

*In Loving Memory of*

*Viola  
D.  
Harris*



**Sunrise**

September 21, 1950

**Sunset**

January 21, 2019

**Service**

Thursday, January 31, 2019 - 7:00 p.m.

**Christian Fellowship Center**

359 Van Houton Avenue

Paterson, New Jersey

**Apostle Joel D. Rudolph, Sr., Pastor**

**Pastor Jerry Wilder, Officiating**

## Obituary

**Viola Darcell Harris** transitioned from this life into eternal rest on Monday January 21, 2019 with her family by her side at Valley Hospital. She was born September 21, 1950, in Hackensack, NJ. She is the eldest of eight children, born to the late John Henry Harris and Mrs. Joan Harris.

Viola graduated from Eastside High School in 1969. She received an Associate's Degree from Passaic Community College in Accounting, a Bachelor's of Science in Accounting from Bloomfield College in 1990, a Bachelor's of Theology from Eagle Bible Institute & Seminary in 2008, a Bachelor's of Science from Berkley College in Business in 2015.

Viola worked for Reckitt Benckiser, Parsippany, New Jersey for 17 years, Manhattan Ind, Glen Rock, New Jersey, Prudential Insurance, Newark, New Jersey and Macy's, Paramus, New Jersey until her death. She worked for various businesses, lawyers many clients doing their accounting/ taxation's. Viola associates from every walk of life will truly miss her.

Viola was avid Minister of the Gospel and a true believer. She was a Viola was diverse in her interests and hobbies. She was passionate traveler and enthusiastic collector of Black Art, enjoyed photographing, and entertaining family and friends.

Viola was preceded in death by her grandchildren Isis-Shamira Arabia Davis, Kimani Ocana Bennett, her father, John Henry Harris, her sisters Mrs. Victoria Wilder, Mrs. Vanessa Rivers, and Ms. Lisa Harris and nephews Derrick Harris, Jahmiek Harris.

Viola leaves to cherish her beautiful memories her sons Tre Harris, Lord Hakeem Harris, God-daughter Pamela Gary-Maple, her grandchildren Trevon Harris, Shamarr Floyd, Hakim Davis, Ericka Harris, Azariyah Zhane Harris, Kaheim Bennett, A'Riyah Jhane Harris, her mother Mrs. Joan Harris, Her brothers, Barry Harris, Donald Harris, Curtis Tyrone Harris, and her sister Mrs. Della Reese Hopkins, one Aunt Irene King; a host of nephews, nieces and cousins.

# *Order Service*

Prelude

Processional

Musical Selection

Scriptures

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Musical Selection

Family/ Pastors Remarks

2min

Expression of Mom

Lord Hakeem (Dion) Harris

Special Tribute

Pastor Graham

Spoken Word

Final Viewing

Recreational

## **Entombment**

George Washington Memorial Park

Paramus, New Jersey

Welcome to all of you. I am Lord Hakeem Harris and I've been offered the opportunity to speak for a few minutes about my mother, whose life we are celebrating here today together. I realized as I set about this task, that a son sees his mother in a different context than those of you who are lifelong friends or professional colleagues. It is even difficult to speak on behalf of my brother and god sister, but I will try to represent the shared feelings of love, devotion and admiration we all felt towards my mother.

My mother would be very pleased and honored to see that you all could make it here this morning to share in this with us, as it was her family and friends who were the most important focus of her life. It was also your continued support, well wishes and prayers which were so valuable to her.

In addition to your presence here, we have received many, many expressions of condolences from among the hundreds of people my mother touched over the years. Their and your words match those that echo in my head with examples of her tireless and determined support of her friends and family throughout her life. The words that come to mind include: independence, courage, generosity, sensitivity, integrity, dignity, and indeed the word 'life' itself – for few people I have ever known, who lived life as fully or as well as my mother did.

I could talk for hours and provide numerous examples demonstrating her remarkable independence, including, of course, her desire to aid others, her generosity with her time, her energy, her advice, and in so many other ways provided invaluable support to a remarkable number of people. Over the years, and over the past few days, I've heard many stories of the friends, relatives, neighbors, clients and even strangers to whom my mother provided help and support in their times of need.

Among the other words, which come to mind to describe her character, her uncompromising integrity and honesty have proven to be among the most important guides for myself in my professional and personal life. Whenever I face a situation in which I am unsure about which direction to take, I have always had a tool to guide me in the form of a simple question: – “Would I be willing to tell my mother what I have done if I choose this path?” (In truth of course, her adventurous nature wouldn't necessarily result in the most prudent or sensible path being chosen.)

Life forces us all into positions of compromise and presents challenges to our honesty and our integrity, and I observed my mother rise and meet those challenges one after the other throughout my life with courage and a toughness and a sense of right and wrong which was awe inspiring. It was her values and her commitment to community and people which led her into teaching Sunday school, which kept her involved in local politics and community service in all respects to the very last day of her life.

Her sense of dignity was never so tested nor so well demonstrated as in early in life as a single teenage mother. She did not allow that to sway her from having a better life. She worked multiple jobs and attended college, while raising my brother and me. She survived cancer, she survived Hurricane Dion. Like most parents, she wanted the best for her children. So she sacrificed all that she could and more. No matter what we did, whether being honored, falsely accused or caught dead to right. My mother was always there sacrificing her time, money and tears. There was a time when I was a thorn in her side, what others thought was a disappointment, but not my mom. I got in some trouble in my life time but I have to reference particular incidences like: when my older brother picked me up from the police station, I gave them the wrong name and all. However, she got wind of what occurred. Rather than allowing me to think I got away with it. She picked me up and took me back to the police station, bailed me out and provided me legal counsel. She wanted to teach me a lesson: Accountability.

It was not until I left the state to attend college is when I really appreciated my mom. I called home sometimes for money, but most times to say thank you. See, her life lessons have stayed with us and we strive to pass them on to our children, nieces, nephews, and even my students.

She was Sonny's daughter, strong, reserved, but a force to be wrecking with. And I say this from experience. See, I was may be 6 years old and the other grandchildren at the time were sleeping the living. My grandfather came downstairs and asked. “who turned the tv on?” everybody like the choir, “Dion” he snatched me in the air, spanked me, put me down and went back to bed. Fast forward 8 years, I walk in the house after following my big brother. My

mother was in her room doing her hair getting ready for her evening job. Well I run straight into the kitchen eating straight the refrigerator. My brother says you left the door open. I go to close the door as I walk back toward the kitchen and I get hit with a straight right jab and land in the bathroom next to the toilet. And she goes back to doing her hair. Now, in both cases, it was not until I left the state to attend college is when I truly appreciated my mom. I called home sometimes for money, but most times to say thank you and give her an update on my status. See, her life lessons have stayed with us and we strive to pass them on to our children, nieces, nephews, and even my students.

Finally, and perhaps the key to her happiness, was her whimsical approach to life. She was always in pursuit of another experience, a little more fun or a new adventure. It must be said that her appreciation for fine foods, wine and other cultures didn't exactly hurt her whimsical nature. Her decisions at the age of 65 years old to return to school to get her degree, and her delight were in the Word, reflected the child who still lived and breathed within my mother. To her last day, she was always able to crack a joke and even more able to laugh at herself in ways which had my nephew and sons laughing in stitches so much of the time we were around her.

Her final months were focused on retiring, planning her visits to Tennessee and Texas to spend more intimate time with us, once she retired, the arrival of her first great grandchild Quest, taking a family trip to Atlantis. We are so grateful to all of those who helped make it possible. Thank you so much for your efforts. Those of you who provided support throughout her life and in her final day are too numerous to mention but I would like to especially thank Ms. Michelle, a coworker who was there when my mother faced her final hours. You were definitely a blessing to us during this time. For that, my family will forever be grateful.

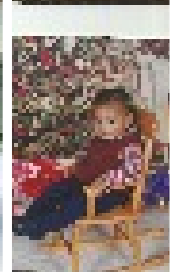
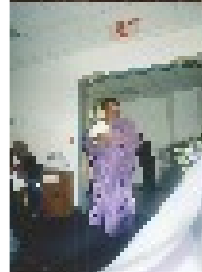
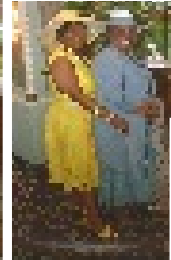
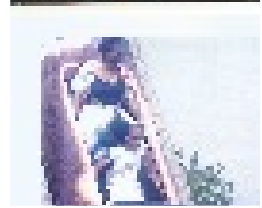
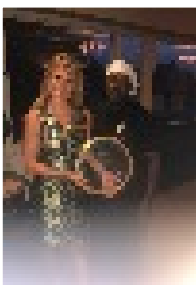
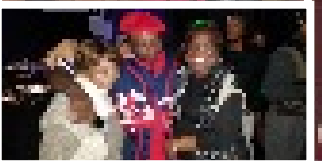
My mother pursued a lifelong effort to build family connections and explore our genealogical roots. She came to know so many people and has given us all an extraordinary collection of family knowledge. We are all the product of our parents, grandparents and ancestors and while I cannot speak of the more distant past, I can say that, like her father before her, my mother had a character of the highest caliber who represented sensitivity and consideration towards all people, near and far, as well as extraordinary generosity and an unparalleled level of community and family involvement and dedication. It is with extreme sadness that within the past year or so we have had to say good-bye to, among others, Mrs. Victoria Wilder, my mother's twin and now my mother, each of whose lives, professionally and personally, reflected an embodiment of these values worthy of our deepest admiration and respect.

I spoke to my mother every day, sometimes multiple times of the day, for the past eight years or so. She became more than my mother, she is my best friend. A parent's love is one thing, but a Mother's love is something that no one can explain, It is made of deep devotion and of sacrifice and pain, It is endless and unselfish and enduring come what may. For nothing can destroy it or take that love away. See my mother sacrificed her life so that my brother and I could live a better life. She sacrificed for other, whether family, friend, or stranger.

Devoted to her church home Canaan Baptist church, not just a member, but she served as youth Sunday school teacher Senior Missionary. See Viola is cut from a different cloth.

My older brother, Trevon, and her God daughter, my sister, Pamela Gary-Maple the daughter she never had. Her grandchildren Trevon Harris, Shamarr Floyd, Hakim Davis, Ericka Harris, Azariyah Harris, Kaheim Bennett, and A'Riyah Harris. Although, she is no longer here physically, her Legacy lives on. To her legacy, know that she is extremely proud of you all and hope that all your dreams come true. . To the matriarch of our family, my grandmother Mrs. Joan Harris, know that she loves you beyond explanation. Yet, I understand it. "SACRIFICE" To her siblings Barry Harris, Donald "Don Juan" Harris, and Curtis Harris. Della Reese Hopkins family was everything. Her nieces and nephews she loved you all and wanted for you what she wanted for us. Most importantly, she admires how we treat one another, our close bond and love for one another. Her friends or should I say sister friends whom I consider aunts. To you I am at a loss of words, you have been around our entire life

As a parent and friend, my mother had an extraordinary ability to make each of us feel stronger and more confident in our own identity, giving us our own sense of independence and mental toughness which, speaking for me has been such an asset in so many ways in my life. She will live in our memories and our hearts forever and Tre & I will always be extremely proud to call ourselves the sons of Viola Harris.





## *Psalm 90*

*Lord, you have been our dwelling place in all generations.*

*2 Before the mountains were brought forth,  
or ever you had formed the earth and the world,  
from everlasting to everlasting you are God.*

*3 You return man to dust and say, "Return, O children of man!"*

*4 For a thousand years in your sight  
are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night.*

*5 You sweep them away as with a flood; they are like a dream,  
like grass that is renewed in the morning:*

*6 in the morning it flourishes and is renewed;  
in the evening it fades and withers.*

*7 For we are brought to an end by your anger;  
by your wrath we are dismayed.*

*8 You have set our iniquities before you,  
our secret sins in the light of your presence.*

*9 For all our days pass away under your wrath;  
we bring our years to an end like a sigh.*

*10 The years of our life are seventy,  
or even by reason of strength eighty;  
yet their span is but toil and trouble;  
they are soon gone, and we fly away.*

*11 Who considers the power of your anger,  
and your wrath according to the fear of you?*

*12 So teach us to number our days  
that we may get a heart of wisdom.*

*13 Return, O LORD! How long?  
Have pity on your servants!*

*14 Satisfy us in the morning with your steadfast love,  
that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.*

*15 Make us glad for as many days as you have afflicted us,  
and for as many years as we have seen evil.*

*16 Let your work be shown to your servants,  
and your glorious power to their children.*

*17 Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us,  
and establish the work of our hands upon us;  
yes, establish the work of our hands*

### *Acknowledgement*

Perhaps you sent a lovely card or sat quietly in a chair.

Perhaps you sent a floral piece If so, we saw it there.

Perhaps you spoke the kindest words as any friend could say.

Perhaps you were not there at all just thought of us on that day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts, We Thank You, Whatever the part.

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