



In Loving Memory of

Ermice Mae Newell-Ellington

July 23, 1925 - August 19, 2019

Saturday, August 31, 2019

Viewing - 9:00 a.m. - 10:00 a.m.

Service - 10:00 a.m.

CHURCH OF THE ABIDING PRESENCE

1672 East 172 Street • Bronx, NY 10472

Reverend Jeanine Owens, Officiant

Ms. Jennifer Cabey, Organist

Order of Service

<i>Opening Prayer</i>	<i>Rev. Jeanine D. Owens</i>
<i>Processional Hymn</i>	<i>“What A Friend We Have in Jesus” (pg. 214 Red Hymnal)</i>
<i>Prayer of Comfort</i>	<i>Min. Conroy Jones</i>
<i>Philippians 3:9-14</i>	<i>B. Boothe</i>
<i>Choir Selection</i>	<i>“Great is Thy Faithfulness” (Accompanied by Jennifer Cabey)</i>
<i>Holy Gospel - John 14:1-3</i>	<i>Rev. Jeanine D. Owens</i>
<i>Eulogy</i>	<i>Rev. Jeanine D. Owens</i>
<i>Musical Selection</i>	<i>“Amazing Grace” Jennifer Cabey</i>
<i>Reading of the Obituary</i>	<i>Robert Boothe Jr.</i>
<i>Family and Friends Tribute</i>	<i>(Limit to 2 Minutes Please) Lorna Effatt & Ityne Connor</i>
<i>Hymn Selection</i>	<i>“How Great Thou Art” (pg. 181 Red Hymnal)</i>
<i>The Prayers Synodical</i>	<i>Deacon Etta Effatt</i>
<i>Commendation</i>	<i>Rev. Jeanine D. Owens</i>
<i>Recessional Hymn</i>	<i>“The Strife is O’er” pg. 64 Red Hymnal</i>

Interment

*Kensico Cemetery
Valhalla, New York*

Repast

*Following the Interment the family invites you for a
Repast and Fellowship at: Eastwood Manor,
3371 Eastchester Road, Bronx, NY.
From 2:30pm to 6:30pm*

Obituary

Ermice Mae Boothe was born on the 23 rd of July 1925, in the salubrious environment of the Mocho Mountains of Clarendon, Jamaica. She was Mr. and Mrs. Rushworth Boothe's first child. A quiet, dignified and beautiful child, she was never a push-over and harvested the best traits of both her parents. "Sister Mae" as she was affectionately called, commanded the respect of her brothers and sisters and of people wherever she went, even as a child. As her niece Paulee is quick to share, she developed a love for nurturing plants and creating beautiful memories out of simple items from her mother. She learnt to handle money from her father and learnt to serve God sincerely with heart and hands from both parents.

Analytic, sharp-tongued and outspoken, her innate intelligence and creativity, purified, enhanced and refined surgically, with a cutting edge like "the salt of the earth."

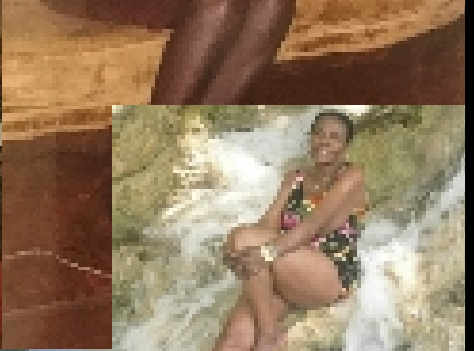
A 1951 graduate of Apex Beauty College, Mae coiffured any head of hair and turned it into a stunning crown on any woman. She was a designer who would craft and seam an ordinary piece of fabric into an elegant garment. An item of food would be garnished or decorated uniquely and appropriately as though she was trained as a gourmet chef, preparing a meal for a connoisseur.

Those blessed with the opportunity to co-exist in her presence would be moulded into strong characters, able to withstand the buffeting that is an inevitable part of life. Yet, paradoxically, she had the heartiest, most robust and contagious peel of laughter most of us who know her well have ever heard.

When she moved to Kingston, Mr. Alvin Newell quickly noted her merits and wasted no time in asking her father, who gave her hand in marriage. It is in this union that the glorious sunshine in her leonine character found joy, peace, serenity, wings and fulfilment. There were 3 children born of their blessed union. Her devoted daughter Ann and fiercely protective son Der are with us today. May Oral's soul rest in Eternal Peace.

It was easy to develop a taste for good music around Mrs. Newell. A sufficiently accomplished organist from playing at Mt. Hume Methodist Church in Clarendon, Mrs. Newell played the ostentatious pipe organ at Coke Memorial Methodist Chapel in Kingston, easily the most outstanding Methodist Church in the island of Jamaica. At home, she sang various songs passionately and reverently, as prayers, while she worked. Notably, every morning she would sing "Our Father." Often Perry Como's "And I Love You So" would grace the ears of clients and family members alike, as her mind turned toward welcoming her husband home. Her constantly, unerringly, elegant appearance, excited facial features and broad smile at the sound of the pounding of the engine of her husband's Triumph motorbike, enabled those in their environment to get a sense of the harmony, serenity and bliss to be experienced when spouses truly embrace and reverence each other in divine commitment.

Uncle Alvin Newell was usually away early in the mornings after serving up prayers, cod liver oil and honey and saying "Toodle Doo" to the members of the household. Mrs. Newell, while working conscientiously, shared their home,





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hospitality and generosity with many others; not only her beloved brother in law Lloydie and Mother In Law, Ms. Annie, for whom she cared a great deal but her own brothers (especially Uncle George who was a most frequent presence and who later became one of the most highly respected antique reproduction furniture manufacturers internationally) but with her sisters, nieces and nephews (Dawn and Junior) cousins [such as MS. Mavis Watts (International Lawyer), the Rev Dr Hyacinth Boothe O. D.] who went on to become notable professionals. Many, including Esther and Detty, who were not blood relatives, enjoyed the benefit of sharing Mrs. Newell's home. Perhaps it was not just material aspirations but the loss of her third child that gave Mrs Newell the nudge of courage that allowed her to leave all that she had carefully built and nurtured in Jamaica.

Mae joined her beloved sister Daphne in the USA on March 4, 1966. The pleasure of being reunited with her childhood "twin," the need to adapt, adjust, acclimatize, assimilate and settle in a new country and the sense of adventure that comes with being in a new space were, no doubt, curtailed by the death of her husband in 1968.

Life and circumstances did not allow Mrs Newell the benefit of mourning. There has never been time in her life for her to truly express her grief and enormous sense of loss at the death of her husband and her utter helplessness about not being able to hug and comfort her young children still living with their father in Jamaica and both under 10 years old at the time of their father's death. Not one for crying and self-pity, she converted and commanded her pain into energy, generosity and affection which she poured reliably and unreservedly into her favourite niece Hyacinth as well as her other nieces, nephews, sisters, brothers and her parents. Aunt Mae was a diligent letter writer, remembering birthdays, sending cards and money while finding time to shop and send barrels home.

It was easy to understand why Mrs. Newell did not bother to take on the mantle of sorrow and helplessness typically associated with suddenly becoming a widow. Like the Shunamite Woman she took a position that "It Is Well" and with her undying faith in "Our Father", she maintained a beauty, bearing, stride, confidence and self-assurance that was completely innate, from her regal DNA, attracted the positive and kept the negative at bay. Blessed with parents who had built her faith in God early in life, she held firmly to The Rock we all know as "Our Father." Praying and clinging to Psalm 44 v 8 (In God we boast all the day long) as taught by her father and Psalm 1 as grounded into her psyche by her mother, Mrs. Newell had no opportunity to entertain frailty and widowhood. Christian radio and TV programs and her monthly magazine from "Life Study Fellowship" were constant companions and sources of guidance, comfort and strength.

An avid reader with a strong interest in health matters, she trained in the health field but did not restrict herself to the typical allopathic models of nursing and health care. From her early years in Jamaica, her library had included health books on complementary therapies and on moving to the US she expanded her nurturing and healing skills through further study. She worked at Methodist Hospital before securing a permanent position at Marcus Garvey Nursing in

Brooklyn where she served from 1976 to 1991. This was her last place of employment.

Queen Mother Mae continued her self-training and development, subscribing to contemporary health magazines on various topics such as diet, supplements and the circadian rhythm. She shared her knowledge of health maintenance at every opportunity and was the best kind of nurse – one who advocates preventative action and encourages self-care. The year is 2015. Queen Mother Mae is 90 years old. She demonstrated to her ailing niece (over 30 years younger than herself and diagnosed with arthritis and lupus) how to do squats every morning “to repair joints, build firm bum muscles and look attractive!” She set out from home on Croes Ave to the supermarket on Westchester Avenue, her niece feeling proud to be walking beside the eye-catching woman who did not notice she was still making heads turn! “Let’s pop to the shops” she said. By the time Aunt Mae had done the shops, her son Der had to rush to the pharmacy and come to her niece’s rescue with knee braces. Aunt Mae was not even tired and continued to the supermarket.

Queen Mother Mae enjoyed a successful second marriage to Mr. Joseph Ellington. Both from Blackwoods in Clarendon, they were story tellers and archivists, willing to share the experiences of their youth and later life with those who wanted to harvest the benefit of their wisdom. They embraced his children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews and hers as their children and each other’s friends as their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ellington, members of the Church of the Abiding Presence, worshipped with this congregation, until he was laid to rest. A stout spirit with a tender and vulnerable heart, Mrs. Ellington always remembered with fondness and gratitude, the support and assistance from the members of this church, at this challenging point, when she lost her second husband.

Mae fulfilled the hopes and dreams any parent would want in a daughter. A faithful wife and role model to women, she remained creative, industrious, elegant, dignified, conscious of her appearance and always made her bed even when lying on a couch in the corridor of a hospital! So Lakesha, when she felt the need to relax from the high standard she had always set herself and allowed you to do her hair, Queen Mother Mae truly meant it when she said to you by way of thank you - “You are my best friend.” A loyal big sister, she attended in person and laid each one of the three of her mother’s younger daughters to rest in Clarendon, Jamaica before making her own exit on Monday, August 19, 2019.

It is to her credit that Aunt Mae’s formidable sense of self-respect and capacity to show flare and style in all she does, are reflected in her children Der and Ann, her grandchildren, great grand children and even in her young great, great granddaughter SaeYora.

Aunt Mae was a woman with an unusual combination of traits well worth modelling. She combined valour, artistry, elegance, and sometimes a stinging dose of verbal salt of the earth honesty with a capacity for great laughter and ready compassion when one needed help. She truly understood what it meant to use her hands and heart with all her might and glorify “Our Father” in all she did.

Written by Dawn aka Lorna Bryan.

A woman with short black hair, wearing a patterned short-sleeved top and a grey skirt, is seated in a large, ornate wooden chair. She is resting her chin on her hand. The background shows a living room with a tufted sofa and a patterned pillow.

Acknowledgement

*The family of **Ermice Mae Newell-Ellington** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*

Eternity 
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