

*Celebration of Life for*



*Hazel Eileen Chandler*

**Sunrise**

September 28, 1936

**Sunset**

January 16, 2019

Tuesday, January 22, 2019 - 11:00 a.m.

**CARNE P. BRAGG FUNERAL HOME**

256 Rosa Parks Blvd. • Paterson, New Jersey

**Final Disposition**

Cedarlawn Cemetery • Paterson, New Jersey

# Reflections of Life

**Hazel Eileen Chandler** was born, September 28, 1936, in Goodland, St. Michael, Barbados.

Hazel was the fourth of five children born to the late Leslie Nathaniel Chandler and Beryl Ianthe (Cumberbatch)Chandler.

In Barbados, Hazel worked in the hospitality industry. She migrated to the United States in the early 1970s.

After arriving the U.S., Hazel worked as a nanny and after a few years became a certified home health aide.

Hazel loved working in the healthcare industry and loved her job. She served her clients well and was loved by her clients as well as their families. Hazel worked for many years until she was permanently injured in an elevator accident in 1995. Unfortunately, Hazel was forced to retire based on her disability.

"Miss Hazel" as she was affectionately called was a very funny woman. She loved to laugh, read books and dance. She also loved to cook and was a great cook. Her favorite dish was a Barbados national dish named, "Cou Cou and Flying Fish."

Hazel was preceded in death by her sisters Muriel Trotman, Idalia Chandler and brother Keith Chandler.

On Wednesday, January 16, 2019, Miss Hazel Eileen Chandler was called to heaven.

She leaves to cherish precious memories five children: David Chandler of Barbados, Marcia Goodridge, Blenda Gresham, Andrew and Wayne Riley of New Jersey; 1 brother Winston Chandler of England; 2 sons-in-law Frank and Clint; 10 grandchildren; 6 great-grandchildren and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives, friends and neighbors.

## **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*

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