

Dearest Mother and Grandmother...

You worked hard for everything you had, and you never once made it look like a burden. You were strong in a way that did not need announcing. Whatever came, you met it and kept going, and you did it with your church behind you and your family around you. And you were loved. Not quietly, not at a distance, but by a house full of people who came to see you, called to check on you, and sat with you through every season. You earned that love a hundred times over, and you gave it back doubled. We will carry your strength, your faith, and your example for the rest of our lives. Rest now.

*From your children, Dwight, Rohan and Donna
And your fourteen grandchildren*

Pallbearers

*Dwight Patterson, Son
Jaheem White, Grandson
Gordon Sterling, Nephew
Akeem White, Grandson*

*Rohan White, Son
Sean Scott, Nephew
Dhane Patterson, Grandson*

Interment

*Departure from church at 11:30 AM
Canarsie Cemetery
1370 Remsen Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11236*

Sincere Thanks

With much gratitude, the family of Dorothy M. Neil would like to acknowledge with sincerest heartfelt appreciation the outpouring of love, acts of kindness, sources of comfort, thoughtfulness, and services provided to us during this time of bereavement.

-The Family-

Celebrating THE LIFE OF



Dorothy
MILLICENT NEIL
née Martin

Earth Smiled: September 21, 1950

Heaven Sang: September 5, 2026

Service

Saturday, September 19, 2026 - 9:00 AM

Rehoboth Open Bible Church

888 East 56th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y 11234

Rev. Dr. Norman Clayton, Officiating Minister

Minister Carlyle Johnson, Organist



Remember Me

*"To the living, I am gone,
To the sorrowful, I will never return,
To the angry, I was cheated,
But to the happy, I am at peace,
And to the faithful, I have never left.
I cannot speak, but I can listen.
I cannot be seen, but I can be heard.
So as you stand upon a shore gazing
at a beautiful sea,
As you look upon a flower
and admire its simplicity,
Remember me.
Remember me in your heart:
Your thoughts, and your memories,
Of the times we loved,
The times we cried,
The times we fought,
The times we laughed.
For if you always think of me,
I will never have gone."*



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Remembering The Life of Dorothy Neil

Dorothy Millicent Martin was born on September 21, 1950, in Oracabessa, Saint Mary, Jamaica W.I to Rita Morrison and Joslyn Martin. She attended Oracabessa All Age School up until 1965 and later vocational school with Ms. Flora where she focused on tapestry.

Dorothy was a devoted mother of three, a caregiver by calling and a woman of deep faith. She raised her children Dwight, Rohan, and Donna to work hard, to look after each other and to keep God at the center of their lives.

Dorothy worked at the St. Mary Parish Council, Port Maria, Jamaica in the receiving department for two years. She later went on to the Sheraton Hotel, in Ocho Rios, Jamaica, where she worked in the laundry department for twelve years. In November 1986 she migrated to the United States and planted roots in Brooklyn, New York, where she met and married Royston Foster in 1987, that union lasted for 6 years. In her early years in the United States, she worked as a housekeeper in order to get settled while she focused on furthering her education. Determined to build something of her own, Dorothy went back to school and began a career in healthcare as a Certified Nursing Assistant at Kingsbrook Jewish Medical Center in Brooklyn, N.Y. She cared for patients there for twenty-seven years. It was the work she was known for, and she did it with patience and a steady hand.

During her time in New York, she gave her life to Christ and became a member of the Rehoboth Open Bible Church. In her free time, she was rarely alone. She spent most of her time with her family and friends and caring for her grandchildren, and she was happiest with people around her.

In 2010 she married Winston Neil, the love of her life. In 2013 the two returned home to Jamaica, where Dorothy served faithfully as an usher at Grace Baptist Church and became a pillar of her community, known for showing up for anyone who needed her.

In 2021 health concerns brought her back to the United States, and she fought a courageous battle to the day of passing September 5, 2026, in Brooklyn, New York, sixteen days before her 76th birthday.

Dorothy is survived by her children, Dwight Patterson, Rohan White, Donna Hayden-McFarlane, and son-in-law Glen McFarlane, fourteen grandchildren, 8 Great-Grand Children, 1 Great-Grand Dog Nando, 4 sisters, Lorna, Faye, Annette, and Sandra, and a host of other relatives and dear friends. God saw her pain, he knew her heart and he called her home, she is now peacefully resting with all the saints in heaven and reunited with her beloved husband, Winston, her mother, Rita and her father, Joslyn in God's eternal kingdom.

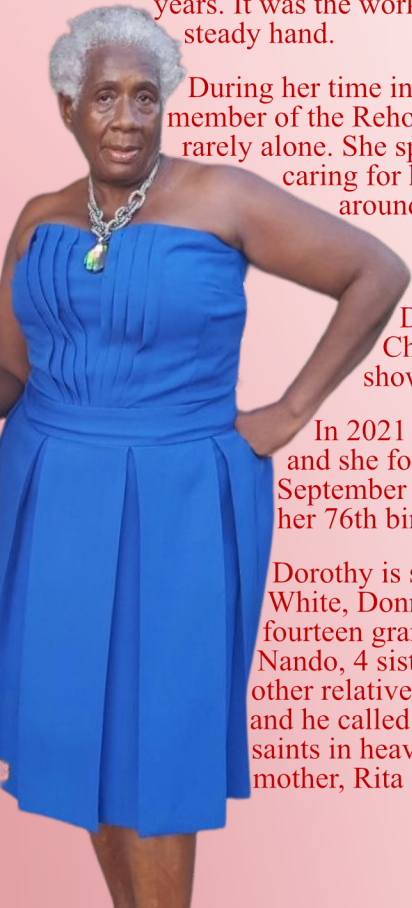
Order of Service

Opening Prayer Officiant – Rev. Dr. Norman Clayton
Opening Hymn.....Hark, Hark My Soul
1st Scripture ReadingPsalm 27:1-4
Rohvel White (Grandson)
Congregational Hymn..... Sweet Hour of Prayer
2nd Scripture Reading..... 2 Corinthians 5 vs 1-8
Dr. Jordanne Nelson (Family Friend)
Tribute.....Grace Baptist Church (Jamaica)
Read by Ms. Jacqueline Thompson
Musical Tribute Rehoboth Open Bible
Tribute.....Mrs. Marjorie Payne (Family friend)
EulogyMs. Lauren Brown (Grand-Daughter)
Offering Congregation
Sermon Officiant - Rev. Dr. Norman Clayton
Prayer of Comfort Officiant – Rev. Dr. Norman Clayton
Final Viewing and Rose TributeFamily and Friends
Closing HymnThe Strife is O'er
Closing Remarks

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Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joys I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!



Hark, Hark, My Soul

Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing:
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



The Strife Is O'er, The Battle Done

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions has dispersed.
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead.
All glory to our risen Head.
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell.
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

