SUPPORT EXTENDED
TO OUR FAMILY DURING THIS TIME.

Obituary

Sylvia, known to many as Sybil and to others as Sista Sybil, was born on December 20, 1939, and passed away on Monday, August 31, 2026, in the Bronx, NY, at the age of 86, following several months of declining health.

She was the eldest of twelve children of the late matriarch Lillian Forbes. Three of her siblings preceded her in death.

Sylvia was born and raised in Kingston, Jamaica, before migrating to the United States. She is credited with helping all of her siblings, and many other family members, make that same journey, a role that shaped generations of her family.

She married Ronald Wilson, a Jamaican military veteran who became an accomplished trombonist and music teacher. He died in July 2018, after more than fifty-six years of marriage. Their family included three daughters, Donna, Sharon, and Marcia, and three sons, Craig, Mark, and the late Stokely.

For many years, Sylvia worked as an EKG Technician at The Union Health Center in New York City, and part-time as a seamstress. She later worked alongside her daughters at the family daycare, Ronlane with Sharon and later Donlane when Donna took it over, where so many of the children adopted her as their own and called her Grandma.

Her stomping ground was White Plains Road in the Bronx, where the shop owners all knew her. She was a regular at Destiny Hair Studio, her daughter Marcia's salon, where customers looked forward to seeing her and greeted her as Grandma or Mommy.

Trinity Baptist Church was her church home for more than thirty years. She attended worship services faithfully until her health no longer allowed it, and even during the pandemic she made it her duty to listen in by phone. She loved the Lord, and she appreciated the ministry.

Sylvia was feisty, funny, and fearless with her mouth. She said exactly what she was thinking, and she kept everyone laughing, especially when she was handing out health advice. She loved to feed people, and she never let you leave without the reminder to "bring back mi container." She appreciated love and kindness, and she loved being fed by her family just as much. And she loved to dance. Calypso would get her going, especially "Dollar Wine," and in her later years it was "Jerusalema," which she made her ringtone so she could dance every time the phone rang.

She leaves behind many grandchildren and great-grandchildren, siblings, brothers- and sisters-in-law, nieces, nephews, and friends. Her grandchildren are her letters of recommendation. When they get together, they still trade her sayings, like "The camera takes what it sees," and they still laugh. She also leaves behind Aunt Edna, Aunt Dimple, and Aunt Beryl, her lifelong friends from Jamaica and their families. The four of them were affectionately known as the Golden Girls.

The family looks forward to seeing her again, holding to the promise of John 5:28-29, that all who are in the graves will hear his voice and come forth.

She will always be in our memories. Even now, when we think of her, we smile because we remember her sayings, her love, and her dancing.

Order of Service

The Prelude

The Procession & Final Viewing ... #22 "We're Marching to Zion"

The Invocation

The Hymn #27 "Blessed Assurance"

The Scriptures Psalm 23
John 14:1-6

The Prayer of Comfort

The Prayer Hymn #153 "Great Is Thy Faithfulness"

Family Reflection (2 min.)

Acknowledgements, Church Letter Dea. Zelda Robinson
Church Clerk

Obituary Jadyn Brimm

The Ministry of Music #132 "Amazing Grace"
Nicole Clarke

The Message Pastor Naomi Tyler-Lloyd

The Invitation to Discipleship

The Closing Prayer

The Benediction

The Recession.. #189 "It Is Well With My Soul"

Interment

Woodlawn Cemetery
Bronx, New York

Repast
Orion's

2260 Tillotson Avenue
Bronx, NY 10475



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

Acknowledgments

The family would like to express their deep appreciation and sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during their time of bereavement.

Professional Service Entrusted To:

McCall's Bronxwood

Funeral Home, Inc.

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