

In Loving Memory of

Sunrise

January 30, 1981

Sunset

May 4, 2010

Jenée Noelynné Durieux-Baptiste

Tuesday, May 11, 2010 - 11:00 a.m.

MOUNT OLIVE BAPTIST CHURCH

260 Central Ave.
Hackensack, NJ 07601

Rev. Dr. Lester W. Taylor, Officiating

Obituary

The sun rose on **Jenèe Noelynn Durieux-Baptiste**, Nay-nay to family, January 30, 1981 in Brooklyn, New York to Mother Ann McIntosh. It was there she spent the first 12 years of her childhood until 1993, when her family moved to Teaneck, New Jersey in pursuit of a better life.

Jenèe continued to attend Hanson Place Seventh-Day Adventist School in Brooklyn for a few months. After the monotony and exhaustion of commuting to New York every day grew to be too much, she transferred to Teaneck High School in January of 1994. Jenèe was involved in the school's Terpsies Team and joined the Poetry Club, where her love and talent for poetry grew. She graduated in June 1998 and began to pursue her college dream later that summer at Nyack College. She attended for a semester before accepting a job opportunity at MCI Worldwide in New York. In 2004, Jenèe met her soon-to-be husband Michael Baptiste. Shortly after, Michael was deployed to Cuba to serve his country and Jenèe then left New Jersey to help raise her nephew Jaiden until Michael returned. On March 31, 2005 Jenèe married the love of her life, best friend, and her soul mate.

In early 2007, Jenèe and Mike moved to Charlotte, North Carolina. Later that year, on November 13, she gave birth to her "mini-me", a beautiful baby girl who they named JeT'aime Avery LaRue Baptiste. JeT'aime is French for "I love you" and no words could come closer to or truly embody their feelings for her. Jenèe and JeT'aime were inseparable and she loved her more than life itself. In addition to the uncanny resemblance, they had the same mischievous smile, demeanor, moodiness, and simply enjoyed spending time with each other.

In 2008 Jenèe continued her college dream by pursuing a degree in Project Management, with hopes of starting her own business. Jenèe enjoyed date nights with her husband, tea parties with her daughter, long phone calls with her mother, shopping, and movie nights with her friends. Jenèe had a beautiful and kind heart, an ability to light up any room with her wonderful smile and scandalous laughter, her own unique sense of humor, and a sarcasm and wit that could only be matched by a few. Anyone who had the privilege of being called a "Jerk" by her, knows what we mean. You can almost still hear her say it.

In early 2008, Jenèe was diagnosed with Lymphoma. However this didn't keep her down. She fought it with prayer and treatment and was free of it for nearly a year. She didn't take this blessing likely by any means. She took this opportunity to begin a foundation for abused mothers, a topic near and dear to her heart, and also embarked on a hat making project for cancer patients at the hospital.

On May 4, 2010 the sun set on our angel and she was called home. In her brief 29 years, 3 months, and 5 days, our Nay-nay provided us with enough joy and laughter to pull us through these hard times and carry us forward in the years to come. If she were here right now, I could hear her say "Don't cry for me Argentina!" in her playful tone. She is survived by her husband, Michael, her daughter, "JeT'aimee", mother Ann, brothers, Jeff and Troy, grandmother, nephews, Jaiden and Jonathan, and countless friends who will never ever forget her loving spirit and generous heart.

Order of Service

Processional *Minister of Music*
Invocation *Pastor Taylor*
Musical Selection *Charlotte Short-Sasser*
Old Testament Lesson *Psalm 23*
New Testament Lesson *Phil 4:3, Proverbs 3:5-6*
Prayer of Comfort *Pastor Taylor*
Musical Selection *Charlotte Short-Sasser*
Reflections *Letter to my Daughter - Wilma Phillips*
Letter to my Wife - Lloyd Doaman
Obituary *Lauren Irish*
Acknowledgements *Nancy Jean-Baptiste/Lloyd Doaman*
Eulogy *Pastor Taylor*
Invitation to Discipleship
Recessional Hymn

Interment (Private)
William C. Doyle Cemetery
Wrightstown, New Jersey





*A sick man turned to his doctor
as he was preparing to
Leave the examination room and said,
'Doctor, I am afraid to die.
Tell me what lies on the other side.'
Very quietly, the doctor said, 'I don't know.'
'You don't know? You're, a Christian man,
and don't know what's on the other side?'
The doctor was holding the handle of the door;
On the other side came a
sound of scratching and whining,
And as he opened the door,
a dog sprang into the room
And leaped on him with an eager show of gladness.
Turning to the patient, the doctor said,
'Did you notice my dog?
He's never been in this room before.
He didn't know what was inside.
He knew nothing except that his master was here,
And when the door opened, he sprang in without fear.
I know little of what is on the other side of death,
But I do know one thing...
I know my Master is there and that is enough.'*

Acknowledgement

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

Professional Services Entrusted To:

Eternity Funeral Service, LLC

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