

*In Loving Memory of*



*Resalene Walker*

*Sunrise: June 2, 1922*

*Sunset: September 12, 2017*

Service

*Tuesday, September 19, 2017 - 11:00 a.m.*

**UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.**

1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY 11233

*Rev. E. Tyrone Pittman, Officiating*

*Rev. David Jenkins, Organist*

# Obituary

**Resalene Stevens-Walker (AKA Stephens)** born on June 02, 1922 in Ruffin, South Carolina to Mary and Caleb Stevens aka. Stephens (Sharecroppers) who owned their land. Resalene was a member of Mt. Zion Baptist Church Colleton County, SC 29475. She graduated from Ruffin High School. She was a descendant of Julia, her grandmother (bondswoman) from Alkebulan (diaspora).

Resalene, united in Holy Matrimony in 1940, to Heba Walker, SIP (Master Plumber) the twin of Reba Stevens wife of Harold (Mama's cousin) SIP. Heba, migrated to New York to start work, and secure a home for his new bride. Heba, sent for Resalene, shortly after; they started their life journey together. They enjoyed the Apollo theatre every Wednesday, night. Mama loved Big Band music Heba, would take her dancing regularly. The next year God, blessed them with a baby girl Priscilla, thereafter they had two more beautiful daughters Barbara, and Brenda. Mamalene and Heba were entrepreneurs both worked tirelessly at their cleaning business in Brooklyn, in addition, they ran a Plumbing Company. In a short time, they purchased a house at 188 Howard Ave. in Brooklyn, New York. Mama said "Heba didn't want me to work, I wanted to" he was fine with whatever I wanted." Mama was a gifted Tailor (Seamstress) she could work at home or in the cleaners. Everyone called her "Mamalene." She loved to feed everyone who graced her abode.

Mamalene and Heba loved and supported their family and opened up their home, to everyone and friends and family members who migrated to the North, to start a new life! They were good-hearted people and would provide a place for them to stay with a nice hot "Southern soul food meal." They opened their house to Karina Stevens (Niece, SIP), MaryAnn Fryer-White (Niece) and Janet Triplett (Niece). They loved Aunt Resalene, each moved up in the world and became very successful people with their own families who never forget her. Mama loved to play numbers, and Bingo, she often hit the jackpot! She loved to cook, every day she cooked "Sunday Dinner." She always cooked breakfast she said "this is the most important meal of the day make sure you eat it" her favorite dishes were salmon croquettes, stewed okra, and grits. For supper, she loved to make fried chicken, collard greens, string beans, rice, and freshly brewed Iced tea. Her signature cake (from scratch) "Jelly Cake" with Orange Marmalade on top.

Mama would Proclaim "I have 6 brothers, and 5 sisters" she is survived by one sister Annette wife of Henry Lee Fryer SIP, she said "mama named me Resalene cuz she said she was gonna take a rest from having children, Mama had another baby soon after" her voice resonated with laughter. Mama was a Doula "in her own right" her second oldest child Barbara, was pregnant she went along with her to the Doctor visit and said, "my daughter is carrying two babies." The Doctor replied grandma "you don't know what you're talking about" Mama persisted "I see two heads, and you will see soon" her prophetic words were true, a few months later Barbara was at home in labor she could not make it to the hospital, Mama and Granddaddy were utterly surprised it was July the 1st, just before the independence holiday the baby was coming early the police, and the firemen ran into the house. One baby girl born 7:30 a.m., and Mama, yelled in her midwifery voice there is another one coming. Granddaddy was so... excited yelled back if the next baby is a "boy child, no one will go to work today, we are all going to party the whole week." The baby boy came at 8:45 a.m., granddaddy Heba, gave out cigars to everyone in the whole neighborhood. "Phenomenal woman" Mamalene loved her first-born granddaughter Debra Jacobs, at a week old Mama took her as her own and raised her unbreakable bond, and Barbara pampered her. Mama also babysat her great-granddaughter, Barbara Tahonie Robinson, while her mother worked she was always with her Mama, they all grew to have a close relationship. Renee always brought her children to see their great-grandmother and loved and enjoyed her company. Mama was a caregiver she took care of the all the Grandchildren: Debra Jacobs, Renee Ash, Raynard Ash (transitioned) Denise Gordon, Sabrina Brown, Monique Dunbar, Carlton Johnson Jr., Followed with Great Grandchildren: LaShawna Mcfarlane, LaToya Ash, Barbara Ramsey, Dominique Gordon, Cierra Gordon, Shahid, Shaellah & Royland Robinson, Tyrek Dunbar, and Jeremiah Brown. Great Great-Grands: Angel Birt, Cierrah Gordon, Shania Gordon, Shawn Haskins, Emma Resalene Ramsey, Shantel Senior, Skylar Robinson.

She leaves a to mourn a loving family and a host of Nieces, Nephews, Cousins, friends, and neighbors. On the weekends, holidays, school breaks the grandkids would spend time with Mama and grandpa. Mama allowed the kids to stay out late on hot summer nights to play in johnny pumper (fire hydrant). Mama would say "say your prayers, in case God, comes you would go to heaven" and pray with her grands "Now I lay me down to sleep" while she would rock all the grands to sleep in the big bed they shared. Mama's favorite hobbies were sewing, Bingo, and playing numbers she would say "you better play 188" she would hit the number all the time. I remember she hit the lottery, and called the whole family over to her house she said "get over here now I hit the lottery" the family would say "Keep your money Mamalene her reply "I'm not saving anything, tomorrow ain't promised so we gonna enjoy this while we living now, get over here." Mama was a helper she took care of other people's children like Eddie, her children's friends, for instance, Auntie Pat had a best friend Gwendolyn Patterson (SIP) a Pioneer Businesswoman, who brought her daughter, Terraine Hodges to play with all of the grandchildren, they were treated and accepted as family. Mama's daughter Barbara, would say "Mamalene and Daddy always had us dressed in the finest dresses and gave up plenty of food, they escorted us to dances, and they really took care of us growing up. Mama, often talked of Black, Indian heritage "I remember grandpapa living by the Riverbank in a Wigwam" and stories of the Plantation, and how the captives worked hard and cultivated the land. She held onto her Ancestry roots, and always talked about her brothers and sisters. Mama, loved to sit outside in the park and enjoy the sun. She said, "I'm not going to sit in the house, and look at the four walls."

Mamalene, lived 95 years strong God called her home, a caring, loving, nurturer who will be forever loved by all. Sleep in peace Grand Mamale.

# *Order of Service*

*Processional*

*Selection*

*Scripture Readings*

*Prayer*

*Selection*

*Acknowledgements*

*Remarks*

*Obituary*

*Selection*

*Eulogy*

*Committal*

*Viewing*

*Recessional*

*Interment*

*Plainlawn Cemetery  
Hicksville, New York*

# Phenomenal Woman

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.  
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size  
But when I start to tell them,  
They think I'm telling lies.  
I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms  
The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

I walk into a room  
Just as cool as you please,  
And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees.  
Then they swarm around me,  
A hive of honey bees.  
I say,  
It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth,  
The swing in my waist,  
And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered  
What they see in me.  
They try so much  
But they can't touch  
My inner mystery.

When I try to show them  
They say they still can't see.  
I say,  
It's in the arch of my back,  
The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Now you understand  
Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about  
Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing  
It ought to make you proud.

I say,  
It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair,  
the palm of my hand,  
The need of my care,  
'Cause I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.  
*By Maya Angelou*

## Acknowledgement

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

2352 8th Avenue • Manhattan, NY • (212) 666-8300  
1406 Pitkin Avenue • Brooklyn, NY • (718) 774-1023  
1018 Prospect Avenue • Bronx, NY • (718) 542-3833



Clifford V. James, President & CEO  
www.unityfuneralchapels.com  
email: unityfc@aol.com

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