



*Thanksgiving for the life of*  
*Gloria Cinderella Daley*

**Sunrise**  
**April 16, 1951**

**Sunset**  
**December 18, 2020**

**Service:**  
**Wednesday, December 30, 2020 - 11:30 am**

**MCCALL'S BRONXWOOD FUNERAL HOME**  
4035 Bronxwood Avenue • Bronx, New York 10466

# *Obituary*

**Gloria Cinderella Daley**, affectionately called Cindy and Aunt Cin, was born on April 16, 1951 to Mabel and Joseph Blossom in Bardowie District, Woodford P.O., St. Andrew, Jamaica West Indies. She was the second of five children.

As a young girl she attended Bowden Hill Primary School in St. Andrew followed by Stratford High School in Kingston.

She married her childhood friend, Nehemiah (Jakey) Daley, on her 27th birthday. In 1979 Cindy accepted Christ and was baptized along with her husband at the Woodford Seventh Day Adventist Church. The following year she immigrated to the United States and began a 30-year career in childcare, first as an au pair then as a nanny, before retiring in 2010.

After settling with her family in the Washington Heights neighborhood of New York City in 1983, Cindy became a devoted member of the City Tabernacle Seventh Day Adventist Church where she served as a deaconess and Sabbath School secretary.

She managed the Food Pantry at City Tabernacle for over five years, serving hot meals and distributing clothes to the community. She was always ready to volunteer in the church's kitchen or at catered events. She loved to bake, decorate cakes, and cook.


Cindy peacefully transitioned on December 18, 2020, after courageously fighting to recover from a stroke. She lived 69 vibrant years.

She will be remembered for her humor, her smile, her love of African culture, her love for plants and gardening, and her love of gospel and classic reggae music.

Cindy is predeceased by her parents and her son, Bob Recardo (Ricky) Daley. She is survived by her sisters Mildred and Janet; her brothers Joseph Jr. and Hector; her remaining four children, Lightbourne (Rohan), Keisha, Craig, and Katrena; daughter-in-law, LaQuan; son-in-law, Moussa; four grandchildren, Imani, Kimani, Anaya, and Micah; aunts Dorothy and Edith; numerous cousins, nieces, and nephews; and her cat, Snuki.

May her soul rest in peace and light perpetually shine on her.

# *Order of Service*



Ministers Processional.....	Psalm 23
Opening Prayer .....	Elder Uba Ogbuehi
Hymn.....	“It Is Well With My Soul”
Scripture.....	Yanique Blossom
Selection.....	“The Old Rugged Cross”
Tributes.....	Open
Obituary/Biographical Sketch.....	Kimisha Blossom
Selection.....	Claudean Blossom
Prayer Of Comfort	
Hymn.....	“The Old Rugged Cross”
Eulogy.....	Pastor Runcie
Closing Remarks	
Viewing	
Committal	
Benediction	
Recessional	

## *Interment*

Kensico Cemetery, Valhalla, New York

### **When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder**

1

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. Refrain

When the roll is called up yonder,

When the roll is called up yonder,

When the roll is called up yonder,

When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. 2

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. 3

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 We All Get to Heaven**

1 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.

Refrain

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!

2 While we walk the pilgrim pathway, Clouds will overspread the sky; But when traveling days are over, Not a shadow, not a sigh.

3 Let us then be true and faithful, Trusting, serving every day;

Just one glimpse of him in glory Will the toils of life repay.

4 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.



## It Is Well With My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
when sorrows like sea billows roll;  
whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

### Refrain

It is well (It is well)  
With my soul (With my soul),  
it is well, it is well with my soul.

My sin—oh, the joy of this glorious thought—  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,  
the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
even so, it is well with my soul.



## The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
the emblem of suffering and shame;  
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best  
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

### Refrain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
and exchange it some day for a crown.

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
has a wondrous attraction for me;  
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above  
to bear it to dark Calvary.

To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,  
where his glory forever I'll share.

## *Acknowledgments*

The family would like to express their deep appreciation and  
sincere thanks for all acts of kindness shown to them during  
their time of bereavement.

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*Professional Service Entrusted To:*

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