

*Celebrating the Life
Of*



Sunrise

June 17, 1937

Sunset

August 11, 2020

Zephryn Veronica Davis
(a.k.a. Mama, Monica, Mumsel)



HOMEGOING SERVICE

Thursday, August 20, 2020

VIEWING 10:00AM - SERVICE 11:00AM

Elmwood United Presbyterian Church

Reverend Maria Crompton, Pastor

135 Elmwood Avenue, East Orange, NJ 07018

Pastor Paulette Brown - Officiating

Obituary

Born Zephria Veronica Davis on June 17, 1937 in Glen Garth, St Catherine Jamaica to parents of Viola Sawyers and Adolphus Davis. She was educated in Jamaica at Arkus Hall elementary school in Above Rocks. In St Catherine. At 16 years old she went to live with her grandmother, Lucian Brown in Kingston where she sought early employment. During that time, she mothered 8 children.

She loved her family and would do anything for them. She moved her family to St Andrew; she always wanted her children to have a better "Shot In Life" than she did so she worked hard opening her own little shop and committed herself to church. She made sure her children attended school and church regularly.

Zephria migrated to the U.S.A. after the death of her spouse. She worked at Bryn Mawr Hospital in Bryn Mawr Pennsylvania for the next 10 years where she petitioned for her children so that they could then help their own children. She was loved by co-workers and friends. Zephria worshipped at Grace Community Church of God of Prophecy in Philadelphia and enjoyed it there with the brethren. The enjoyment and fun in her life was spending time with her family, eating out and going shopping. She loved to buy beautiful things.

After retiring from Bryn Mawr, she relocated to NJ to live in Orange. While living in NJ Zephria was able to visit her children which was a highlight for her. She searched and found a church where she could worship in spirit and in truth at Righteousness of Christ Kingdom. She was proud of where he came from and enjoyed sharing stories about how she grew up.

In 2017, her body was confined to a wheelchair, but her mind was spunky and determined. Zephria wanted to walk again but as time went by and reality of walking got dim; it did not dampen her spirit. She was surrounded by her family that loved her; brethren that visited and prayed with her; caregivers that cared for her; nurses that made sure she was comfortable; nurse practitioners who sought the best paths for her; and a Chaplin that stayed with her through prayers. She was a fantastic mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and friend.

Zephria is survived by her daughters Winsome Gentles, Rosemarie Gadare and Sonia Baptiste; sons Desmond Buchanan, Michael Buchanan, and Richard Stewart; 24 grandchildren and 21 great grandchildren, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, extending family and friends. She is predeceased by sons Roy Hardy and Carmel Buchanan, Mother Viola Sawyers, Grandmother Lucian Brown.

Order of Service

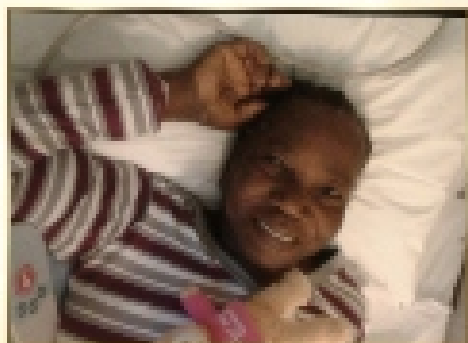
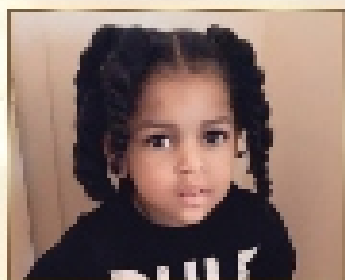


Organ Prelude	Myron Smith, Organist
Opening Sentences	
Opening Hymn:	When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Prayer of Comfort	Pastor Paulette Brown
Scripture Readings	
Ecclesiastes 3:1-9	Winsome Buchanan (Daughter)
Revelation 21:1-4	Patricia Hardy (Grand Daughter)
Solo	"Amazing Grace" - Tryone Dunlap
Open for Sharing.....	Two Minutes Please
Song	If You Miss Me, Don't Come Searching
Obituary	Tamara Buchanan
Lesson 1 John 14:1-3	Shana Gedaire (Grand Daughter)
Song	Some Sweet Day
Eulogy	Pastor Paulette Brown, Righteousness of Christ Kingdom
Committal Service	
Closing Song	When We All Get To Heaven
Recessional	
Interment	Rosedale Cemetery, Orange, NJ
At the Graveside	
Song	When I Get There









Song Lyrics

When the roll is called up yonder

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there

On that bright and cloudless morning
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share
When His chosen ones shall gather to their
home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll, is called up yon-der,
When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there

Song Lyrics

If you miss me, don't come searching

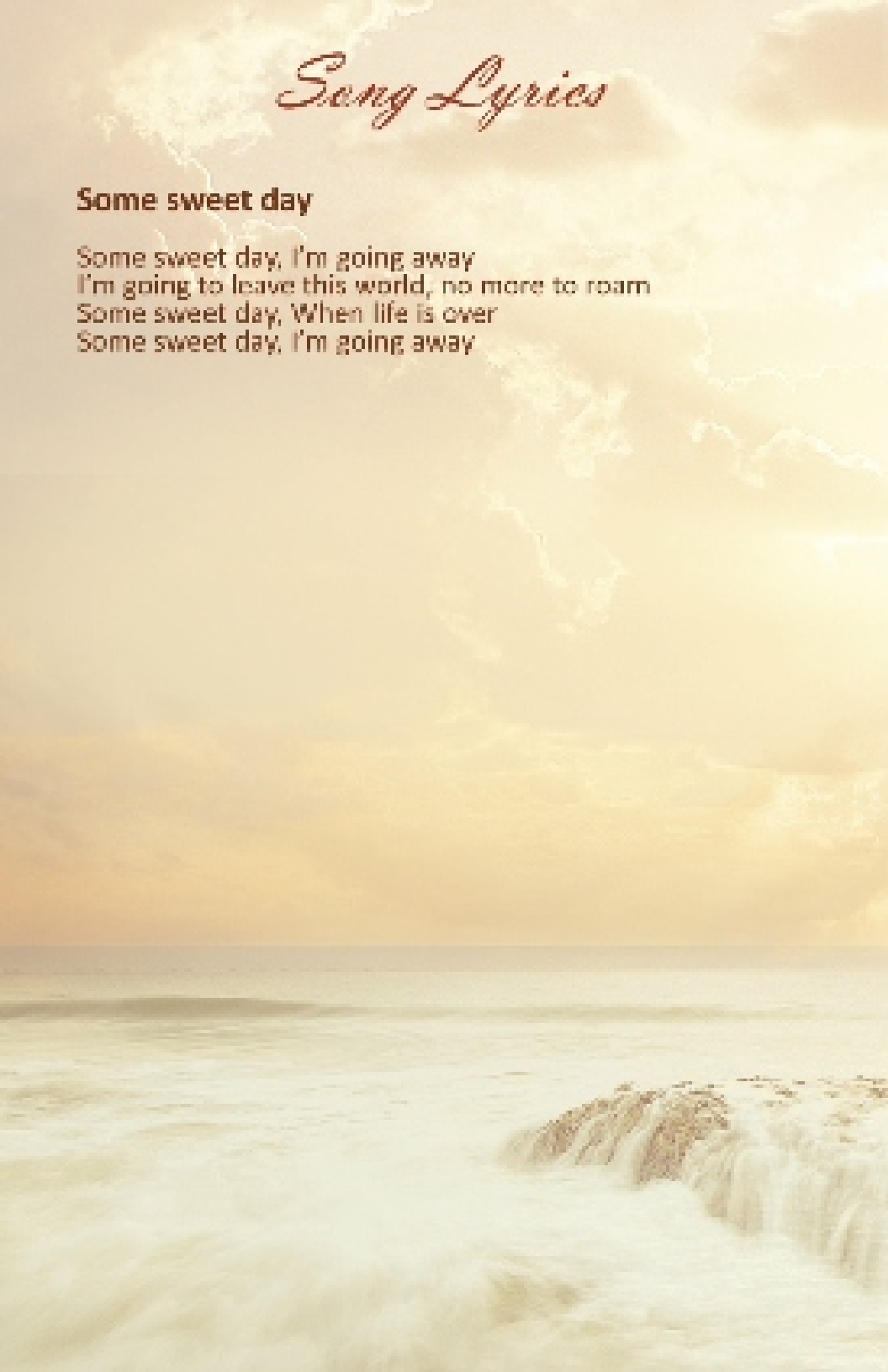
My home is in heaven just waiting for me
and when I get there oh how happy I'll be.
My home is in heaven no rent to pay,
my days of paying bills are no more
so don't come knocking at my door
I'll be gone in the twinkling of an eye
If you miss me, don't come searching
and if you don't find me you know that I'm gone
and if you don't hear from me
don't come knocking at my door
I'll be gone in the twinkling of an eye.

Oh..... If you miss me, don't come searching
and if you don't find me you know that I'm gone
and if you don't hear from me
don't come knocking at my door
I'll be gone in the twinkling of an eye (x3)

Song Lyrics

Some sweet day

Some sweet day, I'm going away
I'm going to leave this world, no more to roam
Some sweet day, When life is over
Some sweet day, I'm going away



Song Lyrics

When we all get to heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus
Sing his mercy and his grace
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place

When we all get to heaven
What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus
We'll sing and shout the victory

While we walk the pilgrim pathway
Clouds will overspread the sky
But when travlin' days are over
Not a shadow, not a sigh

When we all get to heaven
What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus
We'll sing and shout the victory

Onward to the prize before us
Soon his beauty we'll behold
Soon the pearly gates will open
We shall tread the streets of gold

When we all get to heaven
What a day of rejoicing that will be
When we all see Jesus
We'll sing and shout the victory

Pallbearers

Michael Bachman – Son
Courtney Bachman – Son
Adrian Gentles – Grandson

Michael Gentles – Grandson
Rashawn Tonga – Grandson
Jarrett Gentles – Grandson

MAY YOU REST IN PEACE

God looked around his garden and found an empty place.
He then looked down upon earth And saw your weary face.
He put his arms around you And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful He always takes the best.
He saw the road was getting rough and the hills were hard to climb
So, he closed your weary eyelids And whispered
"Please be thine".
It broke our hearts to lose you, but you didn't go alone
For a part of us went with you The Day God called You home.

Acknowledgement

The Family sincerely thank you for ALL for your expressions of love, gratitude, and kindness during our time of bereavement.

May God Bless You All!

Professional Services Provided By
Woody "Home For Services"

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