7 Made It Home

I Just want you to know that I made it home.

Everything is so pretty here, so white, so fresh, so new. I wish that you could close you eyes so you could see it too.

Please try not to be sad for me. Try to understand God is taking care of me. I'm in the shelter of His hands.

Here there is no sadness, and no sorrow, and no pain. Here there is no crying, and I'll never hurt again.

Here it is so peaceful, when all the angels sing. I really have to go for now, I've just got to try my wings.

P.S... I'll be the first face you see when you get here!!

<u>Acknowledgement</u>

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.

Professional Services Provided By

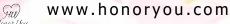
COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE

130 Main Street Orange, NJ 973-675-6400 1025 Bergen Street Newark, NJ 973-926-6400 COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME

37 Clinton Avenue Jersey City, NJ 201-433-1000







Obituary

SONJI M. HALL 52, passed away peacefully on Thursday, March 26th, 2020 at Columbus Hospital in Newark, NJ. She was born on April 3rd, 1967 to the late Robert Drake and Bernice Joyner. She graduated from Eastern High School in Washington, DC and furthered her education by attending the University of the District of Columbia also in Washington, DC. She Married Gregory Hall on April 28th, 1991 in Baltimore, Maryland. She worked as a Human Resource Generalist for the United States Air Force. Sonji truly lived life to the fullest through simple pleasures: chatting with family and friends, snacking, shopping, spending time with her husband, sister and nieces. Sonji had an uncanny ability to reach people in a deep and positive way. She leaves to cherish her memory husband, Gregory Hall, a sister, Christina (Kiki) Joyner, three nieces, Tachina Joyner, Lisa Joyner and Jacquila; one great aunt Thelma Jenkins and one great uncle Luther Baker, dear friend Stephanie Crews and a host of cousins, in laws, relatives and friends.

"There's an open gate at the end of the road, through which each must go alone and there in light we cannot see, our father claims his own. Beyond the gate you loved one finds happiness and rest and there is comfort in the thought that a loving God knows best."

