



*Celebrating The Life of*

*Betty Robertson*

*March 17, 1939 - December 22, 2020*



# *Service Information*



**FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 2021**  
**Viewing: 9:00 AM - 10:00 AM**  
**Service: 10:00 AM**

**ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC**  
725 East Gun Hill Road  
Bronx, NY 10467

***Rev. Terrance A. King, Officiating***  
*Saint James A.M.E. Zion Church, Ithaca NY*

***Min. Kevin Wade, Organist***

***Interment***  
Kensico Cemetery  
Valhalla, NY



# Order of Service

Musical Prelude

Processional

Opening Hymn ..... “Blessed Assurance”, Nicole Phifer

Invocation .....Rev. Terrance A. King

Scripture Readings:

Old Testament ..... Proverbs 31: 25 – 31

New Testament ..... St. John 14:27

Obituary ..... Marilyn Johnson

Hymn ..... “How Great Thou Art”, Nicole Phifer

Tributes (Family & Friends) ..... 2 min please

Sermonic Selection ..... “The Battle is Not Yours”, Nicole Phifer

Sermon .....Rev. Terrance A. King

Prayer of Comfort .....Rev. Terrance A. King

Benediction

Final Viewing ..... Eternity Funeral Services Director

Recessional

# Obituary

**Betty Robertson** (affectionately known as “Nana”) was born March 17, 1939, in Sumter, S.C to Avie and Thomas Burgess.

At the sweet age of sixteen, Nana immigrated to New York, where she worked and retired as a homemaker. Along with raising her three children.

Nana was a faithful member of Holy Tabernacle Church, Bronx, N.Y.

Nana enjoyed raising her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Whenever you would see her, they were not far behind. In her spare time she would shop, watch her favorite TV shows or take strolls with her dogs. She was the epitome of an animal lover!

Nana was stylish (favorite color was purple), her nails were a show stopper, as her hairstyles. Her smile lit up any room and her presence was of grace. Nana was one of the kindest people you could ever meet. She opened her heart and home to many, and she will be sorely missed.

She departed this life to be with the Lord on December 22, 2020. Nana was predeceased by her sons Carrell (June-bug) McDowell, Carlisle (Bud) McDowell, Rodrick Rodriguez (adopted son) and grandson, Peter Robertson.

She leaves to cherish her memories, Sandra Robertson (Daughter), Grandchildren: Matthew Robertson, Christine Robertson, and Victoria Robertson. Great Grandchildren: Kristen Robertson, Kailey Robertson, Matthew Robertson, Anaiya Robertson, Julian Robertson, Mason Robertson. Son-in-law, Elon Molina and her favorite nephew Willie (Joe-Joe) Burgess.

Host of Sisters, Brothers, Grandchildren and Great-Grandchildren, cousins, nieces and nephews, other relatives, and friends.



# *“Blessed Assurance”*

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine;  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain.

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
Angels descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. [Refrain]

Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Savior am happy and blest;  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love. [Refrain]

## *"How Great Thou Art"*

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works thy hands hath made;  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed;

Refrain.

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:  
How great thou art, how great thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:  
How great thou art, how great thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander,  
I hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur  
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze; [Refrain]

But when I think that God, his Son not sparing,  
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin; [Refrain]

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then I shall bow in humble adoration  
And there proclaim, "My God, how great thou art!" [Refrain]

# *"The Battle is Not Yours"*

There is no pain. Jesus can't feel. there is  
No hurt that he can not heal.  
All things work,[yes they do]  
according to the master perpous an his holy will  
No matter what,  
your going threw.  
Remember that God only wants a chance to use you  
For the battle is not yours.  
It's the Lords.

There no sadness.  
Jesus can not feel  
and there is no sorrow  
that the master is not able and willing to heal remember that  
All things work there not going to be all good but they shall  
work acording to God perpuse and his Holy Will.No matter  
what, no matter what going through remember God sees all  
and he know all and all he want to do is use you  
For this battle is not yours.  
It's, it's, it's the Lords

(It's the Lords)  
[till fade]  
no, it's not yours, it's the Lords



## *Acknowledgement*

*The family of **Betty Robertson** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*

*Special Thank You:*

*Shelby Carter, Sister*

*Terrance King, Nephew*

*Christine Toribio, Daughter-in-love*

*Marilyn Johnson, Christine's Godmother*

*Angela Johnson, Christine's God-Sister*

*Annie Roberts, Neighbor*



### **ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC**

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