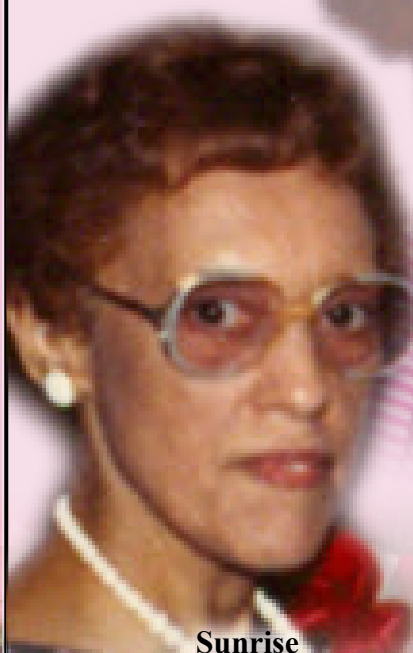


*In Loving Memory
of*

A large, semi-transparent portrait of an elderly woman with short, wavy brown hair, wearing a pink and white striped shirt. She is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a gentle expression.

*Mary
Louise
Compton*

A smaller, semi-transparent portrait of the same woman, wearing glasses and a pearl necklace, looking towards the camera.

*Sunrise
July 17, 1919*

*Sunset
August 1, 2010*

Friday, August 6, 2010 - 1:00 p.m.

WOODY "HOME FOR SERVICES"

163 Oakwood Avenue • Orange, NJ 07050

Rev. Byron Lennon, Officiating

Obituary

Mary Louise Harrison Compton passed away at her home in Orange on Sunday, August 1, 2010 shortly after her 91st birthday. She was born on July 17, 1919 in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, the third of five daughters born to Daniel and Esther Smith Harrison.

Mary graduated from Waynesboro High School and attended Penn State University. She received her nursing license from the Lincoln School of Nursing in the Bronx, New York and spent a good portion of her career in Mountainside Hospital serving as Supervising Nurse. During her retirement, she was active in the local chapter of the AARP serving as both Vice President and President and also volunteered at many of the local senior citizen buildings aiding the residents with filing for government benefits.

Mary was preceded in death in November 2009 by her beloved husband of sixty-three years, Walter “Gil” Compton.

Mary will be lovingly missed by: a daughter, Carol L. Perkins of Orange, New Jersey; a son, Michael A. Compton of Greenville, South Carolina; two grandchildren, Olivia Nicole Perkins and Eric Michael Perkins; two sisters, Helen E. Jones and E. Jean Porter (husband John A. Porter); and numerous nieces and nephews.

Order of Service

Organ Prelude

Seating of the Family
Gary Hutcheson

Hymn of Comfort
“Blessed Assurance”

Prayer

Scripture Readings
Old Testament
New Testament

Selection
Amazing Grace”

Obituary

Words of Comfort
Rev. Byron Lennon

Recessional

Interment

Rosedale Cemetery
Orange, New Jersey

A Psalm of Life

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, - act in the living Present! Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sand of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing, With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

Acknowledgements

The family wishes to thank all who have extended support for, spoken a kind word to, or done some act of kindness during their time of bereavement. May God bless you all for your thoughtfulness and concern.

Professional Services Provided By

Woody "Home For Services"

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