

# If Roses Grew In Heaven

If roses grew in Heaven Lord,  
Please pick a bunch for me.  
Place them in my mothers arms,  
And tell her that they're from me  
Tell her I love her and miss her,  
And when she turns to smile,  
Place a kiss upon her cheek  
And hold her for a while.  
Because remembering her is easy,  
I do it everyday,  
But there's an ache within my heart,  
That I will never go away.

*We Love You*  
*By: Quaderia*

## Acknowledgements

*The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern and kindness shown to their family during this hour of bereavement.  
May God Bless and Keep You!*

### Professional Services Provided By

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

1025 Bergen Street  
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COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME  
37 Clinton Avenue  
Jersey City, NJ  
201-433-1000

*www.honoryou.com*

*In Loving  
Memory of*

*Jennifer Andrews*  
*"Pumpkin"*

*Sunrise*  
March 6, 1973

*Sunset*  
December 21, 2019

### Service

*Monday, December 30, 2019 - 4:00 p.m.*

**COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE**  
1025 Bergen Street • Newark, New Jersey  
**Rev. Edward Allen, Officiating**  
**Joshua Nelson, Organist**

# Heaven Needed Mom

*So many things of mom I miss  
Her gentle hugs and tender kiss.  
I still can feel her warm embrace.  
And picture yet her loving face.*

*A mother's tasks are never done.  
And heaven must had needed one.  
For angels came and took her hand  
And led to Gods promised land.*

*She's surely kept quite busy there  
While brushing little angels hair.  
And making sure they're dressed  
just right not staying out too late at night.*

*Although there's sadness this I know  
She's waiting there, her face a glow  
I close my eyes and I can see,  
Her arms still open wide for me.*

I LOVE YOU MY QUEEN

*By: Quaderia*



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## *My Mother*

Although I cannot hear your voice,  
Or see your smile anymore,  
My mother walks beside me still,  
Just as she did before.  
she listened to my stories and  
She wiped away my tears.  
She wrapped her arms around me,  
And she understood my fears.

It's just you are not visible,  
To see with human eyes,  
But I talk to you in silence and  
Your spirit forever replies.  
I'll always feel the love you have for me  
I'll hear you in my heart  
you left your human body  
But your soul will never part.

By: Deyonna



Processional

Selection

Scripture Reading

Old Testament

New Testament

Prayer of Comfort

Selection

Remarks

(Two minutes each please)

Acknowledgements

Obituary

Selection

Eulogy

*Rev. Edward Allen*

Recessional

### **CREMATION**

*Evergreen Cemetery*

*Hillside, New Jersey*

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*Jennifer Andrews was born on March 6, 1973 in Jersey City, NJ. She was the daughter of the late Ethel Andrews and William Horton. Jennifer departed this life on December 21, 2019 at the age of forty-six.*

*Growing up in Jersey City, Jennifer attended multiple elementary schools and later graduated from West Side High School in Newark, NJ.*

*Coming up as a child, Jennifer loved hanging out and partying with her grandmother and uncle. She loved cracking jokes, playing in parks, and running through the projects being your typical tomboy. Jennifer was very aggressive. She was very outspoken and full of life. With her grandmother, mother, and aunts being her only friends at the time she was an old lady in the house hold, but young at heart when in the streets. With her being the oldest grandchild, niece, cousin, sister, and daughter, she was forced to play an adult role at a young age, which immediately made her over protective of her family. Although she was slightly aggressive for a female, she was a true jokester. She loved to laugh and entertain everybody. Her heart was filled with joy as long as she knew she was getting the attention from whom she seeked. As beautiful of a person she was, she was mostly known for her tough love. After all, her love didn't come easy.*

*Jennifer was an amazing mom to her children. She loved going out and having a good time. She loved volunteering at her son school to keep herself busy. She loved listening to her music, playing cards, dancing, and drinking her wine.*

*She is preceded in death by her mother, Ethel Andrews and her father, William Horton. She leaves behind to cherish her memory: her children, Quaderia Andrews, Deyonna Andrews and Jai'Quan Bowens; her grandchildren, Dezire Hemingway, Sincere Ingram and Tajumar Andrews; her sister, Willena Andrews and her two brothers, Tony and Terry Andrews; and a host of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.*

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