

A Celebration of Life
for



Ms. Alice Mae Reynolds

Sunrise
July 16, 1945

Sunset
January 27, 2011

Saturday, February 5, 2011 - 10:00 a.m.

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

1025 Bergen Street • Newark, NJ

Pastor Emmanuel, Officiating

Obituary

Alice Mae Reynolds, a.k.a “the duke”, was born on July 16, 1945 in Newton, NJ to the union of Mary and John Reynolds. She was one of ten children born to this marriage.

Alice began her formal studies in the Newton Public School system where she would graduate and complete her education. She was a licensed Beautician and was also a Nurse Practitioner for home-bound patients.

Alice began her family with her first child, Stephanie with her late husband, Major Silvers, and then there were her daughter, Carla, and son, Alexander with the late, Herron Holmes. Alice raised her family in East Orange, NJ but resided in Newark, NJ at the time of her death.

Alice passed away after an illness on January 27, 2011 surrounded by family.

She is fondly remembered for her love of life, dancing, spending time with family and friends, and unwavering faith in God. Alice was beloved by all, and will be sorely missed by her family, extended family members and friends.

Alice bid goodbye to several family members prior to her homegoing, both parents, Mary and John Reynolds, sisters, Claire, Mary, Geraldine, brothers, Gilbert, Junie, Alfred and Stanley Reynolds.

She leaves to cherish her memory: three children, Stephanie, Carla and Alexander; ten grandchildren, Sophia, Kevin, Christopher, Carla, Marie, Alexander, Raven, Justin, Victoria and Sidney; three great-grandchildren, Angel, Nevaeh and Jeffrey; two sisters, Alberta (Florida) and Joyce; two brothers, Richard (California) and Sidney; nephews, Lawrence, Vincent and others; her son-in-law, Kenneth O. Enemu; daughter-in-law, Cheronna Reynolds; and a host of extended family and cherished friends.

Order of Service

Opening Prayer

Hymn “My Faith Is Built On Nothing Less”

Hymn “The Old Rugged Cross”

Scripture Reading John 11: 23-28

Eulogy
& Remarks

Hymn “Abide With Me”

Solo By Stephanie Bell
“It Is Well With My Soul”

Exhortation By Pastor Emmanuel

Solo By Sherri Simmons

Benediction
& Departure To The Burial Site

Interment
Rosedale Cemetery
Orange, New Jersey

*Family and Friends are invited to fellowship
with the family as we continue the celebration*
Repast
African Stand , 497 Central Avenue, Newark , NJ.

Miss Me But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown

Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with sincere appreciation the many kind deeds and comforting expressions of sympathy extended to them in their time of sorrow. May God continue to bless each of you.

Professional Services Provided By

COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE
130 Main Street
Orange, NJ
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street
Newark, NJ
973-926-6400

COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME
37 Clinton Avenue
Jersey City, NJ
201-433-1000

www.honoryou.com

"My Faith Is Built On Nothing Less"

My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.

CHORUS:

On Christ the so - lid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to hide His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace.

In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood.
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh may I then in Him be found.
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

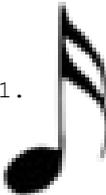
1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain:

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.

2. O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.
(Refrain)
3. In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so
divine, a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me.
(Refrain)
4. To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share.
(Refrain)

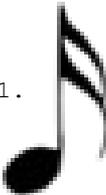
Abide With Me

- 
1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
 3. I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears not bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
 5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
- 

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows roll;
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.
- Refrain:
- It is well with my soul,
it is well, it is well with my soul.
- 
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
let this blest assurance control,
that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
and hath shed his own blood for my soul.
(Refrain)
 3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
(Refrain)
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
even so, it is well with my soul.
(Refrain)
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